



THE DOGS AT THE WELL



THE
American Turf Register
AND
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Edited by Wm. T. Davis



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JANUARY, 1843.

Enbellishments:

PORTRAIT OF FASHION:

Engraved on Steel by Dick, after an Original Drawing by WILSON.

THE HEN ROOST:

Engraved on Steel by Dick, after PATERSON's copy of a painting by BATEMAN.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

Postscript!

Prospect of Three Great Matches in the South-west!

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 13. 1842.

My Dear Sir:—You will have the kindness to insert the following proposition in the "Turf Register" and "Spirit of the Times":—

"A Proposition has been made by an old and responsible turfman of the Old Dominion, (and accepted on the part of the South-west,) that he can name three horses by the first day of March, 1843, which can beat any three horses which can be named on the part of the South-west, at Two, Three, and Four mile heats, for Five, Ten, and Twenty Thousand Dollars a side—half forfeit. The races to take place over the Louisiana Course, at New Orleans, the Fall Meeting, December, 1843.

"The South-western party to name their horses upon the receipt of the nominations by the other party, and to pay their contingent expenses.

"Communications on the subject to be addressed to THOS. EUBANK LEEFE, Corresponding Secretary of the Louisiana Jockey Club, New Orleans."

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C. - Washington Course, Annual J. C. Meeting Wednesday, 22d Feb.

COLUMBIA, S. C. - Annual Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Jan.

RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday in May.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla. Marion Course, Jockey Club Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Jan.



FASHION,

THE CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK AFTER AN ORIGINAL DRAWING BY WILSON.

In the xiith volume of this Magazine, page 685-7, will be found the details of the pedigree, characteristics, and performances of Fashion, to the close of the campaign of 1841. In the subsequent volume, (the xiiith), at pages 81-4, and at pages 367-80, will be found (with a portrait) a further description of her, and a report of her great match with Boston on Long Island, for the championship of the 'Turf. The portrait alluded to was executed on the same canvass representing one of her half brother Mariner, to neither of which was adequate justice done by the different artists employed, though an extravagant price was paid both to the painter and the engraver. Under these circumstances, the publisher of the "Turf Register" has felt it due alike to Fashion, her owner, and to his subscribers, to endeavor to procure a more faithful likeness of the phenomenon, whose surpassing game and speed reflects such infinite credit upon the High Mettled Racers of the United States. With this view he employed the talents of Mr. Wilson, an eminent portrait painter of this city, who succeeded, a few weeks since, in making a life-like and most effective drawing of her, with her capital jockey—young Laird—upon her back. Mr. Dick has been equally successful in transferring to his engraving, the spirit and effect of the original sketch, so that our readers and the public can now assure themselves that the portrait before them is a good likeness of the winner of "the best race ever run in America."

Since her extraordinary race on the 10th of May last, Fashion has not less distinguished herself by two remarkable races at Camden and Trenton, with the gallant Blue Dick, in the last of which she again beat the time of Eclipse and Henry! In her four races at four mile heats (and she has walked over on the Union Course, for a Jockey Club Purse of \$1000,) she has three times run a heat in "the thirties." Any one of her races at this distance would have given her a very elevated position among "the Cracks of the Day." As a matter of easier reference and comparison we subjoin, from the "Racing Calendar," a summary of her unsurpassed performances, at four mile heats.

FASHION'S RACES AT FOUR MILE HEATS.

1811—PHILADELPHIA, *Camden Course*, N. J., Oct. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$800. free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

S. Lat d's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. f. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue. (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. *Joseph Laird*. 2 1 1
Dr. G. Goodwyn's (Dr. Thos Payne's) b. h. *John Blount*,* by Marion, out of Mary Blount's dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. *John Farrell*. 1 2 dr
Col W. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. *Boston*,† by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 8 yrs. *Craig*. dist.

First Heat.

Time of first mile	2:00
" " second mile	1:53½
" " third mile	1:48
" " fourth mile	2:00½

Second Heat.

Time of first mile	1:59
" " second mile	1:47
" " third and	4:02
" " fourth miles	

Time of First Heat 7:42 | Time of Second Heat 7:48

* Blount broke down at close of 2d heat. † Boston dead amiss. Course not very well adapted for making fast time.

1842—NEW YORK, *Union Course, L. I.*, May 10.—Match, The North vs. The South, for \$20,000 a side, \$5000 forfeit; weight for age, as above. Four mile heats.

Henry K. Toler's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... *Joseph Laird.* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's & James Long's ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 9 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	1:53
" " second mile.....	1:50½
" " third mile.....	1:54
" " fourth mile.....	1:55

Second Heat.

Time of first mile.....	1:59
" " second mile.....	1:57
" " third mile.....	1:51½
" " fourth mile.....	1:57½

Time of First Heat..... 7:32½

Time of Second Heat..... 7:45

Course in good order.

1842—PHILADELPHIA, *Camden Course, N. J.*, Oct. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, free for all ages, weight for age, as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... *Joe Laird.* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	1:53
" " second mile.....	1:54
" " third mile.....	1:54
" " fourth mile.....	1:57

Second Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:02
" " second mile.....	1:56
" " third mile.....	1:57
" " fourth mile.....	1:57½

Time of First Heat..... 7:38

Time of second Heat..... 7:52½

Course not in good order for making time.

1842—TRENTON, N. J., *Eagle Course*, Nov. 4—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue, (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 5 yrs..... *Joseph Laird.* 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John L. White's) gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 5 yrs..... *Gil. Patrick.* 2 2

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	1:55½
" " second mile.....	1:53½
" " third mile.....	1:53
" " fourth mile.....	1:54

Second Heat.

Time of first mile.....	1:58
" " second mile.....	1:55
" " third mile.....	1:54
" " fourth mile.....	2:02

Time of First Heat..... 7:36

Time of Second Heat..... 7:49

Course in good order, but 20 feet over a mile.

To this day, the Sporting World can hardly realize the fact that after her race at Camden, in 7:38—7:52½, *Fashion* should have run another race within a week in 7:36—7:49, beating the time of *Eclipse* and *Henry*! And yet at Camden all agree that she was not herself—not in condition for a bruising race! She is, indeed, a phenomenon—a prodigy! If her reputation was based on a single race—on that with *Boston*, for instance, in 7:32½—7:45, it might seem that there was a chance to beat her yet—that some new horse might spring up that could show her the way to the winning post. But we are fearful, now that *Boston* is coming ten years old, that no such horse *will* spring up. *Fashion*, people begin to find out, has an awkward way of running her four mile races down in the thirties! She has too much foot for the fleetest, and too much game for the stoutest. *Blue Dick*, who has long had the public reputation of being the fastest horse in the country, (though not so fast as either *Boston* or *Cassandra*.) cannot run mile heats with her! Those who thought differently at Camden—and there were many who thought he could beat her a single three miles—were undeceived at Trenton. She made still better time in the second race, and beat him still easier. No one knows her speed, or can estimate her powers of endurance; her owner and her trainer have no idea of what she can do, though they have the utmost confidence in her ability to run a four mile heat in the twenties, and repeat it in the thirties!

"Observer," the excellent correspondent of the "Spirit of the Times," and the "Judex" of the American Sporting World, makes the following sensible remarks upon the performances given above in a "Review of the late Campaign:"—

"Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue!" seems to be reverberated from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. *Blue Bonnet* has won the great St. Leger, at Doncaster; and the *matchless* daughter of the Bonnets o' Blue, by her splendid achievements, has won for herself unfading fame in our land. To resist *Fashion* has been worse than fruitless. It has been a losing game. She is not only decidedly at the head of the Turf, the most renowned race mare that has ever run in America, and one, in my very humble judgment, that could beat any race horse now in England, in a run of four miles; but is also the best race horse ever foaled at the North; a worthy descendant of *Reality*, [so felicitously named,] "the best race nag" her intelligent and experienced owner "ever knew;" one that he believed "could run *both* her heats of four miles in 7m. 40s." This, taken in connexion with the unexampled performances of her grand daughter, we can readily credit. *Either* of her four extraordinary races of four mile heats, the state of the three different courses being considered, throws the boasted achievement of *Eclipse*, his only remarkable race, entirely in the shade. *Fashion* on the same course, rendered memorable by his then unprecedented exploits, and when not so favorable for speed, won *each* of her two heats in about five seconds less, and almost without persuasion, than the severest flagellation and the closest competition could get out of *Eclipse*. On the heavier course at Camden, she won in about the same time as *Eclipse*, without being let out in the second heat; and the next week, at Trenton, surpassed his time, actually concluding the second heat *in a trot* in 7m. 49s.! Yet her recent achievements do not exhibit the same speed as in her match with *Boston*. In her races against *Blue Dick*, a horse of almost matchless speed for three miles, no mile has been run faster than 1:53, two miles in 3m. 47s., three miles in 5m. 41s., and four miles in 7m. 36s., *Blue Dick* being well up at the finish. In her match with *Boston*, one mile [the second] was run in 1m. 50½s., two miles in 3m. 43½s., three miles in 5m. 37½s. [faster than any three miles by *Blue Dick*,] and four miles in 7m. 32½s.! The first heat being 3½ seconds faster than her first, the best heat against *Blue Dick*; and the second heat with *Boston* four seconds faster than either of her late second heats.

These brilliant achievements cannot fail to be very gratifying to me, having expressed an opinion after her first victory, last year, at Camden, that "*Fashion* had acquired more celebrity than *Boston* or *Eclipse* at her age, and has already won nearly as many races" [now more] "as the latter. When the Camden and Union Courses are compared, as applicable to speed" [I added] "her last performance fully equals, if it does not surpass *Eclipse's* vaunted achievement," having on other occasions predicted that it would be surpassed, whenever two first rate competitors should meet on the Union Course, under the same circumstances. However, I am

lost some scores of shots in his training. I was young, snipes abounded, and I determined to have a retrieving spaniel perfect at the sport, and I had one. Still it was a waste of time, and it must always be a work of time in dog, man, and horse, before either can attain to perfection.

It may be said by some, on reading this paper, "Aye, but if you had had old Doll out at the Duke's, you would have got on no better." I answer, I saw the young dog do ill the same thing which I had seen her do well a hundred times; and I never saw him attempt that which the old one would have practised with success twenty times in the day. Again, it will be urged by many, "You tell us what we already know, and bring forward acknowledged facts as if *you* only knew them, and warn us against errors which *every* man knows and shuns." I am not so sure of that. I have known even men of forty esteem a young dog or a *new* dog better than an old one: and when I was about three-and-twenty, I fooled away a fine old pointer which had been given to my poor father for a young setter with a splendid stern, fashionable color, bred by an Earl's keeper, and broke by a crack hand. He was a good dog notwithstanding; but then he *knew nothing* in comparison with poor old Hector. Enough! my object was to tell my tale of experience, to speak a few words in favor of old friends, and I have done it.

One word more: I have a spaniel now, and have had him nine seasons. There is a little spinney in which I am sure of pheasant whenever I beat *that* lordship, if it is driven the right way from the river; and I have seen the old dog, when we got within reach of it, enter it at the right quarter and beat it as truly and right as if he understood what was wanted: nay more, to test him, I lent him to a friend two or three days, and he did the same thing as regularly as if his own master had been there to make him.

H. J.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1842.

THE HEN ROOST.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY DICK AFTER PATERSON'S COPY OF A PAINTING BY BATEMAN.

THROUGH every homestall and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn he flies;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own;
But, faithful to the track, th' unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
In the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain! there
Expect thy fate deserved. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamor loud,
Drag out their trembling prize; and on his blood
With greedy transport feast.

SOMERVILLE.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 674.

ON THE RACE COURSE.

THE form and length of a race course, must depend on the space of ground the neighbourhood may afford; generally speaking, our country courses are most of them round. As four mile heats are not so much run now as they formerly were, a well formed two mile course, or a round course of this length, is quite sufficient. In running for most plates, the starting post is also the winning post. This gives the spectators an opportunity of seeing from the stand, the starting, as well as the coming in of the horses, and this, at some of our great country meetings, is as much an object of amusement to them, as the running is of interest and consequence to the men of business. At Newmarket, where they do not run heats, and where they seldom run long lengths, most of the courses are straight, or nearly so, which renders them much less difficult to run over, than a round course, both for the horses and jockies. All the horses trained at Newmarket, stand in or adjacent to the town, which is a great advantage; for as I have already noticed, horses give their races more kindly in running to their stables, than in running from them.

But with respect to the making of race-courses, they are sometimes made in the form of the figure 8, or of any other figure that may be convenient, of from one mile to four; fortunately, however, a course not exceeding a mile in extent is not very frequently met with. There are too many turns in a round course of this length. A long striding horse running on such a course is too frequently turning, or if the turns are but few, they are mostly difficult for such a horse to make at his best pace. The little or middle-sized hearty horse, that is a pretty round goer, has a short but quick stride, gives his race kindly, is easily held, and is ready at his turns, is the sort of horse most likely to come first on such a course. Indeed, a large long striding horse, and more particularly a free runner, cannot be got to run in his best form, with safety, round so small an extent of ground as a mile. The owner would be a bad judge who would bring his horse to post, to run on so small a course.

In making a two mile round course, the first thing to be considered, after having surveyed the ground, is whether the horses shall have to run to the right hand or to the left. This will depend on the most advantageous way the ground can be chosen. Should there be a very steep piece of ground, in any part of it,

and more particularly should it be in that part where strong running might likely be made, or, where perhaps with some horses it were proper to be made, to run up such ground would be preferable to running down it, and it would be giving an equal chance to different descriptions of horses; for the greatest part of the ground of a two mile course is mostly flat, which, when not too deep, is an advantage to the long striding horse; but if there is a pretty good hill in it to ascend, the little close-made horse, if he has good action, can generally climb it the best; and if by making a course to run to the left hand, we avoid running down a very steep hill, it would be preferable to have it go in the above direction.

I have already observed with regard to running over a two mile course, that the post the horses start from, is also the winning post; but in order to decide correctly the coming in of the horses, a second post is necessary, and this must be placed immediately opposite, or in a parallel line with that behind which the judge stands; as one of the principal objects in placing this post here, is, its being a fixed point to enable the judge to decide accurately on the smallest part of that horse's head which may first appear in a line with these two posts. The post I have here mentioned may be called the starting, the winning, or the weighing post; as on a two mile course it answers all these purposes. It is to be observed, that in fixing the above two posts, they are to be so situated on the course, as to divide the best part of the ground into two portions: one of these portions of ground is for the start, the other, which is of far more importance, is for the horses to run in upon. This part of the course should be straight and level; if it deviates at all from the latter it should be in a gradual ascent to the winning-post. The whole of the posts for marking out the ground should be painted white, and must be placed at such convenient distance one from the other, as to admit of each being easily seen by the jockies in the running; and to prevent them from getting too close to the large posts, the better way is to bank them up from a pretty wide basis, for three or four feet, as advised in the Racing Calendar by the Stewards of the Jockey Club; and for any particular purpose for which a post may be intended, independently of its use in marking out the ground, such post should be marked accordingly on the top part; for example, when shorter lengths than two miles are to be run.

Supposing the course I am now arranging to run to the right hand, and that there may be rather a difficult turn to make in it. Instead of such a turn being made by the jockies' laying a little out of their ground sufficiently early for the purpose of making it, as was formerly the practice, and which was not only dangerous, but has often been the cause of disputes on the subject of foul riding, I would recommend the adoption of the following plan, which would not only prevent accidents, but every thing unpleasant which may occur in running for the turn in the old way. The turn had better be made by an additional number of sight posts, which should be placed wide of such turn, sufficiently early, so as gradually to form and enlarge the sweep the whole of the way round as much

as possible. Making a turn in this way will not only be much safer, and prevent disputes, but it will be giving a more equal chance to the very light weights, who are many of them boys, and who are not so experienced in running for a sharp turn, as some of the older jockies. An experienced jockey coming well placed to a turn, and having the whip hand, would not, perhaps, feel much delicacy, when in running for it, to lay a young inexperienced jockey boy a little out of his ground here, the old one knowing that half a length got here, is worth two or three in straight running.

I believe, on all courses, there is generally plenty of room for any reasonable number of horses to run abreast; but in the running between the rails, as we here form the breadth ourselves, we should take care to have a clear space between them of twenty-five yards. These rails, on each side the course, should commence at least a quarter of a mile below the winning-post, and should be continued two or three hundred yards beyond it. Indeed, the further the rails are continued on all courses, the better.

At such racing meetings as are numerously attended by spectators, there is generally a space of ground of about ten or a dozen yards in width, and about one hundred or two in length, railed in on the right and left of the course for people on foot. This is a very good plan, as it protects them from the horsemen and carriages. In coming in on the right of the course, there should be two distance-posts; the first of these posts is to be erected two hundred and forty yards from the winning-post—the second one hundred and twenty from it. The first of these posts is the distance-post when the horses are running four miles; the second when they are running two miles.

Attached close to, and in the rear of the winning-post, should be a small wooden stand, erected for the judge to stand in to decide which horse comes first in the race. There should be to each of the distance posts a similar but a more temporary sort of stand. Each of these temporary stands may be made by putting two posts at a suitable distance in the rear of each distance-post, with a piece of board in the centre; but this board at each of these posts should be two or three feet higher than the floor of the judge's stand, so that the man in the distance stand may clearly see the winning-post, and be ready to drop the distance-flag immediately with that at the winning-post.

The stand, or as it is sometimes called, the grand stand, which is erected for the accommodation of the spectators, is generally placed on the right of the course. The under part may be conveniently arranged for the vending of refreshments. It should be built at a distance of from twenty to five and twenty yards in the rear of the rails of the course. The end of this stand need not be in a direct line with the winning-post, but may come within about ten yards of it. The height and dimensions of such stand must, of course, depend very much on the extent or importance of the meeting held in the neighborhood. Close up to, and in a parallel line with the rails of the course, and opposite the centre of the grand

stand, should be erected a small round building, eighteen feet in circumference, clear of the walls, which should be eighteen feet high. This building being divided by a floor in its centre, the lower part is for a weighing house, (the door of which should face the stand,) the upper part is for a stand for the stewards, for whose convenience a communication may be made by a staircase out of the weighing-house, and on the roof there should be a bell to ring for saddling. In the centre of the weighing-house, the scales and weights should be placed. It is the case, at most of our principal meetings, and it should be so at all of them, that one scale should be made in the form of a chair, and suspended the same height from the ground as the seat of a chair would be, with a half back, made round in the form of an arm chair; and an iron triangle of proper dimensions should be fixed to the end of the beam, for the purpose of keeping the ropes that are attached to the beam sufficiently extended upon top so as not to interfere with the jockey's head when he is weighing. This would be much more convenient, as he could more readily sit down in this scale, take his saddle and trusses in his lap, and weigh with more dispatch and with less difficulty than with scales put up in the common way. There should be seats round the walls of this weighing-house, and pegs for the jockies to hang their clothes on. Cupboards would also be convenient here, to hold the trusses and small weights, as occasion may require; for there are many jockies at several of our country meetings who are employed to ride for a variety of masters, and sometimes, different races for their first or principal masters, which obliges them to vary their weights, and occasionally to shift them from one saddle to another. When the weights do not run high, and a jockey can come to the weight himself, dead weight of course is not wanted. The trusses and small weights, belonging to different trainers, are then left in the care of one of their boys, or any convenient person who may be near at the moment; perhaps they are thrown down in the weighing-house, and are thereby liable to be mislaid or lost; or, not unlikely, some of the shot may be taken out of them. Racing is now become a game of such importance to men of business on the turf, that nothing which regards it should be done in an uncertain, idle, or slovenly manner. These trusses and small weights, when not in use, should therefore be given in charge of the man who attends the scales; by him they should be locked up in the cupboards, and he should be made accountable for them to the different persons to whom they may belong.

The space between the weighing-house and the grand stand is to be formed into a yard, enclosed by rails about four feet high. This enclosure should extend ten feet beyond each extremity of the front, observing to leave the gateways in the positions as marked in the plan of the course; that near the judge's stand is for the jockies' to ride their horses through to get to the scales to weigh; and that near the stand, for the horses to pass through in going to the rubbing-house.

By closing the gates here, after the horses are rode into the yard, the people on foot would be prevented from passing in and

crowding round the horses, which they are apt to do while the riders are weighing. It may be advisable at such meetings as commence early in the spring, or late in the autumn, to cover this yard with a mixture of gravel and sand, which would make it more firm and dry to walk on, in case of much wet. The ground thus fenced in, I shall call the weighing-yard, into which none should be admitted but people of business, such as the stewards of the races, noblemen and gentlemen who own the horses, the trainers, the jockies, and the boys who look after them.

The weighing-house and yard being situated and arranged in this way, mistakes cannot possibly happen, if the jockey does but keep on his horse's back after having pulled him up at the conclusion of the heat or race, until he gets to scale, as in going off the course to weigh he must come to and pass by the ending or winning-post. Indeed it would be unpardonable in a regular jockey to dismount until he has rode his horse past this post in going to the scales. A jockey who is in high practice of riding, is too good a judge to allow such a thing to happen to him, let the scales be placed in whatever situation they may. If he were so unfortunate, through absence of mind, as to commit an error of this kind, I much fear it would be at the expense of his character; but a gentleman jockey, on a strange course, and who may not have rode many races, may unintentionally fall into an error of this sort, if not directed by the trainer, who puts him up, how he is to proceed when he has pulled up his horse. From want of experience or caution, a gentleman may make this mistake, either by not riding his horse back to the ending post previous to his dismounting to weigh; or, he may, if his orders are not to run for the first heat, pull up within the distance, and if the scales should be placed (as they often are) inside of the winning-post, he may, without giving it a thought, ride to them, dismount, and weigh, without ever coming to the ending-post: he would, consequently, be distanced: but as I have observed, from the way in which the weighing-house and the entrance to it are here arranged, nothing of this sort can possibly happen, if the rider will but keep on his horse's back until he gets to the scales.

The ropes which are to be put up across the course at the commencement of the rails, to shut out people on horseback who have no business on this part of the course, should be attended by very steady men, who are to take care to be ready to remove the ropes at the time of the horses' starting and coming in.

After the meetings are over, it will be necessary to have chains put up here, and secured by locks, to prevent horses and carts from going over this part of the ground.

If the ground be diversified with ascents and descents at moderate intervals in a course of two or four miles, I think it rather an advantage, as it gives an equal chance to the little stout horse as to the large long striding horse. Generally speaking, they all give their races more kindly over such ground, than they would do in running a similar length over a dead flat.

The next thing to notice relative to a course is the rubbing-house:

or as it is called by some, the saddling-house, being used for both purposes. This building should be erected at a distance of about two or three hundred yards beyond the weighing-post. It will here be somewhat out of the noise and bustle of the crowd, and it will be near to where the horses pull up after sweating or running.

The walls of this building should be in height, from the surface of the ground, twelve feet, by sixty-four in length, and the space between them, from eighteen to twenty feet. The stalls in this building should be eight feet wide, to give sufficient room to the boys to work on each side of the horses after they have been sweating, and at the time of their being saddled to run. The partitions between the stalls should also be sufficiently high so as to prevent the horses from smelling to each other over them, but there is no necessity for either racks or mangers in any of these stalls. The walls in front of the horses' heads should be boarded, and rings should be fixed there to tie horses up occasionally. Now, as it frequently happens that there are horses from different stables not only going to sweat on the same morning, but most likely at the same time, (as training stables are sometimes at so great a distance from the ground as not to allow of the horses being conveniently scraped at home, and as it would be unpleasant to the trainers for the horses of different stables to scrape at the same time in one rubbing-house), I think the better way would be to divide these eight stalls, by running up a wall in the centre, and thus making two rubbing-houses with four stalls in each, and with doors of the same dimensions as those in the training stables; and for the admission of plenty of air and light, there should be two large windows in each of these houses, and they should be on the same plan as the lower part of those windows in the training stables.

In the front of this building there should be a piece of ground twelve feet in breadth by the length of the building, walled in to the height of four feet and a half, with rings placed at proper intervals in the walls, for the trainers and riders to tie up their hacks while the horses are being scraped or saddled. The door is to be in the centre of this yard, and to be five feet in width.

The subject which next presents itself, as being immediately connected with the preceding one, is that of the appointment of gentlemen to act as stewards of the races, and the duties which devolve upon them. I believe it is customary, at country races, for the stewards of the preceding year to nominate their successors, which, I presume, is intended as a compliment to the gentlemen who may be selected from among the nobility and gentry of distinction in the neighboring country where the meetings are held. It sometimes happens, that gentlemen are appointed who are not thoroughly acquainted with all the rules of racing. Now for the information of such, and in order that the business of the day may go smoothly on, I will here give as brief and as correct a sketch as I am able, of such rules and orders as they may be required to see carried into effect: but with regard to the arrangement of the duties emanating from the evening assemblies, when the gentlemen have

to divide equally their polite attention in matching the young ones to sport the light fantastic toe in the dance, and in placing the aged ones at the card table to a quiet rubber, to play the severities of the game for the odd trick, I must beg to decline interfering. This important part of the stewards' duties I leave to the better taste and judgment of the gentlemen themselves.

The stewards of racing meetings should give their orders in due time, for the making of such regulations relative to the course, as they may conceive most advantageous. They should fix the hour the horses are to start, and they are accountable that all funds run for in the meeting are paid before the horses start. To the stewards, the gentlemen of the turf, the betters, trainers, and jockies, all look up, to decide correctly on any disputes which may arise. They should therefore be in the stand appropriated for them during the time the horses are running; and they should here observe, as far as they possibly can, any thing incorrect that may occur,—such as foul riding; or a race may be claimed by the owner of the second horse, from other causes. Their attention and observations here may materially assist them in deciding disputes, which (as recommended by the stewards of the jockey club) should be immediately settled, since the witnesses may easily be assembled, and in the weighing-yard, with the gates closed, they may, unmolested by the crowd, hear the evidence on each side relative to the dispute in question, and give their final decision on the spot.

The next person to be mentioned, is the clerk of the course, who is to act entirely under the direction of the stewards, and whose duty it is to carry such of their orders into execution as may be entrusted to him. He should be a respectable, well conducted man, and intelligent in the common rules of racing; as at many country meetings, with a view of giving as little trouble as possible to the stewards, the clerk's situation becomes a place of trust. He is often commissioned to receive and hold the whole or part of the funds, such as the subscriptions to the plates and stakes, and entrance money collected at the stand, and the fees for the weights and scales, all of which he is to be accountable for to the stewards. The horses are generally named to the clerk of the course; he should therefore, in due time be put in possession of the rules and articles of the plates, stakes, and matches that are to be run for at the meeting. He should make himself thoroughly acquainted with all these things, as on the day appointed for the horses to shew and enter, he is to see that every horse is duly qualified, agreeably to the articles and rules as to age and pedigree, for whatever he is going to start, according to the certificates produced. He is to be accountable that the course is in all respects in proper order for the horses to run over on the day the meeting commences; he must procure such men as are necessary to be in attendance during the meeting, and place them in their different situations on the course: viz.—The man who starts the horses,—the man who is judge to decide on the running,—the men who attend the scales,—the men who are to attend to the ropes at each end of the rails, and such other men as may be necessary to keep the course clear during the time the horses are running.

Several of the rules which I have here set forth, relative to the duties to be performed by the stewards and clerks of country races, are by order of the stewards of the jockey club, mentioned in the Racing Calendar, from which book I have taken some of them. My reason for having done so, is, that should this work meet the approbation of that part of the public for whom it is principally intended, it may, in some measure, become a book of reference for those of my readers, who may have much occasion for it, and for them I should wish it to contain such useful information as I conceive is absolutely necessary.

I believe I have now noticed every thing relative to such training and running ground, which I conceive best adapted for the purpose of training and running horses upon; yet I am fully aware it will often happen that from local circumstances, such advantages as I have here pointed out—as to the extent and variety of the downs—cannot at all times be obtained; yet from what I have stated on this subject, I hope I have been sufficiently explicit to enable those who may not be in very high practice in training horses, to form a more general and perfect opinion on the subject, and which may give them the capacity of properly selecting such parts from inferior ground as may suit their purpose.

A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS OF LONG ISLAND.

BY THE LATE "J. CYPRESS, JR."

Resumed from the last number of the "Register," page 679.

ONE MORE FOR THE LAST.

"Candida vitæ
Gaudia nescit
Ah! miser! illæ
Qui requievit
Littore nunquam
Mollis arenæ
Pone reclinis."

METASTATIO.

"Discretas insula rumpit aquas!"

THE islands came in sight again, and ho! land! and Raynor Rock!

Glad enough was I to hear our bow grind the sand near Raynor's hut, on the evening succeeding our court's last night's entertainments. Ned Locus had come in, and Peter Probasco was smoking his usual short pipe, and the boys had some fresh fish and "things accorden." Zoph and I had had a hard pull, and we were bay-salted and shivering, but not so tired as to prevent us from bringing up a good bunch of brant. More of them, and a few of the black ducks, and sheldrakes, and *that* goose, anon.

"That's a lie, mister, that story you told t'other night. Have my doubts it's all a lie. I've said it."—Such was Peter's judgment.—"Mr. Locus, you dreamt that sometime or other."

"Stick it out, Ned," said I, "why the fellow is trying to get angry!" and Ned actually had worked himself into such a state of feeling, that between the excitement of the story, and the soft impeachment of its veracity, and his liquor going down the wrong way, his face was suffused, and seven or eight globules of eye-water ran a race for the goal of his pea-jacket upper button.

"My friend," he at last rejoined, "you're mighty civil. Quite complimentary, forsooth. Do you suppose that I could undertake to coin a story so minute, and particular, and specific—so coherent and consistent in all its parts, so supported by internal and circumstantial evidence—"

"So ingeniously stolen from Ovid," interrupted I.

"*'Et tu brute,'* Cypress!"

"I make no doubt it's all true, mostly," said Daniel. "I've been by the bridge, and seen the place where Mr. Locus sot, when he came out."

"Well, gentlemen, what's the unbelievable part of the story? You don't deny the brook, or doubt its being inhabited by mermaids, do you? Then why shouldn't I be as likely as any body else to see one?"

"*Festina lente,*" cried I.

"Not so fast, I pray thee," said the quiet Oliver. "I admit the brook, but I deny thy eyesight. Thy water-nymph lived but in thy brain, she is the offspring of thy dreams only—none but pagan priests and poets, and dreamy boys, and quaker sea-captains, have seen the creature of fancy, called a mermaid."

"Why, Oliver! you infidel! Do you deny the Oceanides, the Nereides and Naiades, the Limnades and Potamides—"

"No such families in the island, d——d if there is," cried Peter.

"Have you never heard of Galatea and Amphitrite, Melita, and Leucothoe, and Thetis, Calypso, and glorious Arethusa——?"

Peter—"Never heerd of such people before."

Oliver—"Vile incarnations—the false deities of the old heathen poets. Too much antiquity hath made thee mad, Ned, or rather, too much deviltry hath made thee a quiz."

"He don't quiz me," said Daniel, with a compression of his lips that said "I know too much." "I don't know 'bout carnations and deities, or old poets, and I reckon I don't believe iniquity ever made Mr. Ned Locus mad, but what I know I know. Sam Biles is my wife's cousin's aunt's sister's brother-in-law, and he's been a sealer. Sam knows. Seals is nothen but nigger mermaids, as Silas said last night, or night afore. Sam told me he see 'em often together, and the mermaids licked 'em and kicked 'em about jist as they was amind to. They caught one one day, but she played the devil among the sailors, and the captain chucked her overboard.—Shaa! why Jim Smith see a mermaid once down to Gilgoa inlet, riden a sea-horse—don't you b'lieve it?—ask Jim."

"Ah! Daniel, Daniel," said Ned, "they're a set of unbelievers—don't try to persuade them."

"Shut up. Shut up, boys. Change the subject. Here; will you smoke?" said Raynor, producing some short stub pipes, and an old segar-box stuffed with tobacco.

It has always been our rule that, "when we are at Rome, we must do as the Romans do." So, it is to be recorded, that we committed, or rather submitted to, that sin. We smoked.

Puff. "What luck on the whole"—puff—"boys"—puff—puff—"this fall?"—puff—puff—puff—and so on. We will not smoke thee, reader. We got fairly into conversation, now, and different speakers sustained the dialogue, half a dozen speaking at once, sometimes, so that I cannot put down a tithe of what was said.

"Middlen, sir, middlen. We've got some. We come 'cross a good school of drums this afternoon. How is times down to York?"

"O, so so. There's nothing new or strange. People are fighting, as usual, about politics, like fools, and calling each other names, which, if rightly applied, ought to be ropes to hang them. Is the bass fishing good this season?"

"Moderate, moderate. How does the old general stand his hand?"

"Bravely, bravely. They've tried to make him out a tyrant, usurper, cut-throat, fool, and every thing else that is stupid, and base; but 'it's no use.' Do you kill many coot?"

"Coots is seace. I see a smart bunch, jest at sundown, up into Poor-man's harbor. Do you think the Jackson men will get it next 'lection?"

"No doubt; no doubt; not the least doubt. The farmers of the north, and west, are men of sense and spirit, and there's no mistake about the farmers of Queens, and Suffolk, as you yourself well know. But they are doing their d——dest in New-York. They are trying to buy the Irish, and have made such golden overtures to our leading paper as will require uncommon virtue to resist. You must remember to go and vote, boys, for the old man. Every vote counts. He's the Hero of New-Orleans, you know—protector of beauty and booty—can you ever forget the time when—"

"You don't catch me voten, I reckon," interrupted Long John, bending his crane-like neck, so as to bring his head at right angles with his body. "I never voted but onest, and that was last fall, and I reckon I did a smart deal o' harm then. Mr. Locus fetched me up. It rained a little, and he ris an umberell over my head, as we sot in the wagon, and I an't got over that, neither. Now I expect that umberell must have given me a kind o' chill, or something, for I an't been right ever sence."

"It wa'n't the umberell," cried out one of the group; "it was on 'count o' your voten the wrong ticket, to 'blige Mr. Locus—that's the how—and it made you feel bad—and you knowed it."

"What, John! What, John! are you serious?" continued I. "Do you really intend to sacrifice your inestimable right of suffrage? The right for which your fathers fought, and blod, and

died! Reflect. Consider. It is the glorious privilege, as well as the religious duty of every freeman, to go to the ballot-box. Liberty, the liberty of an American citizen—"

"Stop it. Stop it," roared out Ned Locus. "No politics, Cypress. What's the use? You'll only set me a-going, and I can talk as fast as you, and we'll like enough get angry."

"We may as well let it alone," said the quiet Oliver, "There are no converts to be made in Suffolk, not even if Daniel Webster was to come and talk to it. We'll beat thee next fall even if he should."

It will readily be perceived that at the date of this dialogue, I was what is called at Tammany Hall, "a consistent democrat." Ned has always thought it a pity. But he does not on that account shut me out from his heart, and treat me as if he thought I wore a *caput supinum*, as some mad zealots have, in the rage of their disappointment, sometimes ferociously advised him to do. Ned and Oliver both belonged to the party that thought the constitution was in danger, and that the country was doomed to utter ruin, unless the dynasty of a certain very respectable financial institution was perpetuated.

"I'll bet you the expenses of the trip on that," replied Ned to Oliver's vaunt.

"I never bet, Neddy. It's against our rules. But it's got to be done. Don't get mad. It's no use." And then he wound up with his everlasting saw about the boiling of pork.

"D——n your easy impudence. We'll have five thousand majority in the city alone."

"Order! order!" cried Raynor. "Gentlemen, have the goodness to come to order, for a song from Venus Raynor, Esquire,—one of his own composing—that song, Venus, you made about the people that were drowned down to Oyster-pond point."

The usual apologies and excuses were soon disposed of, and then Venus opened his mouth and sang a most pathetic ditty, to which we all listened with sincere delight, for it was sung with the pathos, tenderness, and grace of nature. I was enraptured with it, and, next day, got Venus to go to the light-house and write it out for me. The following is a copy verbatim et literatim:—

' Come all ye Good people of evry degree
come listen awhile with attention to me
a sorrowful story i am going to relate
a mournful disaster that hapenned of late

O Oyster-pond treimble at that awful stroke
remember the voice that gehovah has spoke
to teach us we are mortals exposed to deth
and subject each moment to yield up our breth

on monday the 12th of december so cold
In the year 18 hundred as i have been told
the winds blowing high and the rains beating down
when a vessle arived at Oyster-pond town

their anchors being cast their ships tore away
all hands for the shore were preparring straitway
down into the boat soon they did repair
and on to the shore was praing to steer

But mark their hard fortune it is mournful indeed
yet no one can hinder what god has decread
the council of heaven on that fatal day
by death in an instant calld numbers away

A number of men in their halth and their primo
called out of this world in an instant of time
the boat turning plundge them all into the deep
and 5 out of 7 in death fell asleep.

the sorrowful tidings was caried straitway
to freinds and relations without more delay
but o their lamentins no launge can express
more point out of joy great grief and distress

the widows are bereaved in sorrow to mourn
the loss of their husbands no more to return
besides a great number of orphans we hear
lamenting the loss of their parents so dear

Also a young damsel a making great mourn
for the untimely death of her lover that gone
for the day of their nuptials apointed had been
and the land of sweet wedlock those lovers to join.

Alas all their lamentings are all but in vain
their husbands are drowned they can't come again
o friends and relations lament not to late
the council of heaven has sealed their fate

their bodies when found were all conveyed home
on the sabbath day following prepared for the tomb
their bodies in their coffin being all laid a side
in Oyster-pond meeting house ally so wide.

"Bravo!"—"Well sung, Venus!"—"Encore!"—"That's a damnation nice song!"—and several other critical eulogiums, were wreathed around the head of the beach troubadour.

"Now, Raynor," said I, "we've had nothing out of you, yet. Since Venus has given us a wrecking song, suppose you give us a wrecking story—a true one. Tell us about your saving the life of Captain Nathan Holdredge."

"No, no," protested Raynor; it's late now, and soon as the moon gets up, we've got to go into the surf;—and you know all about it."

"Tell it. Go ahead; or I'll summon a court of Dover and have you fined."

"Don't do that. Here goes then for *The way the old man saved Captain Holdredge!*" and the intrepid veteran went on as follows; I took it from his own mouth, and the whole story is his without embellishment, or addition. If I could only give his voice—his eye—his hand—his attitude—I should be happy:—

"It was eighteen years ago. The lighthouse war'nt built. I

was fishing off agin Bellport, twenty miles east of here. I got up on the 17th day of October, early. The first thing I see was a ship on the beach. I went over to her, and it appeared as if they wanted no assistance; the wind was blowing at the east, and it was stormy—rain storm—it was between break of day and sunrise. I was going to return back again to the hut where we staid, and they beckoned, and hollowed to us to stay;—then they let down their jolly boat under the stern;—the captain, second mate, and one sailor came ashore in her. When they came ashore, I knew the captain. It was Captain Holdredge. After being there a little while, the captain invited me to go on board with him and take something to drink with him—some brandy;—and he would send a demijohn ashore for the rest of the crew—*my* crew. I discovered that there was much agin difficulty in going to the ship, as there was coming from her. The wind was off shore, and sea breaking on:—then I told him, if you will let me and one of my men and him go aboard, I would go—he wanted to take the two sailors, and they insisted upon going, and he was a' mind they should too,—but if them two sailors is a going to go, I sha'nt go. These sailors seemed to be rather affronted at my opinion, and seemed to think that they could go as well and long as me or any other man.

“Then I told him I choosed not to go. Then Holdredge said, stay where we was, and he and the men would go and get a demijohn of brandy, and bring it ashore. They then started for the ship. She lay in the surf. The surf was pretty big. The vessel lay about one hundred yards from the dry land. It was this same Raccoon beach. The wind was east. The ship's name was the “Savannah.” She was a packet ship. She had five passengers. She was from Savannah, loaded with cotton—four hundred bales, as I was told.

“When they got off against the ship, they was about twenty yards to the west of her. The current carried them there;—then heading up east to the ship, brought them right broadside to the sea;—the second sea capsizeed them—turned the two sailors out, and pitched the captain underneath. The two sailors came immediately ashore by the help of the sea;—and the jolly boat kept, to all appearance, about the same distance from the beach, and worked westward. I endeavored to try to get to her, for I knew the captain was under her. I endeavored to get to her all I could. The sea broke over my head and knocked me down two or three times—I still endeavored to assist him at some rate or other—I got so that I touched the jolly boat—I just put my hand on her, and whether it was my touching of her or not, she took a pretty rank heave of the sea, and she turned down on one side pretty smartly, and the captain came out on the side opposite from me. I discovered that he was alive and apparently made some effort to help himself—but the current of the sea carried him along faster than I could travel, and in one moment he appeared to give up all, and roll along the sea. Then I thought to myself it was no way to get him. So I then thought to myself there was no way to save

him, but to return to the beach, and run about one hundred yards to the west of him. All the while I was running I kept my eye on him. I kept watch of him—when I came to a sea poose—I went in to the east of it—went out into the ocean as far as he was standing and bracing against the sea—breaking over my head—and just afore he got to me, there come a large sea and seemed to hide him—buried him all up—and as he about come abreast of me, I discovered him, and caught him by the collar of his coat—I then sung out for assistance to some of the rest of my crew who was on the beach—it was about forty yards from the dry sand. One man run in. I gave him left hand—I had hold of Holdredge with my right hand. More of the crew came in and took hold of hands, and it made a smart and long trail of it. I should think there was as much as eight of us—and so we drew him up on the beach. Some of the crew said he was stone dead, when we got him out. I discovered that he was not dead by his stirring one of his arms. I turned him round on the beach where it shelved, and got his head the lowest, and then rolled him backwards and forwards on his face, till he discharged considerable water out of his mouth, and some blood out of his nose. I suppose this blood from his nose, was from the jams he got under the jolly boat. All the time I discovered he was coming to. I told the crew, that owing to the cold storm, he never would come to, unless we got him by the fire. Myself and three others took him in our arms, and carried him about a quarter of a mile to our fishing hut—blowen and rainen all the time from the east—got him to the hut—built on a good fire—and prepared a little warm chocolate, and got a little of it down him, and he come to fast. In about three quarters of an hour he spoke. The first word he spoke, he asked, “where’s the ship?” I told him the ship was safe *on shore*.

“Well, I don’t know how—he recreated and began to talk. He had a mind to go to her. It wasn’t worth while to go to her. The passengers and crew had all come away. They come away in my fish boat—after I got Holdredge to the hut, the men all went to the surf. I staid with Holdredge watching till next morning, when his nat’ral senses seemed to come again. Next morning he took full charge of the ship, as much as ever, and would employ no commissioners. He employed about twenty hands himself at two dollars per day, and took charge of the vessel himself. Unloaded—got all cargo out—sent it down by lighters—wouldn’t employ any wreck-masters—vessel went to pieces—his crew worked upon the rigging, and took it off.

“Got ashore. He was in sight of the highlands at sundown, going then S. E. I was by and heard him make his protest—he turned in about twelve o’clock, and gave up to the mate, and told him to keep that course till two o’clock, and then tack ship, and stand in for the land, until they got into thirteen fathom water—and then call him, if he wa’nt up before. He waked, and found the ship had a different motion, and jumped out of his berth, and looked out of the companion-way, and saw the breakers under her lee—he giv orders to tack ship immediately, but before she got

about, she struck!—she paid off contrary, and got on to the beach—spread and tacked every sail to get her off, but to no purpose.

“*Menia* was the first mate.

“*Walford*, second mate. *Walford* was one of the men who came ashore, and was upset, and was rolled ashore by the waves.

“About the second day, word came on from *Patchogue* that his wife was there, and wanted him to come ashore very much, if he was alive. He then went ashore to see her. When he come there, she said she was very glad to see him, looking as he was : for she had understood, at New York, that he was cast away, and that *Raynor Smith* had fell afoul of him, and beat him almost to death, and he told her—so he telled me himself,—to cast that off, for it was all false, for *Raynor Smith* was his protector, and the only one that saved his life, and said to her, if it hadn’t been for him, you wouldn’t never seen me more.”—

SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A FEW DAYS SPORTING IN BARBARY, IN A LETTER FROM LIEUT. LACY, 46TH REGIMENT, TO THE AUTHOR OF “SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.”

Town Range Barracks, Gibra’tar, December 24, 1840.

MY DEAR NAPIER : Your “*Scenes and Sports*,” which appeared lately in this *Garrison*, have produced, I think, a “*Nimrodish*” spirit of the olden time—not but that many of our youthful sportsmen are game to the back bone, and frequently of the foremost (as you well know) with the *Calpe Hounds*, but there are some who, never having seen our old Indian friends of grunting propensities, much wished to have an encounter with the bristly foe on the opposite coast of “*Africa’s burning shores*.”

Having been a brother sportsman in many of the well-told tales of your Indian exploits, I must give a short account of our endeavors to follow you in the “*hog line*,” near *Tangiers*, a relation of which will, I think, amuse you, though I am sorry to say we were not so successful as we ought to have been, owing, as usual, to my bad shooting, for which I was deservedly well abused ; but if not attended with great results, our trip was agreeable and pleasant, and I wish you had been of the party ; you would not only, I think, have enjoyed yourself uncommonly, but have killed your pig in sporting style, with the old “*double-barrel*” and long carving knife. In fact, we only required *you* to make our party complete, and many were the wishes expressed for your presence.

Our trip was easily got up, and we assembled in the mess-room to breakfast on the morning of our departure, after a delightful ball at Mr. S.’s, the American Consul, who always gives such

splendid parties, and whose Madeira, by-the-bye, is the best in the world.

A friend from the Emerald Isle had kindly offered us a passage to Tangiers in his yacht. Allow me then to introduce W——, a most thorough Pat, and the owner of Vampire, of about eight-and-forty tons, as neat a little craft as e'er skimmed o'er the blue seas. In this he proposed taking four of us, and without much difficulty D'Eyncourt, Moffat, David Fyffe and myself, obtained a week's leave from the Governor, so that, on the morning I speak of, guns, pistols, and hunting-knives of all sorts, sizes, and shapes, carpet-bags, coats, cloaks, &c. &c. were collected in the mess-room previous to our intended departure. About mid-day we embarked, and with a pleasant light breeze set sail from "The Rock," and were soon carried into the current of the Straits.

I believe the coast on both sides is pretty well known to you, but yet I cannot help saying a few words on the subject. The day was very fine, and lying on the deck, whilst basking in the sun, we enjoyed the view of that beautiful line of hills beyond Cabrita Point, and those still more grand and magnificent mountains on the African shore, which towards evening, under the rays of the setting sun, assumed a mellowness of tint and tone of color beyond all description.

December is certainly not the finest month in the year for beholding a landscape in perfection; still, as you are aware, even Winter wears here a much gayer mantle than in the frigid North, and the garb of Summer was still retained by the ever-green oak, the cork, the ilex, and a variety of other trees and plants peculiar to these favored regions*. Feasting our eyes with these fair sights, we glided past Tarifa, with its old Moorish towers that had stood the brunt of many a siege, its curious houses, and old-fashioned inhabitants†, and as it gradually became dusk we were close under the African coast; but without sufficient light, and not knowing the harbor, we did not think it quite safe to venture into the anchorage near the town. Therefore, having got soundings, we let go anchor, and piped all hands to dinner after seeing everything safe and snug. Our host said he had nothing to give us; but on our diving below, a right good round of English beef, with its accompaniments of carrots, turnips, &c., belied him: we set to work in earnest, and justice was soon performed on it in a most summary manner, accompanied by copious libations of Guinness' best. It was Saturday night, and though not at sea, we considered ourselves entitled to our glass of grog and a song, which was given in first-rate style by David Fyffe, whose musical notes softly

* On the 22d of January, 1841, there was ice at the signal station at Gib an inch and a half thick, which remained for several days: the height above the level of the sea was about 1400 feet. In the beginning of February of the same year there was a very severe gale of wind, which detained the 33d Regiment, embarked for the West Indies, in harbor from the 5th to the 23d, and on the 6th an extraordinary fall of hail occurred, the stones being generally an inch and a half long and an inch in breadth and thickness, and of all kinds of curious shapes, many like long cut-glass smelling bottles. Both these circumstances are very unusual here.

† I was informed by a Spaniard that the women of Tarifa, Conil, and Marghena, all in the South Coast, have the privilege of partially concealing the face with a black shawl, worn over the head like a hood, and only leaving one eye exposed—a curious remnant of Moorish customs, secured to them, as I understood, by charter.

breathed through the aromatic atmosphere caused by our lighted cigars. Our revels at last came to an end, and closely stowed away in the body of the "Vampire," we at last resigned ourselves to balmy sleep. Next morning we were all up with the lark, got the ship under weigh, worked her into port at the expense of a rub or two at her keel, and then prepared for landing.

Whilst the carpet-bags, cloaks, gun-cases, cigar-boxes, coats, Mantons, beef-tongues, ham, beer, wine, "backy," and brandy were being hoisted up, suppose we look at this mighty fortress, which only a short time since held France in such sovereign contempt.

It is built in a small valley, which gradually slopes towards the sea; the houses are generally flat-roofed and irregular; a wall incloses the town, and several parts are strong-looking flanking bastions, particularly towards the sea and near the Water-gate. To the right is the citadel, a commanding point, built at the apex of a ridge of rock which runs upwards from the shore: altogether it appears from the water to be a strong-looking place, and I dare say, when it was given as a dowry with Queen Catherine of Portugal at the time she espoused Charles the second of England, it was considered very formidable, though since that period the walls have often been razed and rebuilt.

Immediately on our landing we were conducted to the house of our Consul General, Mr. Drummond Hay. On proceeding thither, we had an opportunity of observing that all the formidable-looking places, which we had supposed were bristling with cannon, had only a few old rusty guns protruding from the embrasures, mounted here and there, not on carriages, but upon logs of wood or parts of gun-carriages, and in fact anything that could be had, in order that a threatening muzzle might be seen from the sea: as to the possibility of pointing the said guns, *that* appeared but a secondary consideration.

Mr. Hay having occasion to visit the Governor, we accompanied him. Our reception was by no means gratifying, and we left but little impressed with either his magnificence or his urbanity. However, this did not annoy us. On our return, we busied ourselves in preparing for the morrow's sport, and in this our kind friend Mr. Hay did his best to assist. He put us in the way of getting some of the Natives to accompany our party, and introduced us to a first-rate shot, an American, attached to the United States Consulship, who knew the country well, could speak Arabic, and was eager to be one of the sporting expedition we contemplated. My friend T——, who was at the time staying at Mr. Hay's, and busy with his pencil, also offered his services, so that our company was increased to seven.

Regular Moorish "hunters," with many beaters, were engaged; provisions, tents, horses, ponies, mules, jackasses, pots, and kettles, were all ordered to be in readiness by six o'clock next morning; and after wandering about the town until we were tired, with a chance of being spit upon at every corner, we at last sate down to our dinners at Mr. Benoliel's fonda. I believe you on a former

occasion have been at the same house, and of course enjoyed the pleasure of eating those greasy dishes so well seasoned with rancid butter and garlic, and fashioned by the delicate hands of that dark-eyed specimen of the daughters of Israel, the probably once beautiful but now rather *passée* Madame Ben ; but, greasy or not, we got through the feast, washed it well down with brown stout, followed by a glass of grog, under cover of which musquito dose, we turned in and slept soundly, until the early muezzin-call awoke all the worthies of Islam to their morning devotions.

Having accomplished our shooting toilet, strapped our guns at our backs, and swallowed our cup of coffee, we endeavored, as well as we could, each to mount his gallant steed, and bestride the mountain of pack saddle which served to conceal their staring ribs and attenuated carcasses.

Our start was certainly ludicrous in the extreme ; Master Pag*, late as usual, and as usual full of fun and frolic, was turning everything into ridicule ; to him was committed the commissariat department. Fyffe, the epitome of " vaulting ambition," in mounting " fell o'er t'other side," was too fat to get up, but at last accomplished the task with great difficulty. The ponderous frame of Mosfat weighed down his horse, which tottered under its unusual burden. I got across a donkey, and, barring an occasional kick, managed pretty well, having *one* spur to assist me, " but *that* was a piercer."

T—— and our Transatlantic friend joined us in good time, both much more respectably mounted. Our rear was brought up by a Moorish soldier, who at the peril of his own was answerable for our lives. Another vagabond, of the name of Sheriffe Mohammed, afforded us much amusement, and proved very useful. Last, though not least, came the man of beef and porter, the steward of the yacht, the great Tompson, mounted on the top of the tents and provisions, and followed by one or two donkeys which he had in tow. Outside the town we were joined by our Native friends the beaters. These men are almost outcasts from society, having perhaps committed the crime of murder or some such trifle, which has obliged them at first to quit the town, not from apprehension of the law, but from the fear of meeting with the same violent death at the hands of the friends of the deceased. The wandering life they consequently are obliged to lead renders them, amongst other accomplishments, keen sportsmen. Their Chief was a fine handsome athletic fellow, and led us to hope for capital sport. He was accompanied by seven or eight others of the same stamp as himself, with eight or ten dogs, most extraordinary-looking animals, and strongly resembling that valuable breed denominated in India the " pariah."

We increased in numbers as we proceeded, every now and then adding a fresh recruit in the shape of a beater or dog.

Our direction lay S. S. W., leaving Cape Spartel a long way to our right, over a fine agricultural country, but as it was late in the season the ground presented no vegetation. After a march of

* Poor D'Eyncourt ! who has since fallen a victim to yellow fever at Barbadoes.

about four hours, we entered a more hilly and wooded tract, when the directing Nimrod suggested that we should load, and make preparations for the work of slaughter.

The Moormen, whose dress is at all times picturesque, now cased their legs in leathern greaves, and put on large aprons of the same material somewhat resembling those worn by our pioneers. The process of charging their immense matchlocks being completed, and the beaters having cut long sticks, we again moved forward.

Silence became the order of the day, and having left pots and pans behind us on an elevated piece of ground, with directions to Tompson to pitch the tents and commence culinary operations, we forthwith opened the campaign. The first care of our Chief on coming to a favorite piece of ground—for he knew the country well, and the probable direction the “khunzeer”* would take—was to place us in a line, some distance apart, telling us to cover ourselves as much as possible behind the bushes, and await silently the approach of our game. In the meantime, our beaters, now to the amount of twenty, were sent with the dogs in a circuitous direction to a point about the distance of a mile, with orders then to extend and beat toward us in a parallel line, taking advantage of the wind, wild hog possessing, as you well know, in a most acute degree the senses of hearing and smell. All was now silence, and each stood on the tiptoe of expectation, gladly anticipating not only the pleasure of bagging his boar, but also that of converting him into savory pork-chops, the demolition of which it was hoped would, on our return to a comfortable dinner and snug tent, finally conclude the operations of the day.

Presently were heard faint and distant shouts, which, after continuing for a considerable time, gradually increased in loudness as they became nearer, until the sight of a boar, seen by one of the beaters, produced a loud simultaneous yell, to which a dog, having got on the scent, soon added the music of his melodious tones.

The thrashing of the bushes began now to be plainly heard; more pigs were roused from their snug lairs, the rest of the dogs gave tongue, the tumult increased, every moment became louder, until at last the old tusked boar, a matronly sow, and a whole brood of young squeakers, burst forth at once from the thick covert, and were seen scampering across the small open space in front of our station. A well-sustained fire immediately commenced, and the shots fell thick and fast amidst the flying herd.

“Hit him, by Jove!” cried one.—“So have I.”—“I saw him tumble over into yonder bush!”—“Where the devil were you firing? your shots were whistling like hail about my ears!” With these and fifty other *griffinish*† expressions, they all ran helter skelter into the wood, in hot pursuit of the killed and wounded, and I must confess I felt not a little ashamed at being seen with such a set of greenhorns. The old Moor, our father Nimrod, said nought,

* Arabic for pig.

† The writer of this letter here betrays himself as an old Indian, the term “griffin” implying there a new hand or “Johnny Raw.”

but only shrugged his shoulders in silent contempt, for he right well knew that not a shot had taken effect, both the tell-tale soil and adjoining bushes being free from stain of "gouts o' blood."

However, assuming Jacob Faithful's motto of "better luck next time," we proceeded to a fresh piece of ground, formed another line, sent the beaters on again, and again we had the same repetition of noise and shouting; but this time we were more successful; for on the firing of a gun by one of the beaters, and the yelping of one of the dogs, who evidently had come athwart a boar, the Yankee, to whom the noise was nearest, got a flying shot through the bushes, and floored his pig in right good style. The poor "kheib,"* one of those which we had despised and laughed at in the morning from its ill-bred appearance, was in reality game to the back bone, for he came boldly up with his foe, and seized him by the ear: he received, however, a severe wound in the flank, by which he was completely disabled.

Our next proceeding was, after lightening the "grunter" of all superfluities, to stow him securely on the back of a mule, in which operation our Moorish friends would give us no assistance; but ere the already heavily laden beast was out of sight, we beheld one of them snugly seated on the top of the still reeking carcase of the unclean beast, and in spite of religious prejudices apparently making himself very comfortable.†

This was our only trophy, I am sorry to say; for having tried an oak wood without success, and as the day was on the wane, and being some distance from our encampment, it was considered advisable to retrace our steps, and we were, therefore, under the necessity of contenting ourselves with a single "khunzeer." To our great dismay, on our arrival at the ground of our expected camp, we found that the rascally Jew, Benoliel, had grossly deceived us with regard to the tents, which, in fact, were nothing more than a blanket or piece of canvas hung across a horizontal pole placed on two upright stakes driven into the ground, and so small that we began to consider if we could really stow ourselves under the scanty covering: our chief valet, the Moor, had besides pitched them on the lowest spot of ground he could find, thereby giving us the benefit of the rain-water, as it flowed in torrents down the sides of the hill.

To add to our wretched condition, the very flood-gates of Heaven now opened o'er our devoted heads, and not only completely drenched us to the skin, but likewise saturated our carpet-bags. However, we put the best face on the matter, and huddling close together, we consoled ourselves by grilling pork-chops, drinking stiffeners of grog, and obtaining additional shelter from the thick clouds of smoke issuing from our lighted cigars. Matters were in this train when suddenly the sounds of merriment and song came upon our ears, and our Moorish friend, Mr. Sheriffe Mohammed, shoving his ugly phiz into the tent, said, "Davy, come and see

* Arabic for dog.

† The stricter Mahometans will not, from fear of contamination, use a European saddle, which is generally made of pig's skin.

music." The vagabond had heard us call Fyffe familiarly by the name of "David," and immediately caught it up.

Anything for a change: so we all adjourned to the place of jollity, where a scene presented itself which I think would have highly amused you. After a very difficult process of forcing my body through a gap which constituted the only door-way, I found myself in a hut built of sticks and brushwood laid against each other, and just high enough in the centre to admit of my standing upright. In the midst of this leafy bower blazed a huge fire, around which, in every position, sat and lay our hunters, beaters, and dogs. Smoking and drinking was the order of the day. We forthwith produced the "backy" and grog, of which our Mograbin* friends appeared nowise loath to partake.

The cross-legged fashion of sitting was the only one adapted to this place; but our stiff European legs would not admit of this posture, and the consequence was that we burnt our feet in the fire; yet this was attended by one advantage—it dried our boots; but we were not here for the purpose of being put out to dry, and therefore, as soon as silence was commanded in many languages, we had a song from our Moorish friend, of which I believe none of us could make head or tail either in the words or music; but having insisted that it was right good, they expected one in return from our party; and accordingly were accommodated with something lively from friend W——, which was of course Greek to *them*.

All this time the lads sucked in our grog like mother's milk, under such dense clouds of smoke that at last we could scarcely see each other; in both of which useful occupations we were keeping them company, when it was intimated to us that we should hear something particularly good—what was considered the best song in Barbary, which few foreigners had ever heard, and called the "Dance in the garden under the lotus tree;" but the purport of this "Romaunt" will not bear to be committed to paper: suffice it to say, we had a most awful chorus, these wild savages clapping their hands to the tune, and increasing their gestures and noise until they reached a pitch which quite exhausted them. We were again called upon, and our great Psalmist "David" willingly struck up the favorite song of "Old King Cole," in his usual good style, and to the unbounded amusement of the hunters; they vociferously joined in the chorus, sang right merrily, and laughed heartily at David's attempt to imitate the various instruments and professions alluded to in his song, which they evidently understood; in fact, it so tickled their fancy that they "encored" it, and this time the chorus was even louder than before.

I was sorry when we were obliged to go to roost, it was such wretched work; the rain came dripping in upon us, and we had, besides, scarcely room to lie down; none of the party was allowed to move after having once taken up a position; and adding to the discomfort of this constrained posture, our feet were cooling at the mouth of the tent; but we were too tired to think long upon our

* The inhabitants of Barbary are so denominated, from the Arabic word "Moghrib," signifying the "West."

troubles, and, with the exception of the tent falling once, and nearly smothering us under its soaking folds, I think we got through the night pretty well, rose up in the morning none the worse for our damp couches, and started as early as six o'clock in the hope of a good day's sport. We soon roused our old Chief, and making towards a lake we had visited the day before, we could not resist the temptation of having a little snipe-shooting, and bagged a few brace of long-bills, as well as some duck, of which there were an immense number, so much so as to make the water look perfectly black.

In the course of our beat, whilst intent upon the snipe, we most unexpectedly stumbled on a fine boar. He got up close to the American, who let drive at him with No. 8, which dose only served to tickle up his hinder-parts. 'This was the more provoking, as we should in all probability have secured him had we been loaded with ball. I think I can hear you grumble forth, "Should have thought you a better Sportsman!" But the fact is, the young hands were too numerous for me to manage, and *would* have their own way. Taking now a new line of country, all were forbidden the use of small shot. Our direction lay towards the coast, and passing along the shore, we enjoyed a most refreshing sea-breeze. We were soon on a favorable spot of ground, and having arranged ourselves, I had shortly afterwards a good right and left shot at a grunter, whom I unfortunately only wounded: we tracked him a short distance by his trail of blood, but time being precious, soon drew off, in hopes that he would stiffen from his wound, come to a stand still, and we should then be able to recover him at the end of the day.

We therefore pushed on further, and this time we were placed in the sandy bed of a salt-water inlet, and sheltered by one of its overhanging banks. Presently we heard the voice of the beaters, and soon from their shrieks I knew that our friend was crossing the inlet. I immediately took post, and to my great delight saw the villain bolting as fast as his legs could carry him, so I let drive; but one ball was not enough, and whiz went three or four more from either side of me, several of which hit the mark. It was, however, annoying beyond measure to see him still give us leg-bail, and not one of us able to bring him to, when to our great delight, and no less peril, bang, bang went several guns from the opposite side, and down dropped the grisly monster, digging up the sand with his nose.

His destroyers were our friends the hunters and the Yankee, and it was a ball from the rifle of the latter which, taking him in the shoulder, enabled us to "save his bacon." He was a fine old fellow, with enormous tusks, and we had much difficulty and no little amusement in getting him on the pony's back, which I presume, being a true Mussulman, did not choose to be degraded by carrying hog's-flesh, for he plunged, reared, and kicked, until he fell, and we were obliged to replace him with a more tractable animal.

Being now at a considerable distance from Tangiers—probably thirty or five-and-thirty miles—it became necessary to retrace our

steps, and by the time we had beat through several jungles, we were near the spot where I had in the morning wounded my hog : we therefore put the dogs on his scent, and started off at a good pace. Coming at last to a large patch of thick jungle, I conceived it to be a likely place, and there being to the left a small piece of clear ground, I separated from the party, and waited until the dogs had gone in. I do not think they expected to find anything ; but, to my great joy, I heard the beast roused ; the noise approached nearer ; when suddenly his great glaring eyeballs and large white tusks came bursting forth, and with a tremendous plunge and awful grunt he rushed from the covert, and, taking to the open, charged right up towards me. It was the most splendid sight I think I ever beheld, and I required all my nerve to "prepare to resist cavalry." I let him come on to within a few yards, and then pulled the trigger. The brief space which elapsed ere the clearing smoke enabled me to see what effect my shot had had was one of considerable anxiety. But my bullet had found its right billet—the "steam" he had on at the time of being hit carried him on a few paces, when he at last came on his knees. I thought his fate was now sealed for ever, when, by a violent effort recovering his legs, he disappeared in the thick jungle, followed by a shower of balls.

Thus unexpectedly to lose an animal whom I already considered as my own, was disgusting in the extreme, and I wished that at this emergency I had been mounted on your trusty little "Lamp-lighter," with a good spear in my fist ! But as it was now nearly dark, we were obliged to give up the pursuit, proposing on the morrow to follow up his track.

We therefore sounded a halt, and wet through, fatigued, and hungry, having been upwards of twelve hours walking without any substantial nourishment, you may well fancy we did good justice to the "pork-chops" when they made their welcome appearance. W——'s Steward, who had been left with the commissariat, had managed very well ; our tents were joined together, and converted into one large one ; a table-cloth was neatly spread on the ground, the dinner more comfortably arranged than the day before ; and after a good feed and a stiff glass, we laid down, huddled together as closely as possible to keep ourselves warm, and, wet as we were, I can assure you we enjoyed a most capital night's rest.

It had been our determination, as I said, to track the lost boar on the ensuing day, but by the advice of our Huntsman we gave up the idea, as he said the rivers, or rather the torrents, would be so much swollen that if we prolonged our stay we should never get back to Tangiers.

Taking therefore his advice, the watch-word became—

"Didn't you hear the General say,
Strike your tents and march away !"

And accordingly, as soon as something in the shape of breakfast could be scrambled together, consisting merely of a cup of coffee and a small bit of bread, we "struck our tents," and mustered

all hands to make a start, amidst the heaviest rain I ever experienced.

It was now who should get the tallest and stoutest horse for crossing the rivers, and one, more courageous than the rest, ventured to mount the kitchen department, rendered still heavier by a quantity of pork. I think this adventurous individual was D'Eyncourt, and proving too much for the beast, he came head over heels, pots, kettles, pig, and all, into the mud. Several accidents equally absurd took place, but at last we made a start, our Moorish soldier leading the way in a most commanding manner, wrapped up in the folds of his white haïk : indeed he had never left us, but had entered with spirit into our sport, and often stood ready to fire, though he never would dismount from his horse. I was very sorry we were obliged to leave our wounded friend behind us, and regretted much my bad shooting, as I never remember being so unsteady : I think I had seven or eight good shots, four of which only took effect. On leaving our ground, we descended into a very extensive and level plain, stretching its unbroken extent for miles and miles. Here we fell in with some tribes of those wandering people whose sole occupation is breeding horses and cattle.

The men were all absent, busy at their several callings, and whilst waiting for one of our party, the Yankee entered into conversation with some of the women, who were seated at the entrance of their tents. We noticed one particularly fine girl, tall and well made, who was evidently aware of the power of her charms, by the coquettish manner in which she displayed them. Though very dark, she had handsome and regular features, with large laughing black eyes, and a very sweet expression of countenance ; from the under lip down the chin to the breast, a straight line was tattoo'd, which had a most strange appearance.

They wished to know what we had been doing, and when informed on this question, and also that we had spent a wretched night, they regretted we had not asked for shelter in their tents, and we should have been welcome. I feel certain they would have made us so, and I am sorry we did not know of their being in the neighborhood, as I might then have given you a better account of them.

As our Huntsman had predicted, we found considerable difficulty in crossing the swollen torrents, which only the day before had been perfectly dry, and in one of them poor David got a tremendous soaking ; for the pony or donkey he was riding being much over-weighted, it slipped backwards into the stream, and our great songster came from under the water blowing and sputtering like a huge grampus. However, without any serious mishap, we arrived late in the day at Tangiers, and in the evening were heartily welcomed at the hospitable board of Mr. Hay, and over his "Ampelusian" wine recounted all our adventures through flood and field, o'er hill and valley.

Two days after, bidding adieu to our kind and hospitable entertainers, we got on board the Vampire ; and, after a rough and bois-

terous passage, were once more safely deposited at the foot of old Calpe—bringing thus to a close our trip to Barbary, together with this long yarn of, yours sincerely,

W. LACY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1842.

SPORTING INQUEST EXTRAORDINARY.

ON Monday, the 24th ult., an Inquest was held at the Rutland Arms Inn, Newmarket, before the sporting coroner, Mr. Quackley, on the body of an eccentric old gentleman, well known in that town by the soubriquet of "*Old Jockey Club*." (His real name did not transpire, being kept secret in regard for the feelings of his relations, who are most respectable.) The old gentleman, who was very generally known in the sporting world, and universally respected, died suddenly by his own hand, on the morning of Tuesday, the 11th ult., and the coroner immediately issued his warrant for the summoning of a jury, but some delay ensued in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining jurors sufficiently unbiassed to ensure a proper enquiry.

The coroner opened his court at 10 o'clock precisely, and the following gentlemen were sworn on the jury:—

Sir Stephen George, *Foreman*.

J. Gulby, Esq.	Peter Clowes, Esq.	Harry Vates, Esq.
W. Crockforth, Esq.	J. Pensive, Esq.	P. Egasus, Esq.
J. Brand, Esq.	H. Snooks, Esq.	X. Levant, Esq.
— Dowding, Esq.	Captain Hawkeye.	Simple Green, Esq.
John Smith, Esq.	Thomas Smith, Esq.	John Smith, Esq. (of London).

The first witness called was,

Mr. WILLIAM DUFF, who deposed that he has known the deceased all his life. Deceased was an old man—a very old man—could not say exactly how old—certainly older than him (witness), could swear to that—thought him older than any person in the room—perhaps older than the room itself—couldn't swear that—but was morally certain of the fact—found a difficulty of swearing even to a fact at Newmarket.—He (witness) had known deceased for some years—and for reasons of his own, had been particularly attentive to him.—He (the deceased) had been generally kind to him (witness) in return—never heard deceased called by any other name than "*Jockey Club*"—deceased was generally liked, but was sometimes very violently abused—he (witness), however, thought only by evil intentioned persons—he (witness) thought deceased very harmless—in fact, might have thought him slow—in short, *did* think him slow, latterly—had never said publicly that deceased was "*a slow coach*"—but very often thought so privately—when first he knew deceased, he (deceased) was an active man—should say that he was at that time also a prosperous man—means by "*prosperous*," a wealthy man—had observed an alteration in his manner during the last few years—he grew feeble, and inactive—

thought he was going into a decline—never imagined him to have been poisoned—does not think so now—thinks that his intellects were decidedly affected latterly—by “latterly,” means within the last two years—thinks so on account of his incoherent conduct—doing one day—and undoing it to-morrow—could cite many instances, but does not think that it would answer any good purpose—deceased was much annoyed latterly with law suits—had lost an action for libel, and had extensive damages to pay—thinks that this preyed upon his mind, and led him to commit the fatal act—is decidedly of opinion that it was his own act and deed—does not think that any one, or all of his enemies together, could have materially injured him—is very heartily sorry for his old friend, but consoles himself with the reflection, that “what is done can’t be helped.”

Mr. RICHARD DORNTON.—“Knew nothing about deceased—cared nothing about him—never heard of him until he was informed that he (deceased) had called him (witness) ugly names.—Brought an action for libel against him, and recovered damages. Was very much annoyed at being called names.—Is so still.—Don’t think himself the cause of this melancholy inquiry.—Don’t care if he is.—If folks will dance to their own music—they must pay the piper.—Gave away the sum received as damages in charity—did so because he thinks virtue has its own reward, and ‘vice versâ’—Thinks deceased a decided example of the ‘vice versâ.’”

Mr. C. J. LEATHERLY.—“Has known deceased all his lifetime—was his family physician, and confidential adviser—attended upon him constantly—and did his business for him. By “doing his business,” witness does not mean any insinuation as to the manner of his death. Deceased attended very little to his own affairs, and left them almost entirely to witness, which he (witness) thinks showed his (deceased’s) superior judgment—certainly does not consider it any proof of his insanity—does not know deceased’s age exactly—has his age entered in a book at home, as well as in several documents connected with his affairs.—Does not know how deceased was bred—thinks that he had a father—could not swear it, as his authority is mere hearsay—can swear that he never had a mother—has authority for this in the books, which mention his father but not his mother. Deceased had a pretty little property in Newmarket—it was not a very large property, but there was plenty—should say that he was not a ‘rich’ man, but ‘comfortable’—thinks that a very appropriate word—has read Johnson—and does not think that *he* could use a better. Has heard the evidence of the previous witnesses—is aware of the lawsuit—does not agree with Mr. Duff as to the incoherence of his (deceased’s) proceedings—may have a particular reason for thinking otherwise, as advising in the matter—thinks that all his proceedings were most praiseworthy—cannot however exactly understand them all—attributes this to his own want of penetration, not to any want of judgment on the part of deceased—thinks that it might have been better if he had understood them all—but is on the whole of opinion that whatever is, is right. Don’t think it by any means right that Mr. Dornton should have gained his action—is aware that the fact

'is,' but still don't think it 'right'—cannot reconcile the discrepancy of these two opinions, but thinks as they ARE—they are right too. Deceased was not of a litigious character—cannot tell how he came to go to law—he had been to law once before, and gained the day. Cannot say what he gained, but supposes that he gained something. Remembers Tuesday the 11th of October—deceased had a long private consultation with him on that day.—The conversation turned principally on the late trial, and deceased was very low-spirited.—Deceased said that it was all DICKEY with him—Does not know whether he intended in any way to refer to Mr. Dornton. The consultation had lasted but a short time, when deceased suddenly seized a pen, and before witness could prevent him—stabbed himself—He—"

THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY here interrupted the witness, and informed the Coroner that the Jury had made up their minds as to the proper Verdict to be returned in this most painful case.

THE CORONER was quite ready to adopt any suggestion of the gentlemen, provided they were perfectly satisfied.

THE JURY at once, and without hesitation, returned an unanimous Verdict of TEMPORARY INSANITY.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1842.

MY FIRST HORSE.

BY MANGO.

Enough—he died the death of fame.

* * * * *
But stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell;
For the good steed—his labors o'er—
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.

My first horse! How many fond yet sad thoughts of old times do these words bring to the heart of the true sportsman!—from the Right Honorable, with a string of sixteen hunters at Melton, to the farmer's son, doomed to a life in the city, who often sighs at the remembrance of his first and only horse; from the squire of his parish, who never from his birth has been absent for more than twelve months together from the hall of his fathers, to the emigrant who is fighting his way in the back-woods of America. With all who are sportsmen the feeling is the same. What recollections of the happy days of our youth does the first horse bring before us!

My first horse was a wonderful one, and a good one (whose first was not?)—a hunter all over; his appearance, however, was not in his favor, coming under the denomination of "a rum-un to look at, but a good-un to go."

I was just turned seventeen, and had left (never to return again) that damper to the joys of youth—school. My father did not hunt, but for amusement bred a nag or two annually; and on one of these, a five-year-old bay horse, by Master Henry (celebrated for getting good hunters), I made my appearance at the cover-side, intending with him to go through my first regular season. I was, as might be expected, very raw, and Master Henry was, alas! if possible, more so; and day after day I came home with a lame story—fell at a double—refused a brook—ran away in the deep ground, or something or other which, prevented the pads gracing my stable-door.

"Well, d——n it," said my father, after a tale of the usual kind one evening near the end of December; "this will never do, I can see. We must get a nag for you that knows something about his business; so look out for an old hunter, but mind, not a high figured one."

Accordingly, nothing loth, I scoured the country in search of a cheap hunter, and was not long before I found one; a fine formed old brown horse, with four such legs as I should think were hardly ever seen before—he was fired on all of them, and the near fore-leg had undergone that painful operation more than once. He had, moreover, a large scar on the quarter, and various other marks showed his experience in the field. For these I cared nothing, but the mark of the collar on his withers was to me a terrible eyesore; this he had acquired as leader in an opposition amateur coach, which, having died suddenly, he with others was for sale. I had a saddle put on him, and rode him over for the governor's inspection; put him at two or three fences, and, in short, was mightily pleased with him. The price of course was not high—fifteen pounds; I offered twelve—was taken at my word—and now had a *horse of my own*.

The next week I was busily engaged in superintending the singing, trimming, and brushing nearly a bushel of dust from the coat of my new purchase; and on new-year's day I again appeared at the meet. The draw was some thin plantations, and hardly had the hounds been thrown in, than "Tally-ho!" "Gone away!" was the cry, and away accordingly we went—my steed in the front, with his head pointed as straight as an arrow, and heedless of all attempts on my part to check him. Bang! crash! hurrah! well over the first fence—a double post and rail. At it again, and again well over, and so on to the end; and after a good thing of forty minutes, I found myself the third man up, and that evening nailed a well-earned pad on the stable door. I now had a hunter, and no mistake; but such a determined puller, that all my share in the business was to sit fast, and leave the rest to him and the fortune of war.

The whole of the season I was beautifully carried, always well up, and never having but one spill, and that one from a broken leather. As a wind-up, a local steeple-chase was announced, and I had the temerity to prepare my "old screw," as he was termed. As to riding him myself, I knew that would never do, for not hav-

ing the hounds to guide us, the odds would have been against our taking the right line ; so I engaged a dealer's lad, who had the reputation of being a good man across country, to steer him.

The day came at last, and seven appeared at the post—my old horse among them. After a look over the ground, I took my station on a hill near the finish, and with an anxious heart awaited their coming. The first two miles of the line were not visible, and but a partial view was afforded of the last. After many false alarms, at each of which I was all in a flurry, they came in sight ; six, however, only could be counted, one having already cut it—these six well together, and coming at a slapping pace to the most difficult thing in the whole line—a wide brook. A bright chesnut comes at it first—refuses ; next a gray charges—no go ; then a brown horse with a white streak down his face is put manfully at it—“Bravo !” beautifully cleared, and well away again. ’Tis the old horse who is now coming on with a strong lead. “They’ll never catch him,” is now shouted out ; and they never did, for the “Old screw” came home a gallant winner by six lengths.

That day, I think, was the happiest of my life : I was just in the glow of youth, and my greatest wish was accomplished. Late was it that night when I left the scene of action—“*terque quaterque beatus*,” with two bottles of claret under my waistcoat, and forty pounds in my pocket.

That summer my winner lived in clover—not that I mean to infer by this that he was altogether being blown out with that commodity ; I knew a trick worth two of that, and summered him, in the fullest sense of the term, *à la Nimrod*.

Before the next season I learnt some particulars of his history. He was bred in Mr. Drake’s hunt, and for five years was in his stable ; but at the end of that time was given up as unmanageable, being the most resolute tear-away devil ever saddled, and knocking himself and rider about awfully every time he went out. He next went to Mr. Harvey Coombe, and having carried a whipper-in some seasons, was sent away as worn out. After this he passed through a variety of hands and hardships, which, by the time he came to me had somewhat subdued his resolute temper. While with Mr. Drake, he bore the most appropriate name of “Cœur de Lion.”

The following season he went as well as ever, and at the end of it again showed for the steeple-chase. Fourteen this year appeared at the post, “Cœur de Lion” as a winner with ten pounds extra, but still the most formidable of the lot. The line this time ran parallel with the road, and by keeping to it, all might be seen from start to finish. The old horse rushed away in front, and overpowering his jock got a great way ahead—his fencing, as usual, excellent, and again I thought of winning ; but, alas ! in taking a large double, the stump of a tree caught the off-fetlock behind, and nearly tore it away ; this, of course, stopped him, and the fate of my poor old horse was sealed.

That evening, at the moment the name of the lucky winner was given with loud and long cheers, the deadly tube was raised to put an end to the miseries of my first horse.

London Sportsman for November, 1842.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES IN 1842.

Ascot Heath, June 8.....	Mr. Nightingale's Ajax, by Dr. Syntax.
Bedford, September 21.....	Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen.
Brighton, August 4.....	Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by The Saddler.
Caledonian Hunt, October 6...	{ Mr. W. R. Ramsay's Whistle Blinky, by Round Robin.
Canterbury, August 9.....	Mr. Sherrard's Lady Mary, by Emilius.
Carlisle, July 1.....	Mr. Vansittart's Galaor, by Muley Moloch.
Chelmsford, August 30.....	Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen.
Chester, May 5.....	Mr. Orde's Bee's-wing, by Dr. Syntax.
Doncaster, September 12.....	Mr. Ramsay's Moss Trooper, by Liverpool.
Edinburgh, October 20.....	{ Mr. W. R. Ramsay's Whistle Blinky, by Round Robin.
Egham, August 25.....	Mr. Rogers's Bridegroom, by Hymen.
Goodwood, July 27.....	Mr. Forth's Vibration, by Sir Hercules.
Guildford, July 20.....	Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe.
Hampton, June 16.....	Sir W. M. Stanley's Vakeel, by Plenipotentiary.
Ipswich, July 19.....	Mr. Bignold's b. c. by Emilius out of Memima.
Lancaster, July 21.....	Mr. Kitching's Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy.
Leicester, September 15.....	{ Duke of Rutland's b. f. by Bizarre out of Flambeau's dam.
Lewes, August 10.....	Mr. Goodman's The Shadow, by the Saddler.
Lichfield, September 20.....	Mr. Saunders's Miss Kitty Cockle, by Cadland.
Lincoln, September 21.....	Mr. Ramsay's Moss Trooper, by Liverpool.
Liverpool, July 14.....	Mr. Meiklam's Aristotle, by Physician.
Manchester, May 19.....	Mr. Heselstine's The Shadow, by The Sadler.
Newcastle, June 21.....	Mr. Kitching's Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy.
Newmarket, April 26, (for mares)	Mr. Batson's Barbara, by Plenipotentiary.
Newmarket, April 28.....	Mr. Coombe's The Nob, by Glaucus.
Newmarket, September 29....	{ Lord Albemarle's b. c. by Plenipotentiary out of Antiope.
Northampton, August 25.....	{ Duke of Richmond's The Currier, by The Saddler.
Nottingham, October 7.....	Mr. S. King's Cattonite, by Muley Moloch.
Plymouth, &c., August 10.....	Sir S. Spry's Grateful (half-bred), by Defence.
Salisbury, August 3.....	Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe.
Shrewsbury, May 12.....	Mr. Isaac Day's Tamburini, by Rubini.
Warwick, September 8.....	Mr. Greville's Welfare, by Priam.
Weymouth, August 11.....	Mr. Wreford's Warden, by Glencoe.
Winchester, June 24.....	Mr. Wreford's Warden by Glencoe.
York, August 22.....	Col. Cradock's The Provost, by The Saddler.

AT THE CURRAGH.

York, August 23 (for mares)...	{ Mr. Lancaster's Alice Hawthorn, by Muley Moloch.
April 26.....	Mr. Magill's Great Wonder, by Skylark.
April 28.....	Mr. Magill's Great Wonder, by Skylark.
April 29.....	Mr. St. George's Waterwitch.
June 15.....	Mr. St. George's Jolly Tar.
June 16.....	Mr. Magill's Great Wonder, by Skylark.
June 18.....	{ Lord Howth's St. Laurence, by Skylark or Lapwing.
September 7.....	Lord Howth's Morpeth, by Pantaloon.
September 9.....	Captain Needham's Red Rose, by Rough Robin.
October 19.....	Mr. Ferguson's Fireaway, by Freney.
October 20.....	Mr. S. Barry's Bangor.

REVIEW OF THE LAST ENGLISH RACING SEASON.

BY J U D E X .

My summary shall be as brief as the recapitulation of so many events will permit; at the same time it is not my intention to omit one that may in any way interest the reader who has doubtless travelled with me throughout this remarkable season.

On the 5th of February, then, there was a general meeting of the Jockey Club for the purpose of finally settling a dispute known to the public as the "Gurney affair." To show you how well the Club succeeded in their object, it is but necessary to add that on the 14th of the same month appeared a long protest signed by Lord Geo. Bentinck, and on the 22d a public trial took place—*Thornton v. Messrs. Portman, Beales, and Clark*—which was won by the plaintiff in a trot. The late Duke of Cleveland died in this month, rendering void a vast number of nominations, and his Grace's stud was soon after disposed of by Messrs. Tattersall.

Warwick Spring is the first meeting I observe on my list. Lord Westminster's William de Fortibus won the Trial Stakes, this being the first race for which the Noble Marquis started a horse since changing his trainer. Auckland now became a great favorite for the Derby, notwithstanding there were a limited number of neverfull books about him during the winter.

The Epsom Spring took place on the 30th of March, Easter falling in my Lady's lap. After a false start and race, Pharmacopœia won the Trial Stakes, Mr. Forth's *Vibration* second—a position Mr. Forth has been lucky enough to obtain in several great races, this and many other years.

At Croxton Park, the Granby Handicap was won by Chance, 5 yrs., 10st., half-bred. Thirteen started, and the pedigree of the winner was objected to.

On the 11th of April came off the worst Craven Meeting I ever recollect at Newmarket. It lasted but four days, and there were but sixteen races.

Four started for the Riddlesworth, value £1,500, and Gunter won. Chatham walked over for the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, and, it was the general opinion, received something handsome not to start for the Column, won consequently by Lord George Bentinck's *Flycatcher*, his Lordship's first start since removing his stud from Stockbridge. Canadian won the great Sweepstakes on Thursday, beating Barrier and Chatham, the latter having previously tumbled head over heels, throwing Nat, and breaking his collar bone. There was no race for the Port, Coronation breaking down a few days before the meeting.

In the week intervening between this and the First Spring Lord George Bentinck published a multitude of statements, and there was a second general meeting of the Jockey Club. About twenty-

five members were present, and, for a time, there was a kind of a sort of an amicable termination of the affair, that is—the Gurney affair, for this was still in hand.

The Bath Union Meeting was held also this week. There were two formerly. The attendance was wretched. There were forty-seven subscribers to the Somersetshire Stakes, fourteen accepted and ten started; won by Tripoli, three years, a feather; Bellissima, aged, 7st. 13lb., second. For the Cup, Topsail beat Eleus a head, 3 to 1 being betted on Eleus. Even this did not open people's eyes to the evident fact that there had been some mistake as to the trial of Eleus and Coldrenick, a horse backed to win the Derby for thousands and thousands.

The First Spring Meeting was good as its predecessor was bad. There were twenty-nine races in the five days. Meteor won the 2,000 Guineas Stakes in a canter, Wiseacre second; eight started. Attila made his *debut* as a three year old on the Wednesday, and won his race by one hundred yards. Very few people witnessed this, however, high and low being attracted in another direction to see a prize-fight: Broome and Bungaree, the candidates for pugilistic honor.

Seven ran for the 1,000 Guineas Stakes; Firebrand won in a canter although not backed for one penny, and it is a curious fact that the winners of the two great races (the 2,000 and 1,000) were not here backed at any price whatever for either Derby or Oaks, although both easy winners. Only four started for the Newmarket Stakes, which were won by Canadian by about two lengths.

The Chester Meeting, for the first time limited to four days (one too many), commenced on the Tuesday. There were sixty-four subscribers to the Cup; thirty-eight accepted, and twenty-one started. Alice Hawthorn, 6st. (actually carried 6st. 6lb. without any declaration!!) won; Lanercost, 9st. 9lb., second; Marshal Soult, favorite at starting, fell at the last turn home; the jockey escaped uninjured. Combermere won the Dee Stakes by a head, William de Fortibus second; nine started. The Hippodrome, which should have been this week, was not. Thus nine pages of the book calendar, engagements for several hundred horses, were at once, and most unceremoniously on the part of the proprietors, blotted out.

The Second Spring Meeting was, I regret to write, as usual, a miserable failure as regards the attendance on the heath. There were yet ten races in the three days. For the Rowley Mile Plate, Balinkeel, his first race in England, was beat a head by Seahorse. There were twenty-seven subscribers to the Suffolk Stakes, twelve accepted, and seven started. Bob Peel, 8st. 5lb., won cleverly; Ralph, 8st. 10lb., second.

The Gorhambury Meeting tends much to injure the Second Spring; thirty-four subscribed to the stakes, eleven accepted, and nine ran. Bob Peel, 8st. 10lb. (including 5lb. extra), won easy; Rosalind, 3 yrs., 6st., second; Humbug, afterwards sold to Mr. Theobald for £500, won the Two-year-old Stake in a canter; thirteen started. Punctuality was strictly observed here for the first time,

On the Thursday before Epsom a new and commodious subscription-room was opened by Messrs. Tattersall: the subscribers, with one exception, signed a paper, confessing themselves amenable to the rules and regulations of the Jockey Club—heretofore, in case of dispute, entitled to demand their interference and protection; the solitary exception being no other than Lord George Bentinck, still a member of the Jockey Club, which club his Lordship still sets the amiable example of setting at defiance.

I now arrive at Epsom, concerning which I must say *multum in parvo*, for my notes appear to increase as I advance.

The entry for the Craven was large but weak. Satirist was the only public horse of any pretensions. He was beat a head by Lucy Banks. Soon after this race Mr. Greville publicly declared that Canadian, purchased by him of the Duke of Grafton for 2,000 guineas, and 1,000 more if he won the Derby, was lame and would not start. About the same time Auckland fell in the betting from 7 to 40 to 1. This circumstance, coupled with the fact that he had been unceasingly laid against by two or three parties during the winter, and that the Marquis's regular jockey was taken off, Tommy Lye being substituted at the last moment, convinced me that the prophecy of JUDEx was, by some nefarious means (counteracted in the case of Coronation), not to be fulfilled. The horse, after all the precautions, ran third. I do not say that he ever could have won; but *I know* he was tried to be an extraordinary good horse.

Twenty-four started for this immense Derby, five less than in 1841. Colonel Anson's Attila, by Colwick, out of Progress, won very easy, Robert de Gorham, the worst favorite at starting, being placed second. The betting on this race had been unusually heavy. One hundred and fifteen horses were individually backed to win, yet as little as 6 to 4 was taken, and to an immense amount, about Coldrenick, trained and rode by John Day, nowhere in the race. Four (ten thousand) yearling books were here concluded, and the very fact of their being each *round* and large winners, was surely sufficient to show that the betting had been most unnatural and artificial, and that the settling day would clear up the mystery. On the day after the Derby some gentlemen were put down winners to the tune of seventy thousand pounds. Where was this sum to come from? Alas, where? Attila was purchased when a yearling for £200.

There was no Cup on the Thursday, and no one hardly on the Downs. The Oaks was harmless as a betting race. The two favorites were not placed, and Mr. Dawson's Our Nell, by Bran, out of Fury, by Tramp, won cleverly; Meal, trained by Forth, second. Sixteen started. The favorite had previously won this race four years successively.

The very thought of the settling day makes me tremble. The absentees were—

Mr. A.	£22,000	Mr. D.	£5 500
Mr. B.	18 800	Mr. H.	3,000
Mr. C.	13,000	Mr. M.	4,000
Mr. C.	2,000	Mr. W. S.	5,500
Mr. F.	10,000		

There were other little men. Since the day, I regret to tell you, but shall not conceal the fact, that of the above sums, less than £10,000 has been forthcoming.

In spite of the above disastrous report, a capital meeting took place at Newton. The fact is, the Manchester men escaped comparatively harmless. The Golborne Stakes were won by Maria Day (in the Oaks named by Mr. Osborne) in a canter. Eleven started.

Ascot.—No general election this year disturbed the festivities of the Royal race-course. Her Majesty and her Majesty's Minister were received alike with acclamations that literally rent the air. The vase was won by St. Francis (rather James Robinson), the Nob running second; Bee's-wing, following the example of Lanercost in 1841, being beat for this but to win the Cup with the greater ease. In this latter race Lanercost fell lame, and his owner was so indiscreet as to publish a letter in *Bell's Life*, hinting that his horse had been made safe. Bosh! Five started. Fields of fourteen and thirteen came to the post for the two Wokinghams; and in spite of the unprecedentedly hot weather, the attendance was greater, and the betting as heavy, as I ever remember it. There were twenty-five races in the four days, and the committee of the grand stand announced that they had eight hundred pounds in hand, to be appropriated to next year's races. It was here made public also that the Marquis of Westminster and his trainer had settled their differences, arising out of the Auckland affair at Epsom. Sir Gilbert Heathcote here also dismissed his jockey, Chapple; but I am happy to say has since re-engaged him. A brilliant meeting.

Some real good sport, well patronised and well regulated, took place at Hampton. Three started for the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, won by the Knight of the Whistle, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.; Vibration, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb., second; Our Nell, 5st. 10lb., winner of the Oaks, being last.

A first rate meeting took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Six started for the St. Leger, won easy by Master Thomas. The Tyro Stakes were won by Winesour, British Yeoman, the favourite, not being placed. The Two-year-old Stake, won by Wee Pet, British Yeoman second, Winesour last. To the Northumberland Plate there were eighty-eight subscribers; sixty-one accepted and thirteen started; the winner, out of Scott's stable, was not backed for one guinea!!! Heslington, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb., won by two lengths; Squire, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb., second. Bee's-wing once more won the Cup, having won it every year, with the exception of 1840, for the last seven years. What did Mr. Orde do with his cups? By the will of this gentleman, recently deceased, I believe Bee's-wing will never start again. The old mare is the winner of fifty races, including twenty-three gold cups! Such a meeting was never before known at Newcastle.

The Bibury and Stockbridge meetings were held the same week, and although compressed into two days, were wretchedly attended and spiritless.

A poor meeting was the Cheltenham: I question if they will

ever see another. Yet there were 64 subscribers to the Gloucestershire Stakes: 13 accepted and 8 started: Bellona, 8st. 5lb., won; Millepede, 7st. 8lb., second. There were only six races in two days, and the fog on the course much as usual. Lest the Gurney affair should not have annoyed the sporting world sufficiently, on the 2d of July Mr. Thornton brought an action against the stewards of the Jockey Club for having published him a defaulter in some of the newspapers (the *Morning Post* the only one wise enough to decline inserting the libel). The trial lasted ten hours: verdict for the plaintiff, damages £200. The money and expenses, about a thousand more, were paid of course by the Club, and not by the stewards. At the trial, it was amusing to see some members of the Club (two) taking active part against themselves.

The July Meeting was wretchedly attended, in spite of the fact that the Cambridge installation took place the same week. Only six animals started for the July Stakes, and a pretty lot they were—Mr. Thornhill's Extempore won, Macremma filly second. Nine started for the Chesterfield, won by Canton, the second in the July, with 4lb. extra, second again. There were ten races in the three days.

The Liverpool July Meeting is now second to none in Great Britain, thanks to the individual exertions of Mr. Lynn, secretary, and Lord George Bentinck. Five started for the Mersey, which Philip won easy, beating Maria Day a long way. As Lord Westminster's mare won her race on the Friday, it was the general opinion that it was not her right running. John Day here rode for the Noble Marquis, first time for many years. To the Cup there were 91 subscribers: 32 accepted, and 20 started. This was very much the best handicap of the year. After the most decided dead heat between Vulcan, 8st. 9lb., and Rhodomanthe, 7st., the former won by a neck. The riding of John Day, jun., and Chapple in both races was perfect. I cannot say as much for Tommy Lye's on Belcœur, for the St. Leger; ten started, and Fireaway won by a head, but it was a false run race. Auckland was started, and did *not* break down; he was, however, beat a quarter of a mile. There were twenty-five races in the three days. The intelligence of the melancholy death of the Duke of Orleans reached England this week: his Royal Highness's horse Nautilus was, of course, sent back to France, although the editor of a weekly sporting paper had the exquisite taste to suggest that he should run out his engagement at Goodwood, the next meeting I proceed to speak of.

On the first day here there were no less than eleven races. The Lavant Stakes were won easy by the Caster, the property of Lord Maidstone, his Lordship's first race. Attila, never beat before, could not master the 8lb. extra, two miles and a quarter. The Drawing-room Stakes were won by Envoy, Seahorse beating Attila for second place half a length; eight started. The Gratwicke (3,600) stakes were won by Lord Verulam's Robert de Gorham according to the judge only twenty lengths; after this, many thought and said, "The Derby was all wrong." Sir Hercules should have again fathered the winner: who shall say? The other great stake,

the Ham, was won in a canter by Lord Eglinton's Aristides, by Bay Middleton out of Dr. Caius's dam, not a bad bred one. To the Goodwood Stakes there were one hundred and fifty-one subscribers; a worse handicap never was published, but I blame not the handicappers; no man or men in this world can fairly put together the like number. Fifty accepted, and twenty started. Retriever, 6 yrs., 7st. 11lb., won by six lengths, Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, 4 yrs., 6st. 9lb., second. The betting on this race was unusually good, ten horses were backed at or under ten to one. The favorites were nowhere. The Caster, 7lbs. extra, won the Molecombe just as easy as he won the Lavant; he is not in the Derby, but he is in the St. Leger. Misdeal, 6lbs. extra, won the racing stakes in a canter; eight started. Meteor and Wiseacre were lame. The Cup was a most interesting race; Judex, as in 1841, won in a hand canter; nine started, and considering the performances of The Squire, and other horses engaged, we may fairly say that Charles XII. is a real good horse, one in a million, such a one as you do not often see. Mr. Forth, for the fifth time in his life, obtained second place. Retriever, of course, won the Chesterfield Cup just as easily as the Goodwood Stakes, there being no penalty attached, as there should be, for winning the latter. There were 38 subscribers, and 14 started. There were 35 races in the five days. We may live a century and not witness such another meeting as Goodwood, 1842.

Brighton naturally follows Goodwood, and I believe there is every chance that the races here will shortly resume their once exalted position. As it is, there were 49 subscribers to the stakes; 19 accepted, and 11 started. Belgrade, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb., won easy; Nora Creina second. The meeting was respectably attended, although so many gentlemen connected with racing were compelled to be at Guildford, in consequence of Mr. Greville's action against the *Sunday Times* newspaper for libel; plaintiff won, damages £250. There will, however, be another trial about this.

The Huntingdon meeting was the same week as Brighton. There were 33 subscribers to the stakes; 13 accepted, 7 started. Lord Kelburne's c. by Muley Moloch, won, 7st. 3lb.; I-am-not-aware, 7st. 7lb., second. Including heats, there were fourteen races run here in the two days.

There was not a great deal of sport at Wolverhampton, and many gentlemen were absent in consequence of the disturbances that now prevailed in the collieries. There were 42 subscribers to the stakes: 12 accepted, and 5 started. Thirsk, 6st. 12lb., won; Retriever, 7st. 8lb., being second. An objection was made, but overruled. Hyllus won the Cup, this being the first race he ever won in his life, and Seahorse beat Jack! (the Derby Jack) one hundred yards. There were 34 subscribers to the Holyoake; 18 accepted, and 7 started; won by Retriever, carrying 7st. 11lb.; Hyllus, 9st. 6lb., being beat only half a length.

The Oxford Meeting did not take place. Would that it had ceased to exist five years ago; we should not have then to regret poor Conolly.

Egham cannot support three days ; with such capital stewards as are appointed for next year, two will be all sufficient. For one of the plates here there were six heats ; however rare, this is not an unprecedented occurrence.

York is destined to re-appear, although on this occasion there was no racing worthy any more notice than that I bestow on the Hungerford diversions.

The Northampton Autumn Meeting was a decided failure. There were yet 24 subscribers to the stakes and 14 acceptances. Three started ; Rochester, 6st., won ; Thirsk, 7st. 9lb., second. For the Queen's Plate, Warden and the Currier ran a dead heat. I mention this simply to observe that the past has been an extraordinary year for the number of races ending thus. I have not time to specify the different instances, but they would fill half a column of your journal. Some say that Judge Clark is losing his sight !

On the last day of August were advertised the sale of Lord George Bentinck's stud by private contract (123 animals), the sale of the Earl of Chesterfield's and Col. Anson's studs by auction (100 lots) at Bretly, and the sale by auction of the Marquis of Westminster's stud at Eaton Hall. I need scarcely add that very few were sold.

WARWICK.—There were the extraordinary number of 124 subscribers to the Leamington Stakes ; 41 accepted and 10 started. Una, 6st. 11lb., won, after running a dead heat with the Brother to Plenipo, 7st. 4lb. There were more gentlemen at this meeting than I ever remember. The races were run punctually as clock-work, and the Hon. Captain Rous is appointed steward for next year.

The exertions of a party of noblemen and gentlemen in 1841 to restore Doncaster to its pristine celebrity, and the spirited manner in which the town council responded, can hardly be forgotten. One thousand sovereigns were voted, and the same sum I do not hesitate to tell you is to be forthcoming in the ensuing year. Arrangements are in progress by which the meeting will be reduced to four days, and the great handicap, in future, will be run for on the Wednesday. There were 106 subscribers to this the first year of its existence ; 41 accepted, and 14 came to the post. It is rare for a three-year-old to win a race of this description, but such was the case here, although they made Charles XII. first favorite, carrying 9st. 11lb. : the handicappers take especial care that the good horses in the country shall have little chance of winning a handicap. Only five started for the Champagne ; won by A British Yeoman (what names men do give their horses !) in a canter ; The Caster was the favorite, and here Scott commenced the first bad week he has had at Doncaster for many years. Seventeen started for the Great St. Leger, value of the stake £3,650. The betting was not, as is usually the case, confined to the money laid between one and the field : some ten or a dozen horses in the race were heavily backed, and this was a proof to many that the Attila party could not be over sanguine, or they would not back every horse in the race. Yet on the Sunday and Monday, the crack was backed

for vast sums of money, at 7, 6, and 5 to 4: at the Red House he was dead as a stone (a common expression used to signify that the horse is beat); Blue Bonnet, much spurred, won at last, cleverly; Seahorse, persevering to the end, was placed second. Fireaway looked well at the distance, but, as at Goodwood, when called upon, stopped and kicked. My fancy, Rosalind, was, with Attila, nowhere; but although not fortunate enough to prophecy the winner, I can only say, I am more proud of the letter that appeared on the Saturday before this race than of any one you ever did me the honor to publish. If any one thinks me presumptuous, I will only beg that he will hark back, and read the opinion there expressed of each horse in the race. It is an extraordinary fact that the winner was never mentioned in the betting until the Sunday. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Dawson for the excellent manner in which he kept the secret. Bee's-wing once more won the cup, beating Charles (amiss), The Shadow and Attila—the latter was beat in the first quarter of a mile. The Yeoman won the Two-year-old Stake, beating Maria Day a head, and a large field a long way, Scott started three. Why? Col. Cradock's Sally beat the winner of the St. Leger for the Park Hill Stake. It was unlikely that a mare should come out twice in four days, having never been right before in her life, although engaged in all the largest stakes in the kingdom. There were but sixteen races run in the five days. Lord Eglinton is appointed steward for 1843.

Liverpool Autumn meeting dies a natural death, the most liberal donations of public money having failed to secure it support. There were thirteen races run in the two days. Sixty-one subscribed to the Heaton Park Stakes; twelve accepted and started; Collina, 8st. 4lb., won; Shadow, same weight, second. There were thirty-four subscribers to the Palatine; eight started. Won by Proof Print, 5st. Disclosure, 8st., second.

The First October Meeting commenced and finished in September. I question if Newmarket will long continue to boast of three meetings in the autumn. The attendance of this was wretched. Only four started for the Grand Duke Michael. Misdeal won in a canter. The unfortunate Canadian was taken ill soon after this race, and died in eight-and-forty hours. Pickpocket won the Hopeful very easy, as easy as Treaty won the Rutland, beating Macremma and Bastile. There were ten races and torrents of rain in the three days.

The Marquis of Westminster once more changes his trainer.

At Richmond Beeswing did not show for the Cup. Alice Hawthorn here beat Sally in a canter, and one cannot even now think of the Chester Cup without horror.

The Second October Meeting was a brilliant affair. First day seven races. The Clearwell was won by a head only by Napier. Five started. Murat ought to have won. There were thirty-one subscribers to the Cesarewitch, value £895. Eighteen started, and Arcanus won by a neck; Florence, Ralph, and Bellissima were not beat above three quarters of a length. Judex selected Ralph to win, and had James Robinson rode him, he certainly would have won.

It was a splendid race. There was very little betting, and there were not many books. There were no Garden Stakes, but there was a meeting of the Jockey Club, when it was resolved that the Club would no more take cognizance of disputed bets. The Jockey Club, for want of a leader, has not distinguished itself during the past season. Murat beat Napier in a canter for the Pendergast. There were twenty-five races during the week, and a long discussion as to what horses were to be considered in Scott's lot, and what were not. People must hear their own voices, and as there was no Iliona to talk about, they started this new question. My opinion about it has appeared so recently, I shall not repeat it. The Derby betting was very heavy—too heavy to last.

We had nothing to complain of in the Houghton but the weather; this was, as it generally is, detestable. Some talk of bringing forward the three October meetings, but no steps taken towards such an improvement. Lord George Bentinck won the Criterion with Gaper, a horse that very likely will not start for the Derby, and that very likely will, for the declaration published amounts to this, and no more. Eight started, and the winner was not backed for a guinea; he won in a canter. Eighteen started for the Cambridgeshire, value £1,080; won by Ralph, four years old, 8st. 7lb.; Florence, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb., second. Very little betting, but a very fine handicap, there having been 54 acceptances. Murat beat Testy in a slovenly manner for the Two-year-old Stake. There were two classes in the Nursery, because there were more than twelve acceptances; if there were one hundred in the Goodwood Stakes, there would be only one class. Cotherstone, 8st. 4lb., and Bessy Bedlam, f., 7st. 13lb., ran a dead heat for one, and Sister to Combat, called half-bred, won the other easy. I have a high opinion of Cotherstone, and think him a very improving horse. There were thirty-eight races during the week, twelve being reserved for the last day. Saturday.

I have not space to say much of the Derby favorites. I rarely remember so many bad horses out; indeed, there are only two I would take a hundred to one about for the Derby. A British Yeoman is a race-horse, and ought to have won his race at Doncaster by six lengths instead of a head. Aristides is the other; he was dead at Doncaster, or never could have been beat by such an animal as Napier. Aristides is engaged in the Dee Stakes at Chester; the Yeoman has no engagement. Murat is in the Column and 2,000 Guineas Stakes. Among the two-year-olds not out, Sir Gilbert Heathcote's are well spoken of; indeed, the worthy Baronet's lot is in such estimation as it never was in before at the same period of the year. Cheriote and Everton are reported to be magnificent horses, and it must be confessed there are an unusual number of stables dark; among these are Kent's, Dilly's, and Trenn's.

The season is concluded—the bell rings—the curtain falls, and

(Exit)

JUDEX.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At a General Meeting of the Jockey Club, held at Newmarket during the Second October Meeting, it was unanimously resolved :

“That the Jockey Club and Stewards thereof will henceforth take no cognisance of any disputes or claims in respect to debts.

“They would recommend all persons having disputes thereupon to decide the same by referees, one to be chosen by each of the parties, and the two to select a third.”

The Duke of Portland has resigned the occupation of the Heath-land at Newmarket.

The Eaton Stud is now under the *surveillance* of Mr. Thomas Horsley, formerly training-groom to the late John Mytton, Esq., and latterly to the late Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, Bart.

Mr. J. Rogers has sold his three-year-old c. Bridegroom to go to Vienna, for 600 gs. He was last year turned out of training as good for nothing ; was then sent to Rogers's ; and having won a race in October, was thought better of, and was kept on. This year he has won eight races out of nine, including three Queen's Plates, and has now been sold for twelve times the value put upon him twelve months since.

Nearly 200 blood-stock have been shipped at Hull within the last two months for Prince A. Leichtenstein, Prince George Karsly, the Duke of Brunswick, and Mr. Lichtwald.

Sporting Obituary.—The Sporting World has deeply to regret the loss of one of the brightest ornaments of the British Turf, in the death of William Orde, Esq., of Nunnykirk, the owner of the celebrated mare Bee's-wing, and other horses of note. His demise was very sudden, and took place on Sunday, the 16th of October. He was walking on the preceding day in the garden of the Queen's Head at Morpeth, his native town, in full health and spirits, when he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and remained in a state of insensibility till three o'clock on the following afternoon, when he expired. If Mr. Orde was at all times an honor to the Turf, always running to win, in private life he was equally respected for his many virtues. He had a heart which sympathised with suffering humanity, and at the festive board he was a most social companion, which he ever adorned by his vast fund of wit and anecdote. As a magistrate he was the friend of the unfortunate—his motto mercy ; as a master, kind ; and as a landlord, liberal and indulgent. In Northumberland his death will be deeply deplored, and his memory long held in grateful remembrance. The victorious career of his stud, particularly of his favorite “t'ould mare,” will years hereafter be the theme of the Sportsman's reminiscences ; and his various race-horses all from the Ardrossan mare out of Elisa, bought at Mr. Riddell's sale for £26, furnished him with more splendid sideboard ornaments than any Turfman of the day. Mr. Orde was in his 69th year.

We have also to announce the death of W. H. Irby, Esq., another influential Member of the Turf, which took place on Monday in the Houghton Meeting at his lodgings at Newmarket. For some months past Mr. Irby had been out of health, and at Goodwood House during the late races he suffered severely from a rupture of a blood-vessel in the stomach. On Sunday, the 23d, a recurrence of the hæmorrhage took place, followed by a restless night, with occasional faintings, and in one of those fits of syncope he ceased to exist, about 11 o'clock on Monday morning. The probable immediate cause of death was the rupture of some large vessel with internal bleeding. The loss of this gentleman will be severely felt by a very numerous circle of friends. Mr. Irby was a cousin of Lord Boston, and a constant frequenter of the Newmarket and principal Racing Meetings in the kingdom.

Death of Mr. George Clark—By the death of Mr. George Clark, of Barnby Moor, which took place on Wednesday, the following engagements will become void at Epsom and Doncaster :—For the Derby, Phillip and Abernethy ; for the Oaks, Ameine ; for the St. Leger, Phillip, The Era, and Abernethy ; for the Park Hill Stakes, Ameine. Sunday Times.

“Nimrod,” (Charles J. Apperley, Esq.) has just published two very elegant octavo volumes under the title of “Nimrod Abroad,” a copy of which we hope to receive in a few days. In noticing this work, which is generally much praised by the London press, the “Era” thus speaks of Harkaway’s race for the Goodwood Cup :—

We perceive at page 191 of the second volume, a singular error touching Harkaway’s time for the Goodwood Cup. it is said to have been 3 minutes and 56 seconds ; it was 4 minutes and 58 seconds, as recorded by ourselves and our sporting contemporaries, though the handbills of the present day, to enhance the value of the horse for the stud, assert the distance to have been covered in 4 minutes and 27 seconds. This is too important a mistake in a sporting work not to be rectified.

We see by the notices and extracts of the English papers that “Nimrod” made quite useful to him the bound volumes of the “Spirit of the Times,” which we presented to him two years since. One paper remarks that

“The second volume carries us to the West. We have racing in the United States, trip on to Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Halifax, &c. We have next some records of Indian and Russian sports, and, after half a hundred rambles in other countries, return to Chantilly at the Spring meeting of 1841. Nimrod does not let the grass grow under his feet ; what he has not seen some friend of his has, and he dashes in with quotations from his correspondence with all the freshness of original writing. Some of the extracts from the American sporting papers are “uncommon slick.” For the first time we learnt by Mr. Apperley’s pages to consider Washington a Fox Hunter.”

Sale of the Earl of Chesterfield’s thoroughbred Stock, Driving Horses, Hacks, &c.—Another large draft from the noble earl’s valuable racing and hunting stud took place on Wednesday, at Tattersall’s, and attracted a numerous attendance of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Turf. His lordship’s celebrated race horse, the Knight of the Whistle, by Velocidade, was sold for 95 guineas ; Barbarian, 195 gs ; Van Puff, a hack, regularly driven by his lordship at Newmarket, 90 gs ; Cockade, hunter, 100 gs ; Claude Duval, the Earl’s well-known steeple-chaser, 130 gs ; White Stockings, his lordship’s cab-horse, 140 gs ; Fire King hunter, 27 gs ; Sheffield, 165 gs. ; besides which, Amy Robsart, Pioneer, and a number of chesnut, black, and brown ponies, were brought to the hammer. The earl accompanied by some fashionable friends was present during part of the sale : and the lots were described in the catalogue as the property of a nobleman going abroad.

The Marquis of Westminster's Stud—The following list of the stallions, brood mares, racing and young stock that compose the Eaton stud at the present moment, will be the best answer to the statements that have appeared in the metropolitan and local press touching the noble lord's "retirement from the turf":—

STALLIONS.		
Pantaloon	BROOD MARES.	Touchstone
Banter	Lampon	Pasquinade
Decoy	Languish	Re'ort
Ghuznee	Laura	Sarcasm
Isabel	Maid of Honor	Shiraz
HORSES IN TRAINING.		
Prince Edward	Maria Day	
Sister to Satirist	Brother to Cardinal Puff	
Colt by Touchstone, out of Languish	Filly by Touchstone, out of Laura	
Filly by Touchstone, out of Decoy	Filly by Touchstone—Maid of Honor	
YEARLINGS.		
Colt by Touchstone, out of Laura	Filly by Touchstone, out of Decoy	
Colt by Touchstone, out of Miss Giles	Filly by Touchstone—Maid of Honor	
Filly by Camel, out of Banter		
FOALS.		
Colt by Camel, out of Banter	Filly by Touchstone, out of Laura	
Colt by Touchstone out of Decoy	Filly by Touchstone, out of Languish	
Colt by Touchstone, out of Morea	Filly by Camel, out of Sarcasm	
Filly by Touchstone, out of Isabel	Bell's Life in London.	

THE NEWMARKET JOCKIES.

To the Editor of "Bell's Life in London, Sir: Perhaps the following may be deemed more worthy than my last of a corner in your invaluable paper. It is a "true and correct" account of the riding of the principal jockies at *Newmarket alone*, for the year 1842.

Won Lost Total				Won Lost Total			
Robinson	27	35	62	Hall	2	7	9
Nat	24	37	61	J. Howlett	2	19	21
S. Rogers	17	25	42	T. Day	1	0	1
T. Lye	9	15	24	Cassidy	1	7	8
E. Edwards	9	17	26	S. Chifney	1	12	13
J. Day	8	13	21	Whitehouse	1	14	15
F. Butler	7	30	37	Wakefield	1	18	19
S. Bartholomew	5	17	22	J. Day, jun.	.	1	1
S. Mann	5	20	25	Stagg	.	1	1
Chapple	5	30	35	W. Day	.	2	2
R. Pettit	5	28	33	Holmes	.	4	4
W. Scott	4	1	5	Bell	.	4	4
Sly	4	11	15	Stephenson	.	5	5
S. Darling, jun.	3	4	7	Crouch	.	5	5
S. Darling	3	17	20	W. Boyce	.	3	3

I have put an undecided dead heat down to the winning score. No doubt that had not Nat broken his collar bone he would have stood No. 1 on the list. The total number of horses that went past the post at Newmarket this year, was 596, winners 144, losers 452. This compared with 39, 40, and 41, shews a decided increase of horses.

I am yours, &c. &c.

N. R. F.

November 14th, 1842.

BEE'S WING.

To the Editor of "Bell's Life" in London, Sir: Since I wrote to you a few days ago, I see by the Newcastle papers that part of the stud of the late Wm. Orde, Esq., are advertised to be sold, viz.:—Charley Boy, Johnny Boy, Queen Bee, Beeswax, and The Orphan Boy—all out of Bee's-wing's dam; and it is even reported that the incomparable "Bee's-wing" was also to be disposed of; this I trust is a fabrication, because I cannot think it possible that the kin of such a noble and honest hearted sportsman as Mr. Orde was, would ever think of parting with his honest favorite "Bee's-wing;" those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Orde, and who have been in his company can never forget with what enthusiasm and delight he talked of his old favorite.

A gentleman belonging to this county offered him £4,000 for her; his reply was that he never intended to sell her; he had two offers made for her in the

south, one £4,000, and another of £6 000; but he said, "my friend, if I thought there was any chance of her going out of Northumberland I would take your offer, because I would then be certain that she would remain where I wished her to be."

The people of Newcastle will not readily forget the declaration made by Mr. Orde, at Newcastle Races, 1841. He said, "gentlemen, Bee's-wing belongs to you, I have only the management of her, and I am quite sure I do what you wish to her; I saw her run her first race over your course, and I pledge myself that the last race she shall ever run shall be over the course on which she ran her first."

I therefore, sincerely trust that she will not be sold, but that the pledge made by Mr. Orde while living, will be redeemed by his nephew and heir when dead.

I am most truly yours,

AGRIPPA.

[We have received a letter professing to be written by authority of Mr. Orde's executors, but without a signature, in which it is asserted that it was the wish of Mr. O. that the mare should not run after his death, and that in consequence she is about to be put to Touchstone. The writer states that the advertisement of the horses ordered for sale, was directed to be sent to this paper—we have seen nothing of it. The York papers confirm the statement that the mare has taken leave of the turf]

Flatman the Jockey.—Notwithstanding an accident which kept him out of the saddle five weeks of the early part of the season, Flatman, *alias* Nat, has ridden 145 races this year. On the last day of the Houghton Meeting, he rode ten times and won five; and it is calculated that in the five hours' racing he went over not less than forty miles.

Sunday Times.

The Marquis of Waterford has purchased Mr. T. B. Kelly's *Firefly*, the winner of the Warbler Stakes at Howth Park, for 275 guineas. *Firefly* is half-bred, he was got by young Rainbow, out of Matilda. The noble Marquis has made several additions to his hunting stud.

Era.

Mr. Kitchener, of Newmarket, has bought Mr. Bowe's *Lady of Silverkeld Well*, for 25 sovs. Her ladyship is, therefore, likely to do good service in the law, and, touching race matters, to "take the will for the deed."

Sunday Times.

Lord Jersey has sold bay filly by Bay Middleton, out of Trampoline, 3 yrs old, to Mr. Messer; and bay yearling colt, by Plenipotentiary, out of Alea, to Lord William Powlett.

Flambeau is going to the stud at Hampton Court.

The Marquis of Waterford's hounds had their first meet, Oct. 29, at Doney-gale Cover, four miles from Caher. A game fox led a gallant chase to Knockfee, two miles, and was lost. They then proceeded to Kilmalogue, and got scent of another, but the lad would not break, so it was "no go." The red coats mustered numerously, upwards of 400, a splendid turn out. Among them were—the Marquis, Earl Howth, Earl Clonmel, Earl Huntingdon, Sir John Kennedy, Hon. C. O'Callaghan; Messrs. N. Herbert, J. Power, J. Bagwell, Gough, Fitzgerald, Moore, Kennedy, St. Leger, La

Mr. Roper's *Nicias* has been sold to go abroad as a stallion. He is by Emilius, out of Nanine, by Selim, and a half brother to Priam, Plenipotentiary, Mango, Recovery, Euclid, &c. His blood is identical with The Shadow, The Saddler, The Currier, &c. &c.

Bell's Life.

Confidence, the celebrated trotting horse imported from this city, has just been sold to Lord Henry Seymour, an English resident of Paris, where Confidence has already gone. He will meet there, the celebrated American "Grey Mare, Charlotte Temple." The horse, traps, and harness sold for \$1800.

Beeswing.—There have been various rumors abroad in respect to the destination of the celebrated Beeswing, now the property of Mr. Thomas Orde, of Nunykirk. It is satisfactory, however, to be able to state, as we are, upon the very best authority, that "t'ould mare" has taken leave of the turf for ever, and will enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* to which her long and unparalleled exertions have so justly entitled her.

Sunday Times, Nov. 20.

Notes of the Month.

J A N U A R Y .

Turf Misadventures of 1842—How many enthusiastic turfmen and admirers of the horse have been compelled, during the past year, to address us in relation to their favorites,

—“A few of the unpleasantest words
“That e'er man wrot on paper!”

Early in the season their respective friends flattered themselves with the belief that Monarch, Josh Bell, Bee's wing, Westwind, and others, would be able to “stand another training,” but each in turn has been reluctantly turned out. Subsequently Zenith, Sarah Washington, Clarion, and Winfield, partially gave way, while Nancy Clarke, Lady Canton, Emerald, and Dr. Wilson, absolutely broke down. Still more recently the most disastrous reports have reached us of Sarah Bladen and Jim Bell, and to day we are called upon to announce that Fanny is very seriously ailing. In addition to these sad disasters we have been obliged to notice as “under a cloud” the gallant Luda and Torchlight, Treasurer and Crucifix. To the list of the latter class might be added Magnate—quite the most promising horse in Kentucky—Chicopa, and half a dozen others of less note in different sections of the Union.

Altogether, the season of 1842 has been most disastrous. We have the consolation, however, of believing that the time was never known when there were *so many* top sawyers on the American Turf as at present. The young or comparatively untried ones, like Sally Shannon, Regent, Register, Creath, Velocity, Motto, Rapide, George Martin, Tiberius, Frosty, Ten Broeck, Fury, Nat Bradford, Kitty Harris, Young Dove, Flush, and half as many more, promise to distinguish themselves, when called upon, at the longer distances. Even if Buston and Fanny should not be trained again, we doubt if there were ever five horses on our Turf, at the same time, which could beat Fashion, Miss Foote, Reel, Blue Dick and Cassandra, at any distance. Of “first rate second rates” we have rarely had a larger number of four mile horses. So late as 1835, the best time at four mile heats, made during that year, was Post Boy's 7:52—7:52, on Long Island, when he ran against Bay Maria and Black Heath. At this day, notwithstanding the chapter of accidents noted before, there are yet remaining on the Turf not less than forty horses that can “knock the centre out” of 7:45. Of this number there are several that can “get into the thirties,” and probably seven or eight more that can run a four mile heat over a good course in 7:40.

FANNY, the South Carolina Champion, Ailing—It is with infinite pain that we lay before the Sporting World the subjoined extract from a private letter just received from a gentleman at Cheraw, S. C :—

“I regret to inform you that the hitherto invincible *Fanny* has BROKE DOWN, “and of course been turned out. I have this information from a gentleman “direct from Columbia, and cannot doubt its truth. This is truly unfortunate “for Col. HAMPTON.”

We cling to the hope that the fears of her friends have magnified the extent of the injury Fanny may have received. If it is true that she is to be withdrawn, the circumstance will be a heavy blow to the Turf in South Carolina. With the exception of Monarch—and perhaps his sister, The Queen—Fanny is, probably, the most superior race horse that has appeared on the Carolina Turf—at least since the days of Psyche, Maria, and others, when the late Gen. HAMPTON, Col. ALSTON, Gen. McPHERSON, and Col. RICHARDSON, were at its head. Fanny has signally defeated some of the best horses of the day, and has

been justly regarded by the Sporting World as having few equals. Her laurels are unarnished by defeat, and up to this time her friends would have run her at Charleston against any horse in the Union. Indeed, the South Carolina Jockey Club, so long ago as at their annual meeting in February last, invited a *challenge* from any quarter, to run her four mile heats over their course. We have heard that she never evidenced so much speed, nor went in such high form, as during her last training.

"Is Boston to be trained again?"—This question is asked us ten times a day, and the utmost anxiety is felt upon the subject. We can only reply that Col. JOHNSON and Mr. LONG, when we last saw them, expressed their intention of coming to a final decision of the matter on the first of this month, when it will be determined whether he is to be put into the stud or go into training again. It would not surprise us if the gallant veteran came out next Spring and gave Fashion another "turn!" "*It takes him!*"

"Old Charles."—We were agreeably surprised to hear a few days since that this capital trainer was in the employment of Col SINGLETON, of South Carolina. Cornelius, after a long career, in which he has distinguished himself by his faithfulness and ability, has retired, we presume. Very few men in the profession have won more reputation than "Old Charles;" within the last four years he has trained principally for Mr. GARRISON and Mr. HARE, of Virginia. Wagner, Virginia Fairfield, Andrewetta, Willis, Job, and others, made their best races in his hands. A correspondent informs us that Col. Singleton's corps of cavalry is stronger this season than it has been since the days of Godolphin.

Partnerships in Training Stables—The following observations have been addressed to the editor of one of the London papers, "On the evils resulting from partnerships in racing stables." After some introductory remarks, the writer thus proceeds:—

Scott, I believe, trains for some eight or nine noblemen and gentlemen, and has at present in his stables, exclusive of his own "lot," twenty, or more horses, the greater part of which are entered for the principal stakes of the next season. In the course of the training, and during the trials of the different horses, their capabilities must be known to him, and this very knowledge gives him, and the party immediately connected with him, a preponderating advantage over every other member of the Turf. This in itself is injurious to the general betting; it tells also the other way, for in an establishment of such magnitude, it is possible that some one of the numerous lads and helpers there employed might be accessible to a bribe, and thus a horse made safe that otherwise had the best chance of winning his race.

I have been always opposed to a partnership in stables ever since Bessy Bedlam's year. This mare (the best of her day) was first favorite for the St. Leger, and the property of old Colonel King, than whom a more honorable man did not exist. Incapable of wrong himself, it did not enter into his imagination that any wrong could be perpetrated by another. The Colonel was not a betting man himself, though a great lover of the Turf, and most ambitious of the honor of winning a great St. Leger, and quite confident in the powers of his horse to accomplish it. Unfortunately for the Colonel, the notorious Frank Richardson rented a part of the same stable with him, in which he also had a horse that was entered for the St. Leger, and of course he had the right of access at all times. This circumstance was not lost upon the wide-awake legs, and an arrangement, it was more than suspected, was made with Frank, that he should make all safe. This he, or some one else, contrived to do on the very morning of the race. So well was the secret kept by the confederated rogues, and so careful were they in their mode of operations, that not the least suspicion got abroad, and they had no difficulty in "putting on the pot" to a great amount. No symptoms of the mare's being amiss manifested themselves until just before the race, and these symptoms were not noticed by the general body of spectators. On starting, she went off at score, but long before she reached the Red House, became evidently distressed, and was obliged to be pulled up, before she got to the distance post. By the condition of the mare after the race, it was plain to all good judges that she had been hocussed, though the

fact could not be proved. The backers of Bessy lost heavily, and one or two individuals were obliged to levant. The Colonel, disgusted, soon after abjured the Turf altogether.

English Brood Mares—Mr. COLMAN, of Broadway, has on sale some very beautiful Portraits of all the mares in the late Royal Stud at Hampton Court. They are of the size of those published in this paper, and are executed in the new style of lithography—that is in three colors. Each picture is accompanied with a sheet of letter press of corresponding size, giving a memoir of the subject of it. Mr. Colman will dispose of these portraits singly (for one dollar each), or in sets, which last are in handsome covers. There has been imported into the United States not less than twenty five of the produce of these celebrated mares, principally by Messrs. HAMPTON, STOCKTON, SINGLETON, and NORT, who, with others would be pleased to obtain these portraits, probably, as they are beautifully executed and are sold at less than half the London price. The list comprises portraits of

Fleur de Lis,
Delphine,
Rachel,
Miss Clifton,
Shortwaist,
Sultana,
Marpessa,

Nanine,
Elizabeth,
Galatea,
La Danseuse,
Miss O'Neill,
Gulnare,
Belvoirina,

Maria,
Wings,
Miss Craven,
Spermaceti,
Yariffa,
Burden,
Jewess,

Young Espagnole, and the Arabian Mare.

Southern Stable Secrets.—The *on dits* we published last month of Sarah Bladen's being turned out, and of Jim Bell's being amiss, we regret to state are fully confirmed by a letter from our excellent correspondent "A Young Turf-man."

He writes us from Natchez, under date of 12th Nov. that *Sarah Bladen* and *Chicopa*, in Col. BINGAMAN's stable, have given way, and that *Jim Bell* has sprung a tendon, and will not start until Spring, if he does then. He adds that *Jim Allen*, also in Messrs. KENNER's stable, has broke down, and that *Crucifix* and *Luda*, in the same string, are complaining. After hearing of Jim Bell's accident we still clung to the hope, that the Brothers Kenner would "pull through" the campaign with their usual success by the help of Luda and Crucifix, but it would seem as if misfortunes never come single, even in a racing stable. If our best wishes could assist them, they should come out this winter with a new *Grey Medoc*, and we don't know yet but what they will. *Nous verrons.*

MR. LAIRD'S STABLE.—A friend of ours who has recently visited Mr. Laird, at Colt's Neck, N. J., describes his horses as looking uncommonly well—Fashion especially. Mariner and Clarion have been sent home to their respective owners, and some of the young ones in the string are in winter quarters elsewhere. One of the principal attractions of the stable at present—Fashion of course, excepted—is Mr. GIBBONS' superb colt *Yamacraw*, coming 3 yrs. old. He is half brother to Fashion, and own brother to Mariner, being by Shark out of Bonnet's o' Blue. He is heavily engaged in stakes to come off the ensuing Spring. He is now about 15-2 in height, of the color of Fashion, and "as much like her," according to Mr. Laird, "as a colt can be like a filly." He is of course a chestnut; he has a star and white hind feet, and while his action is superlatively fine like his half sister's, he has all her good temper and gentleness. Some idea may be had of the promise of this colt when we state that repeated offers to match him against any colt in the Union have been declined. Virginia turfmen are ready to make a colt match, but *they bar Bonnets o' Blue stock!* Yamacraw derives his Indian name from that of a favorite plantation belonging to his owner, near Savannah, Ga.; in all respects he bids fair to support the present high reputation of his sire, his celebrated dam and still more renowned half sister. What can be finer than his pedigree,—his sire being the produce of Eclipse and Lady Lightfoot, while his dam is the produce of Sir Charles and Reality! He ought to distinguish himself, and we doubt not he will.

Motto.—This fine filly—a daughter of Imp. Barefoot out of Lady Tompkins

by Eclipse, 3 yrs —won a capital race in Sept. last at Bardstown, Ky., beating a good field at two mile heats in 3:46—3:48½. The report of the race was copied into our columns from the Bardstown "Gazette," which did not give the time of the race. Mr. LINTHICUM, the Secretary of the Club, supplies the omission, and adds that in the subsequent race of mile heats, best 3 in 5, Motto lost the 5th heat "by about one foot" to *McIntyre*, in 1:50½.

NEW RACE COURSE AT NEW ORLEANS.

A correspondent desires us to republish the following communication which appeared in the New Orleans "American" in March last, in which the writer proposed to get up a *new race course* there. The plan is feasible enough, but we see no good reason why a *fourth* course is required. The Louisiana, Metairie, and Eclipse Courses are each excellent, and are readily accessible. The Louisiana Course especially, is exceedingly well appointed in all respects. As our correspondent is very anxious the suggestions of the writer should appear in the "Spirit," we give them a place though we still are of the opinion that the number of courses in New Orleans is already quite large enough. Propose some plan by which to support better those already established, and we are with you, gentlemen, heart and soul.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me through the medium of your paper, to call the attention of all, for all are or must be, more or less interested in the success of the project,—to the importance and necessity of incorporating a company in this place, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a Race Course, suited in all respects, to the taste, wishes, and expectations, of our rich and populous city. There are a great many gentlemen now here, from all parts of the Western and South Western States, who are anxious to contribute to, and feel the necessity of, such an enterprise. Turfmen of real spirit, who raise blooded stock, and run their fiery steeds, "that champ the bit and chide delay," more for the renown and glory of American horses, than the glory of gain. They are ready to co-operate with us, in establishing a Track here, upon a basis, which will secure purses and accommodations, that will not fail to bring, from all parts of the United States, to this place, the finest horses in the world.

And in view of this object, I am authorized to say that the celebrated stallions, Glencoe and Leviathan, will each subscribe annually \$100—and I have no doubt that one hundred more may be added to the list on the same terms, making the handsome sum, from this source *alone*, of \$10,000 annually; and a *loan* it would only be, for they will receive it all back again, with *interest*, by the success of their colts and fillies, their Bladens and their Reels, their McDocks and their Bells upon the very Turf they help to support. With such prospects, who can or will doubt that the *project* will succeed, and we shall soon have a Course equal, if not superior to any in the Union? All are anxious to have it carried into immediate operation. Every Exchange, every Hotel, Theatre, and every other public place in the city, will be greatly benefited by such an association, and doubtless subscribe liberally for the stock of the "New Orleans Jockey Club Association."

Let this matter be taken into hand at once, by able and competent men, and a subscription book be opened at the St. Charles Hotel, in order to ascertain *certainly* what amount can be raised for the above purpose. Although an after consideration, it may not be altogether premature to suggest that much discrimination and judgment are necessary in the selection of an eligible site for the Course. It should be nearer the city, cheaper and easier of access, to all classes of community, than those we now have. The accommodations of the ladies, members, or all, should be varied and magnificent. Then you will find, that every day during the races, with such attractions, instead of four or five hundred persons being present, as is now the case, as many thousands would be in attendance. I say, "go ahead," until the work shall be accomplished.

Yours,

D.

Calmuck —This horse, foaled in 1833, and bred by the Duke of Grafton, by Zingane, out of Sister to Pastille, has just been purchased of Mr. T. Coleman, of St. Albans, by Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, where he will stand next season. His performances are above the average, and his blood, uniting the Whalebone and Rubens, of the highest strain.

Speedy Cure for a Foundered Horse.—A correspondent of the "South-western Farmer," has communicated the following, which we are desirous to quote :—

I send you the following prescription, which you may give a place in your useful paper, if you think it will be of any advantage to planters and travellers.

As soon as you find your horse is foundered, bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases, you may bleed him as long as he can stand up. Then draw his head up, as common in drenching, and with a spoon put far back on his tongue strong salt, until you get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint around the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in one hour.

A founder pervades every part of the system of a horse. The phlegms arrest it from the blood; the salt arrests it from the stomach and bowels, and the spirits arrest it from the feet and limbs.

I once rode a hired horse 89 miles in two days, returning him at night the second day, and his owner would not have known that he had been foundered, if I had not told him, and his founder was of the deepest kind.

I once, in a travel of 700 miles, foundered my horse three times, and I do not think that my journey was retarded more than one day by the misfortune, having in all cases observed and practised the above prescription. I have known a foundered horse turned in at night on green feed; in the morning he would be well, having been purged by the green feed.—All founders must be attended to immediately.

WM. H. TAYLOR, of Mount Airy, Va., has disposed of nearly all his bits of blood. He still retains an interest in *Totusky*, a ch. f. by Tom Huskins (by Imp. Autocrat) out of Aurora by Arab; a promising 2 year old in Mr. O. P. HARE's stable—and a yearling b. c. by Imp. Cetus out of Multiflora (Omphondro's dam).

Young Predictor—Some one was lately enquiring for the pedigree of the dam of this fine Irish horse recently imported into Canada. A gentleman writes us that his dam *Red Nell*, was by Rugantino (one of the best performers on the Curragh) by Commodore, etc. Reference is made to the Irish Racing Calendar

GERARD H. COSTER, Esq. of this city, claims the name of *Prescott*, for his superb black colt, by Snark out of his Sir Charles mare. Prescott will be 3 yrs. old on New Year's Day, and be trained for his Spring engagements by H. Alfred Conover, on Long Island. Like Yamacraw, and several others of Snark's get, that are coming 3 yrs. old, Prescott is in high racing form, and promises to go the pace and the distance like nothing but a good 'un.

M. A. HELM, Esq., of Terre Haute, Ind., claims the name of *Guayaquil* for his b. f., 2 yrs. old past, by Imp. Felt, dam by John M. Botts' Lafayette, grand dam Sally Hill by Trafalgar, g. g. dam Musedora by Imp. Archduke, g. g. g. dam Proserpine by Imp. Dare Devil, g. g. g. g. dam by Clodius, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Bolton, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Yorick, out of a full bred mare owned by the late Col. John Tayloe (the elder), of Mount Airy, Va.

Col. JOHN LAMAR, of Macon, Geo., claims the name of *Larkspur*, for a dark bay filly, foaled 1st day of May last, by Imp. Skylark, out of Bouny Bess by Sir Hal. and she out of old Coquette, by Sir Archy.

Also that of *Skylight*, for a bay filly by Imp. Skylark, out of Autossee by Eclipse, foaled 1st day of April.

Mr. H. T. BLANTON, of Paris, Tenn., claims the name of *Gessler*, for his yearling colt by Imp. Hedgford, out of the Red Sow by Medoc. Also, the name of *McEloise*, for a last spring's colt out of the Red Sow, and by Sidi Hamet.

Dr. A. V. CONOVER, of Freehold, N. J., claims the name of *Image*, for his bay filly foal, by Imp. Langford, dam by John Richards. Also that of *Lute*, for a bay yearling filly, by Hornblower, out of Manalopan's dam, by John Richards.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

Embellishment:

MARTLER'S CREEK, NEW YORK;

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

THE INDEX AND TITLE PAGE

Of the last, or Thirteenth Volume of the "Turf Register"—for 1842—accompanies the present number, and the volume is now complete for binding.

In the volume for the present year the *Racing Calendar* will be embodied in the work, so that at the end of the year the volume can be bound at once. Country book-binders, through some inscrutable dispensation of Providence, appear to be unable to bind the "Register" as now published, and we have accordingly returned to the old plan of publication. Although not near so convenient to them, many of our subscribers have advised this course from the fact that they could not get their volumes bound correctly.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, S. C.	Washington Course, Annual J. C. Meeting, Wednesday, 22d Feb.
KNOXVILLE, Tenn.	Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Wednesday, 26th April.
PINEVILLE, S. C.	Jockey Club Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th Feb.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn.	Spring Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday, 3d May.
" " "	Jockey Club, Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th October.

A CURE FOR FARCY.

SIR: I was very glad to see in your excellent Magazine (which I get occasionally from Porter, B. S., Grafton-street) the very important diseases of *Farcy* and *Glanders* in horses brought before your Readers. Having, as you may perceive by the following extract in my keeping, what I am pleased to think may become a most valuable secret, could I once place it in the hands of some active and influential veterinary artist or amateur (some twenty years younger than myself) in London, you may readily imagine the interest with which I have perused the article in your September Number, page 365. And I now have to request, as a constant reader, a very old Sportsman indeed, and, consequently, an undoubted admirer of that most noble of all animals—the horse—you will give this extract a place in one of your early Numbers; and should any party, whose eye it may happen to catch—let him be artist or amateur—feel disposed to give me his aid in the future application of this remedy throughout the British dominions, *protected by patent*, or in subsequently offering it where it is most and greatly wanting—to wit, in France, Belgium, &c., &c.—I am quite open to receive the application, and to treat it with the attention it merits; and have the honor to be, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant.

J. W. H.

EXTRACT FROM A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF "MINE UNCLE SAM."

Aneddoti Curiosi, p. 49.—"As my uncle Sam joined to his other qualifications a most profound pathological erudition in all the ills which both horse and dog-flesh are heir to, and never refused his services even though solicited by the unaristocratic sand-merchant in behalf of his long-eared coadjutor, he was regarded with feelings of gratitude by the poor whom he had served, and enjoyed an undisputed pre-eminence in all matters concerning the economy of the stable, as well as the *kennel*, to which places he was continually called by those who, like himself, felt gratification in the society of their inmates."

I must not omit to add to all those qualifications an unrivalled dexterity in the gaffing of cocks and preparation of artificial flies, with an eye unerring as that of the hawk when pouncing on its quarry; and it will be readily conceived that mine old uncle (who was for three score years well known as the best "cut of a sportsman" in the South of Ireland) was not likely to be an unwelcome guest with those who shared his sports in the country, and feasted at his board in town.

During the last century, that disease called the *Farcy*, so fatal among horses when neglected in the first stage of it, raged with great violence throughout the Southern counties of Ireland. Thanks to a secret remedy (in those days only known to my grand uncle Sam and his trusty man Dennis, and since *alone to the writer* of this article), this malady was nearly extirpated, and, as far as I was afterwards able to learn, very seldom made its appearance again, at least in the counties of Cork and Limerick.

At stated periods during the spring and summer, Sam and his man Dennis were sure to be found at stated places in one or both of those counties, where the owners of all horses afflicted with either the *Button* or the *Water Farcies* flocked in scores; and I had it from my grand uncle's own mouth, now nearly fifty years since, and just previous to his death, "*that during a period of fifty-five years, when the animal was brought to him without having been tampered with by any Veterinary, he or his man Dennis had never failed to effect the cure in forty-eight hours*"—Dennis received from one to five guineas as his fee for each horse, according to the value of the animal and the condition in life of its owner. *This important secret and infallible cure* came into my keeping in the following way—In the month of August 1796, my own father purchased from the Vicar General of Cloyne, on the Mall of Cork, for the trifling sum of £5, a well-shaped black horse. There being of course no warranty, he very incautiously had him sent home to our stable, where four very valuable hunters and three carriage-horses were standing in perfect condition at the time. In a very few days the "*Vicar*" would have turned out a very dear bargain had it not been for the unerring skill of mine uncle Sam, who, fortunately being in town for the Assizes, quickly obeyed the summons of his favorite nephew, when to our great dismay Sam pronounced not only the "*Vicar*," but every one of the seven horses, to be attacked with the *Farcy*!....." But, my lad of wax," turning round to me, "you shall cure the eight horses as sure as that God made Moses, and before the Judges leave the city! In the course of nature," continued he, "I cannot hope to live much longer (then in his 81st year), and as it has always been my intention not to go out of this world without imparting my secret to your father, I may as well initiate you both together. Order the groom to deprive all the horses of *food and drink* until I come over to-morrow morning, and bring with me the necessary men and materials."—This he accordingly did, and under his directions I prepared the necessary portion for each horse with mine own hands, and with the aid of two men to each horse I did so apply the remedy *by the ears*; and, true enough, the entire stable were perfectly cured of the *Farcy* before the Judges left the city of Cork! Thus it was that I became possessed not only of this most important secret, but the conviction also *that it is as unfailling as it is simple!*

I have lived ten or a dozen years in France, where I believe the order of Government (as regards the cavalry) is to shoot every horse without making any attempt at a cure of this disease. In Belgium, where I have latterly resided much, I found the *Farcy* was raging very violently, particularly among cavalry horses; but instead of shooting the animal *in the first instance* as in France (although they are invariably induced to do so *in the last*), I found, from the grossest ignorance among the tolerated veterinary tribe, the most barbarous and cruel expedients were resorted to! Nothing less—will the reader credit it?—than the attempt to eradicate the *Button Farcy* *out of the blood and body of the unfortunate horse, by burning the Buttons with a round top'd red hot iron out of the skin!*—an expedient, which, *if by any possibility it could effect the cure of the*

disease, must invariably leave this noble animal in a state *calculated alone to expose* and hold up to execration the barbarity and ignorance of the inhuman practitioner, whom I left, in 1840, torturing some score of horses in the Military Hospital at Bruges! I leave to every Reader of the *Sporting Magazine* to decide how far I am justified in the severity of my remarks, when I know, that I have within myself the means of eradicating this occult disease from out Belgium and France, as well as every country in Europe, if I could only obtain a *fair trial*! nay more, that I have offered it to the Belgian Army. But although the Commander-in-Chief *did issue orders to Colonels of Cavalry Regiments to furnish me with horses on which I was to operate, yet I never could extort from their veterinary chaps a single horse which had not been previously tampered with; or induce those artists to lend me their belief that I actually possessed the secret of doing effectually in forty-eight hours that which they had been in vain attempting to do all their lives!*

* * Any communications to "J. W. H." may be left at the Office of the *Sporting Magazine*.

London (Old) *Sporting Magazine*, for December, 1842.

A FEW HINTS ON BETTING.

BY Q "AT THE CORNER."

AT this season of the year, when all things connected with racing, save betting, remain in a state of quietude, it may be interesting to some of your readers, who may not be *au fait* at turf doings, to venture a few observations on the mysteries of speculation on the Turf. These remarks may be the more acceptable, because lotteries in all sorts of shapes figure in many of the weekly papers; indeed, to such an extent are these "sweeps" carried on, that it is far from improbable that the Government will ere long interfere. But my real object on the present occasion is to state, as clearly as twenty years' experience will allow, the nature of betting on great races. It was in 1820 that *play or pay* races became in vogue, but the only Stakes then that were considered P. P. ones were the Riddlesworth, the Derby, the Oaks, and St. Leger. By degrees the Legs found the P. P. principle to be a most profitable concern, and consequently refused to bet upon any other terms; and now every wager "booked" at Tattersall's, or indeed elsewhere, is considered a *play or pay* one, unless a *proviso* be made to "have a start." About the time I have just named, the "betting round" system was only adopted by a few of the "professionals:" amongst the number, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Steward, and Halliday may be set down as being the most influential. To these gentlemen the backers of horses used to resort, and consequently "books" to a large amount were easily "got round." As time advanced, several of our most influential Members of the Jockey Club saw the profits of this mode of speculation, and they immediately commenced a most vigorous opposition

to the Legs; and now it would be a nice point to discriminate between the two parties when seen transacting business at Tattersall's. "Betting round" means betting against every horse that appears in the Market to the extent of your "booh." For instance, if you intend filling a "£5,000 book," you must bet the odds against every horse you can to that extent, and as only one horse can win, you of course gain every other bet against the rest of the horses. I have been favored with a sight of a "£5,000 book" on the last Derby, and for the instruction of those who do not exactly understand the system of "betting round," I will give (with my friend's permission) a correct copy. Of course the bets are the average of a number against each horse:—

£	£		£	£	
5000 to 625	agst.	Attila.	4525 to 185	agst.	Ballinkeele.
5000 to 420	—	Chatham.	48 0 to 105	—	Lord Miltown's two.
5000 to 400	—	Coldrenick.	5000 to 215	—	Jack.
5000 to 100	—	{ Gunter, laid at Liverpool, 1841.	3775 to 115	—	The Agreeable colt.
5000 to 110	—	Rover	1000 to 15	—	David.
5000 to 95	—	Belcœur.	2000 to 50	—	Osbaldeston's lot.
5000 to 250	—	Canadian.	2000 to 30	—	Archy.
5000 to 175	—	Eleus.	5000 to 115	—	Moss Trooper.
4000 to 115	—	Seahorse.	1000 to 25	—	Combermere.
5000 to 150	—	Dirre colt.	2500 to 55	—	Tiptoe.
1500 to 75	—	Rostrum (dead).	3705 to 110	—	Mule.
5000 to 95	—	Palinurus.	1000 to 10	—	Passion.
2000 to 25	—	Curator.	2550 to 75	—	{ The Artful Dodger. (1000 to 35 betted at Liver- pool, 1841.)
3525 to 105	—	Palladium.	3700 to 160	—	Meteor.
2115 to 25	—	Lord Exeter's lot.	5000 to 205	—	Lord of Holderness.
4005 to 103	—	Ferguson's two.	4925 to 208	—	Wiseacre.
3750 to 150	—	{ Forth's two—Policy and Golden Rule.	2000 to 20	—	Bennington.
2525 to 75	—	Lasso	5000 to 365	—	Auckland.
3500 to 100	—	Sir G. Heathcote's lot.	2700 to 45	—	William de Fortibus.
1000 to 10	—	Nessus	5000 to 160	—	Robert de Gorham.
5000 to 375	—	{ Brother to Phoenix. (1090 to 50 laid in May, 1841)	2000 to 20	—	Gobbo.
1000 to 10	—	Colt out of Manta.	5000 to 205	—	Mr Gregory's two.
1000 to 12	—	Ghuznee.	2550 to 65	—	Espartero.
			1105 to 32	—	Acacia colt.

It will be seen that in *seventeen* cases only the odds were betted to the fullest extent, while very extravagant odds were laid against horses that subsequently stood good favorites in the Ring. This "book" was a joint concern between a London speculator, a regular frequenter of Tattersall's, and an influential Manchester bettor, well known at the "Post Office Hotel" in that town. It will be admitted that they got against a great number of horses; but the odds, taking the average of the "six months"—that is to say, from the Houghton Newmarket Meeting to the end of the Second Spring—will be found to have gone against them. Now to save "going over," I have made out exactly how these gentlemen stood on the eventful day. If either *Cheops*, *Baronet*, or *Singleton* had won, they would have won every bet, or £6,180; if *Nessus* or *Passion*, they would have gained £5,170; if *Ghuznee*, £5,168; if *David*, £5,165; if *Combermere*, £5,155; if the *Acacia* colt, £5,053; if *Rostrum* (dead), 4,605*l.*; if either *Bennington* or *Gobbo*, 4,160*l.*; if *Curator*, 4,155*l.*; if *Archy*, 4,150*l.*; if *Osbaldeston's* lot, 4,130*l.*; if *Lord Exeter's* lot, 4,040*l.*; if *Tiptoe*, 3,625*l.*; if *Lasso*, 3,580*l.*; if *Espartero*, 3,565*l.*; if *The Artful Dodger*, 3,555*l.*; if *William de Fortibus*, 3,435*l.*; if *Sir Gilbert Heathcote*, 2,580*l.*; if *Palladium*, 2,560*l.*; if *Meteor*, 2,380*l.*; if *Mule*, 2,365*l.*; if the *Agreeable colt*, 2,290*l.*; if either of *Forth's*,

2,280*l.*; if either of Ferguson's nominations, 2,070*l.*; if *Seahorse*, 1925*l.*; if Ballinkeelee, 1470*l.*; if either of Lord Miltown's, 1265*l.*; if Palinurus or *Belcœur* (was third), 1085*l.*; if Gunter, 1080*l.*; if *Rover*, 1070*l.*; if Moss Trooper, 1065*l.*; if Wiseacre, 1047*l.*; if Sir Harry (Dirce colt), 1030*l.*; if *Robert de Gorham* (was second), 1020*l.*; if Eleus, 1005*l.*; if Lord of Holderness, Barrier, or *Defier*, 975*l.*; if *Jack*, 965*l.*; if Canadian, 930*l.*; if *Auckland*, 815*l.*; if Brother to Phoenix, 805*l.*; if *Coldrenick*, 780*l.*; if *Chatham*, 760*l.*; and as *Attila* won, they cleared 555*l.* Any other in the Stake, save those named above, would have won them 6,180*l.* The horses in *italics* started.

This is what is termed "making a book," or, more properly speaking, the "betting round" system. I apprehend, owing to the decision the Jockey Club has thought proper to come to respecting "disputed bets," that the "books" on the coming Derby will be less numerous than those of the last five or six years; and on this all true lovers of the sport ought to rejoice, for the two last Epsom Meetings have thrown off the *veil* with a vengeance. We do not hear the outrageous efforts to bet now at The Corner, and trust more that substantial business will be got through in future with less bluster and confusion.

Several of the "old stagers," who have for some time been complaining that the "young-uns" have been *going* too *fast* for them, have adopted a sort of "Change" mode of dabbling. They get information early, invest at long odds heavily, and are content to *hedge* at a moderate profit; and so they work out the year, with generally a handsome balance at their bankers at the close of the season. This system of course cannot be carried out unless there be a "friend at court," or, in other words, an "informer," who *watches* every *movement*, and duly "*reports* progress." This mode of speculation is almost entirely confined to the old frequenters of Newmarket.

A third party, and by no means a little one, stick to backing horses; and, to say the truth, they wear amazingly well considering; indeed, were it not for these "fancy gentlemen," how could the "book-makers" get round?

That there are on all great and important races various *fashions* resorted to, to rise or sink an animal to the advantage of an immediate party, is notoriously known to be the fact; and that this system will continue as long as betting on the Turf exists, there cannot be a doubt; therefore it behoves every body not to be led away by "hearsays;" but rather to trust to public running, which nine cases out of ten is the best criterion to guide one's betting.

Money coming unexpectedly into the Market has frequently given the greatest *rips* in the world a very respectable place in the betting. I recollect several instances, in one of which, in the Derby 1826 (I believe), Mr. Forth's Premier came so well supported on one occasion, that he absolutely became *Premier* in the odds—this horse was the *last* in the race, and, although he repeatedly ran afterwards, could not "win a Plate." Young Rowton, in 1838, was another instance: he was backed throughout the winter to a large amount, saw 10 to 1 in the betting, went to the post in

bandages, and did not get off—this hopeful gentleman never won a race! But we need not go further back than the last Derby to prove how very *lavish* of their money some people are when they take to a “fancy horse,” however bad that animal may be; to wit: Jack, Lord of Holderness (two or three *wisecraces* were positively mad about this wretch), Defier (backed to win an immense Stake, and never worth two-pence), Hydaspes (he bled the Epsom folks deeply, a sorry devil!), and the Golden Rule (a miserable creature to be *even* talked about). The introduction of *dark* horses into the Market, with the little word “taken” at the end of the name, induces the unwary to invest, although he positively does not know for certain that the animal is in existence.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1842.

MARTLER'S CREEK, NEW YORK.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

In vol. xii. of this magazine (page 532) will be found an Indian legend of Martler's Creek, a beautiful stream running into the Hudson a few miles above this city. The story was originally published by “Wildrake,” the gifted editor of the London “New Sporting Magazine,” who accompanied it with a superb illustration, from a drawing he made on the spot. “Wildrake” thus introduces the legend:—

“Another hour and the sun rode high, though still concealed from our sight by the overhanging mountains, around the base of which lay our route. By our way-side leaped a little mountain stream, as clear as crystal, and as pure—dancing from rock to rock, and throwing up a sparkling cloud of spray, as it passed on to add its mite to the main artery. The panorama was of the most beautiful, and as we advanced farther into the high lands, it still increased its wild romantic character, until we seemed shut out from the world by barriers of frowning heights, whilst the splash of the water-fall, or the eagle's scream, alone broke in upon the silence of the scene.

We had now made some progress into the hills, when my companion hastily laid his hand upon my arm, and pointing to a spot where a precipitous rock caused the path to turn suddenly, he whispered, “Mount yon rock carefully, and it is ten to one but that you'll see a pair of horns.”

Cautiously creeping up the rock side as he directed me, and holding my lightest breath with trembling anxiety, I topped the stony shelf, and peeping over, cast my eyes upon a scene of perfect beauty.

Through a deep wooded dell, lapped in the bosom of the mountains, coursed a loud brawling stream, which plunged headlong over the shelf of rock on which I rested. Its banks, teeming with the most luxuriant vegetation, seemed to offer an everlasting field to the industry of man. The foliage, on one side forming a splendid back-ground, and on the other advancing to the very water's edge, was various as bright. The dark pine and the tall poplar, the hanging maple and the stark hickory, the graceful pepperage, the drooping willow, and the golden oak, all mingling their glowing tints together to adorn a spot on which Nature seemed to have lavished all her sweetest smiles.

To me the interest of the scene was considerably enhanced by the appearance of three pair of horns within range. A fine stag being in the very act of crossing the stream to join two others who were quietly standing close upon the bank.

To raise my rifle (with, as I thought, a deadly aim,) was the work of a moment; my finger pressed the trigger, the ball flew, but to my equal astonishment and disappointment the deer bounded away unhurt.

“Well,” exclaimed I, “if ever I saw so easy a shot so stupidly blundered, may I——”

“Oh, never mind punishing yourself!” cried my friend, laughing—“you are not the first who has done that on this spot. Why you might as well expect your horse to outstrip the headless trooper of Sleepy Hollow, or your dog to cross the graves of the Stone Sleepers, as that your rifle-ball should reach the heart of a stag in MARTLER'S CREEK.” [Martler's Creek signifies “The Murderer's Creek.”]

“Indeed! how so?”

“There stands their protection,” cried he, laughing, and pointing to a rude wooden cross, which I now perceived for the first time on the left hand bank of the stream, mounted on a rude pinnacle of stones, and shaded beneath the drooping boughs of a weeping willow.

“What! at some of your ghost stories again, I suppose.”

“No ghost-story—but still a Mountain tale has charmed the spot, so that no life, says the legend, can ever more be taken here. But come, sit you down, and to console you for your lost venison I'll tell you how your ball was charmed.”

So seating ourselves upon the ledge of rock from whence my unsuccessful shot had sped, he thus began.

It will repay the reader to refer to the October number of the “Register” for 1841, and again peruse the romantic and fearful legend of the Murderer's Creek.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the January Number of the "Turf Register," page 16.

ON SADDLE-HORSE GROOMS AND BOYS.

IN most of the publications on the subject of horses I have had an opportunity of perusing, much has been said of the want of education in grooms. Some authors go so far as to say, they are very ignorant of the management of horses. How far these gentlemen are competent to judge on this latter point, I shall not presume to say.

It is very true that grooms, generally speaking, are not very highly educated: nor am I aware that to get horses into condition requires a very cultivated mind. I have known very good training grooms that could neither read nor write (I have lived under such men); and, notwithstanding their misfortune in not possessing either of these very useful acquirements, they were good, practical training grooms; that is, so far as regarded the working and feeding of their horses. Having lived in various stables, I have had an opportunity of ascertaining their abilities in this particular, and I am quite convinced that they knew very well what they were about. As the authors to whom I have alluded seem to be of opinion that grooms are so very ignorant of the management of horses, and as they have been at some pains to abuse them, I think it would have been but fair had these gentlemen given in their writings, such rules, relative to the condition and treatment of horses, as would, in some measure, have guided these poor ignorant men, and particularly those among them who train race-horses. But no—it does not appear, in any of their works which I have read, that those authors have done much in this respect for these poor fellows, beyond that of recommending them to keep their horses in cold stables. This part of their advice I shall, by and bye, endeavor to prove is not only unnecessary, but that, when thoroughbred horses (which have originated in a hot climate) are to be got into racing condition, it is requisite that they should be kept in a stable of a certain temperature of heat.

It is more than probable, that some authors who have written on the subject of horses, may have been led to form their opinions from observations made in different saddle-horse stables, when they have been called in to give their professional advice; and I have no doubt, that they have often seen very improper management in such stables, and which may have led them to give their opinions rather too indiscriminately of grooms in general.

The late Mr. White, Veterinary Surgeon, of Exeter, published a

very useful work (as far as I am capable of judging of its merits), on the nature and treatment of the various diseases to which the horse is liable; and he has also laid down what he calls "principles" for getting horses into racing, or other condition.

Digressing a little from the present subject, I will, with all due submission to this author's judgment, take the liberty of quoting a passage or two from his work, on "*condition*," merely to see how far his principles can practically be carried into effect, in the training of race-horses, since it appears to me, that were they to be put into practice without being more fully explained, they would be likely to lead those who adopted them into error; and this it is which has induced me to make my remarks on this subject, and not, by any means, with the desire of detracting from the merit of the author.

In the first volume of the work (page 227) the author defines the word *condition*. In page 248 of the same volume, he says—

"When, therefore, we undertake to get a horse into condition, it is necessary first to enquire for what kind of labor he is designed; whether it be for the turf, the chase, or the road. A horse, provided he is in health, may have his condition and wind brought to the highest state of perfection it is capable of, merely by judicious management, in respect to feeding, exercise, and grooming; and notwithstanding the great mystery and secrecy affected by those who make a business of training race-horses, I will venture to affirm, that it is a very simple process, and easily to be accomplished by any one who will attentively consider the principles we shall lay down, and not suffer himself to be influenced by an ignorant groom."

Again the author goes on to state, in the same volume (page 254)—

"By thus gradually bringing a horse from a state of nature, that is, from the open air and green food to a comfortable stable and dry grain, he will be in little danger of those troublesome diseases which are often the consequence of sudden changes, and a different kind of management; and by duly proportioning his exercise to the nutriment he receives, and by gradually bringing the muscular system to that degree of exertion for which the animal is wanted, there is no doubt that his wind, strength, and activity, and general condition, will be brought to the highest state of perfection it is possible of attaining."

I think these two extracts tend to show that the author considered himself quite equal to the task of training horses for the turf. In the conclusion of the first extract, he decidedly states this. In the second, he cannot have meant any thing else (for it is to be observed he is writing on the "*condition*" of horses) when he stated, "the horse will be brought to the highest state of perfection he is capable of attaining;" and this, I presume, is certainly a state of condition in which a horse should be to race.

Now, my gentle reader, should you be a tolerable judge of the subject under consideration, proceed quietly on with me, and all I ask of you is, just to make your observations on the principles the

author has given us ; for, if I mistake not, he affirms, "that any man who will attentively consider them, may train horses for the turf." Well, then, let us again quote, from the author's work, such of his principles as appear to be connected with the subject of "condition." We shall then be able to form some idea how far we may be likely to succeed in getting a horse into racing form, by adopting them.

First, I shall commence with the author's reasons for physicking horses on their being brought from the fields into the stables, (page 252.)

"When a horse has been taken from grass about a week, I think it advisable to give him a very mild purgative, such as No. 1 (*see physic*). Not that I am convinced of its being absolutely necessary, but because it cannot do any harm ; and if the horse has been fed too liberally, or not exercised enough, or should the stomach or bowels be out of order, or have any worms in them, a mild purgative will be of great service. It is on this ground that I always recommend two or three doses of mild physic during the time a horse is getting into condition."

Now, in the above paragraph, we find the author advising physic to be given as a preventative to disease ; he also thinks it advisable to give a mild purgative to a horse after he has been taken from grass about a week ; "not that he is convinced of its being absolutely necessary, but because it cannot do any harm."

However, to make further remarks on the author's reasons for giving physic to horses to assist in getting them into condition, will not in any way benefit my readers. There are certainly two causes for giving physic on those occasions—I believe, not more than two—yet our author has not been pleased to notice either of them, in any part of his treatise on "condition."

Now, it is but fair to presume, that if the author had been acquainted with the two causes (which are stated in the preceding chapters on that head) for giving physic, and the advantages to be derived from its effects in getting horses of a certain description into racing condition, he would have mentioned them. But he tells us, in the commencement of page 252—"As the horse's allowance of oats is increased, so should his exercise be ; and if this be properly managed, there will be no absolute necessity for bleeding or medicine."

Thirdly, (p. 254) is the author's advice relative to what kind of exercise is proper to bring a horse into condition ; and from the manner in which he has concluded the latter part of the following paragraph, I presume he means also grooming.

"During the first week of the horse's being taken into a stable, walking exercise is most proper ; but after this, it may be gradually increased to a trot, or a canter ; and if the exercise occasions any degree of perspiration, he should be carefully cleaned, and otherwise attended to, as soon as he gets into the stable."

The principles the author has laid down in his writings, as a guidance for grooms to get horses into racing condition, are, I think, much too laconic. He merely says, "as the horse's allow-

ance is increased so should his exercise be augmented ;" and by proportioning the latter to the nutriment the horse receives from the former, his condition will be brought to the highest state of perfection.

This, generally speaking, is all very true ; and we are well aware, that from whatever cause a horse goes off his feed, his work must be stopped. Nothing can be done with him, in regard to condition, unless he is sound, in perfect health, and takes his usual allowance both of food and water. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are a variety of circumstances, under which horses are to be exercised ; and as this is one of the main objects we have to attend to in getting horses into high condition, it is much to be lamented that our author has not been more explicit. In page 254, the author gives something, by way of rules, as to exercise and grooming. In speaking of the former, he tells us, as I have already observed, that walking exercise is most proper ; but after this, it may be gradually increased to a trot or a canter, and if the exercise occasions any degree of perspiration, the horse should be carefully cleaned, and otherwise attended to as soon as he gets into the stable.

Now, it is to be observed, that there are three sorts of exercise necessary for race-horses that are in training, and that have to run pretty long lengths ; they are to walk, to gallop, and to sweat, as occasion may require. But, in the rules which the author has given us, he only makes mention of the former of these exercises, and, even here, he does not point out the advantages horses will derive from its effects ; he only observes, " that walking exercise is the most proper for the first week," and after this period, he tells us it may be increased to a trot or a canter. These few words are the commencement and conclusion of his rules for exercising horses in order to get them into high condition. Immediately following, are our author's direction for grooming. He says, when speaking of the exercise which he recommends, " Should it occasion any degree of perspiration, the horse should be carefully cleaned, and otherwise attended to, as soon as he gets into the stable." The above few lines appear to be all the directions the author has given us in his writings relative to exercising and grooming horses. They are certainly very harmless, and may be sufficient to keep some horses in health : but they are of much too feeble a nature to be of any particular use in the getting of strong horses into any thing like racing form. Yet the author appears to have written on the subject of " condition" with great confidence ; for, in his second volume (page 218), he again gives the definition of the word " condition," and further tells us that this subject has been *fully* treated on in the " Compendium." I have attentively read the whole of the author's statement (which is not more than forty-two pages) on the " condition" of horses, and from them I have quoted such parts as I think are at all connected with the subject. The precautionary measures he has given us on horses being brought from a state of nature into an artificial one, are, I think, very proper, and should, at all times, be carefully attended to. The princi-

ple which the author has laid down for our guidance, namely,—“that as horses feed and drink, so should their work be regulated,” is, to a certain extent, correct, and is commonly known to all men connected with the turf, and indeed to most other men who keep horses. But, without some more practical or definite rules, it would be next to an impossibility for any person to train race-horses so as to bring them in a fit state to run with horses trained by regular training grooms. Yet this is what the author, in his first volume (page 248), affirms can be done. However, those gentlemen who are inclined to train horses by his rules and regulations, may make the trial: but I cannot help thinking, that, should their horses be valuable ones, and heavily engaged, they would be likely to pay rather dear for such experiment.

But to return again to grooms. It is very well understood that the word “groom” is the name applied to a man who looks after horses which are rode by their owners for pleasure; and if a man be sober, honest, attentive to his business, and clean in his person, one groom is considered, by the greater part of the public, just as good as another. This conclusion is erroneous; for, the knowledge which any one of them may possess in a greater degree than another, as a stable-man, will very much depend on what stables he may have been brought up in, or rather, the description of horses he may have been accustomed to have placed under his care. According to the different purposes for which pleasure-horses are employed, so must their condition be varied. Race-horses are to be treated differently from hunters, and hunters differently from saddle-horses. Such men as are termed saddle-horse or pad grooms, are those who, in the commencement of their career, may be found to have been living, as boys, in livery and horse-dealers’ stables, in London, and many of our principal towns. In those stables, they obtain such knowledge in regard to the cleaning and riding of horses, as brings them somewhat familiar with the animal. This knowledge enables them, as they approach the state of manhood, to undertake the mechanical care (if I may be allowed the expression) of such saddle-horses as they may be engaged to look after. These grooms merely give food and water to horses at stated periods in the course of the day, clean them, and keep them well clothed, and when their masters do not ride the horses out, give them such exercise as they think necessary to keep them in health. If such horses appear tolerably fresh, kind in the skins, and clean on their legs, they are considered by the grooms, as also by their masters, to be in excellent condition, and, for most of the purposes for which they are intended, they may be so; indeed, some of them may be in *good* condition, which I will account for hereafter. These saddle-horse grooms know nothing of the condition of horses, farther than what I have here stated; at least, those of them who are bred up as I have here described; they are not capable of bringing a hunter into a fit state to go a hunting, and as to their getting a race-horse into a fit condition to run, is quite out of the question. However, to do justice to grooms in general, and to prevent any inconvenience which might arise from

an ignorance of the proper department in which each groom should be respectively placed, I shall divide these men into three different classes.

Instead of the saddle-horse or pad groom, the stud groom is the first I ought to have described; but as it is my intention, at some future period, to write on the subject of breeding horses, as well as on the management and condition of hunters generally, I shall, for the present, decline entering into a description of the qualifications necessary for the grooms above mentioned to possess.

IMPERFECT DIGESTION OF CORN.

THE condition of horses is a subject of such vast importance to all persons who keep them, especially to those who require their most active services, that the smallest thing which tends to effect it becomes worthy of attention.

The frequent complaints which I have heard expressed of horses passing a very considerable portion of their corn imperfectly masticated and in a crude condition, has led me maturely to consider and investigate the cause. The ceremony of bruising the grain previously to its being offered to the horses has been successfully adopted, and many very useful machines have been invented for the purpose, by which operation, when at home, the difficulty is easily overcome, but in travelling, the utmost degree of nourishment is of the greatest consequence, the benefit of such machines can rarely be obtained.

The effect of imperfect digestion principally prevails among horses indifferently groomed, especially with such as are frequently entrusted to the care of ostlers at inns, for which I can assign a very ostensible reason. It is a common practice with these functionaries to give a horse his water immediately before they serve the corn. I am perfectly aware that water does not remain in the stomach of the horse any length of time, yet I have no doubt that a portion of it commingles with the food already in the stomach, rendering it very pulpy and soft, by which the power of the gastric juice, the grand agent of digestion, is for a short period weakened in its quality, and therefore less capable of acting upon the grain which is taken into the stomach whilst in such a state; and therefore a great portion of the corn which has escaped the masticating process of the grinders finds its way into the intestines, from which it escapes without affording that nourishment which it ought to do. I have also remarked that horses of a relaxed habit are particularly subject to this failing in their digestive faculties.

At an inn, the owner of a horse usually goes to the stable for the purpose of seeing his horse fed, and generally, immediately upon giving the order, Mr. Ostler, as a matter of course established by custom, presents a plentiful supply of water, when he in-

stantly throws the corn into the manger. This, from want of reflection on the part of the proprietor, is not ninety-nine times out of a hundred ever objected to, and as ostlers are not for the most part over-burdened with brains, it has become a practice in which they do not conceive there is any impropriety: moreover, many persons, desirous of being assured that their horses are watered, require it to be done in their presence.

The proper time for presenting water to horses is after their heads and necks are dressed, and their legs and feet have been washed, but previously to their bodies being brushed over, scrupulously observing that they are quite cool at the time, which, if judiciously ridden or driven during the latter part of their journey or exercise, they will be. It may be necessary to remark, that a horse's coat may not be quite dry although he may be cool. Chilled water should certainly be given if the animal has undergone considerable exertion: in fact, in such cases gruel which has been boiled ought to be substituted. When I am at an inn, unless I have a servant with me to attend to such matters, I invariably go to see my horse watered at the proper time, and visit him again in order to have him fed, unless I feel assured I can suffer that duty to devolve upon the ostler, one which I would as leave delegate to him, being satisfied of his integrity in this respect, as that of giving the water.

Another remark appears necessary, on the great error which frequently prevails of giving horses a quantity of water in the morning before they are going to perform their work. If their services are required at any time from nine till one o'clock, they should not be allowed to drink more than twenty-five or thirty "go-downs:" if after one, they may have rather more, but it should be given early in the morning, say between seven and eight o'clock, at which time they ought to be dressed. Half-a-dozen "go-downs" the first thing, just to wash their mouths, is in all cases desirable, and invariably given in all well-conducted stables. Attention to these apparently trifling minutiae will, I hesitate not to assert, repay every horse-master for his trouble.

Commercial travellers constantly complain, and no doubt from actual experience, that the horses which they employ on their journeys fall off in their condition, and, at the termination of two or three months' route, have deteriorated very considerably in their value, requiring at least a months' rest to recruit their powers. This in a great measure arises from want of due attention. In the first place, they frequently go from home with their horses very defective in their condition—often taking animals from a dealer's stables prepared with simply one dose of physic, occasionally without even that. Dealers, it is well known, supply their horses with considerable quantities of hay and bran-mashes, such soft food, with an abundance of carrots in the winter season, being calculated to make them look fat and big in their bodies. As a matter of course they give them little or no exercise, let alone work, to prepare them for a journey: therefore, when the animal is called upon to perform his twenty or twenty-five miles per diem, he com-

mences in a debilitated state, which increases daily. Rejection of food follows as a natural consequence, from not being in a state to bear the exciting effects of a quantity of oats and beans; and this indisposition to eat is augmented by the feverish symptoms which are produced from over-exertion: the poor animal is consequently thrown into a condition bordering upon disease, and quite unequal to the labors required of him.

PHENIX.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for December, 1842.

MR. THEOBALD'S ESTABLISHMENT AT STOCKWELL.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

MR. THEOBALD has been a distinguished owner of first-rate stallions these many years, and few gentlemen have been more liberal in their purchases, or more acute in their judgment, than the worthy owner of the Stockwell Stud. Since Smolensko—who proved a very fortunate purchase—Mr. Theobald has always been in possession of some of the leading *blood* of the day. It must be admitted that he has not always been so fortunate as he deserves: with Tarrare, Mameluke, and Rockingham, he met with very little patronage; and the mares sent to either of these stallions were of a second or third class.

Tarrare won the Leger in 1826 in good style, beating a large field of twenty-six, amongst them the celebrated Mulatto.

Mameluke won the Derby in 1827, beating twenty-two very easily; he also ran second to Matilda for the Leger, beating a field of twenty-four first-rate three-year-olds.

Rockingham won the Leger in 1833, beating nineteen others. This last horse was purchased by Mr. Theobald of Mr. Hall in 1834, and was “handed over,” after his severe race with Glaucus for the Ascot Cup, at a heavy figure. In the following year, Rockingham won the Goodwood Cup in a canter, beating all the best horses of the day.

With such recommendations as these three horses truly possessed, it is astonishing that no first-rate mares were sent to them; and the only alternative Mr. Theobald had left was to sell them to the foreigners, who, of course, were ready enough to snap at such blood.

Mr. Wreford is most deeply indebted to Mr. Theobald, as the Racing Calendars of these fifteen years back sufficiently testify; and the wonder to me is, why that gentleman, after having such immense success through Camel, should choose to send his mares to a Sultan Junior or a Bay Middleton; but Mr. Wreford has discovered his “error in judgment.”

As a breeder, Mr. Thornhill has not had much luck, and I suppose it was from that cause only that he sold his favorite Bobadilla

to Lord Palmerston: she is, I understand, in foal to Elis; surely the produce must race.

I did not see the new purchase, Humbug, but was informed that he had left for training quarters (Brown's at Lewes) a day or two before my visit. I thought this colt won easily at Gorhambury, and a jockey who rode forward in the race assured me that such was in reality the case. Humbug is rather of a small size, but very muscular and exceedingly likely to train on; but there is not length enough about him, according to my notions of what a racer ought to be, to manage a Derby. 'Tis true we frequently see little horses run well, but I stick to the old saying of old Sykes, that "a good *big* horse is better than a good *little one*." Humbug was got by Plenipotentiary, out of Deception by Mountebank—blood good enough to win anything.

Mr. Theobald has another colt of his own breeding in the Derby, called Highlander, by Rockingham, out of Cleopatra by Camel, which was hinted as being a very promising youngster.

Old *Cydnus* appeared in green old age. Every one must remember the glorious exploits of Euphrates, own brother to Cydnus, and such performances ought to command some respect for this son of Quiz. Cydnus, as a runner, was far, very far, from being an indifferent performer: he was, like Euphrates, more famed for stoutness than speed. Cydnus, I suppose, gets a fairish quantity of country or half-bred mares, and it would be a difficult thing to find a stallion of the present day more likely to get useful country horses than he.

The Exquisite is a neat-looking Arabian sort of an animal, and is decidedly the dearest horse that John Theobald, Esq, ever purchased. He was got by Whalebone, out of Dandizette's dam. I well remember the Derby race of 1829. The Downs were as hard as a M'Adamized road, and old Forth, by keeping his horses quiet on the nice *bed of down* at Michel Grove, had a wonderful advantage over the others. The race was run in very quick time, and old Forth on Frederick just won by a head from young Buckle on *The Exquisite*: fifteen others ran in the groupe, completely enveloped in dust. It was *The Exquisite's* running here that induced Mr. Theobald to purchase him of Mr. Forth, to be delivered up after the St. Leger at Doncaster. He ran at Doncaster, and was nowhere. If my memory serves me rightly, Mr. Theobald kept the horse on in training, and ran him either at Brighton or Egham in the following year, when he was put out of training. *The Exquisite* has had a very few respectable mares sent to him, and yet I have been told that some of his stock have been racing-like.

My favorite *Camel* was looking well, and was as playful as ever. He was the fastest horse by *many pounds* at Newmarket in his day. His stock have turned out not only speedy, but in many instances stout: altogether he has been the most approved stallion of the day. I need only name the following first-rate runners to prove my assertion:—Caravan, Calisto, Reel, Wintonian, Touchstone (winner of the St. Leger and many Cups), Launcelot (win-

ner of the St. Leger and second for the Derby), Camellino, Revoke (as game an animal as ever looked through a bridle), Wapiti, Westonian, Black Bess, Archy, Cameleon, Lampoon, Misdeal, Mule, Seahorse, Simoom, Pickwick, colt out of Cecilia, *cum multis aliis*. Mr. Batson has a fine colt by Camel, out of Harriet (the dam of Plenipotentiary), which he calls El Maherry. This colt is in the Derby, as are also the following Camel colts:—Pickpocket (winner of the Hopeful Stakes in the First October Meeting), Mamercus, Chotornian (matched for 1000 sovs. a side against Captain Cook, 8st. 10lb. each, A. F., Newmarket Second October Meeting), and Mr. Wreford's two colts out of Monimia and Westeria. No doubt Camel will get a great many of our most fashionable mares this season.

Muley Moloch has taken Rockingham's place at Stockwell, and the change, I have no doubt, will prove beneficial to Mr. Theobald. *Muley Moloch* is one of the finest thorough-bred stallions I ever beheld. He was bred by Mr. Nowell in 1830, and was got by *Muley*, out of Longwaist's dam. At Mr. Nowell's sale in 1831, he was purchased by the late Duke of Cleveland, and turned over to John Smith to be trained. His first appearance on any course was at York Spring Meeting 1832, where he ran, but was not placed, in a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; T. Y. C. The race was won by a colt belonging to Sir E. Dodsworth, got by Jerry, out of Lady of the Vale's dam, beating a very large field. This colt turned out one of the greatest rips ever trained.

At the Doncaster Meeting 1832, *Muley Moloch* carrying 8st. 5lb. (Lye), won the Champagne Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., Red House in, beating Belshazzar, 8st. 5lb.; All-Max, 8st. 5lb.; Energy, 8st. 3lb.; filly by Partisan, out of Scribe, 8st. 3lb.; filly by Lottery, out of Miss Fanny, 8st. 3lb.; Tuft, 8st. 5lb.; and Flame, 8st. 3lb. Betting, 5 to 2 agst. Belshazzar, 3 to 1 agst. All-Max, 9 to 2 agst. Miss Fanny, and 6 to 1 agst. any other. *Muley Moloch* was not up to the mark, and was not mentioned in the Ring: he won by a head, after one of the finest struggles ever seen.

Although nominated for the Derby, his Noble Owner preferred keeping him in the northern circuit; and at the York Spring Meeting, 1833, *Muley Moloch* (ridden by John Day) won the York Derby, one mile and a half, in a common canter, beating Satan, Lot, Frankenstein, and five others. Betting, 6 to 4 on *Muley Moloch*.

He was now at 6 to 1 for the St. Leger. At Doncaster (ridden by John Day) he ran for the St. Leger, but was not placed by the Judge. Rockingham was the winner: Mussulman second. Betting, 3 to 1 agst. *Muley Moloch*, 6 to 1 agst. Belshazzar, 7 to 1 agst. Mussulman, 7 to 1 agst. Revenge, 8 to 1 agst. Rockingham, 13 to 1 agst. The Mole, and long odds agst. any other. *Muley Moloch* was decidedly not half fit to run, and was one of the first to give way.

In the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1834, *Muley Moloch*, 8st.

7lb. (S. Chifney), won the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., T. M. M., beating uncommonly easy Revenge, Mussulman, Sir Robert, Jason, Whale, Chantilly, Revelry, and Catalonian. Betting, 11 to 8 agst. Mussulman (taken), 5 to 2 agst. Muley Moloch (taken), 7 to 1 agst. Whale, 9 to 1 agst. Revenge, and 10 to 1 agst. any other. It was allowed by one of our keenest Newmarket trainers that he had never seen four *finer* horses at the post to run for a race of this description than the winner, Revenge, Mussulman, and Whale—each stood upwards of sixteen hands high, and their condition did great credit to their respective trainers.

In the First Spring Meeting, carrying 8st. 4lb., Muley Moloch walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., T. M. M.

At Doncaster, at 8st. (John Day), he won the Renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles, beating, as easy as you please, Despot, 4 yrs., 8st., and Zohrab, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. Betting, 5 to 1 on Muley Moloch.

The next day he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft., for four-year-olds, St. Leger Course, three subscribers. To this Stake 25 sovs. was added by the Racing Fund.

On the next day, he, carrying 8st. 3lb., was beaten by Tomboy, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb., for the Doncaster Gold Cup, two miles and five furlongs. Consul, 5 yrs., 9st., was second; Muley Moloch third. Polander, 3 yrs., 7st., and The Mystery, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb., also started. A good race. Betting, 5 and 6 to 4 on Muley Moloch.

At Carlisle, at 8st. 4lb. (ridden by Lye), Muley Moloch won the Gold Cup, two miles and a quarter, beating a colt by Muley, out of Bequest, 3 yrs., 7st. (from the same stable); Inheritor, 3 yrs., 7st., and four others. Muley Moloch the favorite.

At the same meeting, carrying 9st. (Lye), he won His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for all ages, four miles, beating, very easily, Mayflower, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., and Monitor, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

At the Caledonian Hunt Meeting, Muley Moloch, at 9st. (Lye), was beaten in turn by Inheritor, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., for His Majesty's Guineas, four miles: three others started. Muley Moloch the favorite at long odds. A fine race.

In 1835, at Newcastle, Muley Moloch, then 5 yrs. old, carrying his old jockey Tommy Lye, 8st. 10lb., won the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, one mile, beating Shot, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; The Count, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; Emigrant, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; and Chevalier, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Any odds on Muley Moloch, who won in a canter.

At the same meeting, at 8st. 10lb. (Lye), he won the Newcastle Cup, for all ages, two miles, beating the celebrated Hornsea, 3 yrs., 6st. 10lb. Muley Moloch the favorite.

At the Doncaster Meeting, Muley Moloch, 8st. 9lb. (Lye), won the Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, one mile, beating the renowned Glaucus, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb., very cleverly. Six to 4 was betted on Muley Moloch.

At the same meeting, he fell lame when running for the Hornby Castle Stakes, for all ages, two miles. Glaucus, ridden by Scott, was the winner. Betting, 6 and 7 to 4 on Muley Moloch. This

race ought to have closed this valuable animal's career, but the late Duke, or John Smith, thought otherwise, and kept him in training till the Doncaster Meeting 1836, when he, then 6 yrs. old, 9st., started for the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10 sovs. each, mile and a half, but broke down in running. The race ended in a dead heat between General Chasse, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb., and Birdlime, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Thus ended the racing days of Muley Moloch, and few will quarrel with his performances.

As a stallion he has still greater claims to patronage, as the following well-known names will prove:—Alice Hawthorn (winner of the Chester Trades Cup this last season in a canter), Cattonite, Galaor, Idolatry, Inheritance, Mobarek, Pagan, Disclosure, Middleham (winner of the Liverpool St. Leger in 1841), and Sir Harry. Lord Exeter would not do *much* wrong if he sent a few of his *weedy* Sultan mares to this valuable and justly fashionable stallion.

Orville, the sire of Muley, was decidedly the best two-year-old of his year. He won the St. Leger in 1802 in the easiest style imaginable. He also was the winner of *twenty-one* other races, beating all the best horses of his time. Eleanor, the dam of Muley, is recorded as the winner of both Derby and Oaks in the year 1801—an event unprecedented in the annals of racing. She was also the winner of twenty-seven other races, in many of which she was opposed to the best horses of the day. Muley Moloch, as will be seen upon testing his performances, ran in *sixteen* races, and was the winner eleven times. It will be noticed that he beat most of the *flyers* of his day, and there is no doubt that when he won the Port Stakes he could have given *seven pounds* to anything of his year. Muley Moloch was purchased of the late Duke of Cleveland by Mr. Kirby, who sold him at the end of the year 1841 to Mr. Theobald for a good sum; and to the admirers of a magnificent blood stallion, I do not know better advice than to “send them to Stockwell.”

I have a vast deal of respect for Old *Laurel*, having been fortunate enough in my younger days to have been a witness to many of his best exploits. I really cannot understand why this well-bred, and truly honest and successful racer does not get some of our best-bred mares; he has every thing to recommend him! Gardiner told me that he got a great many hunting mares! But there is no accounting for fancy. *Laurel* is a brown horse, was bred by Major Yarburgh in 1824, got by Blacklock, out of Charles the Twelfth's dam. The first time of *Laurel*'s starting was for the St. Leger at the York Spring Meeting 1827, when he was beaten by Nonplus and others.

At Doncaster he ran a capital third to Matilda and Mameluke for the Great St. Leger, beating Granby, Popsy, Malek, Lunaria, and nineteen others. Betting, 5 to 2 agst. Mameluke, 4 to 1 agst. Granby, 9 to 1 agst. Matilda, 18 to 1 agst. Lunaria, 18 to 1 agst. Popsy, and 20 to 1 agst. Malek. *Laurel* was not in the betting.

At the York Spring Meeting 1828, *Laurel*, 8st. (ridden by Nicholson), won the Constitution Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds and upwards, one mile and a quarter (nine sub-

scribers), beating Matilda, 4 yrs., 8st., and Mulatto, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb. Won cleverly. Five to 4 on Matilda, 7 to 4 agst. Mulatto, and 5 to 1 agst. Laurel.

At Beverley Meeting, Laurel carrying 8st. 3lb. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., two miles, beating Lady Georgiana, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Laurel the favorite. Won very easily.

At Pontefract, at 8st. 3lb., Laurel (ridden by Nicholson) won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles and a half, beating Master Burke, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.; Gameboy, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.; Sister to Tarrare, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.; and Alpha, 5 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Seven to 4 on Laurel, who won uncommonly easy.

At Doncaster, carrying 8st. 3lb. (Nicholson), he won the Gold Cup for all ages; three-year-olds 7st., four 8st 3lb., five 8st. 10lb., six and aged 9st.; two miles and five furlongs; beating Longwaist, aged; Medora, 4 yrs.; Mameluke, 4 yrs.; Purity, 6 yrs.; and Robin Hood, 4 yrs. Betting, 6 to 5 on Mameluke, 4 to 1 agst. Laurel, and 6 to 1 agst. Longwaist. A good race.

At York Spring Meeting 1829, Laurel, at 8st. 7lb., was beaten by Velocipede, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb., for the Gold Cup, two miles; but beat Nonplus, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb., and Actæon, aged, 8st. 13lb. Velocipede the favorite. A very good race, and run in quick time.

At Beverley, Laurel, carrying 8st. 10lb., was beaten, after a most slashing race, by only half a head, by Robin Hood, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Betting, 8 and 10 to 1 on Laurel, who was not quite up to the mark at the time.

At the Liverpool July Meeting, Laurel, at 9st. 4lb., started for the Tradesmen's Cup or Piece of Plate, Handicap, two miles, but was not placed. Velocipede, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb., was the winner by a "short head;" Doctor Faustus, aged, 8st. 13lb., second. Betting, 6 to 4 agst. Velocipede, 4 to 1 agst. Economist, 9 to 2 agst. Laurel, 5 to 1 agst. Doctor Faustus (taken), and 8 to 1 agst. any other.

Next day, Laurel, at 8st. 10lb. (Lye), won the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, two miles and a half (twelve subs.), beating Halston, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb. Seven to 4 on Laurel, who won in a canter. Velocipede was drawn, being lame. This was the last appearance of Velocipede as a racer.

At Preston, Laurel, 8st. 10lb. (Templeman), won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, three miles and a distance (twenty-one subscribers), beating Economist, 4 yrs., 8st., and Fylde, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. A good race.

At Doncaster, Laurel, carrying 8st. 10lb., ran second to Voltaire, 3 yrs., 7st., for the Doncaster Cup, two miles and five furlongs, beating Fleur-de-lis, aged, 9st.; Medora, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.; Cistercian, 3 yrs., 7st.; and Granby, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Betting, 2 to 1 agst. Laurel, 5 to 2 agst. Voltaire (taken), 7 to 2 agst. Fleur-de-lis, and 5 to 1 agst. Granby. A very fast run race.

At Lincoln, Laurel, 8st. 10lb., was beaten by Fleur-de-lis, aged, 9st., for the Grand Falconer's Gold Cup, value 200 gs., given by

His Grace of St. Alban's, free for any horse, two miles ; but beat Bessy Bedlam, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ; Ballad Singer, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ; Robin Hood, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. ; and a colt by Tiresias, dam by Haphazard, 3 yrs., 7st. Laurel was the favorite, from his having beaten the mare at Doncaster, who, however, had a glorious revenge here ; it was, nevertheless, a good race.

At the York Spring Meeting 1830, Laurel, then 6 yrs. old, carrying 9st. 1lb., ran third and last to Medora, 6 yrs., 9st. 1lb., for the Constitution Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. (eight subs.), one mile and a quarter. Cistercian, 4 yrs., 8st., was second. Betting, 7 to 4 on Laurel, 3 to 1 agst. Medora, and 5 to 1 agst. Cistercian. A good race.

At York August Meeting, Laurel, 9st. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup, the gift of the Hon. E. Petre, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, two miles, beating Maria, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. ; Bryan, 3 yrs., 7st. ; and Medora, 6 yrs., 9st. Seven to 4 on Medora, 5 to 2 agst. Laurel, and 7 to 2 agst. Maria. A capital race.

On Thursday in the same meeting, Laurel, carrying 8st. 11lb., was beaten by Fortitude, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb., for a Silver Tureen, two miles (seventeen subs.) ; but beat Lucy, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. ; Brine, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. ; Ballad Singer, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lb. ; and Barleycorn, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb. Betting, 5 and 6 to 4 on Laurel, 3 to 1 agst. Fortitude, and 4 to 1 agst. each of the others. A beautiful struggle, and won with difficulty.

At Pontefract, Laurel, 9st. 3lb. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup of 100 sovs. value, with 20 added, for all ages, two miles and a quarter (seven subscribers), beating Cistercian, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. ; Terror, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. ; and Laura, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. Six to 4 on Laurel.

At Doncaster, carrying 9st., Laurel was beaten for the Gold Cup, two miles and four furlongs, by Retriever, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. Medora, 6 yrs., 9st., was second. Betting, 11 to 8 agst. Fleur-de-lis, 3 to 1 agst. Laurel, 5 to 1 agst. Medora, 6 to 1 agst. Brunswicker, and no odds taken about the winner. A very punishing race, and won by scarcely a head. The course was very heavy.

The next day, Laurel, 8st. 10lb. (Nicholson), won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, four miles, beating Stotforth, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. ; Ballad Singer, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb. ; and Rossignol, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. Betting, 6 to 4 on Ballad Singer, 5 to 2 agst. Laurel, and 5 to 1 agst. either of the others. Won very cleverly.

At Lincoln, carrying 9st., Laurel ran third to Bullet, 3 yrs., 7st., for the Grand Falconer's Cup of 150 gs., the gift of His Grace of St. Alban's, for all ages, two miles. Cistercian, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb., was second. Bessy Bedlam, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lb., and a brown mare by Cannon Ball, aged, 8st. 11lb., also started. Laurel was the favorite.

The next day, at 9st. 3lb., he won a Plate of 70 gs. value, two mile heats, beating, very easy, Cambridge, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.

In 1831, then aged, Laurel, carrying 9st. 2lb., ran second to

Maria, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb., at the York Spring Meeting, for the Gold Cup, two miles, beating Medora, aged, 9st. 2lb.; Retriever, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.; Redstart, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.; Raby, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.; Windcliffe, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.; and Thatcher, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Betting, 6 to 4 agst. Maria, 2 to 1 agst. Retriever, 4 to 1 agst. Laurel, and 5 to 1 agst. Raby. A good contest.

At Beverley, Laurel, carrying 9st. (Nicholson), won the Gold Cup of 100 sovs. value, by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, two miles, beating Cambridge, 6 yrs., 9st., and Hassan, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb. Won easy.

At the York August Meeting, Laurel, at 9st., ran third and last to Maria, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. Medora, aged, 9st., was second.

At the Doncaster Meeting, Laurel, at 9st., ran second to Maria, 4 yrs., 8st., for the Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, two miles. Lady Emmeline, 4 yrs., 8st., was third; Cistercian, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb., fourth; and Roundwaist, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb., last.

On the Friday in the same meeting, Laurel, carrying 8st. 10lb., ran third to Rowton, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb., for a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards, four miles. Medora, 8st. 10lb., was second. Even on Rowton, 4 to 1 agst. Medora, and 4 to 1 agst. Laurel. Thus ended the racing career of this celebrated son of Blacklock, and few will be disposed to think meanly of his performances; he had a good turn of speed, with a *heart as true as steel*.

The poor old *Norfolk Phenomenon* is still amongst the "wonders" at Stockwell. Poor fellow! surely it would be a charity to end the days of this once most extraordinary animal, for age has laid his heavy hand upon him.

To the lover of the "Stable and Paddock," a few hours may be spent most delightfully at Mr. Theobald's. James Gardiner seems quite *au fait* at his duty, and is wherewithal a very civil and intelligent man.

To conclude: Mr. Theobald is one of that class of Sportsmen now, alas! nearly extinct. He sticks with the most persevering industry to his "leathers and boots." He is just one of those to whom we would refer a Foreigner if asked to show him a specimen of our "fine Old English Gentlemen" of the present time.

November 17, 1842.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for December, 1842.

BREEDING FOR THE TURF.

BY CHIRON.

Resumed from page 688 of the last volume.

THE remarks I have made on the administration of purgatives to horses that have already passed through their first ordeal of training, should be sufficient to demonstrate to every thinking man the principles upon which they act, the mode in which they assist nature in ridding the system of a too great quantity of fœcal matter, accumulated in the alimentary canal through errors of diet or want of tone in the digestive organs generally (probably induced by the same cause), and the reason why too frequently repeated doses of purgative medicine must, by a reiterated stimulus to the same portion of the body, terminate by reducing its powers, and thereby diminish the vigor of the system generally. But the abuse of a remedy is by no means to operate as a preventive to our employing it when we have reason to believe, upon reflection, that its action is necessary, and will probably prove beneficial. Hence, when we have to attempt to improve the condition of a pury and improperly fed animal, we are obliged in the onset of our treatment not only to administer a purgative for the purpose of clearing away any offensive matter that may be detained in the bowels, but possibly to repeat the dose occasionally, with a view to diminish by depletion the quantity of fat in the body, which, so long as it remains in an undue proportion, impedes the healthy functions of the different viscera, and renders the horse incapable of sustaining such a degree of exercise as is absolutely essential to render him fit to compete with racers in first-rate condition.

I notice this portion of the first treatment of a horse that is not in a fit state to run the more particularly, because there exists a most erroneous opinion among most trainers and stud-grooms, that the fatter a horse is the more violently must he be purged to reduce the state of plethora under which he labors. The fact, however, is precisely the reverse: generally speaking, the more a horse's body is loaded with fat, the greater is the depression of vital power, and few animals in this state will be found to support well the copious bleedings and strong doses of physic that are too frequently employed for the purpose of reducing their bulk. Fat is a symptom of weakness; it is a sign that the assimilating organs of the body are not sufficiently vigorous to enable them to incorporate the nutritive portion of the food received into the stomach with the muscular structure, the glands, bones, &c., of the system. In short, it is an extraneous substance, which is no further useful than in filling up the interstices of the muscles, and in forming, in some parts, an impediment to certain concussions to which they

may be liable. When, therefore, it exists in too great a quantity, it must be got rid of, to a certain extent, before the extreme powers of the muscles can be brought into play, and the natural and full action of the lungs can be exercised. Wind, in a certain measure, is power; for, if the muscles be unimpaired, when the lungs are incapable from any impediment of expanding to a sufficient extent, so as to renew, as I have already explained, the arterial blood, any animal is thereby immediately rendered incapable of continuing his speed. Hence the reason why, in my last paper, I adverted to the stomach being placed just below the diaphragm, which muscle separates it from the space principally occupied by the lungs. I did so in order to show that, if a horse be exercised soon after a meal, and while his stomach still contains a great portion of food, the extension of that viscus, by pressing upon the diaphragm, must necessarily diminish the area of that space which is destined for the play of the lungs.

In order to understand the meaning of this expression, I should explain that the form of the diaphragm is an arch, the convexity of which is directed towards the chest, and that, at every inspiration, the expansion of the ribs, by drawing its edges farther apart, forces down the upper portion of this vault, and thus increases the capacity of the thorax in the direction of the abdomen, thereby allowing the lungs to become filled with the atmospheric air, which is again expelled by the subsidence of the ribs to their former position, and the return of the diaphragm to its original situation. This is one mode by which the capacity of the chest is enlarged; the ribs, by their motions, act likewise upon other portions of the same part in a similar manner, and the vacuum thus produced is immediately, by a well known law of nature, filled with air, which acts on the blood in the manner I have already stated. It must, therefore, be apparent that whatever presses upon and impedes the action of those parts concerned in augmenting the area of the thorax, whether it be a loaded stomach or an accumulation of fat, must operate by diminishing the depth of the inspiration, and consequently by reducing the quantity of air received into the lungs and the amount of blood arterialized by this operation. Hence the propriety of getting rid of a superabundant quantity of fat, which may be effected principally by means of three processes, viz., by physic, bleeding, and sweating; and where there exists no valid reason for not employing these three means, it is, perhaps, better to use them conjointly (but with moderation, particularly at the commencement of a course of training), than to depend principally upon one of them, which can scarcely ever be done without temporary injury at least to some part, if not to the whole of the system.

After the caution I have given with respect to very large doses of purgative medicine to very fat horses, it will be needless to say more on that head, and I shall, therefore, now advert to the subject of bleeding with a view to diminish a plethoric state of the body. It is not only unnecessary, but extremely improper, for this purpose, to abstract a quantity of blood sufficient to enfeeble a horse; as, if

this be done, not only is time lost in restoring his stamina, but the very means by which fat is to be prevented from re-accumulating, cannot safely be put in practice. All the organs of any animal overburdened with fat, some, of course, more than others, may be considered in a state of congestion, that is, the blood does not flow through the smaller vessels as readily as it should do, and they are consequently continually gorged and unnaturally distended. The abstraction of a moderate quantity of blood will, therefore, tend to relieve this state, and to free the system from the state of oppression to which it was before subjected; but if too large a quantity be taken away, the stomach is called upon to repair the loss sustained, and the healthy appetite of the horse after a time appears to the trainer to be greater than it really is; the constant craving for food is probably construed into a symptom of his being a hardy, thriving animal, and, if his wants be satisfied, the lancet or a physic-ball will, before long, be again required. Thus it is manifest that a considerable degree of tact and observation is necessary to determine, in the first instance, the real state of a horse prior to attempting any improvement in his condition by medical means, and secondly, in apportioning those means to the furtherance of the end in view. Who that considers this subject, loosely as I have touched upon it, will say that any general rule for bleeding and physicking every horse when first put in training, can, by any possibility, be consonant to the laws of nature, and tend to promote health and improve condition? And who will not condemn the ignorance of the man who sticks a lancet into every horse when first taken up from grass, and pokes a physic-ball down his throat at a period when, perhaps, he is more debilitated than at any other, and this, whether he be fat or lean, hardy or tender, sick or well? Let those who have been in the habit of following this system, and there are many such, reflect whether they have not many times retarded rather than accelerated the progress of condition, and make themselves masters, in some degree at least, of the natural actions that regulate the animal economy, before they determine on blindly pursuing a course that frequently cannot fail to be fraught with mischief, and that, in many cases, to a fatal extent. Were I to attempt to elucidate properly all the various actions of different organs of the body which regulate healthy animal life; to show how derangement of one part is surely attended by disorder of some other with which it is immediately connected, or by that of the body generally by means of that hidden sympathy which nature has universally implanted in the system, I should probably not only exhaust the patience of my readers, but should also far exceed the limits of the slight treatise I have attempted. I must, therefore, content myself with the cursory observations I have made on the subject of physicking and bleeding, and proceed to notice the last agent in reducing fat, under which head will be included whatever remarks I may have occasion to make on exercise, the ability to undergo which must, in many instances, be first acquired by the treatment to which I have adverted. Let me, however, first point out to those who wish to train their own horses, and to trainers in

general, that, after having physicked and perhaps bled a fat horse when necessary, so soon as he is able to go out to exercise, he must on no account, until a tolerable quantity of fat be wasted away, be suffered to eat as much as he expresses a desire for. Abstinence, to a certain degree, but not to the point of inducing weakness, is, therefore, a principal mode of reducing plethora, and is generally the more necessary when a fat horse is first taken up from grass, because his very state indicates that he has been in the habit of feeding to repletion, and small quantities of food at a time will therefore be the more requisite for the purpose of giving the stomach time to recover its true and natural tone. As he progresses in condition his diet may be increased to any quantity that he is capable of properly digesting.

Of the three operations of bleeding, physicking, and sweating, perhaps, the last is likely to prove the least injurious to the system when, not carried to any very great extent at an improper moment, because, although it tends materially to promote depletion, still its effects are not so sudden as are those produced by abstraction of blood, or copious evacuations from the bowels. Indeed it would be almost impossible to lower a horse materially by the mere agency of sweating, unless extraordinary and long-continued fatigue were, at the same time, endured: but strong physic or the lancet may, of course, be employed to produce debility to any extent, or even death itself. A horse in bad condition, when first put into training, is not only incapable of going through much work, but luckily it is by no means necessary to force him to it for the purpose of making him sweat, as the worse his condition the more readily will he do so. For the same reason fast galloping is not at first requisite to promote perspiration; and this is likewise a species of exercise to which he would be unequal for any great length of time at the commencement of his training career, for, until the muscles that move the body have acquired strength by gradual and regular work, not only would the horse be incapable of continuing at speed for a long distance, but, even were these parts not susceptible of fatigue, the power of the heart would not be found sufficiently vigorous to impel the blood through the lungs, which, on that account, retaining too great a portion of this fluid in their substance, become gorged and unduly distended, the immediate effect of which must be an impediment to respiration, which, of course, soon puts a stop to all motion. When, therefore, a horse is to be sweated, he must be put to work in clothes, more or less heavy and warm, according to the quantum of perspiration that may be desirable: the weight he carries and his pace must be regulated by his powers and condition, as must the duration of his exercise: and, if he be a trussy and hardy horse, or one that is required to sweat without much active exercise, he may be taken into deep ground, as a fallow field for example, and moved up and down it at such a rate as may be requisite to promote the end desired. So soon as his exercise is terminated, he must be ridden briskly home, to prevent a chill, and there sedulously rubbed by a couple of men until every part be perfectly dry, after which he may be left alone for half

an hour or an hour, and then visited to see if he have not broken out into a second sweat, which will frequently be the case with ill-conditioned horses. If so, he must be rubbed anew, and when well dried, a little tepid water and some food may be given him, for it may chance that, without such stimulus to the stomach, he may continue to break out every hour or two, the sweating being induced by want of bodily power. In this case not only is sustenance necessary, but, by setting the stomach at work, a quantity of blood is determined to the organs of digestion, and the cutaneous circulation is thereby relieved.

A horse may at first sweat twice a week in tolerable quantity, and on the intervening days he should have plenty of brisk walking exercise, being kept out in the open air as much as possible, for there is nothing that tends so much to invigorate the stomach and system generally as the constant inhalation of pure air, to say nothing of the beneficial effects of exercise at the same time. As the condition of the horse progresses, the diminution of fat will render the muscles of the body more and more apparent when in motion : the crest will become firmer to the touch, and the flesh generally will feel harder and more resisting as the state of the system improves ; the eye, instead of being dull and languid, will become lively and full of fire ; the listless motion in the stall, when made to shift from side to side, will be exchanged for an agile spring ; the appetite will become more keen, and the temper, perhaps, a little more fractious : in short, every action, even the motion of the ears backwards, and forwards, will exhibit more and more alertness, and fire and energy will gradually usurp the place of listlessness and inactivity. By such signs shall the observing trainer know that his plan of treatment is working well. Let him, then, persevere in it, not too fast, however, and in moderate degree increase the quantum of the horse's work by so much as he finds him capable of supporting without fatigue, which he shall judge of by accompanying him in his gallops, and by noticing whether he pulls at his jockey, and exhibits a desire to run on. So soon as he begins to flag in the least, let him be pulled up, and his pace reduced to a walk, that he may have time to recover from his exertions : if he be found to sweat profusely, it is a sign that he has had enough quick work, and that the remainder of his exercise should be taken at a more moderate pace.

To reduce this treatment to something like a system, let us suppose that a racer be fed four times in the course of the day, viz., at eight in the morning, at noon, at four in the afternoon, and again at eight o'clock at night, which plan will allow four hours to elapse between each meal, and let us suppose him to have been brought by judicious treatment into such a state as will admit of his going through a fair share of work. Well, then, in the summer he should be regularly taken out soon after four in the morning, walked for half an hour or so, and then galloped for about a couple of miles at such a pace as he is well capable of sustaining. There is neither any necessity, nor is it by any means proper to race a horse for this distance for the purpose of improving his wind ; indeed the strongest animal could never endure such a system of

training long, although many people imagine that, without undergoing such trials constantly, no horse can run a race at full speed when required to do so. This, however, is not the fact; a horse's stamina and speed may be brought to the highest pitch of excellence by only exacting from him, at stated and regular periods, such a degree of work as he is perfectly capable of performing without extraordinary exertion; and when forced beyond his strength, instead of bodily power being increased, fatigue and its follower, temporary debility, are induced. After his gallop he should be walked about for an hour, when, if he be of stout constitution, and able to support a good deal of sharp exercise, he may be again gently galloped for a distance proportioned to his strength, and at such a pace as will not cause him to sweat in any considerable degree. Having gone through his second gallop, he should again be walked until perfectly cool; the lad, as he sits on his back, rubbing his shoulders, neck, head, and ears, now and then, with a horsehair glove, and by seven o'clock he may be brought into his stable, where, after having been diligently groomed, he should be left to himself until the time for feeding arrives, when he should be watered and fed according to the diet that may be proper for him. It is, at all times, highly improper to feed or water a horse immediately after strong exercise, as the stomach is not in a fit state to perform its office of digestion while the circulation remains excited. During summer, when flies prove exceedingly troublesome to horses, it is a good plan to cover those parts of the stable by which a free current of air is admitted with a gauze blind, taking care, before the stable-door be closed, to drive out as many of these annoying insects as possible. When the horse has finished his meal, he will, probably, lie down, and should not be disturbed again until noon, when his next feed is to be given to him; and, if the weather be very hot, he should have his third feed at four o'clock (these two last consisting simply of oats, or oats and beans or bran, according to the horse's constitution), and be allowed to remain at rest until five, or half past, when he may be again taken out and kept principally at walking exercise for a couple of hours. Being dressed again, and made up for the night, his last feed, with as much water as he pleases to drink, may be given at eight, after which he will have full eight hours for repose before he is again visited. Should the weather not be too sultry, those horses which require much exercise to prevent them from becoming pury may be gently exercised from two o'clock until three, but no horse should be made to go through quick work until he have fasted at least three hours, and the stomach be almost, if not quite empty. For this reason the gallops should always be taken the first thing in the morning, after the horse has had such moderate exercise as will induce him to empty himself, and the remaining and more gentle portion of his exercise should be reserved for the interval between his daily meals. In most cases, the longer a horse is kept out in the open air without fatigue, the more vigorous and healthy will he become, and the less obnoxious to disease from variations of temperature and atmospheric influences.

A Few Interesting Incidents

IN THE TERRESTRIAL EXISTENCE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO USED TO LIKE HORSES.

BY THE LATE "J. CYPRESS, JR." (WM. P. HAWES, ESQ.)

I LOVE a good, fast horse. I luxuriate in a well-balanced buggy. If my biography be ever written, "*gaudet equis*" will be the weathercock quotation set above the history to show which way the wind of its lucubration is about to blow. My equine propensities were developed as soon as I could toddle upon truant feet to the nearest stable in the neighborhood. At the sixth year's existence, I abstracted a shilling from my step-mother's work-box, to pay the man that kept the zebra; but I honestly paid it back, with funds acquired the next day by running away from school and holding the horses of two militia colonels, when they dismounted on the parade ground for a grand review by the brigadier general.

Our milk-man had a horse; he was not a very especial beauty; but couldn't he go fast around the corner! I once knocked down a little peanut girl, and turned Maiden-lane into a very palpably milky way, by trying to find the maximum of proximity which might be attained between a pump and the hub of a wheel, without any necessary collision of contiguous particles of matter. Like many other philosophers, I came near sacrificing my life to my scientific zeal, just at the moment when I deemed my discovery secure, and my triumph certain and glorious. The jealous fates, as usual, interfered, and with violent rage at my promised success, precipitated me across the street into the centre of the peanut establishment just referred to. Down went the lady-merchant, and down went her apples, peanuts and barbers'-poles. I felt sorry for the poor thing, but it was all her fault, for not getting out of the way; or else it was the fault of the corporation in planting such a stubborn hydrodynamical obstacle at the corner of the street.

This was but the preface to more glorious exploits, the entitlement of a long chapter of spirit-stirring accidents. The incidents of my life have been but a catalogue of the names of danger. I have been run away with by frightened, and kicked and bitten by vicious steeds; I have been thrown from stumblers; I have broken down in sulkies; I have been upset in gigs,—in fine—for the whole catalogue would be tedious—I have been crushed, and banged and bruised, and battered in all manner of imaginable fashions; so that it is a crying mercy that I have fingers left to write this penitential confession. Indeed, when I reflect upon my various hair-breadth salvations, I cannot help thinking of what an eminently amiable Dutch gentlewoman told certain foraging

pupils of a country boarding-school, concerning some choice forbidden fruit, touching which we had mounted a tree in her garden. "Don't hook them are cherries, boys," she screamed, "I'n reserved them for presarves." O! what a jubilate would go up from my blessed maiden aunts, were the promise of a hope to be shadowed forth, that I am reserved for some better function than to moisten the shears of Mistress Beldame Atropos!

When I had escaped so far as my sixteenth year, I was driving a spirited, half-broken colt before a pleasure-wagon, near a country village, in the neighborhood of which myself and my companion expected to shoot on the succeeding day. It was just at night, and our journey was nearly completed. All of a sudden, our whistle-tree became detached from the vehicle, and fell upon the horse's heels. Off then he started, in the madness of his fright, utterly uncontrollable, and whirling us after him in the bounding wagon. The trees and fences appeared and vanished like lightning; we seemed to fly. All that I could pray for, was to be able to keep our racer in the road, and I hoped to hold him on a straight and steady run, until the furious animal should be exhausted. Vain hope! my hands were soon powerless from the strain of holding and sawing and pulling on the reins. Just at this crisis, a little green lane, running at right angles with the turnpike, invited the wilful feet of our crazy colt, by a fair promise of an easy road, and a speedy barn-yard termination. But, alas! not three bounds had the runaway made upon his new chosen course, before he brought us upon a spot where they were mending the track, and where the way was accordingly strewn with huge, rough stones. That was the last I saw, and it is all I remember of the matter.

Two days afterwards I awoke, and found myself in bed in a strange place. I raised my hand to rub my eyes open, and dispel the supposed dream, but to my astonishment, I found that my arm was stiff and bandaged, as though I had been lately bled. I was weak and sore in all my bones. There was a smell of camphor in the room. A bottle marked "soap liniment" stood upon a table by my bed-side. The window-shutters were half closed, but a curiously cut crescent—the crowning glory, no doubt, of the artificer of the domicile—admitted the bright rays of a mid-day sun. All was still as the solitude of a wilderness.

I fell back upon the pillow in amazement. It was a neat, pleasant little room, plainly, but comfortably furnished, adorned with peacocks' feathers, tastefully arranged around the walls, and a large bouquet of fresh flowers in the fire-place. The appointments of the bed were delightful; the sheets were white as snow, and the curtains were of old-fashioned chintz, blue and white, presenting to my wondering eyes innumerable little venuses and cupids. Why should I be a-bed there, and the sun shining in the window, bright as noonday?

A newspaper lay upon the foot of my bed; I took it up, and gazed upon it vacantly. It was the village hebdomadal, just moist from the press. A mist floated before my eyes as they fell upon my own name. When I regained my uncertain vision, I made

out with difficulty to comprehend the following editorial announcement: "We regret to mention, that on Thursday evening last, a serious accident befel Mr. Renovare Dolorem, jun., and Dr. Cerberus Angelo, of New York, as they were riding in a wagon, in the vicinity of this village. The horse taking fright, ran away, upset the vehicle, and threw out the gentlemen near the toll-gate. Mr. D. was taken up for dead, but the doctor escaped unhurt. Fortunately, Squire Hoel Bones was passing by at the time, and he and the doctor conveyed Mr. D. to a house in the neighborhood, where, we are happy to say, every attention is rendered to the unfortunate sufferer. Mr. D. continues still insensible."

Here then was a development of the why and wherefore of my stiff joints and meridian repose. "So, then, now for another week's repentance," I sighed aloud; but there was some one at the door, and I stopped and shut my eyes. I heard the rustling of frocks, and soft footsteps fell upon the floor, and presently the curtains were drawn aside, and I perceived the shadows of two light figures bending over me, and I heard low, restrained breathings. A small fore-finger wandered about my wrist, in search of my pulse; a little hand was drawn several times across my forehead, and then it put back the tangled hair that overhung my eyebrows; I thought it seemed to linger about my temples, as though its owner wished there was another matted tuft yet to be adjusted.

"He has got more color than he had, sister;" was the first spoken sentence. No reply was made.

"Poor fellow! I wonder if he will die. Isn't he handsome, Mary?" said the same fair speaker, after a little pause.

I am telling a true story, and if I have to rehearse compliments that were paid me when a boy, it must not be set down under the head of vanity.

Mary answered not, but she sighed. That was voice and speech enough for me. She was evidently the younger of the two, and my boyish fancy quickly formed the beau ideal of the girl who heaved that sigh for my misadventures and dangers. I was at once in love, deeply, devotedly. I cared not to open my eyes; I would willingly have been blind for ever, the vision of my imagination was so happy. Yet it was painful to lie there, a hypocrite, affecting insensibility, and hear my physiognomy and my chance of recovery discussed between the maidens. Perhaps I was bashful—*O quantum mutatus!* and had not the courage to encounter the eyes of beings whom I knew not, but in the kind discharge of the grateful offices of guardian angels. I wonder they did not feel my quick beating pulse, and hear my throbbing heart beating against my ribs.

Presently they left my bed-side and glided to the looking-glass, where they conversed in inaudible whispers. I ventured to peep through a crevice in the curtain, and reconnoitre my gentle nurses. Need I say they were both beautiful?

Presumptuous wretch! O! worse than profaner of the mysteries of the Bona Dea, to gaze with unlicensed eye upon the deli-

cate services of the toilet! The cruelly punished Actæon was to be pitied, for he rushed unwittingly into the presence of the hunter goddess; but I courted my just punishment, and if I was doomed to love both sisters madly, it was but a merciful judgment!

The elder sister was, I thought, about twenty; Mary had scarcely passed her fifteenth year. Had it not been for that newspaper, I might have revelled in the fancies of a 'Turkish paradise.

Jenneatte took out her comb, and there gushed down her back a full bright flow of auburn tresses, that almost reached her feet.

Sister Mary assisted her in plaiting and adjusting and putting them up, and then tightened her corset-lacing, and then —, spare me, spare me, too faithful memory! and then sister Jenneatte left Mary and me alone.

If the doctor had come in at the moment, he could have told whether I had a fever, without taking out his watch, and looking wise.

I closed my eyes, for Mary was at my bedside, and her evident agitation assured me that there was pity in her heart. Kind, good girl! that innocent sympathy would have won the mercy of the coldest censor. She put her arm under the pillow, and gently raised my head. Something rested on my cheek; it was warm and moist; there was a gentle pressure about it; it was still and quiet; and Mary's breath was with it; and it came again, and again—yes, Mary kissed me—gods!

Fudge. I am getting rhapsodical. What can have made my eyes so misty? Mary is nothing to me—now that——, pshaw!

When Doctor Cerberus Angelo came in to see me, I was alone, tossing to and fro with a burning fever. Consternation and hurry were written on his face, for he came upon a summons from Mary, who had told him, in tears, that I had waked up, and was very wild and flighty.

The lancet renewed its office, and sudorifices and antifebriles were again my bitter portion. But all the doctor's practice reached not my disease. That night, that night! how I suffered! I raved and ranted all manner of incoherent nonsense; now calling upon Mary, and now crying for Jenneatte. The doctor soothed, and scolded, and brought me mint tea, and swore at me. At last I fell asleep, and there was a quiet house until the next morning, when I awoke faint, weak, and melancholy.

I tried to reason with myself upon the absurdity of my passion for the two girls, but without avail. It was a species of insanity which I could not cure.

I slowly recovered my strength and health, but before a fortnight had elapsed, I had offered my boy-heart to each of the sisters, and was engaged to be married to them both.

This was not villainy, but madness. The doctor found it out, and read me a lecture on gratitude. I think he was jealous of me. He wrote also to my father, and a close carriage soon conveyed me from the place where my heart was doubly pledged. Jenneatte kissed me good-by at the door. She could do it with propriety—

she was so much older than me ; but Mary ran up into her room, to cry by herself.

When I arrived at man's estate, did I not of course continue to love Mary, and make the tender-hearted little country girl my wedded wife ?——

I am wandering again. Let me proceed to another incident. We were talking of horses and accidents.

I am romantic enough to love to ride upon a moonlit night. What a beautiful sight is the full, round-faced goddess, mounting into a clear, blue sky, just after the snow has done falling, and the wind is lulled into an almost infant's breath ! How it makes one think of sleigh-bells, and fur cloaks, and buffalo skins, and mulled wine, and bright eyes, and cold elastic cheeks, and warm merry hearts ! “ On such a night as this,” my college chum Harry and I drove a gallant pair of coursers up to old Dorus Van Stickler's mansion, in New Jersey. The girls had promised to go, and the sleighing was capital, and there was to be a ball at Valley-grotto, about nine miles off. We left the horses in charge of sable Sam, and bounded into the house. Harry's sweetheart was all ready, but Jemima, my Jemima, had a bad headache, and could not go. This grief was distressing enough, in all conscience ; but what think you of her aunt Starchy's stalking into the room, rigged out with muff and tippet—as I am a sinner !—and telling me that it was a pity that I should be disappointed, and that she would go with me herself in Mima's place ?

Fire and ice ! what benevolence ! and O ! provident antiquity ! she put into my hands as a pledge of her sincerity, her snuff-box, and a towel-full of gingerbread, to sneeze and eat upon the road.

I was patient, very patient. Yet, nevertheless, I did think of going out and breaking one of the horses' legs. “ But after all,” whispered my good genius to me, and then I to Harry, “ what need we care ? To be sure, we can't go to the ball, and we'll have to come home early ; but trust to fate. I'll try to get rid of her. Remember, *I shall drive.*”

I assisted the old lady into the sleigh. It was like lifting an icicle or a chesnut rail.

We rode more than a mile before a word was spoken, except to the horses. I had the reins. Harry and his loved one were on the back seat, talking by looks and actions. Happy, happy Harry !

The old woman after a while grew drowsy—she did, by Jove. She pitched backwards and forwards, now knocking Harry, and now saluting me with her honored cranium. She seemed used to it, for despite of all my hopes, she would not tumble out of the sleigh.

At last we approached a tavern, near which was a beautiful, deep snow-drift. I knew the ground. It was rough, and a little precipitous on the roadside, and unless I drove with uncommon carefulness, we should certainly be upset. I looked at Harry. There was a contagious wickedness in his eye that made my hand

unsteady. I must have pulled on the near-side rein a little too hard, for the runner went down into a deep rut, our centre of gravity was lost, and we were unceremoniously tumbled helter-skelter into the snow-bank.

Aunt Starchy screeched out as though every bone in her body was broken. Harry lifted her up, and brushed the snow off her, while I got the horses into the road. She insisted upon going to the tavern, to ascertain whether she had not received some inward bruise, declaring, in spite of all our entreaties, that she would ride no further, and that we must go on without her.

Accordingly, we hoisted her in, and drove up to Boniface's. The first thing that I did there was to get her a stiff glass of gin and water, which the old lady drank off with great comfort to her weak stomach, declaring that she always admired how considerate I was. This prescription being so well received, I was satisfied that a hot rum-toddy might be swallowed with additional benefit; and I am proud to declare that my course of practice upon this occasion made the most rapid and successful progress. The good old gentlewoman soon ceased to grunt, and she presently fell into a pleasant sleep.

It would have been cruel to awake her and renew our entreaties to accompany us; so we tucked her up, and told Mrs. Boniface we would call for her when we came back, and off we started for the ball. O! had Jemima but been with us, then! However, little Sue de Mott and Jane Antonides both lived on our road.

Every body has been on a sleighing frolic once, and it would be foreign to our business to tell what else took place. Harry stopped for the old lady on his return about three o'clock next morning. Something detained me in the neighborhood of the ball-room until daylight.

Riding of a dark stormy night cannot be esteemed a pleasure. Yet a frequent roadster must sometimes be prepared to say composedly to the clouds, "pour on, I will endure." My last experience of a wet ride was shared by Doctor Gulielm Belgium. Fate has been ironical with me, in more than once giving me a doctor for a companion in my travelling distresses. I told this story once to Angelo, in a letter which I have begged back to help my memory. I cannot do better than to quote my recital on the impulse of the adventure. Here it is—

"——So he invited me to take some vehicular enjoyment on the road to Cato's.

"Allons! and we started.

"He was made up with more than even his own exquisiteness, this afternoon. His mere vestimental arrangements were enough to show that in his time he had read a book, and travelled out of his county. There was nothing flash or Corinthian in the structure; the order of the architecture was rather of the simplest Doric. But what a beautiful fitness! what a harmony of composition! He had crowned his caput with a bran new golgotha, be-

neath whose gracefully curved brim his late shorn locks showed here and there their glossy edges, just sufficiently to satisfy the careless gazer of the ample stock from which they descended, and without encroaching too much upon the boasted beauty of his well-framed forehead. His whiskers—they were so accurately and curiously cut, you would have been reminded of the days when people trimmed trees and hedges into the likeness of birds and beasts; they were so thick, and smooth, and regular, that a stray mosquito planting his tired feet upon their tangling meshes, might have thought himself upon the surface of a swath of his own native meadows, just after it had been swept by the scythe of the merry mower. His cheek had a ruddy, hearty glow of health upon it. His eye was bright and keen. You would have thought it had not twinkled over hochheimer for a month. But the *coup de grace* of all was a kidded forefinger, against which gently pressing digital there seemed to languish a slender walking-stick, of the most singular and severe virtue. No vulgar man ever sported such a staff. There was but one other like it in the world. It was the rarest quality of sandal-wood, precious as the golden rod, that led the pious Æneas to the elysian fields. It cost judgment, taste and a price. It was of eastern origin, and drew its earliest breath in India. You might have suspected that, from the voluptuous perfume that was breathed from the wood, and from its delicate form and tint, and from the fineness of its texture and fibre. The color was slightly changeable, and nearest of any thing else to the invisible orange of the neck plumage of a Barbary pheasant.

“None but a brave man, and a good-looking, well-dressed fellow, would have dared to wear it.

“We reached our original destination in safety, and then, tempted by the mildness of the evening, extended our jaunt in the pleasant twilight to Harlæm, and returned at our easy leisure to the Román’s. Here a sudden and violent midnight black mass of rain and thunder and lightning blocked up the road, so that we were fain compelled to stop and comfort ourselves with tongue and a salad. When the storm abated, we renewed our travel homeward, Belgium commanding the reins. Soon, however, again the darkness became so thick, that it rested upon our eye-lids like a palpable weight; we could not see our way except when the heavenly fulgurations set it all on fire. Still on we went. There is a place about two hundred yards from the censor’s, on the return to the city, where the alderman of the twelfth ward has provided a deep ditch on the roadside, for the devil to set man-traps. I had a faint recollection of the existence of these pitfalls, and I entreated my learned friend to let me have the reins.

“B. was a good fair-weather driver, and one of the few whom I could trust by daylight; but he had not the owl eyes of an old traveller by night. His pride, however, stood up at the insinuation that I could see better in the dark than he, and he peremptorily refused.

“Of all the agonies of apprehension, save me from the incubus of an unskilful, head-strong driver! I begged and beseeched him

to yield, for I saw that he was leaving the road : but no, he insisted that he was right, and that he could not be mistaken.

“‘Drive to the right, for mercy’s sake,’ I cried, feeling the left wheel of the vehicle already on the descent into the ditch.

“‘Drive to Tartarus, and be quiet,’ or something like it, was the kind and amiable response.

“I grew angry now, and tried the influence of abuse ; but nothing could move the obstinate madness of my Dutchman. ‘I see the road plainly enough—don’t be a fool,’ and other such gentle phrases were all the reward that I got for my poor pains. On urged the headlong Jehu, and not long deferred was our embrace of *‘mater et terra genitrix.’* Down went our five hundred dollar mare, some eight or ten feet into the bottom of the ditch, and in a little brief moment were figured out a group of horse, and men, and buggy, precipitated, conglomerated, and accumulated, at sight of which Hogarth would have wept for joy.

“The violence of the fall stunned me for a minute. When I came to myself, I was uncertain whether terrene habitations yet possessed me, or whether I was a groping ghost upon the banks of the dark styx. I listened for the noise of Ixion’s wheel, and the rumbling of the stone of Sisyphus, but I heard instead the doctor cry out, ‘d——n it,’ as he turned over upon his side, in a mud-puddle by the head of our poor beast. Assured by this unequivocal evidence of vitality, I got upon my feet, and without waiting to make any inquiries about bones, I plunged through the rain to the house of our late host for relief. I soon returned to the scene of distress with a lantern and a sleepy negro. Then, dear Angelo, there was a sight to look at. O ! could you have seen B. come up to me, at that moment, with his pet cane, his unique, broken in his hands, with that wo-begone expression on his countenance—with that tragical attitude, hatless—his heavy eye-brow dripping with rain—his hair seeming to be in a state of liquidation, and fast flowing down upon the muddy adornments of coat and white—ah ! once white pantaloons ; his left hand pointing to the fragment in his right, as though that were the only thing to be lamented or cared for ; while the mare lay groaning in the ditch, and the lightning flashed, and the wind and rain beat and whistled around us, and the negro yawned, and the light of the lantern threw a narrow streak now upon one, and then upon another feature of the scene ; now disclosing a hat—or rather what had once been a hat—and now an umbrella, and now a buggy-cushion. If your neck had been broken, you would have laughed at this ludicrous piece of picturesque. How can I give you an idea of the appearance of the hero of the scene ? Think of old Lear, bare-headed in the tempest ;—no, that’s not it. Think of Othello, in his bitterest anguish, harrowing up his soul with the thoughts of what had been. Do you remember Kean’s air, and attitude, when he comes to this melancholy passage—

—————‘Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, etc. *****
*But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life.’*

"I have given you brush, easel and canvas; you have a good fancy—draw the *waterscape* yourself.

"But be amazed at our escape. A broken dashboard, a strained shoulder, and the doctor's ruined habiliments, made the sum total of our added-up distresses. I must confess for myself some undefinable rheumatics; but I am willing to bear that infliction, by way of warning against rides by night, and opinionated drivers."

NOTES OF AN ATTEMPT IN BREEDING.

CHAPTER I.—THE REASON.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

DEAR SIR: I am in the prime of life: have read, thought, travelled, studied, observed, and experimented. This has brought me to the conclusion that every person is bound (let the more scrupulous say *naturally, morally, or religiously,*) to pursue some constant occupation, innocent, interesting to one's self, and useful to others; and to choose such as seems best warranted by circumstances, most fitted to one's inclination and capacity, most extensively beneficial to the world, and above all, that which will give satisfaction and repose to the mind on reflection, in a later period of life, as being worthy and honorable before God.

The pursuits of Agriculture engage the mind mature in wisdom, and free to choose, almost as certainly as the art is practised, in order to secure the necessities of existence.

The art of Breeding forms the highest department of the practice of Agriculture. The scientific breeder must possess accurate judgment, based on deep powers of reasoning, acute discrimination, and just and extensive views. He must not only be a great—it appears to me that he must also be a good man. I cannot conceive of distinguished success in this delicate and arduous pursuit, where the practitioner is not endued by nature with those noble propensities of mind, which, in their development, create esteem, if not respect, among our fellow men. The virtues of benevolence, justice, charity and generosity, seem as necessary to interest and sustain the breeder in producing and cherishing his choice young animals, as is inalienable affection in a mother towards her child; and assuredly where those excellent properties exist but in a degree to slightly lead the conduct, such a practice, keeping them in mild but varied and continual exercise, is best calculated to increase their force. The time is past when lofty intellect might excusably seek its gratification in the attainment of princely power. The dawn of a quiet but clear philosophy, we may hope, is advancing to dispel the fogs and fumes of sottish minds and wild imaginations. The art of printing has made civilized man to look



upon the distant savage as his neighbor. The sound of peace is grateful to the heart, for the cultivated understanding realizes at once the sin and the absurdity of quarrel. The world gradually learns that "knowledge is power." The white man is exaltedly conscious, and the opposing barbarian finds it to his cost. Agriculture, the one great, useful, and agreeable art of life, that fills the childish fancy, and soothes the fretted feelings of expiring age, the natural and most honorable occupation of man, must soon resume its distinguished right, and be covered with honor in its prime, as it was hailed with wonder at its birth. Then will the science of breeding, that employs the good as well as the great properties of mind, begin sincerely to be cultivated and understood. Then, it is to be hoped, will mankind learn and observe the fact that *dispositions are innate*, and can only be formed through means employed in accordance with the laws of nature, previously to birth.

If the wise of old predicted a time of peace and good understanding, which zéalots call a reign of saints, we have reason to think they foresaw the natural effect of a lapse of time, when, by the operation of the laws of breeding, men would be born with sounder heads and better hearts, than have hitherto fallen to the lot of the mass of the human race.

"The gentle craft" of producing and rearing animals, is the school wherein the laws of breeding must be ascertained. In this, as in the study of anatomy, although the highest aim should have reference to the human species, experiment must be conducted on the brute creation. Were it possible to forego the honorable and sacred rite of matrimony, the long period of growth, and the number and variety of influencing causes of change in the human system, must prevent the acquisition of any knowledge, superior to what may be derived from viewing the operation of the natural laws as they are variously and voluntarily acted upon.

My pursuit, then, is the breeding of animals. Inclination and a peculiar state of health lead especially to the culture of the horse. My means, and consequently my sphere of action, are small. The state of markets is such that extensive operations would lead but to extended ruin. Our country is of hill and dale, proper for grazing, lying to the northward of Vermont, and sparsely peopled by industrious small farmers of New England and British origin. We are isolated: on the north and west are the French Canadians, of different language, religion, tenure of lands, and manners and customs. To the south are Yankees, rejoicing in a different government, and too keen and selfish to seek a friendly social intimacy, which can afford them no *profit*: while to the eastward but slight advances have been made towards levelling the forest.

While the ordinary products of a grazing country, that constitute food for man, are the staples of this section, its trade meets with frequent shocks from fluctuations of the markets. The surplus being created by close application, owing to the length and rigor of the winters,—and the little property in the country being evenly divided in many hands, we are linked in a bond of interest and mutual good will, that keeps up a constant consultation as to

what is best to be done for our common advantage—for the agricultural interest. By this general intercourse, the people, sagacious and intelligent by nature, have become singularly united, neighborly and public-spirited.

It is often remarked that while we are toiling from day to day, and year after year, with a stock of cows, sheep and swine, and can barely make ends meet, with close economy, one good horse, reared at no more cost than a cow, will buy out a man's whole stock. The colt is perhaps attended with more risk than other farm animals; but when he is properly bred and well reared, the profit is an abundant compensation. But the farmers say that "the operation is so uncertain;—they put their mares to the best stallions, and not one colt in ten is as good as the sire"—appeared to be. If one promises them better horses, these experienced heads often answer that "they are discouraged with paying for the use of stallions, for they have had the best luck in colts by ungelts runts which their mares had gotten to by chance." This shows the state of the art of breeding as it exists here, and in my rambles I have seen it much the same elsewhere. The farmers, ignorant of the principles which should govern them, and weakly captivated by specious novelty, or barefaced falsehood, are led to put their mares to stallions of neither blood nor quality, made up for show; with vigor, if they inherit any, sapped by excessive service; and purchased and kept only for purposes of imposition. When their young stock grows up valueless, and the superiority of that got by some creature of no pretensions is observed, (it having inherited some vigor of constitution), the art of breeding scientifically is too often set down as an enigma, and the search after its principles abandoned in despair. Some old and sagacious farmers of my acquaintance, who keep large stocks, have for years ceased to employ the travelling stallions, keeping a tolerable colt of their own entire an extra year or two, for the service of their mares: and it is worthy of observation that the stocks thus bred, though roughly kept, will bear comparison with those got by the large and showy horses of the country.

In this state of things, in the hope that by the production of a better commodity, we may become in some measure independent of the fluctuations of the times, whether from short crops or low prices, I have, in all humility, as none abler offered, undertaken, on a small scale, and laboring under some disadvantages, to improve the breed of horses in my neighborhood.

In the prosecution of this attempt, I beg leave, owing to difficulties which cannot be so readily overcome in any other way, to crave, from time to time, information and counsel from yourself and correspondents; engaging on my part to report progress as often as I ask assistance; and to set forth the nature and difficulties of the task, together with the means employed, for the satisfaction of the curious; and whatever may be discovered of interesting, instructive, admirable or ludicrous, for the entertainment of your readers in general.

G. B.

Sherbrooke, Canada East, January, 1843.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Canadian Affair.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 4th of November, on the application of the Solicitor General, a Rule *Nisi* for a nonsuit on account of the illegality of the transaction, was granted in the case "*Greville v. Chapman*," tried before Lord Abinger at the Surrey Assizes, in which the plaintiff obtained a verdict against the Proprietors of *The Sunday Times*—damages 250*l.*—for an alleged libel, in imputing to the plaintiff dishonorable conduct in having withdrawn his horse Canadian from the Derby, having betted largely against him.—A Rule for a new trial was also granted, on the ground that the Learned Judge had permitted a question to be put to a witness, which, it was contended, was matter for the consideration of the Jury—namely, whether the witness did not think it dishonorable for a party to withdraw a horse against which he had betted?—Canadian died at Newmarket in the Second October Meeting.

Racing Memorabilia.—At Coventry, March 9, Mr. Goodman opened the Racing Season with a winner (Sister to Glencoe), and, Oct. 29, closed it with a winner. Sam Rogers rode the *first* winner (The Currier) in the Craven Meeting, and the *last* winner (The Shadow) in the Houghton. Sam Mann was successful in *every Match* that he rode for Lord Exeter. Robinson rode 62 races at Newmarket alone, winning 27 and losing 35 races; Nat 61, winning 24 and losing 37; and Sam Rogers 42, winning 17, and losing 25. The total number of horses that went past the winning post at Newmarket were 596; winners, 144; losers, 452. This, compared with the three preceding years, shows a considerable increase of horses.

The sphere of action of Mr. Clark, the Newmarket Judge, has been greatly enlarged. It now comprehends Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, Liverpool, Egham, Brighton, County of Gloucester, Bath, Chelmsford, Southampton, &c. In making this circuit during the past season, he travelled 2735 miles, and decided 310 races, besides extra heats (in all 394), out of which 24 were *dead heats*; at Egham, for the first time, he decided *six heats* for one race (Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added, won by The Exquisite); and on Saturday in the Houghton Meeting, for the first time, 12 races in one day.

Part of the late Mr. Orde's stud is announced for sale, viz. Charley Boy, Johnny Boy, Queen Bee, Bee's-way, and The Orphan Boy, all out of Bee's-wing's dam. Many splendid offers have been made for "tould mare," but declined; and her late owner having expressed a wish that she should not run after his death, the incomparable Bee's-wing will grace the turf no more. The late Mr. Orde employed fourteen servants, who, in the aggre-

gate, lived with him 320 years—the best testimony of his benevolent disposition.

Within the last month, Messrs Tattersall have had the disposal of some of the exuberant portion of several influential Racing and Hunting Establishments.

On the 31st of October, a large draft of the Duke of Beaufort's stud was submitted to the hammer. There was little competition, and the lots were knocked down at low prices. The highest sum realized for one animal was His Grace's hunter *Masquerade*, which fetched 125 gs.; *Assassin*, thorough-bred, 96 gs.; *Anspach*, 41 gs.; *Retamosa*, 97 gs.; *Hotspur*, by Percy, 70 gs.; *Bayadere*, 33 gs.; *Lovely*, 27 gs.; *Sweetineat*, 24 gs.; Mare by Percy, dam by Sultan, 15 gs.; *Corsair*, hunter, 20 gs.; *Fantastic*, by Percy, *six guineas*! The thorough-breeds *The Abbess*, Young Duchess, Bonnet Pet, Delicate Daphne, &c., fetched very moderate prices.

On the 7th, a large draft of Lord Chesterfield's stud was put up. The Knight-of-the-Whistle, by Velocipede, fetched 295 gs.; *Barbarian*, 195 gs.; *Van Puff*, a hack, driven by His Lordship at Newmarket, 90 gs.; *Cockade*, hunter, 100 gs.; *Claude Duval*, steeple chaser, 130 gs.; *White Stockings*, cab-horse, 140 gs.; *Sheffield*, 165 gs.; *Fire King*, hunter, 27 gs. Amy Robsart, Pioneer, and a number of ponies of various colors, were also sold.

A part of the stud of Lord George Bentinck, including c. by Bay Middleton, Bracelet by Sultan, &c., were knocked down at somewhat low prices.

A draft of the Earl of Rosslyn's hunters, including Day Star, Twilight, Melton, Tom Bowling, and Harlequin, realized fair prices.

Lord Southampton, having resolved to reduce his thorough-bred and breeding stock, hunters, &c., at Whittlebury, Northamptonshire, a large draft was brought to the hammer on the 14th. His roan hunter by Oppidan was knocked down at 55 gs.; bay ditto, by ditto, 51 gs.; ch. f. by ditto, 40 gs.; ch. by Sir Hercules, 25 gs. These and other lots were considered low prices, and they were chiefly purchased by dealers.

On the 21st, a small draft from the Earl of Harrington's stud was brought to the hammer at Tattersall's. The principal lot was His Lordship's well-known valuable roan gelding, which was knocked down, after a spirited competition, for 150 gs., to a gentleman named Harvey.

A large draft of bay hunters, described as well known with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, were sold the same day, and realized moderate prices.

It is reported that the venerable Duke of Portland will shortly break up his racing establishment at Bradwell, near Newmarket.

The French Minister of Commerce and Agriculture has purchased the racing stud of the late Duke of Orleans at Durdon for 550,000 francs, so that the establishment, which was formerly maintained at the sole expense of His Royal Highness, will now be kept up by the State.

The Chase.—The *Sherbourne Journal* notices the presence of "ould Billy Butler" at the meet of Mr. Drax's hounds at Holnest kennel on the 15th of October, having ridden fifteen miles to breakfast with the hospitable Master. Whilst several Sportsmen were refreshing themselves with sherry and biscuits on the lawn in front of the house, the veteran Sportsman was observed standing by his horse, with a chair to assist him in mounting, and, as his groom helped him on with his Macintosh, the Reverend Gentleman exclaimed, "A fast one, Gentlemen, equipping for the chase!" and when mounted, and feeling himself fairly in his seat, "There, now, it's all right, match me if you can: here I am, eighty-one years old, my horse fifteen, and my boots sixteen!" The day was crowned with good sport.

On the 11th of November, the same hounds met at Cheriton Inn, and drawing the adjoining woods blank, they were trotted on to Inwood, where pug was speedily unkennelled, and went away towards the town of Milborne Port, entering which, he run through some gardens, and absolutely climbed to the roof of a house nearly thirty feet high, which was speedily surrounded by the inhabitants, the sportsmen, and the pack. After a few minutes of observation, he coolly sprang to the ground, and escaped amidst the mobbing which took place.

A white fox has been frequently seen of late on the Littleton hills.

Extraordinary Pike.—On the 14th of November, as Mr. John Frank, of Kirby Moorside, was fishing in the river Dove, near to the Kirby Mills, he took a pike of 4lb. weight, and, on opening it, found it to contain a large female rat; not satisfied with the unusual size of the rat's abdomen, he performed the same operation on the rat, and to his great astonishment found it to contain eight young ones—one of the most singular circumstances on record.

Sporting Obituary.—On the 10th of November, George Clark, Esq., of Barnby Moor. The *Doncaster Gazette*, in announcing the death of this Gentleman, says—"Perhaps as a private individual few men were more extensively known throughout the United Kingdom than Mr. Clark, and especially amongst the Nobility and Gentry, whose opinions of him were of the highest order. His judgment upon all matters connected with the Turf was much sought after, and, when given, was duly honored and appreciated. As a private gentleman, Mr. Clark was held in the highest estimation by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances; and his somewhat premature decease has left a void in society not easily to be replaced. As a man of general business, he was looked upon as an authority upon which the utmost dependance could be placed, being frequently selected as referee and arbitrator of the most difficult cases; and it is almost needless to say that his awards, being based upon right, usually gave satisfaction. Mr. Clark, besides being engaged in numerous private trusts, was Commissioner of several inclosures, where by the firmness of his decision, and his well known inflexibility, he was the means of re-

conciling conflicting interests, and putting a stop to those jarrings which are too frequently prevalent in such transactions. As a man, he was stern, yet kind; as a husband and a father, he was beloved and greatly esteemed; and his memory will long be held in respect by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."—His funeral took place on the following Tuesday, at Sutton, about a mile from his late residence, and his remains were followed to their last resting-place by several friends in carriages, preceded and followed by a numerous body of Gentlemen on horseback two and two.—The same Journal thus concludes the notice:—"His surviving relations have sustained an irreparable loss: his friends, a cheerful and agreeable companion; the neighborhood in which he resided, a useful and upright man; and society at large, one of its most valuable members. Peace to his manes!"—The following engagements become forfeited by Mr. Clark's death:—*Derby, Abernethy and Philip; St. Leger, Philip, Era, and Abernethy; North Derby Stakes at Newcastle, Abernethy; Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle, Philip and Abernethy; Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, Era; Liverpool St. Leger, Era; Oaks, Ameine; Park Hill Stakes, Ameine.*

The Duke of Bedford's King of the Peak, one of his legs having given way, was shot during the month, and now lies in Mr. Edwards's paddock by the side of Dr. Syntax, "the winner of 20 Cups," and sire of Bee's-wing, Ralph, and other noted racers.

Notes of the Month.

F E B R U A R Y .

ANOTHER PROPOSITION FROM THE NORTH.

The North will pay The South \$2,000 to make a Match against Fashion, for \$20,000 a side, half forfeit. Four mile heats; the race to come off over the Union Course, Long Island, in May or June next, 1843, as The South shall prefer. Acceptance to be made, the horse named, and the match closed, by the 1st of Feb. next, when the forfeits shall be deposited in current funds in the City of New York.

Should Fashion, from lameness, or any unforeseen accident, pay forfeit, the \$2,000 offered will not be paid by The North. But, if the party representing The South shall bring on their horse to the Union Course, and from any cause then pay forfeit, the \$2,000 will still be paid by The North.

It will be seen by the above proposition that the North offers to pay The South \$2000 for their expenses in coming on, or in other words it is betting at the rate of \$22,000 against \$18 000. Indeed it is better for The South than those odds, because the \$2000 is paid "any how," if The South brings on its

horse, as The North betting \$22,000 to \$18,000 and winning, would not, of course, have to pay the \$2000.

From the fact that letters have been received from the South-west relative to the proposition made by The North, in this Magazine for Dec. (page 698) complaining of the small amount proposed to be run for, at Two and Three mile heats, respectively, we would again take occasion to state that notwithstanding "the pressure of the times," a match at both Two and Three mile heats, can doubtless be had for \$20 000, if it is required. The original proposition was to run all three matches "for \$5000 or more," "10 000 or more," and "\$20 000 or more." This "or more" left the acceptors of the three matches at liberty to "stick down their peg," for as much "more" as they thought proper. The sums originally named were thought to be in accordance with the state of the times, \$5 000 at the present day being of nearly equal value to double that amount a few years since.

SPLENDID RACES AT NEW ORLEANS.

At each succeeding meeting on the superb courses at New Orleans, our Southern friends contrive to bring out new candidates for fame, whose achievements exceed, if they do not quite eclipse, any of previous occurrence. In the Racing Calendar will be found reports of the recent meetings on the Louisiana and Metairie Courses—from which it will be seen that while Reel and Miss Foote have nobly sustained the highest expectations of their friends, George Martin has also covered himself with glory. It would seem that ordinary races are seldom run at New Orleans. Every race is a sporting affair, and run in capital time, if the weather be propitious, no matter whether the field is made up of horses that have or have not distinguished themselves elsewhere. It should be understood, however, that the horses which run at New Orleans comprise *the cracks* of several States; the studs of Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Kentucky, and not unfrequently the Old Dominion, are annually represented there by their best and bravest.

Racing was revived in New Orleans in 1837, when the first meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commenced on the Eclipse Course—established by Col. Y. N. OLIVER—on the 17th March. Since that date the "race horse regions" designated above, have furnished the following cracks, in something like the order named. (We may have given Mississippi credit for some horses foaled in Tenn. or Ala. but they were nearly all owned and reared in that State.)

Kentucky among other good ones, has furnished Fanny Wright, Josh Bell, Pres-ure, Grey Medoc, Luda, Arbaces, Kavanagh, Maria Duke, Ralph, Shreshly, Picayune, Curculita, Bendigo, Humming Bird, George Kendall, Maria Collier, Sarah Morton, Kate Aubrey, Jim Bell, Creath, and last not least George Martin.

Alabama has furnished Linnet, Zelina, Maria Black, The Poney, Melzare, Pollard Brown Bee's wing, Baywood, Eloise, Westwind, Esper Sykes, Crucifix, Denizen, Reel, Miss Foote, Torchlight, Martha Carter, and Hannah Harris.

Tennessee has furnished Angora, Naked Truth, Lilac, Sarah Bladen, Pete Whetstone, Allen Brown, Celerity, Velocity, Eli Odom, Rapide, Earl of Margrave, and Adwella.

Virginia and Maryland have furnished Bumper, Cippus, Virginia Fairfield, Glorvina, Richard of York, The Jewess, Wagner, Billy Townes, Altorf, Buckeye, and Lucy Fuller.

Mississippi has furnished Antelope, Susan Yandall, Tishimingo, Telie Doe, John R. Grymes, Br tanna, Glenara, Capt. McHeath, Chicopa, Mary Walton, and Tom Marshall.

In the foregoing list, compiled from memory, we may have misplaced or omitted a few horses, but it is substantially correct. The Mississippi breeders usually keep their inares in Tennessee or Alabama, but their produce is generally reared at home. From the foregoing list it will be seen that Alabama has most reason to be deemed *the "race horse region"* of the South west, owing, in a great degree, to the number of inares of the purest strains of blood, in the studs of a few breeders like the late Mr. JACKSON, Mr. BOARDMAN, and others.

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB.

A number of the most highly respectable citizens of Louisiana convened at the St. Charles Hotel, on the evening of the 26th Dec., for the election of Officers and the adoption of rules for the government of the "*New Orleans Jockey Club*," a new association recently got up under the auspices of Messrs. WELLS and OLIVER, the new proprietors of the *Metairie Course*. We are indebted to the "*Picayune*" and "*Tropic*" for the following particulars:—

The meeting was called to order by Mr. WELLS, and Mr. JAMES PORTER called to the chair; Mr. McCARDLE, of the "*Tropic*," was appointed Secretary. The rules of the old *Metairie Club* were then adopted, and a committee appointed to seek out and digest such amendments to those rules as had been adopted by the Club from time to time, and not incorporated with its printed rules. The opinion of the Club was informally taken upon the propriety of altering the rule by which horses here take their ages from May day, and it appeared to be almost the unanimous desire of the Club to retain the old law in this regard.

A resolution for the appointment of a committee to report rules for the government of the Club was adopted, and a committee, consisting of Messrs. Christy, Kirkman, Wells, Oliver, and Stephen D. Elliott, Esqrs., was appointed, with instructions to report on Wednesday evening next at six o'clock. After the adoption of this resolution, the Club proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen:—

Hon. ALEXANDER PORTER, *President*; Col. Adam L. Bingaman, Col. P. W. Farrar, Col. John S. Preston, Col. William Christy, John R. Grymes, Esq., and W. H. Avery, Esq., *Vice Presidents*; William H. McCardle, *Secretary*.

At a subsequent meeting—Col. FARRAR in the chair—Mr. WELLS, from the committee appointed for that purpose, reported, with one amendment, the old rules of the *Metairie Course*, for the government of the present meeting, [commencing on Thursday, Dec. 29] which were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Col. OLIVER, a committee of four was appointed to report to the next meeting, rules and regulations for the permanent government of the Club, and Messrs. Kirkman, Rouzan, Oliver, and D. F. Kenner, named as the committee. Wm. H. McCardle having resigned the office of Secretary, R. L. Brenham, Esq., was elected in his stead.

Of course the former custom is to be persisted in, that horses running over the *Metairie Course* shall date their age from the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of January. As the "*Fall*" meetings, however, come off during the last weeks of December, this regulation will only affect the Spring meetings in March or April, when horses will run a *year under age*, and consequently throw off a year's weight. We fervently hope the Louisiana Club will give their new regulation a trial, and in March next make horses running over their course, *carry weight for age*. The public will then be able to form a pretty correct estimate of the comparative powers of race horses in different sections of the country. Our own convictions on this point, fortified as they are by the opinions of the most distinguished turfmen of the Old Dominion and the North, induce the belief that upon seeing the difference between the performances on the Louisiana and *Metairie Courses*, of the same horses, and horses of the same age, but carrying a year's difference in weight, the New Orleans Club will rescind their present rule, and adopt the regulation of the Louisiana Club, by which horses date their age from the 1st of January, as is the case in the Northern, Middle, and Western States, as well as in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, and the East and West Indies.

The new club already comprises over fifty members, and its officers are gentlemen of the very highest consideration. Mr. Oliver, the acting proprietor, thoroughly understands his business, and the course is one of the finest in the Union. The combination of all these favorable circumstances augurs well for the prospects of the Turf in the South-west, and we anticipate the most gratifying results. It only remains for those interested to "*make play*."

New Race Course in Louisiana.—One has been got up in the vicinity of Clinton, under the superintendence of Mr. NEWSAM [or Nesom], who is actively employed in getting it in order for a Spring meeting.

American Race Course in Havana—A letter from our Mobile Correspondent informs us that JAMES S GARRISON Esq., of the Louisiana Course, New Orleans, has obtained the contract for the new race course which Mr. CRAMER and others have been endeavoring to establish there. Mr G. has doubtless sailed for Havana ere this, as he hoped to complete his arrangements in season for a meeting on the first week of April next. The purses are so liberal that we shall not be surprised if several stables sail from Charleston and New Orleans, no less than \$3,000 being offered for four mile heats, \$2,000 for three, \$1,500 for two, and \$1000 for mile heats.

Reel—Since her race with Miss Foote, "the Louisiana Champion," as Reel is termed, has quite r covered. Her lameness, we venture to guess, was owing to the peculiar shape of her plates, as was undoubtedly the case with Bee-awing, and subsequently with Grey Medoc, in his race with Altorf. The plates generally used in Louisiana (of which we have half a dozen specimens) are too light; their great fault is that they are not flat enough. We have one of Miss Foote's, which weighs but an ounce and the sixteenth part of an ounce; it is not much wider than a tenpenny nail, and of about the same thickness, whereas it should be made at least a quarter of an inch in width. One of Grey Medoc's plates was changed twice during his race with Altorf; it was so thin as to leave a distinct impression in the horn of the hoof. At the North the soil of the courses is so different from that of the South, that the plates used are of three times the weight. One of Fashion's plates weighs nearly as much as one of Reel's, Miss Foote's, and Jim Bell's, together.

Sale of Miss Foote—We learn from the New Orleans "Tropic" that Mr. LINN COCH, on the 4th instant, disposed of his interest of one half in Miss Foote to Mr. DAVID HEINSOHN of Louisville, Ky., for \$2000. Mr. H. is now sole owner. It appears to us that the amount named is remarkably small for an interest of one half in a mare of Miss Foote's South western reputation. Col. BINGAMAN paid no less than \$8 000 for Sarah Bladen, at three years old, and \$5000 was paid for Black Maria after she was nine years old. Col. HAMPTON paid \$6 000 for Bay Maria at 4 yrs., and \$7,000 for Fanny at 3 years old. Miss Foote's sale, coupled with that of Jim Bell's for \$5,000 after his great four mile race, are apt and forcible illustrations of the fact that notwithstanding all the talk about "the best races ever run" by horses carrying light weight, their performances however brilliant, when running a year under age, do not "set them forward any," even in the vicinity of the scene of their vaunted achievements. Under all the circumstances, however, we deem the sale of Miss Foote a sacrifice, for she would have commanded more even here. But to this day, the Turfmen of the Old Dominion and of the North will not concede that any performance made at New Orleans equals that of SARAH BLADEN, who, at eight years old, with her full weight up, ran four mile heats in 7:37—7:40.

Mr. Heinsohn and Mr. FERGUS DUPLANTIER, of Baton Rouge, La., have united their stables, so that it is now one of the strongest in the Union, comprising Miss Foote, George Martin, Sarah Morton, Creath, and some clever young things. Mr. BEARD, "the Hoosier trainer," will still have Miss F. in charge.

Trotting Club at New Orleans—Mr. H. GATES is endeavoring to get up a club for the improvement of Road Horses in Louisiana. A meeting on the subject took place at the St. Charles Hotel on the evening of the 31 Jan., when thirty five gentlemen joined. After the meeting adjourned two crack pacers—*Grey Eagle* and *Alx. Campbell*—were matched to pace mile heats under the saddle, and the same distance in harness, for \$250 aside, half forfeit each match. The first to come off on the 13th and the second on the 15th instant, over the Louisiana course.

We have to announce this month the recent demise, at Richmond, Va., of ABNER ROBINSON, Esq., at the age of about 55 years. Mr R. has long been known at the South from his connection with the Turf, having been interested in a great number of fine horses. To his executors in Virginia, JOSEPH ALLEN, Esq., and Col. WM. R. JOHNSON, Mr. R. devised, by his will, we are pleased

to hear, \$30,000 to Mr. A., and \$25,000 to Col. J. Mr. R. also left \$100,000 to a young gentleman of Louisiana.

Tall Walking—The Winchester (Va.) "Republican" states that a foot race for \$100 a side, six miles out, came off between two Irishmen over the Valley turnpike road, on Monday last. They ran neck and neck until within half a mile of the goal, when one of them let down. The six miles were accomplished in about thirty-five minutes.

New Orleans Trotting and Pacing Club—At a meeting of the members of the New Orleans Trotting and Pacing Club, held at the Crescent Coffee House, on Saturday evening, Jan. 7th, D. MARTER was called to the chair, and R. L. PLACE, appointed secretary. The object of the meeting was to arrange the rules and regulations for the government of the club, and the contemplated meetings. After some debate, a number of the rules and regulations of the Beacon Course (New York) were adopted without amendments. Several spirited addresses were made, and the utmost enthusiasm animated the members. Mr. H. GATES, late of the Cincinnati Course, is the acting manager of the new Club, whose races are to come off over the Louisiana Course. Three days' races are advertised in the N.O. papers, which were to commence on the 13th ult.

The proprietors of the Louisiana and Metairie Courses, at New Orleans, have opened a variety of stakes for the ensuing Spring meetings. A produce stake on the Metairie has already closed with the following subscribers:—

Hon. Alexander Barrow, of La.
George Mason Long, of La.
Capt. Wm. J. Minor, of Miss.
James Jackson, of La.
Wm. Ruffin Barrow, of La.
James Shy, of Ky.
A. D. Hunt, of Ky.
Joseph G. Boswell, of Ky.
Gooding & Campbell, of Va.
Fergus Duplantier, of La.

Montford Wells, of La.
James Shy, of Ky.
Henry A. Tayloe, of Ala.
Hon. Balie Peyton & J. S. Yerger, of La.
A. L. Bingham, Jr., of Miss.
Hunt & Ains, of Ky.
Col. William Wynn, of La.
Gooding & Campbell, of Va.
Fergus Duplantier, of La.
J. M. Boswell, of Ky.

Col. A. L. Bingham, of Miss.

DEATH OF DECATUR.

KENTUCKY, Jan. 3d, 1842.

Dear Sir.—The Stallion Decatur died at Treehill, the residence of Col. WM. BUFORD, in Woodford, on the 30th of December, of Tetanus, or Locked-jaw. This disease has prevailed to some extent within the last year, and Col. Buford has lost three of his best mares by it. Much of the stock driven from this country to Georgia and South Carolina, have been, within the last two years, subject to this affection. The disease is called by the drovers "spasms," it being highly spasmodic, and blistering the entire extent of the spine from the ears back, is said to be the best remedy. I am inclined to think, however, that some form of opium (and I prefer morphine to opium in substance, because of the facility of giving it in water, and because it is said to be more tranquillizing,) is the best, if not the only remedy. *

Note by the Editor—We greatly regret that our old acquaintance Decatur has gone the way of all horseflesh. He has been in the stud two seasons in Kentucky, and from his own high character as a performer, added to that of his brothers—Tarquin and Suffolk—and his family generally, we shall be disappointed if he does not turn out some good ones. Decatur retired from the Turf in 1840, at seven years old, after a career of unusual severity. Notwithstanding he had to contend under manifold disadvantages with Boston Atalanta, Mary Blunt and other distinguished cracks, he won over *Twenty Thousand Dollars at Four Mile Heats*! Indeed all his races were, with a single exception, at four mile heats, at which distance he beat Atalanta (twice), Fanny Wyatt, Argyle, Cippus, Vashti, Balie Peyton, Hornblower, and others. Decatur was bred by NELSON LLOYD, Esq., of Queens County, Long Island, and was foaled in 1833. He was a horse of remarkable beauty, forcibly reminding one of the colored portraits of Harkaway. With the exceptions of Bay Maria and Balie Peyton, he had no superior in point of bloodlike appearance that has come under our notice.

Mr. J. BENJAMIN PRYOR, the trainer for Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, Miss. sold his colt *Tom Marshall*, after his late race at New Orleans, for \$500, to Mr. JOHN ARMSTRONG, (from Long Island) the trainer for THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., of Alexandria, La.

Pryor and Armstrong, like Mr. GRAVES, the trainer for the Brothers KENNER, are quite young in comparison with such "old hands" as Arthur Taylor, Col. Watson, Mr. Laird, Van Leer, and Belcher, still they have attained the very highest rank in their profession. Indeed the young trainers will be able ere long to "flax out" most of the "old files." Billy Baxter, Charles, and such "old pins" must soon give way to such *artists* as Stewart (with Col HAMP-
TON,) Clinton (with SIDNEY BURBRIDGE, Esq.,) Conover (with ROBT. L. STEVENS, Esq.,) Palmer (with JAMES K. DUKE, Esq.,) Davis (with JOSEPH G. BOSWELL,) Field (late with Gen. THOMAS B. SCOTT,) Jewell (late with Capt. JOHN DUN-
CAN,) Redaick (late with Col. J. AVERITT,) Porter (late with Mr. McCARGO,) Willis (late with Col. JOHNSON,) Alcock and Spurr in Virginia, Charles Lloyd in New Jersey, Tisdale in Kentucky, and others whose names do not at this moment occur to us. As a class—and Hammond, Wooding, Van Mater, Hellings and Gerow, should be included, as well as Hark, and "Tawny Sam"—these young trainers sustain a very high character for integrity and faithfulness as well as ability. Most of them are men of gentlemanly bearing and address, while nearly all are intelligent to a degree that would command respect and insure success in any walk of life. Not a few of them are the habitual and worthy associates of gentlemen, and one would be obliged to travel far and fast to find better informed men than several we can name. We have not unfrequently published letters from these young men that would have reflected no discredit upon the acquirements of the most highly educated of their employers, and we take infinite pleasure—knowing them all as we do, and most of them intimately—in bearing testimony to their intelligence, good character, and professional ability.

Match for \$2,500 vs. \$2,000—A match, at Two mile heats, has been made up between Mr. GREER, of Kentucky, and Mr. KIRKMAN, of Louisiana, to come off at the ensuing Spring meeting over the Metairie Course, New Orleans, Mr. G. laying \$2,500 vs \$2,000. Mr K names *Waltz*, own brother to Reel, and Mr. G. *Sally Shannon* (late Ida), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam.

Match for \$1000 a side—On Saturday, the 26th November, a match for \$1000 a side, mile heats, came off over the Batesville (Arks.) Course, between Rufus Stone's *Tom Jefferson* and Joshua Lee's *Daniel Boon*. The latter was distanced in 2:03. The pedigrees, etc., are omitted in the "News" of that ilk, from which we derive this information.

Mobile Jockey Club—The following gentlemen have been elected Officers for the ensuing year:—GEO. W. TAYLOR, President; VANCE JOHNSTON, Geo. Huggins, Hugh Monroe, John H. Stevenson, and C. S. Shrieve, Stewards; John B. Todd, Recording Secretary; C. J. B. Fisher, Corresponding Secretary; A. Brooks, Treasurer.

Mr. WILLIAM S. TYSON announces that he is about opening a Training Stable, at the farm of Albert G. Douglas, Esq., Gallatin, Tenn., within a mile of the fine course of Maj. GEO. A. WYLIE. He has excellent accommodations for horses, boys, etc., and in training will have the aid of Mr. GREEN BERRY WILLIAMS, one of the best trainers in the Union.

Extraordinary Sheep.—The Bristol (England) Mercury, of the 22d October, states that the wether sheep of the Coteswold breed, bred by Mr. R. Beman, of Dormington, Stow-on-the-Wold, and exhibited by him at the Bristol meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, was recently slaughtered: the carcass weighed 294 lbs., the fore quarter 84½ lbs., shoulder 43½ lbs.

Col. FRANCIS THOMPSON, of Pleasant Hill, Md., claims the name of *Kit Thompson*, for a Margrave filly, out of Ninnon de l'Enclos, foaled spring 1841. Also that of *Lucy Long*, for a Margrave filly, out of Eliza Ann, foaled spring 1840.

The English stock noticed in our last No., as on its way out to New Orleans, has at length arrived. The editors of the "Picayune" speak of it in the following terms:—

We have examined, within a few days, some fine stock recently imported here. It consists of a beautiful chesnut mare by Champion (son of Selim), and two or three of her colts, and a filly by Amorph, dam by Recovery. All are very fashionably bred, and suffered very little from their sea voyage. Mr. THOS. E. LEEFE is authorized to dispose of them by the consignees. They are worthy the attention of our turfmen.

JAMES G. TALLEY, Esq. of Covington, Tenn., claims the name of *Passion* for his b. f. by Imp Coronet, dam by Lance, g. dam by Florizel.

Mr. LIVINGSTON's *Imp. Trustee* has arrived in safety at Mr. JAS L BRADLEY's stables, near Lexington, Ky. From letters we have seen from several Kentucky breeders, we find that *Trustee* was greatly admired in Lexington. His terms, at the suggestion of Mr. L.'s friends in that city, have been reduced to \$50—an example which, in the present state of the times, is worthy of general emulation.

Mr Editor,—In your "Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1841," I notice you have omitted the name of Messrs L. & L. SANDERS' *Gulnare*, a well bred daughter of imported *Sarpedon*, out of *Adventure* by Sir William of Transport.

This filly, four years old, won a purse at mile heats, best three in five, at the last Fall meeting of the Jefferson County (Miss) Jockey Club at Hamberlin's track, beating P. B. January's *Martin's Judy*, by *Eclipse* dam by Young's *Mercury*, in four heats—losing the first two heats, and distancing her competitor in the fourth. She was entered for this race by Messrs. Williams & Snyder.

In her two year old form *Gulnare* won all her races; one of them, a match at Louisville, but owing to an injury which she received in her hip, from which she has now entirely recovered, she did not again appear upon the Turf until her race at Hamberlin's just mentioned, where, notwithstanding her crippled condition, she acquitted herself with credit.

Gulnare has been placed in the breeding stud, and was sent the last season to imported *Riddlesworth*—by the way, in my judgment, a most injudicious selection, on account of his kindred blood.

Regarding *Sarpedon* as one of the best of our imported stallions, and *Gulnare* no discredit to him, I ask you to make the correction of your list indicated in the above statement.

W.

We received by the "Garrick," on the 17th ultimo, the result of the great milling match between FREEMAN, the American Giant, and PERRY, the Tipton Slasher, which came off on the 6th Dec. for £100 a side. The battle was to have come off near Sawbridgenorth, in Suffolk, but the local magistrates having got scent of the affair, the parties concerned, as well as hundreds of spectators, were compelled to shift their quarters. The Eastern Counties Railway afforded an easy means of transit into an adjoining county, a few miles distant, and the ring was again pitched before four o'clock. The fight now commenced in earnest, and after one hour and twenty-four minutes, the seconds declared it a drawn battle, as night had set in and neither of the men could see each other distinctly. Seventy rounds were fought, and Freeman had the best of it throughout. The match was arranged by the parties to be concluded on the 15th Dec. but we doubt if the *Slasher* will again "come to taw."

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of EDMUND BACON, Esq., of New Design, Ky. Continued from the March Number of the "Turf Register," 1841.

No. 1. *Black Colt*, foaled in April, 1841, very large and well formed; got by Imp. Philip, out of Ellen Puckett by Sir Richard, son of old Pacolet.

No. 2. *Bay Filly*, of fine size and handsome; got by Imp. Philip, out of Kitty Brien by Conqueror.

No. 3. *Boy Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, out of Fanny Lyon by Diomed.

No. 4. *Bay Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Truxton.

No. 5. *Chesnut Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Pacific.

No. 6. *Roan Filly*, by Imp. Mordecai, out of Mary Palmer.

All the above will be 2 yrs. old in the Spring of 1843.

No. 7. *Brown Filly*, foaled in 1842; got by Imp. Philip, out of Ellen Puckett.

No. 8. *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1842; got by Imp. Philip, out of Kitty Brien.

No. 9. *Bay Filly*, foaled in 1842; got by Red Rover, out of Julia by Stockholder.

No. 10. *Chesnut Colt*, foaled 1842; got by Red Rover, out of Fanny Crooks.

No. 11. *Black Mare*, 4 yrs. old the Spring of 1842; got by Chesterfield (by Pacific), out of the famous Susan Robertson by Sir Hal.

No. 12. *ROXANA*, by Timoleon, dam by Oscar; in foal to Boyd McNairy, by Imp. Leviathan.

The following mares are also in foal to Boyd McNairy:—Ellen Puckett, Black Satin, Lady Jane, Julia, Fanny Lyon, Kitty Brien, and Patsy Brien.

E. BACON.

New Design, Ky., Dec. 28, 1842.

Blood Stock of JOHN MARSHALL, Esq., of near Charlotte C. H., Va.

No. 1. *Miss Wakefield*, b. m., bred by the late John Randolph, of Roanoke, got by Sir Hal, out of Grand Duchess by Gracchus—Imp. Duchess of Grafton by Grouse (a son of Highflyer, out of Georgiana, own sister to Conductor, by Matchem)—Magnet—own sister to Johnny by Matchem—Babraham—

Partner—Bloody Buttocks—Grey Hound—Brocklesby Betty. (Miss W. died in 1839.)

No. 2. *Whittleberry*, b. m., bred June 15th, 1829, by Roanoke, out of No. 1. (She has just gone to the West.)

No. 3. *B. h.*, foaled 1836, by Waxy, out of No. 1. (Now in the West.)

No. 4. *Ben Barclay*, b. h., foaled 1837, by Pushpin, out of No. 1. (Now in the West.)

No. 5. *Sanula*, b. f., foaled 1838, by Imp. Barefoot, out of No. 1.

No. 6. *Ch f.*, foaled 1839, by Pushpin, out of No. 1.

No. 7. *Katinka*, b. m., foaled May 9, 1833, by Mons. Tonson, out of No. 2.

No. 8. *Brocklesby*, ch. h., foaled April 27, 1835, by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 2. (Sold at 2 yrs. old to Messrs. Townes.)

No. 9. *Wakefield*, b. h., foaled May 12, 1837, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 2.

No. 10. *B. c.*, foaled April 25, 1838, by Imp. Emancipation, out of No. 2. (Now in the hands of Messrs. Townes & Williamson.)

No. 11. *Miss Abbie*, b. f., foaled April 10, 1839, by Imp. Zingane, out of No. 2.

No. 12. *B. c.*, foaled March 16, 1840, by Imp. Rowton, out of No. 2.

No. 13. *Ch. c.*, foaled March, 1841, by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 2.

No. 14. *B. c.*, foaled April 2, 1841, by Imp. Trustee, out of No. 7.

October 29th, 1842. J. M.

Blood Stock of Mr. B. G. GARTH, of Albemarle Co., Va.

No. 1. *TRUFFILIA*, br. m., foaled 1834, got by Gov. Barbour's Imp. Young Truffle, out of Garland Garth's Pacolet mare Fan.

No. 2. *BYRANA*, b. m., foaled 1835; by Byron (he by Virginian, &c.), out of G. Garth's Pacolet mare Fan (as above).

No. 3. *SLAUGHTERPEN*, ch. h., foaled 1838; by Lexington (he by Johnson's Medley), out of No. 1.

No. 4. *WALKER GILMER*, bl. c., foaled 1840; by Corsair (he by Arab), out of No. 1.

No. 5. *TOM CROPPER*, ch. c., foaled 1840; by Corsair, out of No. 2.

No. 6 MARTHA QUERMAN, br. f., foaled 1841; by Chotank (he by Pamukv, a son of Eclipse), out of a Truffle mare.

Pedigree of SALLY BARBOUR.

Sally Barbour, a bay mare of fine size, with a star, was bred by Mr. JOHN GRAVES, of Virginia; she was got by Imp. Truffle, her dam by Ball's Florizel, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle, g. g. dam by Boxer, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnought, g. g. g. dam by Harris's Eclipse.

Her Produce.

1840, June. B. c. *Palmetto*, white streak in the face, by Hickory John.

1841, June. Br. c. by Shark (dead).

1842, Dec. In foal by William IV.

This fine thorough bred brood mare and her colts, are at Grass Hills, Ky.

Pedigree of Imp. STAFFORD.

[This pedigree was asked for some weeks since by a Southern breeder who had some of Stafford's stock. In the name of all parties concerned we tender our acknowledgements to Mr. WRIGHT for his courtesy in supplying it.]

CHERAW, S. C., Dec. 12, 1842.

My dear Sir—In the "Spirit of the Times" of the 3d inst. I perceive the pedigree of Imp. "*Stafford*" is asked for.

STAFFORD, Imp, was got by Memnon, dam by Piscator, grandam Made-moiselle Presle by Sir Peter, g. grandam Nina, by Eclipse, out of Pomona by Herod, &c.

Memnon was got by Whisker, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, his grandam Mandane by Pot-8 o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri, &c.

Piscator was got by Walton, out of Rosabella by Whiskey, her dam by Diomed—Harriet by Matchem—Flora, &c.

Respectfully yours, &c ,

J. WRIGHT.

P. S.—I might have added as to "Stafford," that he was imported into New York in the Spring of 1835, being then two years old, and was never trained—the importer not being a racing man. He made his first season in South Carolina in the Spring of 1838, and died in November 1840.

THE IMPORTED HORSE PRECIPITATE.

PETERSBURG, Va., Dec. 22, 1842.

Dear Sir—Some time since in contradicting through the "Spirit of the Times," a statement of the death of the imported Horse *Precipitate*, I stated, as my belief, that he died before the close of his first season in the United States. Since then I find I am in error. I had confounded his death with that of *Oscar*, imported by the same person, which occurred before his first season had expired. The object of my communication was not to establish the time of his death, but mainly to correct the error of some other person, who stated he died in England or on his way to this country.

In this matter I felt deeply interested, because from a *Precipitate* mare descended a large part of the valuable stock of horses owned at one time by myself and brother, the late WM. H. MINGE, of Charles City County, Va., and whose pedigrees were written over my signature, which such a statement falsified. I have seen Mr. EDGAR's account of *Precipitate*, and have the highest authority in Virginia that it is substantially correct in every particular, and accords with the general correctness of the whole of his work.

Will you do me the favor to publish this letter as the only reparation in my power for the unintentional injury I have done him.

Yours with great respect,

JOHN MINGE.

Note by the Editor.—At page 52 of his "General Stud Book," Mr. EDGAR gives the following account of the horse in question:—" *Precipitate*, a large chesnut horse bred by Lord EGREMONT; imported into Virginia by the late WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT, Esq., and foaled in 1787." [Then follows his pedigree, to which is appended the note annexed.] "N. B.—*Precipitate* covered a mare got her with foal, and dropt off from her dead, at the residence of Capt. JOHN C. GOODE, of Mecklenberg Co., Va."

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MARCH, 1843.

Embellishments:

WOLF HUNT ON THE ICE:

Engraved by LONGACRE after CLAY.

VIEW OF SMITHFIELD STOCK MARKET,

On Wood; as also

OUTLINE DRAWINGS OF SHORT-HORNED CATTLE,

And

IMPROVED HORSE-SHOE.

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RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn.	Sweepstakes, etc., 4th Wednesday, 26th April.
LOUISVILLE, Ky.....	Oakland Course, 2d Wednesday, 12th April.
NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Metarie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 13th March
“ “ “	Louisiana Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Monday, 27th March.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn.....	Spring Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday, 3d May.
“ “ “	Jockey Club, Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th October.
SAVANNAH, Ga.....	Oglethorpe Course, J. C. Sp'g Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 14th March.

SUMMARY OF ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Marquis of Londonderry has determined on giving up his hounds.

Lord Chesterfield is at Rome, where, time hanging somewhat heavily on hand, he has determined to keep up his reminiscences of Melton, and has accordingly sent home for a pack of Foxhounds. There are plenty of foxes in the Papal dominions; but "Tallyho" and "whoo-whoop" will sound strangely amid the classic associations of the Tarquins and the Cæsars.

We are glad to learn that Pontefract Races have been re-established, and will take place this year; Mr. Orton, of York, is to be the Judge, and the Earl of Mexborough and Mr. M. Milnes, M.P., have consented to act as stewards.

The Ham Stakes—Goodwood, 1841—have closed with fifty-two subscribers; and the Gratwicke Stakes, 1846, with sixty-five subscribers.

Mr. James Bland, one of the few last surviving Turf speculators of the old school, died on Sunday, the 25th December, at his residence in Piccadilly; and Mr. Tanfield, another of the same kidney, on the 31st.

Lord Howth has given up his staghounds, which have been purchased by the officers in garrison at Dublin. A committee of gentlemen have been appointed to manage them, comprising the Hon. Capt. Forester, Capt. Francis Meynell, Capt. King, and Lord William Hill.

At the sale of the greyhounds of the late P. Houghton, Esq., of Manchester, Tyrant, a red dog, 3½ yrs. old, the winner of the Waterloo Picture, fetched 200 gs. Hester, 2½ yrs. old, by Tunstill's Traveller, out of Mr. Midgeley's Queen, 100 gs. Humbug, a red pup, 8 months old, by Tyrant, out of the late Mr. Houghton's Gipsy, 30 gs. Stella, own sister to Tyrant, 19 months old, 30 gs. Hellespont, a black dog, 19 months old (own brother to Mr. Eden's Eau-de-vie), £25; Brother to Humbug, a brindled dog, 17 gs. 12 dogs realised no less a sum than £465.

A Match came off on the 4th January at Smitham Bottom, in which Mr. Burke, of trotting celebrity, backed his mare to gallop twenty-two miles within the hour. The match was for £250, the backer of time staking £150 to Mr. Burke's £100, and the betting was much on the same scale as the stakes, varying from 7 to 4 to 5 to 4 on time. The mare, a beautiful thorough-bred chesnut, went off at a rattling pace, being led (not ridden) by good horsemen, who alternately relieved each other. The time in which the first eleven miles was performed is a matter of dispute, varying from twenty-eight to twenty-nine minutes, but the mare went on well, and being led to the conclusion of the eighteenth mile, was mounted by Mr. Burke, who rode the remaining four miles in ten minutes, thus accomplishing the entire distance in fifty-seven minutes fifty-five seconds.

Lochleven Fishings have been again resumed; the number of trout taken has been considerable, and the quality good.

The entries for the various stakes at Doncaster 1843 and 1844, closed on Monday, the 2d January. For the St. Leger 1844, there are 111 horses entered, a little less than for the present and two former years, although with these exceptions the number is much larger than on any previous occasion. To the Champagne and Two-year-old Stakes, 1843, there are more subscribers than last year, and in the former more than on any previous entry. The Park Hill Stakes exceeds any previous nominations, closing with 35 subscribers. This race yearly increases in importance. The entries for the other Stakes are, on the whole, good.

A Fracas in the Cheshire Hunt has caused considerable interest in the neighborhood. The hunting appointment for Wednesday, the 4th January, was fixed by arrangement with the Hon. Baronet, at Somerford Park, the seat of Sir Charles Shakerley. A numerous field assembled on the occasion. Amongst other distinguished Members of the Hunt, Thomas Wm. J. Swettenham was out, with the intention of being present at the meet; on his approaching the Park-gate he was informed by the Park-keepers, without much circumlocution, that he was not expected, and that they had orders to refuse him admission upon the ground. Shortly afterwards the hounds threw off, and the cover in Somerford Park having been drawn blank, the hounds went away towards Davenport Hall. Two foxes here broke cover; the one that the dogs followed took the direction of Somerford, but was lost—and being at fault, it was resolved again to try the cover in the park. Mr. Swettenham, it is said, then entered the park with the general body of his brother sportsmen. Immediately Sir Charles Shakerley rode up to him, and intimating to Mr. Swettenham that his presence was not desired, forbade him riding over his park—adding his determination, if Mr. Swettenham did not quit, to turn him out. To this Mr. Swettenham replied that he had come there as a Member of the Hunt. Sir Charles repeated his demand. Upon which Mr. Swettenham advanced, and raising his hunting-whip, applied it smartly on the person of Sir Charles, who retaliated and returned the blow; again repeating his mandate to quit the ground. Mr. Swettenham again refused. An exchange of words then took place, the exact purport of which we did not learn. Mr. Swettenham then rode off out of the park, and Sir Charles proceeded after the hounds. Challenges have since been interchanged, but the matter has been finally made up by mutual apologies.

Mr. George Holmes has sold Philip (purchased at the sale of the late Mr. George Clark's stud), for 450 gs., to Mr. T. Dawson, trainer, of Middleham.

Mr. White, of Nantwich, Judge of the races at Chester, Newton, and other crack meetings, is appointed to judge at Manchester, in the room of the late Mr. Jackson.

J. C. Musters, Esq., has given notice to the committee of his intention to give up the South Wold country after the conclusion of this season. A fine opportunity offers for any gentleman want-

ing a good country with plenty of foxes, Mr. Musters' hounds having this season, up to the present time, killed upwards of thirty brace of foxes. The gentlemen of the hunt subscribe to Mr. Musters an amount of £1000 per annum.

THE WHALEBONE STOCK,

WITH STATISTICAL NOTICES OF OTHER CRACK SIRES OF THE DAY.

IN the month of January racing matters may appear somewhat out of place, as the minds of sportsmen are engrossed by other pursuits; but as statistical information is the order of the day, and the papers teem with concentrated essence of knowledge both in sporting and other matters, I am tempted to follow suit, and instead of summing up the number of winning and losing jockies, of horses in training, number of stakes run for, and money subscribed in 1842, shall hark back to my old topic, which has more to do with the breeding than the running of horses.

The subject to which I refer, is the blood of those horses which now shows most running, and is therefore most worthy the attention of breeders.

To judge fairly on this point, one ought to consider what stock out of the least number of horses has the greatest number of winners, and those are most worthy of our notice in 1843, whose stock have run best in 1842. It is all very well for a man who has a large stud of mares to breed partly from untried horses; but with a small lot, and a wish to make the thing pay, for the Turf at least, the right line is to pursue the beaten track, without trying every new or fashionable horse that is put out of training.

I have long held the Whalebone blood to be the best we have now in England, and each succeeding year puts down to the account of that stock more winnings than to any other blood existing.

"Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo,"

the blood of Selim, of Blacklock, or of Orville, is worthy of our notice; nor indeed should we neglect the stout blood of Tramp and Catton, or the speed of the Castrel, the Partisan, and Smolensko, as it is the judicious crossing with all these various sorts which will ensure success. Still it must be borne in mind that they do not claim that number of winners which the old Waxies and Whalebones do. Of the young stallions whose stock have this year first appeared, it is worthy of notice how far Touchstone heads the lot, as, though but ten of his stock ever started, eighteen races fell to their share. The crack, Bay Middleton, had no less than thirty-two of his progeny running this season, yet only seventeen and a half races were gained among them; and by the forty-nine of the much-favored Muley Moloch's stock, which ran

this season, only forty-seven races were won. If, however, we set against one another the winnings of the progeny of the above-mentioned four crack nags, viz., Whalebone, Blacklock, Orville, and Selim, we shall at once see the super-excellence of the Whalebone blood in the past season of 1842.

BY WHALEBONE.

	NO. STARTED.	NO. RACES WON.
By Camel	27	39
By Defence	18	38½
By The Saddler	17	27
By Sir Hercules	19	21
By Touchstone	10	18
By The Mole	7	6
By Beagle	6	4
Total	104	153½

BY SELIM.

By Langar	24	44
By Elis	13	7½
By Bay Middleton	32	17½
By Sultan	10	19
By Jereed	4	2
By Ishmael	6	2
By Glencoe	3	5
By Beiram	4	3
By Augustus	2	1
By Hampton	3	9
Total	101	110

BY ORVILLE.

By Muley	5	2
By Muley Moloch	49	47
By Emilius	24	33½
By St. Nicholas	9	11
By Plenipotentiary	18	16
By Priam	8	11
By Recovery	7	12
By Bizarre	9	11
Total	129	143½

BY BLACKLOCK.

By Voltaire	23	30
By Velocipede	27	21
By Hornsea	5	2
By Belshazzar	7	4
By Brutandorf	1	2
By Physician	20	29
Total	83	88

The above include the chief stock of the four horses enumerated, though several to each of inferior grades may be omitted. According to the old adage "that the proof of the pudding is in the eating," the above is satisfactory evidence to any breeder for the Turf, that a cross of the Whalebone is most likely of all to help the £. s. d. to fill up any vacuum in pecuniary matters, to raise the name of his stud, and to make his favorite nag appear at the winning-post, NUMBER ONE.

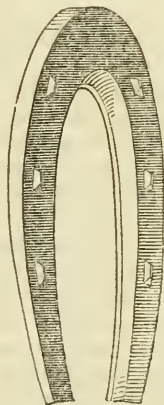
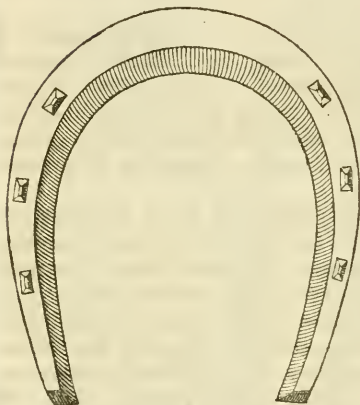
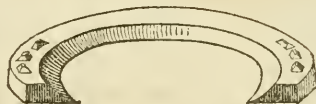
RED ROVER.

IMPROVED HORSE-SHOE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

BATON ROUGE, La. Jan. 28th, 1843.

* * * * * I have been amusing myself for the last half hour in drawing a shoe that I have used for the last four years, and which I believe, would be universally adopted by those who would once use it. You will see by the drawing that the shoe is half the thickness at the heel that it is at the toe.



The object to be gained is to allow the frog to come in contact with the ground. Many smiths will say this is absurd and that your horse will be lame in consequence, but it is their infernal cutting and paring that causes so much lameness. They never allow the frog to touch the ground, and the consequence is that as soon as the shoe is off, your horse is lame because the frog is so tender. Let the frog touch the ground, and I will venture to say that "low heels" "narrow heels" and "rotten frogs," will be subjects no longer for the treatment of the veterinarian. This I know from an experience of five years. The nearer you can accommodate the shoe to the foot (not the foot to the shoe, as many are in the habit of doing) the nearer you bring the shoe to perfection. You will perceive that the parts coming to the ground are, as it were, scooped out, forming an angle as near as possible with the concave part of the horse's hoof. Thus when your horse's foot strikes the ground a curve arises under it corresponding with the hollow of the shoe (or foot,) and it is impossible for him to slip. He will not ball (a great consideration in a snow country,) neither will he cut himself, or "interfere" as they term it.

If you think it may be of any service you are at liberty to publish my remarks, though they are not as plain as I would wish to make them. I have used this shoe in hunting, travelling, working, and all other ways, and it is the only shoe I

ever will use. It has no corks nor toe, but I have galloped a horse around a circle of 20 feet in diameter at nearly full speed on the ice, and he never slipped. The heads of the nails must project about the eighth of an inch, be brought to a point, and hardened. I drove a horse from Chester, Delaware county, Pa., to Philadelphia in 1836, on the ice, shod in this way, and he never made the slightest slip—he was a horse too, that made his mile in three minutes. Another great advantage of this shoe is, that the mud and gravel will not form so hard in the foot that a lazy groom's patience will be exhausted before he clears them out perfectly, as, unfortunately for the poor animals, is too often the case, and nine times out of ten is the cause of gravel.

Let your hunting subscribers try it, and they will, I am sure, be repaid for their trouble. I believe the idea is an original one—at least it is with me—for among at least a hundred different shoes I have in my possession, not one approaches this in form—and I am convinced they do not in usefulness. Believe me to be, very respectfully, yours,

T. H. P.

WOLF HUNT ON THE ICE :

ENGRAVED BY J. B. LONGACRE AFTER A DRAWING BY E. W. CLAY.

THE publisher had intended to embellish the present number of the "Register" with a Portrait of *Grey Eagle*, but the illness of the engraver has prevented its completion. Rather than the magazine should go out without an illustration, he has determined on republishing a spirited engraving which appeared nearly twelve years since in the "Register," and which, to many of its present readers, will be original.

On the Upper Mississippi, the Officers of the U. S. Army are in the habit of chasing wolves on the ice in the winter months. There is generally a streak of smooth ice some fifteen or twenty feet wide, near the shore, upon which the wolves always run, whenever they can gain it, and from which it is very difficult to drive them, as they find themselves buried in the deep and drifted snow along the banks as soon as they leave the ice; moreover, they slip less than the dogs. When closely pursued, they will sometimes run directly to an air-hole, follow close around the edge of it to the opposite side, and then "put out," resuming their original course. The dogs, eager and impetuous, always keeping their eyes upon the wolf, come to the air-hole without perceiving it, and not unfrequently tumble headlong in.

The original drawing of Mr. Clay was intended to illustrate one of the many sporting feats of that renowned sportsman, Col. R. B. Mason, of the U. S. Army.

WOLF HUNT ON THE ICE.



On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the February Number of the "Turf Register," page 70.

ON TRAINING GROOMS AND EXERCISE BOYS.

IN most trades and professions, men have a peculiar manner of expressing themselves, in ordering or arranging any thing in their business. In this respect, training grooms and jockies may be said to make use of a language exclusively their own, and which may not be generally understood by many of my readers ; therefore, whenever I make use of any phrase such as is used on the turf I shall, if I see it necessary, accompany the same with an explanation.

I now come to speak of the training groom. It is highly requisite that I should enter into a very accurate description of this man ; for it is of the utmost importance to every nobleman and gentleman on the turf, that a man undertaking the management of race-horses, should be thoroughly acquainted, not only with every thing relating to the business of training them to run, but he should know how to guard against accidents, and give the necessary orders how the horses are to be rode in their different races, according to the constitution and temper of each peculiar horse. Therefore, to enable my readers to judge how well qualified a man may be to take charge of a large racing establishment, I shall here give the gradual rise and progress of a man of this description, from the time of his entering the stables, which, if he is to become a good training groom, he should do at the age of twelve or fourteen at latest.

As the men who train horses are sometimes the jockies who ride them, the lighter such men are, the less they will have to punish and sweat themselves ; consequently they are stronger on horse-back, which is a matter of importance when they have to ride craving horses, and have often to cut the work out with them, or, in other words, to make the play. Sometimes, on such occasions in country running (although not so often now as formerly), they have to ride two, three, or four, four-mile heats ; to do which, requires a man to be not only of a strong constitution, but in tolerably good condition, as such horses often require a great deal of perseverance on the part of the jockey, to get their races out of them, in coming such long lengths. If a jockey is drawn too fine by wasting, he will be in too delicate a state to render his horse the necessary aid in running required of him. Under such circumstances, or indeed, under most others applicable to grooms and jockies, it is necessary to make choice of such boys as are of

small features, and whose parents were of low stature. If the boys are coarse and bony-limbed, with large hands and feet, and their parents were of tall stature, they can seldom be made jockies; they no sooner acquire a knowledge of their business, and become useful to their employers, than they get too big and too heavy to ride young ones in strong work, or indeed, any sort of race-horse, and a groom is often obliged to discharge such boys on this account.

If boys were invariably chosen as I have recommended, it would, I think, be by far the best plan, for training grooms who have under their charge a large and permanent racing establishment, to have these boys articed to them. They could not then so readily go away when they thought proper, leaving the groom quite at a loss how to supply the place of a boy, who may have been looking after a horse difficult both to ride and to clean. Another disgraceful practice would thereby be put a stop to,—that of one groom enticing a good riding boy away from another, which, I am sorry to say, was formerly by no means an uncommon occurrence; an attempt having twice been made to entice me away from stables when a boy. But the grooms of the present day are, I hope, above all such mean and unfair practices. Good riding boys in a training stable, I may say are invaluable; in fact, there is no training horses properly without them. I shall, therefore, enter minutely into the subject of how they are to be taught their duty, both as regards riding the horses when at exercise, as well as the attention which is necessary to be paid to them in the stables. It is tolerably well understood, that boys are, more or less, inclined to be tricky; nor are those in race-horse stables different from the generality in this particular. They are often in the habit of playing each other a variety of mischievous little dirty tricks, which, of course, are not of much consequence: but some boys, when not strictly watched, are apt at times, to practice rather dangerous tricks on the horses they look after, and in which, I confess, I have often been an accomplice; and, as I have reason to suppose human nature has not much changed since, I shall, as I proceed, make mention of such of them as I think necessary, to put those grooms who may not have been brought up in training stables at a very early period, on their guard. I know some men, who did not begin to train horses until they were some way advanced in years, and to such, these hints may be found useful.

I expect training grooms teach their boys to ride much in the same way now as they formerly did, being fully aware that they are, at times, necessitated to put up their best riding boys to ride their light weights, when jockies cannot be had, or when these cannot perhaps get themselves down to the weight. Under these and other circumstances, it used to be the custom with most grooms, to caution and instruct their boys at the time of their riding different horses in their gallops and sweats, and more particularly in the concluding of the latter; at which time it generally is that the trainer is endeavoring to ascertain the length of rally that a craving or hearty horse (but not a flighty one) can live or come home

in, at pretty near the top of his pace. Unless a trainer ascertains this fact, he would be rather posed, as to what orders he should give his jockey, how the horse he may have been training is to run, —whether the jockey is to make play, or wait with him; or, if neither of these, to what part of the course he is to keep his place with the company he is in, until he comes to that part of it whence the length of rally commences in which he knows his horse can come well home. And very requisite it is for the trainer to know this, and which all the best riding boys ought to be taught, while they are riding different horses in their exercise; for instructions on these points would be ill-timed at the moment they are being put up to ride in a race. They have enough to do, on those occasions, to observe the orders given them, how the horses they are put on are to be rode in the race.

I shall now endeavor to teach an exercise boy how to ride, much in the same way I was taught by the different head lads and grooms whom I lived under when I was a boy similarly circumstanced.

When a young boy is first put to look after a horse, and ride him in his exercise, with a view to give the boy confidence, the horse should be one that is tolerably quiet both to ride and to dress, and should have been some time in training; so that with little trouble he will keep his pace in the gallop, make á run at the end with the other horses, and afterwards be pulled up easily. The stronger work such a horse is in, the less likely he is to be calfish, or to give the boy, what is commonly termed in the stables, a calf, —in other words, he will be less likely to throw him. This is the sort of horses a young boy should be put to look after. Such boy should be instructed in everything appertaining to the taking care of a horse, as to the manner of feeding, dressing, clothing, &c., by an older hand, who is well acquainted with his business.

The time of teaching a boy to ride is, of course, when the horses are at exercise. As race-horse stables are mostly on or near the ground on which the horses are trained, it is the custom (and a very excellent one it is) before the groom sets his horses on their legs (by giving them a short gallop) to order the boys to walk them, at a proper distance from each other, round a large circle, that they may stretch their legs, and empty themselves before they commence their gallops.

It is generally during this period that the groom gives his orders to the different boys, according to circumstances, how they are to go with their horses, as to their length and pace, and the different sorts or parts of ground they are to go on; but he seldom troubles himself with the first rudiments of a young boy's riding, that being generally left to the head lad.

Let us now suppose a string of race-horses to be clothed up, turned round in their stalls, with the boys on them, ready to go out to exercise. Before they start, the head lad gives his instructions to the young boy; he arranges the length he is to ride in his stirrups, by making him stand up in them, and leaning his body forward, with his fork over the pommel of the saddle; his breeches

being loose, should just lightly brush the top of it as he is directed to move his body forward and backward. This length answers the purpose well enough at first, until the boy gets more inured to the habit of riding; he will then exercise his own judgment in this respect. The bridle-reins are knotted at a well-proportioned length, so as to enable the boy to have a very firm hold of the horse's head, whenever he finds such to be necessary. He should now be directed to sit upright, but well down in his saddle, keeping his knees and the calves of his legs tightly pressed to its flaps; his toes should be as much turned in and up as the hold with his knees and the calves of his legs will admit; and with his feet rather forward, he should have a pretty firm hold of his stirrups. He is to be told the distance he is to keep from the horse in front of him.

He is next to be directed almost invariably to keep his hands well down; more particularly when the horse is going up his gallop, they must be well down on each side the horse's withers. The boy's hands thus placed give him some support against the horse whenever he feels inclined to pull, nor is he to move his hands from this position (walking exercise excepted) unless to take a pull; if the horse should be making too free with himself in the gallop, he may then move his hands to take a pull, or rather, first gradually give with the reins, and take the pull afterwards. By these means the horse's mouth is kept alive, or, in other words, sensible to the pressure of the bit; and thereby the boy is enabled to hold the horse in the gallop, and to pull him up at the termination of it. But he should be cautioned, that when the horses are making their run at the end of the gallop, as they will sometimes have to do, he is to lay a little out of his ground to the right of the horses in front of him, so that he may have room to pull his horse up gradually, and not balk him of his stride.

A boy, having the above directions clearly laid down to him, and going out occasionally twice a day with the horses to exercise, soon learns (provided he be not a very stupid fellow) how to take a quiet horse up his gallop. When he is seen to sit carelessly on his horse at walking exercise, sitting perhaps on one thigh, and talking to the rest of the boys, there are hopes of his becoming a good rider. The groom observing a boy doing this sort of thing, thinks it will soon be time to take him under his own tuition.

To prepare him for this, he changes him from the quiet horse, and puts him to look after one that is not only more difficult to ride, but in all probability, more difficult to dress (of which I shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter); perhaps a sort of horse which, in the language of the stable, is termed a hearty one, and which, if not in pretty strong work at the time, will be very likely, when on the downs, to begin his gambols, and of this the groom is aware. He therefore cautions the boy to sit upright on his horse, but firm, and well down in his saddle, and to keep fast hold of his horse's head, that he may not get it down; as a horse of this description, when fresh, seeing the horses in front of him commencing their gallop, becomes anxious to get away with them, and he is

very likely to kick up, or make a bound or two just before he settles in his stride. If he does not give the boy a calf the first time of his riding him, he will not in all probability do it at all; but he will certainly give his rider to understand that he requires some attention paid him, or, more properly speaking, the boy finds he must be on his guard with him, that he must keep a firm seat, or occasionally be very quick in seizing one.

As the groom sees the boy has confidence in himself, and that he can manage the horse I have just described, he should take an opportunity, whenever it is his intention to give three or four horses a good brushing gallop together (perhaps the day before sweating), of putting up this boy to ride one of them, just to give him an idea of pace; or whenever there are a number of horses going a gentle sweat together, then, with a view to get some length of riding into the boy, he should be put up, for a few times, to ride any one of the horses at the tail of the string, that will not want much persevering with to keep him up with the others in going over the sweating ground. This young boy, being light of weight, and thus far forwarded in his riding, the groom is now supposed to put him to ride such of the young ones as may be going into strong work, and he thinks him best capable of holding.

The boy having now been taught a certain portion of his duty out of the stables, the next thing to be done, is to teach him that part of it which it is equally necessary he should perform when in the stables; and this will form the subject of the following chapter.

NOTES ON THE PAST RACING SEASON IN AMERICA.

From the English "Sporting Review" for January, 1843.

Our transatlantic brethren, while they surpass us in their enthusiasm for the turf, treat its details in a more business-like way than we do in the old country. Without subscribing to the doctrine broached in the following passages, we give them place here, because they throw a strong light on the present condition of racing in America, and illustrate the great popularity of that noble sport.

"'Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue' seems to be reverberated from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. Blue Bonnet has won the Great St. Leger at Doncaster; and the *matchless* daughter of Bonnets o' Blue, by her splendid achievements, has won for herself unfading fame in our land. To resist Fashion has been worse than fruitless. It has been a losing game. She is not only decidedly at the head of the turf, the most renowned race-mare that has ever run in America, and one, in my very humble judgment, that could beat any race-horse now in England, in a run of four

miles ; but is also the best race-horse ever foaled in the north, a worthy descendant of Reality [so felicitously named], 'the best race nag' her intelligent and experienced owner 'ever knew,' one that he believed 'could run *both* her heats of four miles in 7:40.' This, taken in connection with the unexampled performances of her grand-daughter, we can readily credit. *Either* of her four extraordinary races of four mile heats, the state of the three different courses being considered, throws the boasted achievement of Eclipse, his only remarkable race, entirely in the shade. Fashion, on the same course, rendered memorable by his then unprecedented exploits, and when not so favorable for speed, won *each* of her two heats in about five seconds less, and almost without persuasion, than the severest flagellation and the closest competition could get out of Eclipse. On the heavier course, at Camden, she won in about the same time as Eclipse, without being let out in the second heat ; and the next week, at Trenton, surpassed his time, actually concluding the second heat *in a trot* in 7:49 ! Yet her recent achievements do not exhibit the same speed as in her match with Boston. In her races against Blue Dick, a horse of almost matchless speed for three miles, no mile has been run faster than 1:53, two miles in 3:47, three miles in 5:41, and four miles in 7:36, Blue Dick being well up at the finish. In her match with Boston, one mile [the second] was run in 1:50½, two miles in 3:43½, three miles in 5:37½ [faster than any three miles by Blue Dick], and four miles in 7:32½ ! The first heat being 3½ seconds faster than her first [the best] heat against Blue Dick ; and the second heat with Boston four seconds faster than either of her late second heats.

"Next to Fashion, Miss Foote, in Kentucky has acquired the most fame by her two races 'in the forties,' and a second heat in 7:40. [She had won a second heat at New Orleans in 7:35, carrying light weight.] I am inclined to believe it was fortunate for Zenith that he did not enter the lists with a nag of such approved bottom. His might have been the fate of Blue Dick, in decking the brows of another with his verdant laurels.

"The racing in 'the Old Dominion,' although Sarah Washington and Lady Clifden met at Fairfield, was never of less interest than during the present autumn. I see no notice of any meeting at the ancient Newmarket Course, perhaps the oldest in the country, where, I believe, races have been run uninterruptedly for more than half a century. Is it possible that venerable club has been permitted to expire ?

"The running this year has been well calculated to remove the deep-rooted prejudice that English horses of the present day could not go the four mile heats ; and that breeding from English horses would lead to a deficiency in game. But the result has been the reverse. No horse ever exhibited game superior to Fashion. In this respect she is unsurpassed. Her most prominent rival now on the turf is English bred—Miss Foote.

"Does not Kentucky need a foreign cross for her Sir Archy and Eclipse blood, as derived from Diomed ? Such a game horse, and

of stout blood, as 'Trustee, would, no doubt, be serviceable in Kentucky. Speed rather than game has characterized the stock of Medoc and Eclipse. The exceptions may be due to the dam. Mares of long pedigrees may be needed too in Kentucky, for her native stallions. Our native stock has been latterly improved by an infusion of good foreign crosses, as exemplified by the get of Priam, Leviathan, Glencoe, Margrave, Trustee, Consol, Sarpedon, &c., *now decidedly at the head of our turf*. The Priams, though only three and four years old, head the list. This is by no means extraordinary, as the 'matchless Priam,' so termed by a late English writer, is the best horse ever exported from England. His daughter, Crucifix, at two and three years old, was as renowned as any nag of her age that ever ran in the United Kingdom. Monarch, The Queen, Wilton Brown, Pryor, and Cassandra, have proven capital four milers. That Register, Regent, and others, will follow in their steps, if they have a chance, there can be no doubt. If Fashion ever be fairly beat, without loss of reputation, in a race of four mile heats, I will venture to predict it will be by one of the get of Priam."

Note.—The quotation above was made from an article by "Observer," in the "Spirit of the Times."—ED. A. T. R.

AN ACCOUNT OF A GANGRENOUS DISEASE AMONG CATTLE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY H. S. RANDALL, ESQ.

CORTLAND VILLAGE, Cortland County, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1842.

To the Editor of the London "Veterinarian"—

DEAR SIR: A disease peculiar in its character, and exceedingly fatal in its effects, has, to a greater or less extent, made its appearance annually among the cattle of the United States for the last few years. The time of its attack is winter. The first symptom usually perceived is a slight swelling, accompanied with a small degree of stiffness about the lower joints and pasterns of the hind legs. The inflammation is not acute, and suppuration rarely takes place in any stage of the disease. So slight indeed is the local inflammation, and so little derangement does it produce on the system generally, that it not unfrequently remains unnoticed until a more fatal stage of the malady intervenes. The cow eats with unabated appetite; the muzzle remains moist; the eye retains its brightness and natural expression; and, strange to tell, in most of the cases that have fallen under my observation, these symptoms continue to the last. The disease, therefore, would seem to be almost entirely local in its character.

The first stage which I have mentioned is, however, far from

being uniform in its diagnosis : it is soon followed by apparently *dry gangrene*, commencing about the coronet of the hoof, or within the hoof, and extended upwards to the lower extremities of the metatarsal bones. I never have seen it extend for more than two or three inches above the upper pastern joint.

The flesh on the affected part becomes black or dark-coloured, dry, hard, and resembling *leather*. It loses its sensibility, and, on cutting it, a little black blood alone escapes.

In our rigorous climate it is common to find the gangrened portion of the limb frozen to the consistency of bone, though, from the suspension of the circulation, it requires no great degree of cold to effect it. The impression, indeed, prevails among many of our farmers that the whole disease is produced by a freezing of the parts. By many, this is the first symptom discovered, so insidious is the approach of the malady. But if produced by freezing, why is the coagulation so uniformly limited to such certain and prescribed bounds ? The gangrene ascends the leg uniformly on each side. If caused by freezing, the line of separation between the frozen and unfrozen parts would not be so clearly defined, or so uniformly exhibit a regular transverse section or ring passing round the leg at right angles with its length. If frozen when the animal was in a recumbent posture, as would be oftenest the case, the upper and more exposed portions of the limbs would be frozen *higher up* than those partially protected by the bedding or other substance with which they were brought into juxtaposition.

Well, Sir, the animal, though eating voraciously, begins to grow thin : the lameness, as spring approaches, increases. As the warm weather begins to be felt, the emaciation goes rapidly on : the animal becomes a miserable and a disgusting object, crawling around on feet which have ceased to perform their natural functions, and that are united to the living parts, which they only irritate by their abrasion, by the bones and ligaments which are yet unsevered.

Strong constituted animals, that commenced the winter in high condition, and that were carefully nursed, not unfrequently live on until summer. The dead parts slough off ; and the animal, destitute of one and sometimes both hind feet, has been in some instances partially fattened, and converted into beef ! In what appears to be a milder form of the disease, death of the parts does not always ensue. The extremities, however (of the *hind legs*), lose their elasticity—the points of the hoof turn upward, and grow unnaturally long—and the cow hobbles about on her “heels,” until the humanity or good taste of the owner consigns her to the butcher.

Every imaginable cause is assigned for this disease in our country—every imaginable remedy is resorted to. I should blush for the absurdity of some of the latter, were it not for the fact, that I learn from your work on Cattle—in the “Farmer’s Series”—that such absurdities are not confined to the United States. But let them pass.

I may remark that practical veterinary science is yet in its in-

fancy in this country. We have the ignorant, the pretending, the superstitious cowleech—a genus, I suppose, existing in every country; but any thing like a class of educated and intelligent veterinary surgeons are not to be found in the United States. There may be occasional instances of skilful practitioners in our larger cities, but they are little known and little consulted by our people. Every man, gentle or simple, is his own farrier. If his horse is sick, he resorts to the nostrums of the “horse doctor;” or, armed with your work, or that of Mr. Blaine, he decides and prescribes “by the book.” If his cows are diseased, your work above alluded to, on “Cattle,” is generally resorted to by those who go beyond the authority of the cowleech. In my own yard I have called in no other authority for many years.

But to return from this digression. The remedies which have been resorted to in the disease that I have attempted to describe, have been—bleeding at the point of the hoof, in its first stages—the application of blisters and setons to the diseased parts—and various indescribable “drinks” and “washes.” In the first instance which fell under my observation I attempted to rouse the circulation by stimulating applications and active blisters, and to determine the morbid secretions which I fancied to exist by rowels smeared with the most acrid substances. I might as well have attempted to rouse action in the limb of a dead animal! This was a natural result—the part was actually dead. I ascertained this, subsequently, by finding that deep incisions in it with a knife were unnoticed by the animal. Pott administered opium to human subjects, with decided success, in cases of dry gangrene: I shall try its effects on brutes in the next cases of this malady which come under my observation.

After all, in such a disease, must we not look rather for prevention than cure? And to decide on the preventive, we must know the cause and nature of the malady. I have brought the subject before you, Sir, to ask if you are acquainted with this destructive epizootic and its treatment. If you can suggest any thing which will stay its ravages, you will confer an incalculable benefit on the agriculturists of the United States.

You will not confound the disease with the common “hoof-ail,” or “fouls,” which assaults all the feet equally; which usually makes its appearance at a different period of the year; which is uniformly attended with inflammation and suppuration between the claws of the hoof; and which is readily cured by the application of any caustic, or the less humane but common method of drawing a rope between the claws of the hoof.

I, in common with many others in this country, have considered this disease analogous to the “dry gangrene,” which, as you are aware, has prevailed at various times in different countries among human subjects; and that it is produced by the same cause, viz. *ergot*. This substance is stated by the ablest medical writer to produce this specific effect (gangrene of the extremities) when taken into the stomach in too large quantities. It much abounds in the “spear-grass” (*poa pratensis*) of this country, and it is thought

that it has appeared in larger quantities in those years in which this epizootic has committed its greatest ravages.*

Your opinion as to the probable origin, nature, treatment, and prevention of the disease, would be regarded with deep interest by the owners of cattle in the United States. May we hope to receive it, sir? Should, fortunately, any suggestion of yours be the means of arresting the evil, I need not say how great would be the benefit which you would confer on our whole people. Your answer to this will, unless objected to by you, be made public.

I am, &c.

[We should indeed be thankful if, in the course of the first or second week in November, any of our correspondents will throw some light on this interesting, fearful malady. Their kindness shall be promptly acknowledged. We think that we have witnessed something like it: our friends may, perhaps, be in possession of more important information.—Ed.]

* I should remark that it does not appear every year, nor often generally, in any one year. It is local and irregular in its visitations.

ON THE PRESENT EPIDEMIC AMONG CATTLE.

BY MR. JOHN STOREY, V. S., PICKERING.

I AM induced to offer a few remarks on the present epidemic which has for some time past proved so fatal among horned cattle in many parts of the country. The North Riding of Yorkshire has not been exempted from its malignity, and this neighborhood has had its share of the fatal disease.

I have had to attend many extreme cases, and, from the experience I had of the epidemic of 1839-40, and 41, I am decidedly of opinion that many of the present cases had their origin in, and may be traced to, imperfect and unskillful treatment of the former disease. As it was not of so fatal a nature as the present disease, many of the farmers at the periods above stated undertook to cure their own cattle by the use of the recipe given by Mr. Sewell to the Agricultural Association, and in some slight cases administered no medicine at all; thus, for want of skill and judgment as to the proper treatment of the disorder in its various forms and manifestations, they seldom did more than remove the external symptoms, while the seeds of the disease remained internally quiescent, and are now brought forth with increased malignity in the present formidable epizootic.

In some cases, where I have been called in at the commencement of the disease, I have not found it difficult to effect a cure, although every symptom of the approaching disorder was becoming manifest. In one case, where the disorder had been allowed to proceed for several days without applying for a remedy, I found

it very difficult to remove it; and although by uncommon perseverance I succeeded in completely eradicating the disorder, yet the udder was so much affected by it, that two of its quarters have become totally useless for the time to come. I have had several cases which I pronounced incurable, and of course would give them no medicine.

I have only lost one out of several which I have had under my care; the following were its symptoms: Considerable hoozing—dull, sluggish appearance—rumination totally ceased—the ears and extremities cold—rigid constipation of the bowels—a profuse discharge from the lachrymal glands—pulse indistinct, but after venesection became frequent and full, beating 90 in a minute—and respiration much accelerated. These combined symptoms proved too obstinate at their advanced stages to be removed by the most powerful aperients and sedatives that could be administered, and the consequence was unavoidably fatal.

In all cases where a cure was performed, I have invariably commenced with venesection, and then administered, as the case seemed to me to require, aperients and sedatives.

I have also seen good effects produced in some cases from the use of veratrum, combined with calomel and opium; at the same time giving aperients, such as croton. tiglii semin. pulv., magn. sulph. &c.

Should you consider the above, or any part of it, of sufficient importance to occupy a small space in your invaluable miscellany, it is quite at your service.

The Veterinarian for December, 1842.

ON CURBS, OR AFFECTIONS RESEMBLING THEM.

BY AN AMATEUR.

THE following is the substance of my recent communication to you on the subject of curbs or curby affections, which you are at liberty to put into the fire or to publish in any way that you may think useful; not, however, divulging my name.

In the spring of the last year, I found a young horse that my groom had been hunting slightly lame in the back of the near hind leg, evidently from the heat, tenderness, and swelling at the seat of curb. The horse was kept quiet for a few days, when I rode him twenty miles across the country, he going perfectly sound.

In a day or two I rode him hunting, and perfectly sound until within a mile or two of home, when he became very lame, and I consulted a veterinary surgeon, who pronounced it a clear case of curb; the swelling, heat, and tenderness were obvious at the seat of curb.

The horse was kept quiet, and cold lotions applied for a few days, when the groom again hunted him twice, he going perfectly sound, and one of the days being severe and trying. The horse was then laid up and blistered repeatedly; and in August taken up from the straw yard, with very little enlargement remaining, and likely to stand work.

Now here is a case of intermittent lameness, from what any veterinary surgeon would pronounce to be curb, as the one I consulted did.

This is quite inconsistent with the anatomical and surgical description given of curb, on which veterinary writers seem to agree. The very term springing a curb, and the lesion described, imply so violent a disorganization as would seem to preclude the possibility of any recovery, except by decisive measures, and "absolute and long-continued rest," as stated in the "Treatise on the Horse."

I imagine that I have discovered the explanation of this matter, which I wish to suggest for the scientific inquiry, at least, of the professors of the veterinary art.

I have long since observed a very remarkable difference in the formation of the hocks of horses; a difference merely local, and not, as at present I understand the matter, connected with other particular characters of form. In some hocks (to take the extremes) the tendon stands out prominent, and clear of the bone, so as to be distinctly visible, and perceptible to the touch; the head of the splint bone, I think it is, being small and receding. In others the head of the splint bone is large and prominent, and hiding on a side view the tendon altogether; in other instances the bone projects so much as to destroy the straight line, and in itself to give the appearance of curb.

I have frequently mentioned this peculiarity of formation to veterinary surgeons, as somehow connected with curb, without getting any light thrown on the subject; but is it not possible that, in the latter kind of formation, the bone itself may be so large as to interfere with the action of the tendon; and that by slight and continued friction, swelling, tenderness, and lameness similar to the symptoms of curb, may be produced? Such an affection not implying the severe damage to the sheath of the tendon, or to the ligament said to belong to the true curb, might yield to rest and milder remedies than those requisite for true curb.

An intelligent veterinary surgeon in the country, whose name I would mention but that it might lead to my own, suggested the friction on the tendon as possibly producing the evil; but the ligament may be also in some way affected; or a person possessing a more minute knowledge of the structure than I possess may hit on some other explanation.

I am informed that some persons who let hunters for the season or job frequently manage what are called curbs by palliatives only, thereby producing such relief as to lead to very little loss of work. Young horses with curbs are also admitted into some cavalry regiments as sound; the latter fact may consist with true curbs, which

are supposed to be generally curable ; the former looks more like a curby affection, short of true curb, and capable of the above explanation.

As you inform me that the theory is new, it would be premature for a person unversed in veterinary mysteries to pursue the inquiry much farther ; but I may suggest as a point of surgical investigation in the living subject, whether apparent curbs are more or less manageable or more or less acute or intermittent in the one or the other formation ? whether the latter formation be more liable to such affections than the former, as is my own notion of the case. If it be so, an undamaged colt with such hocks, though technically and legally speaking sound, should be avoided where hunting is intended, or other hard work.

I should mention, that the particular horse alluded to has rather prominent splint bones, and was enlarged somewhat at the seat of curb in both hocks. I could not trace the lameness to any particular exertion, but it seemed to have come on gradually.

I had recently under my eye a well-bred filly, with particularly large and prominent bones in both hocks, and she threw out, at grass, about her third year, a curb, which was blistered, and disappeared.

In dissections, attention should be directed to the comparative nearness of the bone to the tendon in the two formations. But one must not "teach fishes to swim;" the veterinarians must work out the subject, if there be anything in it, condescending to take a wrinkle from one uninitiated in their science.

The Veterinarian for December, 1842.

THE BIRTH OF A SPORTSMAN.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

It was on a lovely day in September, 1799, that I first saw the light. My father was then quartered in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and had rented Winestead Hall, a spot by no means unpleasantly situated, though lying in a flat country. If the earliest associations had been carried on through life, I should, indeed, have been a thorough-bred sportsman, for not only did my father excel in every manly sport, hunting, shooting, cricketing, tennis, race-riding, but a party of right good fellows, all devoted to the "noble science," were assembled at the hall.

"Please, colonel, her ladyship is confined," said the old nurse to my father, who had given up a day's shooting upon this interesting occasion ; "and doing purely well," continued the garrulous matron. "Such a sweet baby!"

"What is it?" interrupted one of the party, who had just en-

tered the billiard-room, where this interesting domestic detail was being given, "colt-foal or filly?"

"Sir," said Mrs. Griffiths, bridling up with anger, "I knows nothing about colts and fillies. All I knows is, it's as fine a boy as ever I clapped eyes upon."

Reader, pardon this *little* egotism; all babies are the finest ever seen, in the eyes of their dear mamas and doting nurses, and why was I to be an exception to the general rule?

"A boy, old girl?" continued the sporting inquirer, "here's a couple of guineas to drink his health with. I've won your two ponies to one," said he, turning to a brother sportsman, somewhat chapfallen at the information, which had cost him fifty pounds. The nurse, though at a loss to know what was meant by colts, fillies, and ponies, pocketed the gold and retired. After a certain time my christening took place, and the day was worthy of being recorded in the annals of sporting. In the absence of a font, a basin, in which a pet King Charles's quadruped's offspring was wont to lap his water, was used to christen a biped, a lineal descendant of that merry monarch, no less a personage than myself. Great was the horror of my nurse, who flounced about in a most *uncordial* manner, anathematizing the whole party for allowing such a desecration; and her temper was not improved by the sportsman already alluded to as the winner of the fifty pounds, unfortunately meeting her and her precious charge, on his return from a glorious run with the Holderness hounds. "Ah, how's the young un?" he exclaimed. "He'll be a sportsman in time, I hope: let me blood him;" and, suiting the action to the word, smeared my forehead over with the brush of a fine woodland fox, which had been killed, after a splendid run of fifty-five minutes. In those days, the mighty Nimrods were up with the sun, and preferred finding, hunting, and killing their fox before mid-day, to the modern practice of racing from gorse to gorse, and being benighted. After dinner I was brought in, to have my health drunk, out of a huge china bowl of punch, with the fox-hunting honors—"nine times nine, and one tally-ho more." And perhaps I am the only individual who can really assert, with truth, "that, on such an interesting occasion, unaccustomed as I was to public speaking, it was *impossible* for me to give expression to my feelings." At all events, it was not "the happiest moment in my life," for I cried, and kicked, and pinched my nurse, and went through sundry other evolutions, that I was at last hurried out of the room.

London Sporting Review for January, 1843.

AMERICAN HORSES.

From the English "Sporting Review" for January, 1843.

A GOOD deal of discussion is at present going forward in the American papers, on the subject of their breeds of horses, from which some interesting facts may be gleaned. Great efforts are making, in the New World, to put the Turf on a footing with that of the Mother Country. In a recently published list of sires the following names appeared, constituting a formidable stud force. Ambassador, by Emilius, out of Trapes by Tramp; Autocrat, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver; Belshazzar, by Blacklock, out of Manuella; Doncaster, by Longwaist, dam by Muley; Fop, by Stumps, dam by Fitz James; Glencoe, by Sultan, out of Trampoline; Hugh Lupus, by Priam, out of Her Highness; Langford, by Starch, out of Peri; Leviathan, by Muley, dam by Windle; Margrave, by Muley; Onus, by Camel, out of The Etching; Philip, by Filho, out of Treasure; Priam; Riddlesworth; Ruby, by Emilius; Truffle; Trustee; and some dozen others of a similar grade.

The following extract refers to the horses of one province, and may serve as a sample of the spirit and skill with which the controversy is carried on:—

"The history of the blood horses of Kentucky was written years since, in the 'Turf Register,' but seems not so well known as it deserves to be. Kentucky is the offspring of Virginia, and, about the close of the revolutionary war, received a great influx of the very best population of her parent State. As is well known to those informed upon the subject of the American race-horse, Virginia had, at that period, much of the best and stoutest blood of England. Much of this blood was brought, at that early period, to our State, and, more than fifty years since races, and of four-mile heats, too, were run, and by horses and mares that traced, without alloy, to the champions of Newmarket. Racing continued to be a popular amusement, and regular jockey clubs and courses were sustained from the period above-mentioned, until about 1810, a short time before the last war with England. For ten or twelve years subsequently, no race was run in our country, and breeding for the turf was discontinued. There was, as a matter of course, a general neglect and indifference towards the race-horse during the lapse of time, and many pedigrees were lost, leaving a presumption irresistibly strong in favour of thorough-breeding. But *all* pedigrees were not lost, and there still remain authentic claims to descent from the thorough-breds of Colonels Hoomes, Hoskins, and Fitzhugh, of Virginia, Colonel M'Pherson, of South Carolina, and Mr. Hunt, of New Jersey, the most prominent and distinguished breeders in America at the close of the last century.

"Such were the sources, and so distant was the time, whence

our blood traces ; and yet we are impertinently told that ' four good crosses, terminating in a " Virginia mare," will no longer be considered thorough-bred,' as if breeding with us were begun but yesterday. We make more aristocratic pretension. With the best blood of Virginia at the commencement, especially that of Fearnought and Medley, we have since had numberless imported stallions, one of which was Buzzard, the grandsire of Sultan and Langar ; from him, as well as from Shark and Diomed, most of our blood is derived, and, although now termed native, is not surpassed by any that England boasts. John Bascombe and Sarah Bladen, horses of the first fame, trace maternally to Kentucky names ; and Bascombe's grandam, bred here, may challenge comparison, on the score of pedigree, with any in the English Stud Book. Grey Eagle, Grey Medoc, and Jim Bell, have some pretensions beyond ' some good crosses,' and, I would fain hope, will not be ' bred to the road or the plough.'

" In the enumeration of the ' Cracks of the Day' by your correspondent, Jim Bell, the victor over Sarah Bladen in one of the best races of the year, with rank injustice, has been denied a place. I should think, too, that Fanny might have been strung with these gems, for, though from want of fast courses and good competitors, she has not made so fast time, yet she is acknowledged a crack, and, in her three-year-old form, beat all the colts of her year, those imported as well as the get of imported stallions.

" Your correspondents claim superiority for the English horse of the present day ; for the imported over the native horse. This is a much vexed question, which I do not mean to discuss, but will only remark that by native is meant, at the present time, all blood not recently imported, notwithstanding it can be traced without alloy to the English Stud Book. There are, no doubt, a few imported stallions that have merit, but of that few, not one has been to Kentucky, and we should be excused for still showing some favour to the native ones, because the best of them are greatly better than any imported horses we have seen. So far as the experiment has been made in Kentucky, the native has triumphed over the imported blood.

" I do not wince under the praise bestowed upon Miss Foote, and cheerfully admit that she is a game and excellent racer—a phenomenon indeed ; for, in the compass of a form, not only small, but light in its proportions, are powers rarely equalled. Her race at Lexington was the best, in point of time, ever run in Kentucky ; yet it is not so certain that she could have beaten all the horses of our country, past and present, as your correspondents suppose. The race has not, I think, been correctly described by them. My position was better than the public stands : and, having been accustomed for more than twenty years to observe races closely, my impressions, in regard to them, may, perhaps, be as just as those given by your correspondents. The first heat was won by Miss Foote in seven minutes forty-two seconds ; Alice alone, of the field, made running for the heat ; she ran some lengths behind, until entering upon the back stretch in the fourth mile, when she drew

upon Miss Foote, but never lapped her, declined before entering the front stretch, and Miss Foote came home easily. The last mile was done in one minute fifty-one seconds, and was the quickest in the race. She certainly did not 'show her hand' in this heat, and, if the race had then ended, there would have been no data by which to get at her time or measure her powers. But the second heat, two seconds faster, was a very different affair, and Miss Foote 'showed her hand,' keeping nothing back. After the first heat she unsaddled at the stand, cheerful and easy; Alice alone was distressed. Argentile had not moved for a heat, but, having laid too far back in the first two miles, when the running was slow, was obliged to run the last two, and gained but slight, if any, advantage by not going for the heat. Miss Foote went away with the lead in the second heat, but Alice soon challenged and passed her, maintained the lead for near a mile and a half, when she declined, and Miss Foote went by. Argentile then caught up the running, reached Miss Foote, and passed her before the end of the second mile. Down the back stretch, and around the hill, on the third mile, Miss Foote *was driven*, but Argentile had the foot of her, and led clear under a pull.

"Whatever your correspondents may then have thought, it seemed to all others that Miss Foote was beaten. Argentile, though pulling to Miss Foote, tired at the end of the third mile, and did not again rally. Miss Foote went steadily on, not pulling back to the Bertrand, and made the fourth mile in two minutes one second, and could not, I think, have improved the time. She betrayed great distress, and, in my judgment, had fairly and fully 'shown her hand.' 'L. of Louisiana,' says that 'Argentile could have beaten Wagner or Grey Eagle any day;' *credat hoc, he* may believe it, but there is not a turfman in Kentucky who thinks so. The race with Miss Foote was her third one the present year; she had been twice before beaten, when she seemed in condition, and had not developed any remarkable powers. When she run within less than two seconds of Miss Foote, she was much too high in flesh.

"'L. of L.' also says, that the 'track at Lexington was not in good order for quick time;' in this he is mistaken; its order could not have been improved. The track was certainly quicker than the Oakland, when Wagner and Grey Eagle made their first race, and from its better shape, quicker, probably, than the Oakland can be made. Wagner and Grey Eagle ended their race much *faster* than Miss Foote, and, to the eye, theirs was a better race.

"We think in Kentucky that we have had, and, perhaps, still may have, horses that can beat the field beaten by Miss Foote at Lexington, as easily as she did it. From the ills that horse-flesh is heir to, we have not a chance with her, and she may have won all the races which she has won here, without any title to invincibility.

"In her last race at Louisville, Black-nose was pulled up by mistake at the end of three miles, and lost so much ground by it, that he was distanced in the heat; but for this mortifying mischance, he would have ended his career by a capital race, as he was then

in condition, and would have made Miss Foote play her honours to win.

"Miss Foote has not in her races shown great speed, but is certainly a game and excellent race-horse. In what I have said, I have not been prompted by a wish to detract from her, but to set right the extravagance which ever attends success."

The Horse,

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA—AS HE HAS BEEN AND AS HE IS.

BY THE HON. J. S. SKINNER, OF WASHINGTON CITY.

The following Essay is from the gifted pen of the original founder of this Magazine—our esteemed friend Mr. SKINNER. It was written to accompany the new edition of Mr. YOUATT's celebrated treatise on *The Horse*, which is to be published during the present month by Messrs. *Lea & Blanchard*, of Philadelphia. The work will form a beautiful octavo volume of royal size, and contain about four hundred large-sized pages, handsomely printed, and illustrated with numerous wood-cuts. The work will be handsomely done up in leather, and delivered at two dollars per copy. The following is the title-page of the work:—

THE HORSE, his Anatomy—with a description of his Diseases, their Symptoms, and appropriate Medicines and Remedies. By WILLIAM YOUATT. Published in England under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, from the New London Edition, revised and greatly improved. To which is now added an Essay on **THE ASS** and **THE MULE**, their Natural History, Qualities, and Value, together with a Dissertation on **THE AMERICAN TROTTER HORSE**, how trained and Jockied, with accounts of his most Remarkable Performances. By J. S. SKINNER, Assistant Postmaster-General, and founder of the "*American Farmer*" and "*Turf Register*." With numerous Woodcuts and an Engraved Frontispiece. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard, for G. W. Gorton. 1843.

The original English work *On The Horse* most of our readers have doubtless seen, as it has gone through several editions in this country. We are glad to find that the valuable treatise alluded to has been almost entirely re-written by the celebrated WILLIAM YOUATT, Esq., the Editor of the London "*Veterinarian*." The new edition is illustrated by numerous illustrations of the anatomy, form, etc., of the Horse, with complete directions for his Breeding, Rearing, and Training, and for the Cure of all the Diseases to which he is liable; it also comprises all the improvements made in Great Britain relative to the management of horses to the beginning of the present year. Nothing we could say would add to the distinguished reputation of Mr. Youatt or Mr. Skinner; their names and writings are familiarly known to the lovers of horses wherever our language is spoken. To demonstrate the intrinsic value of this work we have annexed a portion of Mr. Skinner's Introductory Essay, to which, for the information of breeders and agriculturists, we have prefixed his "Preface" to the new edition. It is in the following terms:—

In undertaking, at the instance of the American publishers, to prepare a new

edition of the last London copy of the work here presented, on *The Horse*, it has been my endeavor to adapt it more exactly to the circumstances of our own country; and by omitting some portions of the original, not immediately illustrative of the principal subject, to reduce the volume, without impairing its value for practical uses.

Few things have occurred, serving better at once to characterize and accelerate the march of intellect and benevolence which distinguishes the age in which we live, than the well-known formation, in England, of a "*Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*," composed, as it is, of men of the highest repute in the various departments of learning and industry; headed by the Lord Chancellor himself.

Their proceedings, as far as published, all show them to be animated by a generous desire to collect, simplify, and publish in the cheapest form, the latest and most authentic discoveries and improvements in science, and in arts promotive of the comfort and happiness of the human race. Under their auspices, several series of publications have appeared, one of which is denominated the "*Farmer's Series*." Of this class, the first is the book on the HORSE. That the Horse should have been placed at the head of the list of domestic animals, having in view a treatise on the breeds, properties and uses of each, is a distinction to which he is justly entitled, in reference as well to the beautiful symmetry of his form, and his extraordinary physical powers, as to his admirable docility of temper, and high moral qualities, fitting him eminently for the various purposes of pleasure and of business.

In the work to which we are now introducing the reader, pruned, as it has been, of some preliminary chapters, he will find little to amuse him, of a character merely curious and speculative; the mysteries of charlatanry, and the nostrums of empiricism, have been carefully excluded; and where terms of anatomical and medical science have been necessarily employed, they are explained, and applied with a degree of plainness and precision, which bring them within the ready comprehension of every reader.

The task of preparation to render the present edition more useful for American readers, has consisted chiefly in what will be found prefixed to it, on the various stages which have marked, and acts which have contributed, to the improvement of the *English stock of horses*; some of the best of which, as is more particularly shown, have been imported into the United States, from time to time, for the last century or more—as also, and more particularly, of what is said of the AMERICAN TROTTER HORSE. To these have been added a Dissertation on the Natural History and uses of THE ASS AND THE MULE; the last named animal being deemed worthy of especial notice, on account of its utility and economy, in American Agriculture; and the yet greater extent to which it is believed it might be employed with advantage in this, as it is known to be in some other countries.

But without presuming to recommend the work on account of any observations of his own, the American Editor, who has himself written volumes to illustrate and defend the interests of American husbandry, does venture with the utmost confidence, to pronounce the work itself to be one which every gentleman may read with certainty of instruction—leaving, as it does, in truth, nothing untold, which need be known of the Horse, in his minutest anatomy, with full directions as to breeding and breaking, food and exercise; as, also, plain descriptions of his various diseases, and their most simple and certain cures. Such a work ought to be in the possession, for convenient reference, of every owner of horses, whether for the coach, the saddle, the cart, or the plough. The great value attached to this work, and its entire success in England, may be understood, when we state that the new edition just published in London, and from which the present is reprinted, has been nearly re-written by the author, and improved by the insertion of many new cuts, prepared for it by a distinguished artist.

J. S. S.

Of all the beasts of the field, which, as we are told, the Lord formed out of the earth, and brought unto Adam to see what he would call them, none has more engaged the attention of the his-

torian and the philosopher—none has figured more in poetry and romance, than the horse.

Cæval with their domestication, and the knowledge of their admirable capacities to minister to our comforts and pleasures, according to Plutarch, the sentiment has been common to all good men, to treat the *Horse* and the *Dog* with especial kindness, and to cherish them carefully, even when the infirmities of age and long service have rendered them useless.

For the volumes which have been written on the *Horse*, whether more or less authentic, as to his original country, his natural history, the time of his subjugation to the use of man, and the various purposes for which he has been employed,—whether in the homely gear of field-labor, or in the gorgeous trappings of the tournament or chariot of war. On all these points of his history and his uses, we might refer the curious reader to various works, some of them elegant, alike in their embellishments and their literature; but to quote and to collate them here, would be to depart from the line of *practical utility* prescribed for the execution of our task; hence, keeping that object constantly in view, we shall merely glance at what has been written of his early history and services, and so come down rapidly to the period in the history of the *English Horse* where, after successive importations of foreign stallions, and the observance of judicious systems of breeding, the stock of the Mother Country, from which ours is derived, had attained about the days of Flying Childers, in the beginning of the last century, a high degree, if not its maximum of excellence. It was when so improved that the Horse was imported into our then British Colonies; and what, after all, it may be asked, is there economical and thrifty in our agricultural and domestic habits—or good in our political and social institutions, the elements and general outline of which we have not derived from Old England? Some orchardists contend that a branch cut from an old trunk and grafted on a young scion, will, nevertheless, sympathize with the parent stock, and under the laws of vegetable life, will decay as the parent tree declines! Does the theory sometimes apply to countries and governments? or shall we thrive nationally, as plants grow larger and more robust when transplanted from the seed-bed into wider space and freer circulation? But these are questions for the politician.

None of the writings to which we could point the reader contain more frequent mention, or more glowing descriptions of the power and beauty of the Horse, than the great *book of books*! The Bible teaches us that from whatever land this animal may have been originally brought into Egypt, that country had already become a great horse market, even before horses were known in Arabia; the country with which we are apt to associate all that is most interesting in the history of this noble beast. Geological researches, however, have discovered fossil remains of the Horse in almost every part of the world, “from the tropical plains of India to the frozen regions of Siberia—from the northern extremities of the New World to the southern point of America.” But amongst

the Hebrews, horses were rare previous to the days of Solomon, who had horses brought out of Egypt after his marriage with the daughter of Pharaoh, and so rapidly did he multiply them by purchase and by breeding, that those kept for his own use required, as it is written, "four thousand stables, and forty thousand stalls." Hence, when honored by a visit from the beautiful Queen of Sheba, bringing with her "camels bearing spices," and "very much gold and precious stones," it was doubtless in the contemplation of his magnificent stud of horses and chariots, kept for the amusement of his wives and concubines, as well as of his other vast displays of power and magnificence, that her majesty exclaimed, in the fulness of her admiration—"Howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me!"

This gallant monarch appears to have enjoyed a large monopoly of the horse trade with Egypt, for which he was probably indebted to his having an Egyptian Princess for one of his wives. His merchants supplied horses in great numbers to the Hittite Kings of Northern Phœnicia. The fixed price was one hundred and fifty shekels for one horse, and six hundred shekels for a set of chariot horses. Thus early was in vogue, as it seems, the gentleman-like fashion to drive four-in-hand, which came down to the good old days when in our Republican country the Tayloes, and the Ridgelys, and the Lloyds, and Hamptons, still figured and flourished on the race-courses of Annapolis and Washington.

That there was in the "olden time," something remarkably luxurious in the style of living and equipage at the ancient metropolis of Maryland, may be gathered from the following remarks in "*New Travels through America*," in the year 1781, by the Abbé Robin, chaplain to the French army:—"Their furniture here is constructed of the most costly kind of wood, and the most valuable marble, enriched by the elegant devices of the artist's hand. Their riding machines are light and handsome, and drawn by the *fleetest coursers*, managed by slaves richly dressed. This opulence was particularly observable at *Annapolis*. Female luxury here exceeds what is known in the provinces of France—a French hair-dresser is a man of importance among them; a certain dame here hires one of that craft at a thousand crowns a year salary."

Before the days of Solomon, their honors, the *Judges* and *Princes* of Israel, used generally to ride on *Asses* and *Mules*; no less patient and faithful servants of man than the Horse; and to whom the editor will endeavor to render justice, in the course of this introduction to the English work.

It is not, be it said, with all our partiality for the Horse, that he possesses any *one* physical or moral trait in higher excellence than some other animals. In sagacity, he falls short of the ponderous and drowsy Elephant; in muscular development and grace of limb, he surpasses not the Stag; in ardor and constancy of devotion, he can scarcely be said to equal his friendly companion and rival for his master's affections, the faithful Dog; and his courage fails him at sight of a "Lion in the way,"—while in the humbler

qualities of patience and availability to the very last, even to the hair and hoof, that unambitious drudge, the Ox, may well assert his pretensions to comparison, if not to superiority. It is the admirable *combination* of the several qualities which, taken singly, serve to confer distinction on other quadrupeds, that united in him, fits the horse for employments so various; giving him pre-eminence alike in the wagon or the plough—the coach and the battle-field. While on the one hand, with a flight of speed, compared in Scripture to “the swiftness of an Eagle,” he submits his neck, clothed in thunder, to be restrained by a silken rein in the hands of a Di Vernon, his courage in war is thus eloquently described by Job. We give what is esteemed the best translation of a passage often quoted, no less for its appositeness than for its sublimity:—

“Hast thou given mettle to the horse?
And clothed his neck with ire?
Dost thou command him to spring like a grasshopper?
The grandeur of his neighing is terror:
With his feet he beats the ground,
Rejoicing in his strength;
And goes forth to meet the embattled foe.

The fearful sight he scorns, and trembles not,
Nor from the sword doth he draw back.
Above him rattle the quiver, the glittering spear, and arrow;
Under him trembles the earth; yet he hardly touches it.
He doubts if it be the sound of the trumpet he hears,
But when it becomes more distinct, then he exults,
And from afar, parts for the battle,
The word of command, and the war-cry.”

And then as to his gallantry; where, in all nature, does she exhibit such a magnificent display of that conservative passion, by which alone the Great Jehovah has secured the perpetuity of all his creatures, as in the high-formed, pampered stallion, under the impulse of amatory anticipations!—affording in this resistless necessity of animal organization, proof that should dispel, even in a land of Atheists, all doubt of an overruling design or Providence,

“Whose work is without labor; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.”

It may be the force of early association, but we apprehend it is almost indispensable to have been born and “raised in the country” to estimate fully the attachment which can there alone grow up in all its power, between a man and his horse! What conqueror, “from Macedonia’s madman to the Swede,” so proud as the boy and his horse “Button” or “Bright-Eye,” that can beat all competitors in a quarter-race! Alexander was a fool, and Bucephalus a garran, compared to these *two great characters*, in playtime at a country school. “*Haud experientia loquor!*”

To the valetudinarian, how delightful to escape from his sick-room, and once more throw himself in his saddle, to ride abroad and snuff the fresh air of the morning; or no less to one in the

manly vigor of health, to mount his sure-footed, high-mettled steed, and go bounding, at three-quarter speed,

“Over the hills and far away,”

under the reckless excitement of the chase, or sometimes even solitary and alone, yet most agreeably exhilarated by that cheerful tone of thought educed by rapid horseback motion, in the bracing air of the country! He, at least, must have felt these sensations, who described them so happily and with so much enthusiasm, in the old “American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,” a work since much improved, and now conducted with rare taste and elegance by W. T. PORTER, of New York.

In strong fear of reproach for departing from the strict line of *utility* laid down for our observance, we cannot forbear to appropriate space enough here to multiply copies of this beautiful tribute

“TO MY HORSE.”

WITH a glancing eye and curving mane,
He neighs and champs on the bridle rein;
One spring, and his saddled back I press,
And ours is a common happiness!
'Tis the rapture of motion! a hurrying cloud
When the loosened winds are breathing loud:—
A shaft from the painted Indian's bow—
A bird—in the pride of speed we go.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now?
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,
And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,
And nought is at rest, but the arching sky:
And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song?

There is life in the breeze as we hasten on;
With each bound some care of earth has gone,
And the languid pulse begins to play,
And the night of my soul is turned to day;
A richer verdure the earth o'erspreads,
Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads;
And its voice to the flowers that bend above,
Is soft as the whisper of early love;
With fragrance spring flowers have burdened the air,
And the blue-bird and robin are twittering clear.

Lovely tokens of gladness, I marked ye not,
When last I roamed o'er this self-same spot.
Ah! then the deep shadows of sorrow's mien
Fell, like a blight, on the happy scene;
And Nature, with all her love and grace,
In the depths of the spirit could find no place.

So the vexed breast of the mountain lake,
When wind and rain mad revelry make,
Turbid and gloomy, and wildly tost,
Retains no trace of the beauty lost.
But when through the moist air, bright and warm,
The sun looks down with his golden charm,
And clouds have fled, and the wind is lull,
Oh! then the changed lake, how beautiful!

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,
 And the ewe with its lamb, along the banks,
 And the kingfisher perched on the wither'd bough,
 And the pure blue heaven, all pictured below!
 Bound proudly my steed, nor bound proudly in vain,
 Since thy master is now himself again.
 And thine be the praise when the leech's* power
 Is idle, to conquer the darkened hour
 By the might of the sounding hoof, to win
 Beauty without and joy within;
 Beauty else to my eyes unseen,
 And joy, that then had a stranger been.

We return without further preliminary to trace the progressive improvements which have ended in giving us *the Horse of all work* of the present day, and as now employed for ordinary uses. These uses require hardiness and strength for economical and laborious drudgery, and activity and speed for light harness and the saddle; while for every purpose it is essential that he should have *good wind*. The work itself, to which these remarks are but introductory, it will be remembered treats more particularly and fully, and leaves nothing more to be learned about the *anatomy and diseases of the Horse*. How the qualities designated above have been gradually established and preserved from deterioration, it would be impracticable to ascertain and relate without going back, as we propose, to trace the outline at least of the history of the *English Horse*, from which ours are descended—and here, before proceeding further, it is deemed proper the better to indicate its importance to every practical husbandman, that we lay it down as a principle, that the Horse in his domesticated condition, where his propagation is conducted arbitrarily and without rule—where the male and female are brought together capriciously, and without care or judgment as to the qualities of each, *constant and widespread deterioration must be the consequence*. On this point, upon which we insist as of the highest consideration, we shall dwell again, to show why it is that animals in a state of nature will preserve a higher standard than when unskilfully and carelessly bred in a state of domestication. In the mean time, in sketching the history of the English Horse, it is not deemed essential to go back anterior to the Invasion of England by Julius Cæsar. Even at that period it is clear that there existed in that island a good *substratum* for forming a superior race, for that observant and accomplished warrior spoke in the highest terms of the horses he found there. So well was he convinced of their excellence, that he took back with him many of them to Rome, where English horses soon grew into great demand; and thus early was an inducement offered to the hardy and enterprising Briton, which since then has suffered no abatement, to pay strict attention to this important source of agricultural wealth.

Hugh Capet, king of France, in the ninth century, proposing to himself by intermarriage with Etheldista, to infuse more vivacity into the breed of these semi-barbarous islanders, sent over to her

* Leech, in old poetic dialect, means physician.

brother Prince Athelstan, a supply of *German* "running horses," as they were called, this being the first mention of the race-horse in English annals. It is to be supposed that in all cases of male horses thus spoken of, "entire" horses are to be understood; for then it was not common, as it is now, to violate wantonly the Mosaic Law, which says, "a beast which is crushed, bruised, evulsed, or excised (these being the four modes of castration), you shall not bring unto Jehovah, *nor shall you make it so in your land.*" A practice as doubtful, as to its necessity or utility in respect to the Horse, as it is inhuman wherever it is useless. In the case of edible animals, where emasculation promotes size and fatness, and improves the flavor for the table, as with the hog and the sheep, this execrable mutilation is necessary, and therefore more excusable; but this is not the case with the Horse. In France, where he is remarkable for strength in proportion to size, the post and the farm horse is rarely, if ever, castrated; and when horses for the road undergo this operation, it is done in a manner, and with such reservations as not to destroy the external appearance of this sexual development; the suppression of which is there considered a striking disfigurement. Descending next to the epoch of William the Conqueror, whose charger was of the Spanish breed, and whose *cavalry* won for him the victory at the Battle of Hastings—one of his subjects, *Roger de Belsene*, justly obtained popularity as a national benefactor, by the *importation of Spanish Stallions into England*. So decidedly beneficial was the result of this munificent act of an individual subject, that it may well be noted as an era in its way, for it is not to be doubted that these *Spanish stallions* partook largely of the blood of the *Barb*, brought into Spain by the Moors, as the Norman-French horse in Canada does, of the same blood, carried from Spain and Palestine to Normandy. To show how largely this new infusion of foreign blood must have refined and thinned the wind, so to say, of the English strain of horses, at that juncture, it is sufficient that we exhibit a well-drawn portrait, ready to our hand, of the Barbary horse, more nearly allied than any other to the Arabian, and quite his equal at least in form, if not in spirit—of the same stock, in fact, as Godolphin, commonly called the "Godolphin Arabian."

"The fore hand of the *Barb* is generally long and slender, and his mane long and rather scanty. His ears are small, beautifully shaped, and placed in such a manner as to give him great expression; his shoulders are light, flat, and sloping backwards, withers fine and standing high; loins short and straight; flanks and ribs round and full, without giving him too large a belly; his haunches strong and elastic; the croup is sometimes long to a fault, the tail is placed high, thighs well turned and rounded, legs clean and beautifully formed, and the hair thin, soft, and silky; the tendons are detached from the bone, but the pasterns are often too long and bending; the feet rather small, but in general sound."

In this delineation of the Barb, what reader will fail to recognize most of the genuine and well-established characteristics of the high form and breeding so much prized by all good judges?

The English Stock, to which a little too much heaviness had already been given by the dash of German blood, was now approaching that stage which demanded but one more dip of the long-winded, light-footed, silken-coated Eastern courser, such as it received some centuries after with such palpable and finishing effect, from the Darley Arabian; and again from Godolphin, endowing it with both speed and stoutness in a measure, to which no addition has been made by any subsequent sprinkle of exotic blood. When we reach, in the progress of these remarks, the point where it will be proper to speak more particularly of this effective agency of these two celebrated stallions in elevating the character of the English Blood Horse, we shall give some reasons, drawn from the true principles of breeding, and which we do not recollect to have seen anywhere asserted, why it was that they contributed so much to that end, and how it is that similar results have not attended later experiments of the same kind. In the meantime it is necessary to linger on the way in our review, that the chain may not be broken which connects the series of particular importations and other important incidents to which we are indebted for the advantages and delights that spring from the possession of the existing stock of sure-footed, long-winded cattle. With your permission, then, kind reader, to use an expression familiar to the votaries of the chase, let us "*try back*."

While the government of one man would be a dangerous experiment until we can have "Angels in the shape of men to govern us," yet when the monarch happens to be enlightened and virtuous, then the more absolute his power the better, perhaps, for his country. Even bad ones, sometimes by freak or passion, confer great good on particular interests or branches of industry. We have already seen how, under the reign of William the Conqueror, the munificence of a subject gained him renown as a patriot by the introduction of Spanish horses into England. Subsequently, King John, with all his bad qualities, established for himself at least one claim to honorable notoriety, by his various measures to better the strain of horses in use at that time, and especially by the introduction of the *Flanders* Horse, to give more weight and substance to the *heavy Coach-Horse*, needed for, and adapted to the unwieldy carriages and bad roads then in use. "To this monarch too," says an English writer, "we are unquestionably indebted for the foundation of our unrivalled *Draught Horses*. Aware of the superiority in bulk and strength of the Flemish breed, he imported, at one time, an hundred of the finest stallions." Subsequently, Edward II. imported thirty war, and twelve heavy draught horses, from Lombardy; and these again were well crossed at a later period, when Edward III., of warlike temper, brought over *fifty Spanish horses*, at a cost of thirteen pounds six shillings, equivalent, in our day of luxury and paper money, to \$800 each. It is fairly to be presumed, that in his great passion for the chase, His Royal Majesty perceived the necessity of giving more speed to the hunter, by throwing off some of the sluggish blood and massiveness of the Flemish stock, which is in general "large in the

carcass, pretty clean in the leg, and patient, and enduring, but slow. They are good at a dead pull, but very heavy in the fore-hand; inclined to get fat, but wanting in activity. They fall off in the rump, and the hips stand out too much from the ribs. The most unsightly part is the setting-on of the tail, which comes out low and points downwards." Such are the general characteristics of the Flemish horse. "Flanders Mare," as every one knows, is a common term to express the opposite of grace and delicacy. They were imported into England, as above stated, to give size to coach-horses, when roads were bad and coaches of enormous weight; but, as cause and effect are connected, and the one infallibly follows and is controlled by the other, coaches have become lighter, and coach-horses quicker and more airy, as *roads have been improved*. The policy of this change from heavy to lighter horses, however, was again necessarily restrained and limited by the then still existing necessity for having chargers of great stamina to carry, besides their rider, the heavy armor *weighing over three hundred pounds*, as did that in common use before the *invention of gunpowder*!

How often public policy, the exterior relations of a country, and various accidents and events apparently altogether extrinsic, serve to establish historical facts, and to influence the courses of national industry, literature, and arts! Thus, the representation of a man driving a horse attached to a harrow, woven in a piece of tapestry, is the evidence relied upon to prove that about contemporaneously with the Norman conquest, horses had got to be employed in that sort of labor; and here again we see, at a subsequent period, a revolution in the whole system of breeding horses in Britain, brought about by the *invention of gunpowder*! While in our own day, we have beheld steam so applied as to drive horse-power from all her great thoroughfares, and to do in her factories the labor of some millions of men! *Truly, these are the days of progress*!

We come now to the period when horses were first distinctly *classified* and disciplined expressly for *War*, and the *Turf*, the *Chase*, the *Road*, and the *Coach*; and here we may safely leave the subject as far as relates to the introduction of foreign horses into England, for the most part judicious, and well calculated, as the reader must have perceived, to pave the way for what has since been accomplished in the melioration of this favorite animal, and in adapting his structure and properties, from time to time, to his new and more various employments. Some particular enactments, however, designed to accomplish the same objects, are well worthy of being mentioned; and, it might be added, of being imitated—in our own country and time. In the reign of Henry VIII., even the size and form of stallions were *prescribed by Statute*; and severe penalties were inflicted for every deviation from the lawful standard. We have often thought, and elsewhere maintained, that the Legislatures of the several States would do well to impose a tax on Stallions; and, moreover, provide that none should be allowed to propagate their race, but under license grant-

ed by judges, connoisseurs of horses, who should have power to condemn the worthless as the Inspector condemns a hogshead of rotten tobacco; leaving a tax of fixed amount upon all such as could pass inspection—or the amount should be light or heavy, in proportion to the perfection or defectiveness of the animal. All thick, straight-shouldered, cat-hammed garrans, and all overgrown beasts “sixteen hands or upwards, under the standard,” should be condemned to celibacy! This would go far, in a few years, to diminish the number of ungainly monsters, to be found at every cross-road, propagating their own wretched deformities, and vices of shape and temper. That horses do propagate physical and moral defects, there can be no doubt—were it not invidious, living examples might be given of both as to *curbs* and *sulks*! one of which defects may have endangered, and the other have caused on a recent occasion, the loss of *many thousands*.

Without having, as we hope, omitted anything material to show the reader how abundant have been the materials, and how judicious the use of them, to secure the excellence of the English Horse up to the period at which we have arrived—here we reach the epoch when we are told that public races were established, and horses that had given proof of their superior swiftness became known and *celebrated throughout the kingdom*. “The breed was cultivated, and their pedigree as well as those of their posterity, (in imitation of the Arabian manner,) was preserved and recorded with exactness.”

Here then, at last, as we contend, in this *establishment and patronage of the Turf*, as an exact and severe test of equestrian power, and in the faithful *preservation of pedigrees*, we discover at once the source and the guarantee for preserving all that is excellent in this noble animal, distinguished as we have said, in his rare combination of strength, swiftness, beauty, lastingness, docility, and courage. The prescription of weight to age—the measurement of the track, and the opening of the Stud-book, have done for English horses, what Magna Charta did for English-men!

As with man, “’tis liberty alone that gives to life its lustre and perfume,” so there would seem to be something in his aristocratic blood, that inspires the thorough-bred courser with an indomitable pride and courage. To look at is but to admire him as he walks, “rejoicing in his strength!” but both man and horse will degenerate in character and value when in their government there is provided no test for their capacity—no stimulus to virtue—no reward for their ambition, *nor restraint upon its vicious indulgence*!

Nothing is easier than to declaim against the *Turf*, on account of the abuse which too often attends the use of that, and other institutions. We might consent to its abatement or suppression, if those who desire it will tell us how, except by its exciting hazards and hopes, and its infallible test as a measure of equestrian power, men can be prevailed upon to breed systematically, to acquire skill in training, and to encounter the expense and trouble of carefully testing the capacities of horses;—dooming the most worthless to the plough, and sending, finally, the very best only into the breed-

ing stud, to perpetuate their fine qualities! How, except by thus ascertaining and breeding from the most perfect, can he be kept up to the standard he has reached, and finally, how but by such authentic annals, and proofs to refer to, can even the practical farmer employ any given degree of the pure blood, some of which all admit to be advantageous and desirable for every service, even the most humble and laborious to which the Horse can be subjected? In respect of the reliance to be placed on the English Stud-Book for pedigrees, and the *good effects of sprinkling the horse of all work with more or less of the warm blood of the Eastern Courser*, we covet for our own conviction no better support or authority than the views adopted and sanctioned by B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq., of Washington, a gentleman and scholar, who has done more than any writer of whom we have any knowledge, to throw light upon the obscure but interesting annals of the American Turf, consisting until then of a confused mass of scattered materials—*rudis indigesta que moles*—arranging them in chronological order, and imparting to them all the perspicuity and weight of digested and authentic history.

“Additional attention was given to blood during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The latter had his running horses, and with great judgment, imported from Arabia. A south-eastern horse was brought into England, and purchased by James of Mr Place, who was afterwards Stud-master to Oliver Cromwell. This beautiful animal was called *Place's White Turk*. Shortly after appeared the Helmsly Turk, imported by the Duke of Buckingham. Charles I. ardently pursued the amusements of the Turf, now a favorite diversion with English gentlemen. With but few exceptions, the oldest English pedigrees end in Place's White Turk. At the Restoration, a new impulse was given to breeding and running fine horses. The system of improvement was thenceforth zealously pursued. Every variety of Eastern blood was engrafted upon the English; and the superiority of the produce, above the very best of the original stock, began to be evident. Their beauty of form, speed, and stoutness, greatly surpassed the original breed. In the latter part of Queen Anne's reign there was still further improvement caused by the introduction of the *Darley Arabian*. Having to contend with prejudice, it was some time before he attracted notice. From him sprung a strain of unequalled beauty, speed, and strength. The Darley Arabian has been properly termed the parent of the racing stock. The present English thorough-bred horse is of foreign extraction, improved and perfected by the influence of climate and diligent cultivation.

“The pedigree of English Eclipse affords a singular illustration of the descent from pure Eastern blood, both of himself and his ancestors, Marske, Regulus, Squirt, and Childers. The strictest attention has been paid to pedigree. In the descent of almost every modern racer, not the slightest flaw can be discovered; or when, with the splendid exceptions of Sampson, and his son Bay Malton, one common drop has mingled in the pure stream, it has been speedily detected in the degeneracy of their progeny. The

Stud Book, which is authority acknowledged by every English breeder, traces all the old pedigrees to some Eastern courser, or until they are lost in the uncertainty of early breeding.

"The thorough-bred Horse enters into every other breed, and *adds or often gives to it its only value*. For a superior charger, hunter, or saddle-horse, three parts, or one-half should be of pure blood; but for the horse of all work, less will answer. The road-horse, according to the work required of him, should, like the hunter, possess different degrees of blood. The best kind of coach-horse is derived from mares of some blood, crossed with a three-fourth or thorough-bred stallion of sufficient size and substance. Even the dray-horse, and every other class of horse, is improved by a partial mixture of the thorough-bred."

The late John Randolph, a connoisseur as well as an amateur in all such matters, used to say, that the long, slouching walk of the blood horse would tell, *even in the plough*, in a hot summer's day.

A retrospective glance at the low condition of the 'Turf, and of the Blood Horse in this country, at the date of the establishment of the "*American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*," by Mr. SKINNER, at Baltimore, in 1829, will show how the influence of that official record of blood and of performance, revived this ancient amusement, and, as if by magic, retrieved and brought into demand again, the still pure but long-neglected descendants of illustrious ancestors. Pedigrees were thenceforth strictly scrutinized, the grain was winnowed from the chaff: and while some bastards, claiming high family pretensions, were exposed and repudiated, the rust which, through time and carelessness, had accumulated on the bright escutcheon of the real Simon Pure, was brushed away, and the mark of legitimacy indelibly stamped upon his brow.

Prior to the establishment of the "Turf Register," the dam of Kate Kearney and of Sussex, two among the best nags ever bred in the Old Dominion, was sold at public auction for thirteen pounds, tobacco currency, and was afterwards bought out of a cart for \$50, by Col. J. M. Selden, (a fair specimen, himself, of the good old Virginia stock,) without, at the time, it is true, a knowledge of her pedigree. She was used as a common farm hack, in the heaviest and hardest work, going in the wagon and breaking up heavy James' River bottom-lands in the plough; and, as Col. S. has assured us, was the only horse on the estate, whereof there were many much larger, that never lost a day's work, or required to be turned out and rested occasionally, from sickness or exhaustion. Being informed of her blood, she was rescued from these "base uses" and sent to Sir Archy, by whom she produced Kate Kearney, and to Sir Charles, and produced the renowned, but ill-fated Sussex, sire of Lady Clifden. Lady Lightfoot went out of a common livery-stable at \$500; and old Eclipse, not long before his race with Sir Charles, was offered to the writer of these remarks for \$2500. At an advanced age he sold for \$10,000, and is now, at twenty-seven years old, in vigorous health, covering in Kentucky at \$100. One of his get, out of Lady Lightfoot, was

sold to a gentleman of Pennsylvania for \$10,000, and that only on condition, as it was rumored, that the buyer would reciprocate the favor by letting the gallant owner of him have one hundred boules of his old Bingham wine for ten times that number of dollars.

Sir Archy was in a great measure indebted to his fame, if not to his great value as a stallion, during his declining years, to the establishment of the "Turf Register," in which were heralded the brilliant achievements of his renowned get and their descendants. He had been made but a mere addition in the exchange, for but so-so high-bred cattle, by his breeder, the late Col. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy; and thus passed into the hands of his nephew, the late Ralph Wormley, Esq., of Rosehill, at whose death, shortly thereafter, he was purchased in his three-year-old form, after being beaten, by our renowned Turfman, W. R. JOHNSON, Esq., of Chesterfield, Virginia, who soon placed him at the head of the Turf, with the reputation of being as good a four-miler as ever run in America. Such fame soon supplied his Harem—and at once he acquired a higher name in the Stud than any stallion that had ever been in our country; and now, thanks to the "Turf Register," is very generally regarded as our Godolphin Arabian—the ancestor of Boston, and Fashion, and Wagner, and Grey Eagle, and John Bascomb, and Postboy, and Mingo, and Lady Clifden, and Fanny, and Sarah Washington, and Grey Medoc, and Jim Bell, and George Martin, &c.

It would here be unjust, not to say ungrateful, in one who has so often been the honored medium of his favors in that way, not to make acknowledgments to the truly venerable Judge G. DUVALL, for the light shed by him on the earlier annals of the American Turf. So wonderful is his memory, that he can place each horse as he saw them come out in remarkable races *before the revolution!* How gratifying to his friends to behold this Maryland-born advocate of our revolutionary claims; compatriot of Washington, and Tilghman, and Howard; assertor of all we have achieved that is good in political—exemplar of all that is commendable in private morals; approaching his centenary, and yet erect in port and in spirit, like one of our majestic old poplars, sparsely surviving the ravages of the axe and the peltings of the pitiless storm—memorials of the virgin soil and better days in which its roots were struck.

When we insist that the great objects to be aimed at, action and power of endurance, are only to be secured with certainty, by exact trials of speed, and the preservation of authentic pedigrees, we may perhaps be met by the suggestion that this theory is at war with all observation as to the effect of indiscriminate intercourse among *wild horses*, which are said to display high powers and excellence, not only on the plains and pampas of North and South America, but yet more in the deserts of Arabia, where this animal is generally supposed to be found in his highest finish. As to the fine specimens of their race, which are taken with the *lasso*, from immense herds roaming at large on the plains of this

continent, it is to be borne in mind, that while none but the best are thus selected, the basis of these herds was originally brought, like that of the fine cattle of Louisiana, from old Spain ; being deeply imbued with the fine blood of the Andalusian or Barb Horse. That such a race, running at large, in a country highly adapted to its constitution, should not have degenerated and become worthless in form and spirit, is not so discordant with the principles of artistic breeding, for which we contend, as may at first sight appear—for it is well known that in these wild herds, the work of procreation is conceded not indiscriminately to all, but is fought for and engrossed by the most spirited and vigorous stallions among them ; following, in this case, the laws that govern all animated nature, where might takes the place of right, and courage and strength, there, as elsewhere, usurp the Lion's share,—hence, though in general the size, too often made a matter of primary consideration, may be below the medium standard of the domesticated Horse, the more estimable qualities of fine proportion, activity and game of the sire, are transmitted to his get. It may well be supposed, too, that this monopoly of sexual enjoyment is rarely allowed to continue more than one or two years. As the season of love opens with the budding of the leaf, in the genial warmth of spring weather, this envied privilege becomes again a prize for the most desperate rivalry ; the fiercest conflicts, often mortal, then ensue ; and the delights of the harem are at least yielded for a time to the victor who proves himself the possessor, in a superior degree, of the very qualities—strength, spirit, and activity—which, under the best management, we should desire to impart ! This sufficiently accounts, as we apprehend, for such excellence in several points, as is admitted to be often found in the horse of the desert and the pampas ; preserving him from that degeneracy, both moral and physical, which, under the system of breeding “*in-and-in*” too closely, is seen to show itself in monstrous shapes, in King's evil, sometimes in idiotcy. Lord Byron, himself a nobleman, and unfortunately not exempt from personal deformity, could not forbear sarcastic allusion to the effects of this *in-and-in* system, which, prompted by reasons of state and of family aggrandisement, is sometimes followed too far in the royal and noble families of Europe :—

———“they breed *in-and-in*, as might be known ;
Marrying their cousins, nay, their aunts and nieces,
Which always spoils the breed, if it increases.”

The natural-born children of high-born sires are often observed to be more sprightly and energetic than those which spring lawfully from parents so nearly allied ; it may be because they are made like the Frenchman's incomparable shoe, in a “moment of enthusiasm,” which, in more enterprises than one, is the guarantee of a fortunate issue.

There has been, since long before the American Revolution, on the islands along the sea-board of Maryland and Virginia, a race of very small, compact, hardy horses, usually called beach-horses,

which, in a sketch like this, deserve a passing notice. They run wild throughout the year, and are never fed. When the snow sometimes covers the ground for a few days in winter, they dig through it in search of food. They are very diminutive, but many of them are of perfect symmetry and extraordinary powers of action and endurance. The Hon. H. A. WISE, of Accomac, has been heard to say that he knew one of these beach-horses, which served as pony and hack for the boys of one family, for several generations; and another that could trot his fifteen miles within the hour, and was yet so small that a tall man might straddle him, and with his toes touch the ground on each side. He spoke of another that he believes could have trotted thirty miles in two hours. As an instance of their innate horror of slavery, he mentions the fact of a herd of them once breaking indignantly from a pen into which they had been trapped, for the purpose of being marked and otherwise cruelly mutilated; and rather than submit to their pursuers, they swam off at once into the wide expanse of the ocean, preferring a watery grave to a life of ignominious celibacy and subjugation! Why might not one of these small but symmetrical stallions, on the principles which we shall hereafter explain, beget superior stock, if put to large, well-formed, high-bred mares? Mr. W. is clearly of opinion, from all circumstances and appearances, that these small horses, smaller even than the Canada Stallion, possessing such powers as he describes, are descendants of thorough-bred stock! Other animals in a wild state, no less than the Horse, are doubtless preserved from degeneracy under the same conservative polity of nature. Thus we see the graceful stag loses in the wilderness none of his exquisite symmetry of form, delicacy and hardness of bone, and matchless swiftness of foot. When Autumn is first seen to put on the "sere and yellow leaf," the Doe, having then performed her maternal office, feels the sexual passion revive in her bosom; but its indulgence is postponed, until the rival bucks have settled again for the season, the question of physical superiority by actual, sometimes deadly combat. So desperate are these encounters, that Stags have not unfrequently been found dead, as related by that scientific officer, Col. Long, upon his own observation, with their antlers inextricably interlocked, presenting striking and melancholy pictures of the universal passion "strong in death." A large pair of antlers thus entangled were found, in a western wilderness, and sent to Nicholas Biddle, Esq., and may be seen over the door of his studio at Andalusia, overgrown with ivy. The same reasoning accounts for the great size and beauty observable in cattle that roam at large in South America, as indicated by the hides we often see on the wharves of our large seaports—though at other times the males mingle in all kindness and social harmony, yet in these affairs of love, still more than in trade, all nature proclaims there is "no friendship." How much of truth to nature, in the chaste and pious Thomson's description of the effect of this vernal influence on the temper of the *Bull*!!

———“ Through all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep scorched, the raging passion feels
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food :
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample side, the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; and through the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor the enticing bud
 Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft in jealous maddening fancy wrapt
 He seeks the fight, and idly butting feigns
 His rival gored in every knotty trunk.”

In these cases, where nature is left without disturbance to preserve herself from decay, Providence, which never works in vain, will take care that all goes right ;—but how different the result when animals tamed and domesticated by the cunning of man, are brought together for reproduction, arbitrarily, and, as is generally done in our country, perhaps above all others, in utter disregard of everything like rule or system, and in total ignorance or carelessness of their respective points and qualities, as well as of their adaptation or relationship, the one to the other ! With this ignorance and carelessness almost universal, there is constant danger, as we have before stated, of *general deterioration* ; and in introducing a work intended to promote the health and improvement of this animal, it cannot be too strongly urged that this ever-existing tendency is only to be counteracted by presenting those strong incentives which alone can prompt a few to devote the time and the skill which are indispensable to maintain the Blood-Horse *sans tache*, and in the highest perfection. Nothing can more clearly show the wise and benevolent order of Providence that man should exercise his superior intellect for the improvement of all around him, than the ease and certainty with which it is seen that, by close attention, we can modify and meliorate all organized existences in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Hence the most acid and worthless grape is by skilful culture rendered sweet and luscious ; flowers without attraction are gradually nurtured into beauty and fragrance ; the cat may be made to present all the rich colours of tortoise-shell, and the pigeon may be “ bred to a feather.” These remarks might appear foreign or superfluous, but for their obvious design to enforce the necessity of *breeding the Horse* with incessant regard to an ever-existing susceptibility of improvement on the one hand, and liability to degenerate on the other. Without some such strong incentives as above referred to, in a few years, one might as well look among the black Dutch for a dancing-master, as to look anywhere for horses for the breeding stud that will insure speed and stoutness.

In regard to the prevalent impression that the Arabian horse runs wild in the desert, breeding promiscuously, and that where he has been domesticated, no attention is paid to *pedigree*, and no recourse had to *racing* to test their powers,—all accounts go to show on the contrary, that no people preserve their equestrian *family trees* with more sedulous care. To reach the root of some, they go down many centuries. Although according to Strabo, an historian of

high repute, who lived in the time of Augustus and Tiberius, much about the era of Christ's appearance, Arabia was still without horses; yet it is undoubtedly a fact that they soon took the most effectual methods to improve them to the utmost, and among these, says a very learned commentator on the Mosaic Code, "I am inclined to consider the *spirit of horse-racing*, an exercise in which the Arabs eagerly sought for renown, as the *primary cause* of that perfection which the art of horse-breeding so rapidly attained among them; but I by no means *exclude soil and climate*, and food, as contributing causes."—"Wherever (says the same writer) racing is established, either as a source of fame or profit, good horses will be sought for, and *the breed improved* in the first instance by the best foreign stallions, and then by those home-bred ones which show the best qualities; and thus the country will, by degrees, acquire an excellent breed."

"That races (says he) were introduced among the Arabs, very soon after they began to breed horses, appears from the very names of the coursers. Ten horses started together, and from the victor to the last, each has its own proper name or epithet;—one of their best scholiasts enumerates them in the following manner as they came out in the race:—

<i>Sabek</i> , the foremost—the inspirer of joy and banisher of care —because his master can behold the race with delight, and without concern - - - - -	1
<i>Mutgalli</i> —because he had his head on the back of the winner.	2
<i>Musalii</i> —because he satisfies his owner - - - - -	3
<i>Tali</i> —the pursuer - - - - -	4
<i>Murtach</i> —the ardent, or mettlesome - - - - -	5
<i>Atif</i> —the keen, or well disposed - - - - -	6
<i>Muvaimnal</i> —the inspirer of future hopes - - - - -	7
<i>Hadi</i> —the lazy - - - - -	8
<i>Latim</i> —the belabored, because taken into the stable with blows	9
<i>Lucait</i> —or whose name is not to be named, and of whom nothing is said, because <i>the case is too bad</i> - - - - -	10

The admitted excellence to which the general stock of English horses has been brought, is then the result, as has been seen, of a good foundation to build upon; of successive and in most cases judicious crosses, by the use of foreign stallions, most frequently *Barbs*; and of superabundant wealth employed in the breeding and training stud; those addicted to all the luxurious uses of the horse, having besides other facilities a wide latitude before them, in the various strains to select and breed from.

The reason why the Darley Arabian, and after him the celebrated Barb, Godolphin, contributed more decidedly than any Arabians have done since, to the improvement of the race-horse, is, that they were imported at the very juncture when the British stock was in a condition to need a cross that would impart more muscle and harder bone, and give better wind; while it diminished the size and weight of the carcass, which had been made too

heavy by repeated uses of the Flemish and German breed. In our own country we know, and probably in all others, the progress of improvement of domestic animals has been much retarded and counteracted, by the vulgar persuasion that the *largest males* should be selected for the purpose of procreation. Than this common impression no error could be more pernicious. This fallacy is the source of the disappointment and mortification experienced by farmers who give enormous prices for overgrown bulls and rams, and who always give the preference to stallions that measure "full sixteen hands and upwards under the standard." On this point we cannot do better than to refer to an able essay of Professor Cline, of London, *on the form of animals*, published in the third volume of the "American Farmer." With the principles laid down in that essay every farmer should make himself familiar. A few passages may be quoted, no less for their appositeness to the point here made, than for their general applicability and value in the study of all animal economy.

"*Muscles.*—The muscles, and tendons, which are their appendages, should be large; by which an animal is enabled to travel with greater facility.

"*The bones.*—The strength of an animal does not depend on the size of the bones, but on that of the muscles. Many animals with large bones are weak, their muscles being small. Animals that were imperfectly nourished during growth, have their bones disproportionably large. If such deficiency of nourishment originated from a constitutional defect, which is the most frequent cause, they remain weak during life. Large bones, therefore, generally indicate an imperfection in the organs of nutrition.

"*On the improvement of the form.*—When the male is much larger than the female, the offspring is generally of an imperfect form. If the female be proportionably larger, the offspring is of an improved form. For instance, if a well-formed large ram be put to ewes proportionably smaller, the lambs will not be so well shaped as their parents; but if a small ram be put to larger ewes, the lambs will be of an improved form.

"The proper method of improving the form of animals consists in selecting a well-formed female, proportionably larger than the male. The improvement depends on this principle: that the power of the female to supply her offspring with nourishment is in proportion to her size, and to the power of nourishing herself from the excellence of her own constitution.

"The size of the fœtus is generally in proportion to that of the male parent, and therefore when the female parent is disproportionably small, the quantity of nourishment is deficient, and her offspring has all the disproportions of a starveling. But when the female, from her size and good constitution, is more than adequate to the nourishment of a fœtus of a smaller male than herself, the growth must be proportionably greater. The large female has also a greater quantity of milk, and her offspring is more than abundantly supplied with nourishment after birth.

"To produce the most perfect formed animal, abundant nourish-

ment is necessary from the earliest period of its existence until its growth is complete.

"The power to prepare the greatest quantity of nourishment from a given quantity of food, depends principally upon the magnitude of the lungs, to which the organs of digestion are subservient.

"To obtain animals with large lungs, crossing is the most expeditious method, because well-formed females may be selected from a variety of large size to be put to a well-formed male of a variety that is rather smaller.

"*Examples of the good effects of crossing the breeds.*—The great improvement of the breed of horses in England arose from crossing with those diminutive stallions, Barbs and Arabians; and the introduction of Flanders mares into this country was the source of improvement in the breed of cart-horses.

"*Examples of the bad effects of crossing the breed.*—When it became the fashion in London to drive large bay horses, the farmers in Yorkshire put their mares to much larger stallions than usual, and thus did infinite mischief to their breed, by producing a race of small-chested, long-legged, large-boned, worthless animals."

Such, we believe, was the ill effect of the cross by a large "Cleveland bay" stallion, imported and sent to Carroll's Manor, in Frederick County, Maryland, some years since, by the late Robert Patterson. His younger brother, George, a gentleman of fortune by inheritance, but a farmer by choice, and of uncommon sagacity and judgment, would have foreseen the result of such a cross. Nowhere so systematically as on his estate, have we ever seen so fully carried out and completely illustrated, this important principle in breeding, as already quoted from Professor Cline, that "to produce the most perfect formed animal, abundant nourishment is necessary from the earliest period of its existence until its growth is complete." So thoroughly is Mr. P. impressed too with the expediency of getting *as much blood* as you can into the horse of all work, consistently with the weight which is indispensable for slow and heavy draught, that he seeks to have as much of it as can be thrown into his *plough and wagon horses*. Were the question doubtful, the argument must preponderate which is supported by the practice of an agriculturist, rare in all countries, who is ready with his reason for everything he does, and "no mistake at that."

Enough, it is believed, has already been said to show how exactly opportune was the cross of the Arabian and the Barb, on the English stock; nor does it require any further reasoning to sustain the position before laid down, that these males of exquisite form, but proportionably smaller than the females of their day in England, having accomplished their purposes by enlarging the lungs and improving the conformation of their progeny, giving more muscle and less bone; the same stallions, could they rise, phoenix-like, from their ashes, could probably not now be employed with *the same beneficial effects*.

A review of his most distinguished performances leads us to

think that, in cultivating the powers of the horse, the *ne plus ultra* of success was reached in the days of Flying Childers, in the beginning of the last century, and was sustained with unfailing excellence to the time of Highflyer in 1774 (perhaps we might say to the *present day* !)—a period embracing, consecutively, the wonderful performances and progeny of others besides Matchem, Marske, the sire of Shark (who won in matches upwards of \$80,000), Mirza, Bay Malton (who in seven matches won \$30,000), King Herod, whose get in nineteen years won more than a million of dollars; Shark himself, afterwards imported into the United States, who, besides a cup of the value of one hundred and twenty guineas, and eleven hogsheads of claret, won the vast amount of \$77,000. Eclipse is said to have run the four miles at York in 1770, in eight minutes, *carrying one hundred and sixty-eight pounds*, being forty-two pounds over the standard weight—making the result equal to four miles in 6:27, if, according to the opinion of experienced sportsmen (the correctness of which is questionable) seven pounds weight be equal to a distance of two hundred and forty yards in a four mile race; and giving him a right to dispute the palm of superiority with Flying Childers himself.

It is to be remembered that neither of these two paragons of the English Turf, as they are generally esteemed, were trained before they were five years old. Some assuming as a fact what we consider problematical—a falling off in stoutness of the English racer, since the days of Highflyer—have ascribed it to the modern practice of bringing horses forward too young; but it must not be forgotten that Highflyer himself, who won and received little less than \$50,000, and who was never beaten, nor ever paid forfeit, came on the Turf in his three-year-old form, carrying one hundred and twelve pounds, and ran his last race on the 14th of September, 1779, when, though lame and out of condition, he won easy, and retired to the breeding stud at five years old! But may we not with more reason attribute the reality, or the assumption, as it may be, of less bottom, or to speak more distinctly, less capacity to carry weight and repeat long distances, in the modern English courser, rather to the modern fashion of training for short races, and to their reliance on the foot of the horse, and the skill of the rider, to bring him out in a brush at the run home, than to any real degeneracy of the stock? On these points we find some observations in a journal which well sustains the title of "*The Spirit of the Times*." The remarks by the Editor are regarded by us as of such high authority, and so apposite, that we cannot forbear giving them a place:—

"The superiority of the English horses over the American, *as regards speed*, is almost universally allowed by those American Turfmen and Amateurs who have witnessed their performances at home. We might name Capt. Stockton, Major Davie, Judge Porter, Mr. Corbin, Mr. Neil, the late Mr. Colden, Mr. Kirkman, and many other gentlemen with whom we have conversed upon the subject. The *forte* of the English horse of the present day is *speed*, beyond a doubt; and while Americans give up the point, as

to short distances, they think our *four-mile* horses can beat the English in races of *heats* at that distance. There is no encouragement offered to the English Turfman to breed a four mile horse, save here and there a plate of a hundred guineas value; all, or nearly all the valuable prizes are offered for two and three-year-olds, so that the object of the breeder is to bring out a colt in the Fall of his two-year-old form, having such strength and substance as shall enable him to take up heavy weights, and go from half to three-quarters of a mile at a flight of speed. As colts that have won frequently, beating good fields, as three-year-olds, are subsequently very heavily handicapped so as to place them upon an equality with indifferent performers, they almost invariably give way in competing for the valuable public prizes offered, such as the cups at Goodwood, Liverpool, Ascot, &c. *A very fine four mile horse in England would not command one quarter of the price which could be obtained for a tried two-year-old.* He would soon be broken down by having twenty or thirty pounds *extra* clapped upon his back, to place him on a level with an untried three-year-old carrying a feather."

"Investigator," whom we cannot doubt is Mr. B. O. Tayloe, of Washington, explains conclusively, to our minds, "the yet unexplained difference between the time of the racing in the two countries," when he attributes it, in a great measure, to the *shape and soil* of the English courses, &c., emphatically called the *turf*.

In confirmation of this opinion of the effects of soil, it may be mentioned that a gentleman amateur has just remarked to us, that when Miss Foote lately won a second four mile heat on the Metairie Course, New Orleans, in 7:35, the shortest time in America, until now beaten by Fashion and Boston on Long Island, the course was quite *elastic*, and that though the surface was dry, water might have been found within a few feet, if not inches, any where below it.

We apprehend, however, that these "very fine four-mile King's plate horses" are exactly such as ought to have been selected for importation to this country, instead of the fashionable stock, bred to speed, under the influences before mentioned.

The question has been raised, and may well be entertained without implying any narrow or unbecoming feeling of national jealousy, whether the turf-horse of English stock *does not degenerate in America?* Referring to the controlling influences of climate, soil, and food, there is certainly no reason to infer that he should; but, from the very nature of these, quite the contrary; and why may we not believe that there is in nature, a power which will *coerce animal*, as we know it will vegetable productions, to forego their original peculiarities, and partially conform themselves, in process of time, to the more immutable laws of *soil and climate*? We recollect to have heard Mr. Jefferson, in proof of the influence of soil over vegetables, state, that he knew a French gentleman, on his inheritance of a famous and very profitable wine estate, impair at once the quality of the wine, and his own income, materially, by employing some crude and unsuitable manure to

fertilize his vineyard. The vines bore more abundantly, but the wine lost its flavor, and the vineyard its wonted repute. So it is with other vegetables. The celebrated white wheat will change from white to red, on being transplanted into any other from its *natale solum*—the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia; and the celebrated Havana tobacco, with change of soil and climate, loses both its fine texture and rich fragrance. Thus, without any violence of presumption, we may assert the influence of both soil and climate on the constitution and temper of the horse. How long would the satin-coated, thin-skinned, flint-footed, hard-boned, muscular and proud-spirited Arabian, accustomed to a short bite, and delighting in a hot sun, retain, after being transferred to the rich and succulent pastures of the "low countries," the high and peculiar characteristics which have given him pre-eminence over all the families of his race?

Exposed in rigorous climates, the horse could not long survive in a state of nature, but when protected and well supplied with food, it is difficult to determine how far towards the pole he might be sustained; and we may here quote from good authority, "That this animal existed before the flood, the researches of geologists afford abundant proof. There is not a portion of Europe, nor scarcely any part of the globe, from the tropical plains of India, to the frozen regions of Siberia—from the northern extremities of the new world to the very southern point of America, in which the fossil remains of the Horse have not been found mingled with the bones of the Hippopotamus, the Elephant, the Rhinoceros, the Bear, the Tiger, the Deer, and various other animals, some of which, like the Mastodon, have passed away."

In point of fact, however, every other circumstance being nearly similar, the Horse thrives best in countries within or near the torrid zone. In the mild climates of Northwestern Europe, this noble animal reaches a high development. The wild horse of this continent, brought from Texas, or the more remote *provincias internas*, and tamed, we have been told, though in general unsightly when compared to the high-bred horse of the United States, is greatly superior in hardiness and ease of support. We may further sustain these reflections on the influence of climate, with the opinion of a gentleman of great observation and knowledge of geography and natural history, Mr. Darby, who thinks that "in the zone of North America, comprising Western Louisiana, Texas, &c., to the Gulf of California, this most splendid auxiliary of man, with anything like equal care and skill, will reach his utmost development of form, strength, beauty, and affectionate docility."

In additional support of our hypothesis, that climate and food have their influence on the form and character of animals, and that these influences in England are less auspicious to high perfection of the Horse than the warmer and dryer climates of the United States, we may adduce the remarks of English writers of authority. The effect indeed of climate and soil on wool-bearing animals is asserted by all naturalists. Bakewell, who bestowed particular attention on the subject, contends that the softness of wool

depends chiefly on the soil on which the sheep are fed. Professor Cline, whose able disquisition we have already freely quoted, says "the pliancy of the animal economy is such as that an animal will gradually accommodate itself to great vicissitudes in climate and alterations in food, and by degrees undergo great changes in constitution. The size of animals is commonly adapted to the soil which they inhabit. Where produce is nutritive and abundant, the animals are large, having grown proportionably to the quantity of food which for generations they have been accustomed to obtain." To these respectable authors it will be sufficient to add the observations of Captain Thomas Brown, in his *Biographical Sketches of the Horse*, that "the degenerating effects of a British atmosphere and pasturage, can only be successfully competed, by the occasional introduction of Asiatic blood. A permanently excellent breed can never be expected *in this climate*;" except, we would add, as has been well and truly said of Liberty itself, by *eternal vigilance*.

On the soundness of these views, may not the opinion safely rest, that on this continent the Horse ought to reach and retain powers at least equal to any he has ever attained in England? And were truth to compel the admission, which is by no means certain, of any deficiency or falling off, might it not be fairly ascribed to the want, in this country, of the vast means and the leisure, the science and the skill, which English Aristocracy can command and afford to bestow on the Turf; and all the appointments and accommodations requisite for the pursuit and enjoyment of that and other field sports; all of which create wide and constant demand, at high prices, for honest and stout nags, that can go both the pace and the distance? If money "makes the mare go," so will it the horse, and by its agency, what may not be achieved in a country where a nobleman finds amusement in spending, like the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, *fifty thousand dollars on his dog kennel*? If the superiority claimed by some for English over American horses, cannot be the fruit of climate, neither can it be ascribed to any want on our part of their best blood. Our importations go back more than a century. On this point we are glad again to borrow and adopt the views of that accomplished amateur, Mr. B. O. Tayloe, of Washington, by whom the public has been well reminded that "at a very early period of its Colonial Government, fine horses were introduced into Virginia—encouragement was given by Legislative enactments, and speed was particularly attended to—Bulle-Rock, a famed son of the Darley Arabian, and wholly of Eastern blood, was imported as far back as 1730, the year that the Godolphin Arabian (Barb) was introduced into England: and many other English horses and mares were imported, long before any Stud-Book appeared in England." Before and soon after the Revolutionary War, and again, since the establishment of the "American Turf Register," the importations into New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina, have embraced many of the most distinguished families that have adorned

the English Turf; bringing streams pure and copious, from the great fountains of *Matchem* and *Eclipse*, with an ample infusion from the loins of *Herod* himself, in whose stock, above all, is united "the two essential qualities of speed and bottom." To go more into detail in proof of our abundant resources, if well husbanded, for sustaining a stock of horses equal in all desirable points, and for all manner of work, to that which any other country can exhibit, would here be out of place—else it would be easy to present a list not much short of three hundred imported horses, among the very best which, in their day, could be found in the "fast-anchored isle," beginning, as before stated, near half a century before the American Revolution.

Let it suffice to name a few, such, for example, as *Shark*, at the close of the last century, and shortly thereafter those Derby winners, *Saltram* (one of the best sons of the famed *Eclipse*), *Diomed*, *Spread Eagle*, and *Sir Harry*; the equally famed race-horses *Gabriel*, *Buzzard*, *Eagle*, and *Chance*; and latterly the renowned winners of the Derby—*Priam*, *St. Giles*, and some others—and of the *St. Leger*, *Rowton*, *Margrave*, and *Barefoot*, that with their close competitors, also imported to this country, *Sarpedon*, *Cetus*, *Trustee*, and *Emancipation*; together with *Glencoe*, *Riddlesworth*, and *Leviathan*; *Chateau Margaux*, and perhaps some others, were race-horses of the very highest repute in their day, in England.

Soon after the last revival of the Turf in America, and before there was time to witness its effects on our existing stock, it was deemed expedient to import again, at very great cost, some of the most fashionable horses of the "Old Country," with a view to the regeneration, as it was supposed, of our native stock, but it is questionable how far it was needed; for, as very recently observed in the "*Spirit of the Times*,"—"Notwithstanding the immense chance they have had, (having generally had the choice of the finest mares,) but seven of them have a winner at four-mile heats last year, while thirteen of native stallions have winners that won thirty-two races."—True, the winner of the *race of races*, *Fashion*, is by imported *Trustee*; but how much of her *stoutness* may not have come down to her from her grandam, old *Reality*, of *Medley* blood—a blood illustrated in so many fields in contests of four mile heats? Witness the extraordinary achievements of his g. g. g. son, (through *Duroc*, *Amanda*, and *Grey Diomed*, son of *Medley*) *American Eclipse* in 1823, three heats of four miles, in 23:50, and his competitor *Henry*, tracing to *Medley* through his grandam by *Bellair*, son of *Medley*. *Sir Hal*, at *Broad Rock*, winning the four mile day from *Cup Bearer*, in one heat, in 7:40—*Cup Bearer* breaking down. *Oscar*, near *Baltimore*, in 1806, beating *First Consul* in 7:40—each winning horse, as well as *Cup Bearer*, partaking largely of the *Medley* blood, though no two were by the same horse. It is also worthy of remark as warranting the assumption that *Fashion* owes her vast powers as much to the English imported *Medley* blood, *Americanized*, as to her recently imported sire, that two days after her immortal victory, her half-brother—grandson of old *Reality*, and by *Shark*, a son of Ameri-

can Eclipse, in a second heat drove the unrivalled son of Timoleon to the winning post in 7:46 running the next heat and ending a doubtful contest in 7:58½.

As already stated, the object in thus dwelling on the wonderful capabilities of the *bred* horse, and of endeavoring to show that with proper inducements and precaution to measure his foot and to guage his bottom, and to record faithfully his genealogy and performances, there need not be, as there has not been any general decay—and in insisting that without a portion of his blood we can reckon on no general or permanent supply of good nags for saddle or harness, is to impress upon *American husbandmen* generally, the absolute necessity of keeping these ulterior but important objects always in view. Those who are opposed to all field sports, on account of the dissipation and vice with which some of them are too often accompanied, might yet learn to tolerate what they cannot enjoy. The whole business of life is mixed with good and evil, and full of compromises. Shall we forego the use of gunpowder, because that "villanous compound" sometimes charges the pistol of the duellist; or throw up altogether the use of steam, because human life is occasionally sacrificed by the careless use of it?

But it is not only as a question of individual comfort, or of agricultural resource, that this subject is to be looked at. It is worthy, too, of the serious regard of the *Statesman*, in the higher and more important aspect it presents in a *military point of view*, and as thus connected with our national defences. In *cavalry*, perhaps more than in any other weapon, our locality must always give us an advantage over any invading force. An enemy cannot bring cavalry with him. With something like a well arranged system in breeding our horses, this advantage may be turned to great account in time of war. With the forecast that distinguished his military administration, Napoleon had the sagacity to establish *Haras*, or studs, in the several departments of France, where thorough-bred stallions were placed at the service of the common farmer, on terms which barely paid the expense of their keep. But to come nearer home, while every one, at all familiar with the incidents of our own Revolution, knows how much was effected in the South by Lee's famous "Legion," few, comparatively, may be aware to what that celebrated corps chiefly owed its efficiency—and yet it is undeniable that in a great measure the *prevalence of blood in his horses* made it at once the scourge and the terror of the enemy. Wonderful in their endurance of hunger, thirst, and fatigue; prompt to strike a blow where it was least expected, and, when forced, as quick to retreat; they may be said to have well earned the description applied to the Parthian steed:—

"*Quot sine aqua Parthus nullia currat equus,*
How many miles can run the Parthian horse,
Nor quench his thirst in the fatiguing course!"

It was not, however, generally known, until the Repository offered by the "Turf Register" for the record of all extraordinary facts connected with these subjects, that to the remarkably acci-

dental importation of the celebrated *Lindsey's Arabian* may be traced some brilliant exploits of the battle-field, as well as of the 'Turf in America. The curious history of that renowned Arabian is worthy of preservation here, as it was thus related to the editor, by a meritorious Maryland officer of the Revolution, the venerable General T. M. Forman, a yet living monument of the "times that tried men's souls."

LINDSEY'S ARABIAN.

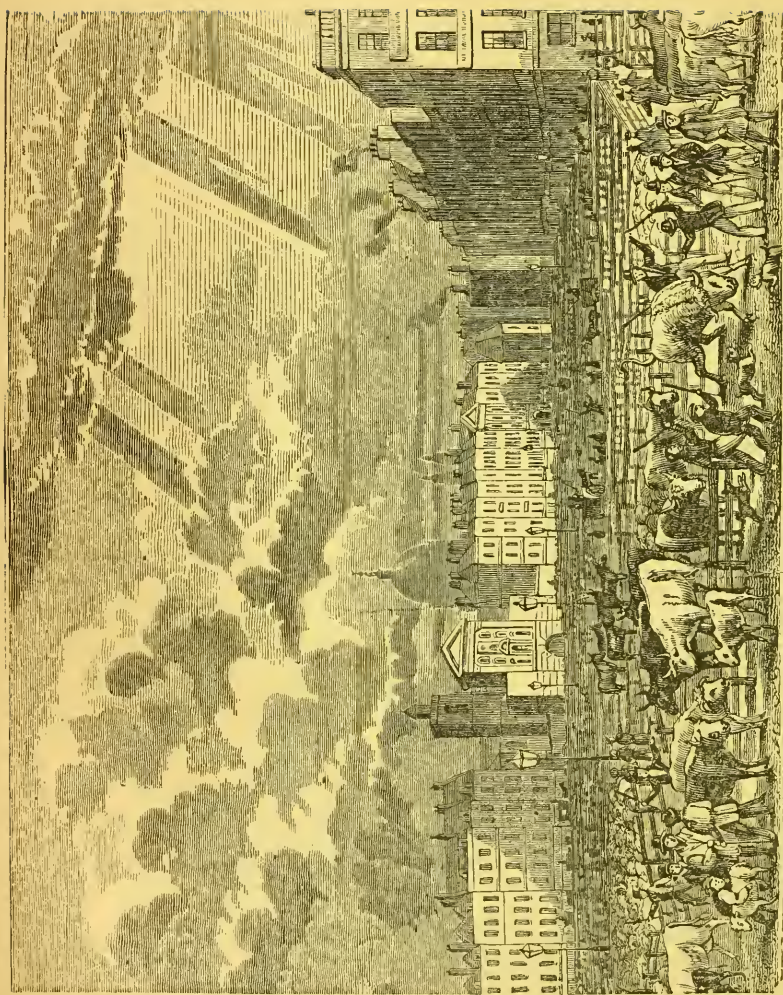
About the year 1777 or '78, General H. Lee, of the Cavalry, and his officers, had their attention drawn to some uncommonly fine Eastern horses employed in the public service—horses of such superior form and appearance, that the above officers were led to make much inquiry respecting their history; and this proved so extraordinary, that Captain Lindsey was sent to examine and make more particular inquiry respecting the fine cavalry, which had been so much admired, and with instructions, that if the sire answered the description given of him, the Captain was to purchase him, if to be sold.

The Captain succeeded in purchasing the horse, who was taken to Virginia, where he covered at a high price and with considerable success.

It was not until this fine horse became old and feeble that the writer of these recollections rode thirty miles expressly to see him. He was a white horse, of the most perfect form and symmetry, rather above fifteen hands high, and although old and crippled, appeared to possess a high and gallant temper, which gave him a lofty and commanding carriage and appearance.

The history of this horse, as given to me during the Revolutionary war, by several respectable persons from Connecticut at various times, is:—

For some very important service rendered by the Commander of a British frigate, to a son of the then Emperor of Morocco, the Emperor presented this horse (the most valuable of his stud) to the Captain, who shipped him on board the frigate, with the sanguine expectation of obtaining a great price for him, if safely landed in England. Either in obedience to orders, or from some other cause, the frigate called at one of the English *West India* islands, where, being obliged to remain some time, the Captain, in compassion to the horse, landed him for the purpose of exercise. No convenient securely inclosed place could be found but a large lumber-yard, into which the horse was turned loose; but delighted and playful as a kitten, his liberty soon proved nearly fatal to him. He ascended one of the piles, from which and with it he fell, and broke three of his legs. At this time in the same harbor, the English Captain met with an old acquaintance from one of our now Eastern States. To him he offered the horse, as an animal of inestimable value, could he be cured. The Eastern Captain gladly accepted the horse, and knowing he must be detained a considerable time in the Island before he could dispose of his assorted cargo, got the horse on board his vessel, secured him in slings, and very carefully



SMITHFIELD STOCK MARKET.—(Fig. 27.)

Fig. 28.

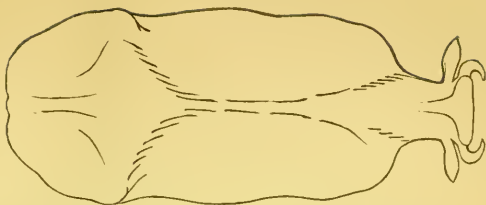


Fig. 29.



Fig. 30.

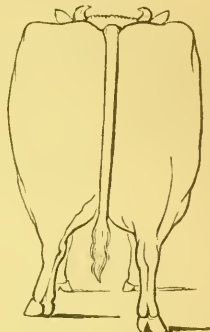


Fig. 31.

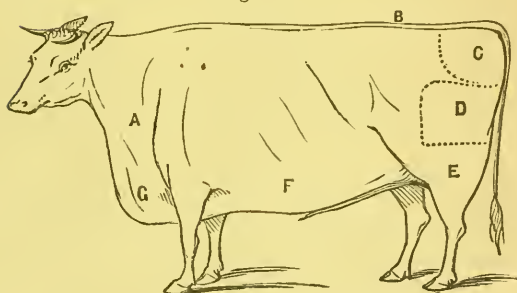
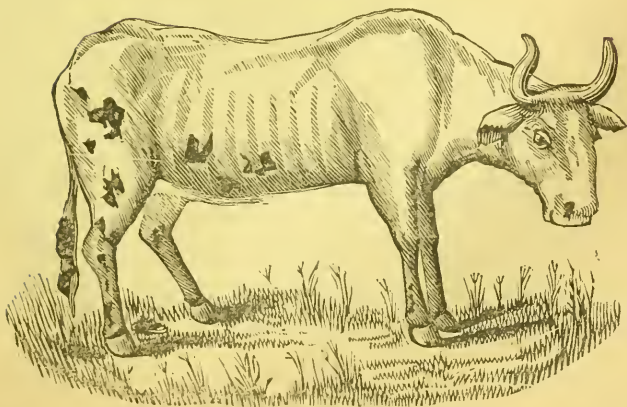


Fig. 32.



set and bound up his broken legs. It matters not how long he remained in the harbor, or if quite cured before he arrived on our shore ; but he did arrive, and he must certainly have covered several seasons, before he was noticed as first mentioned.

When the writer of these remarks went to see the horse, his first attention was to examine his legs, respecting the reported fracture, and he was fully satisfied, not merely by *seeing* the lumps and inequalities on the three legs, but by actually *feeling* the irregularities and projections of broken bones.

In Connecticut (I think) this horse was called Ranger ; in Virginia (as it should be) he was called Lindsey's Arabian. He was the sire of Tulip and many good runners ; to all his stock he gave great perfection of form, and his blood flows in the veins of some of the best horses of the present day. Make what use you please of this statement ; I will stand corrected in my narrative, by any person who can produce better testimony respecting Lindsey's Arabian.

Your obedient servant,

F:

September 10, 1827.

AGRICULTURAL TOUR IN ENGLAND.

BY A. B. ALLEN, ESQ.

[We are indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the "American Agriculturist," published in this city, for the following interesting article, and the illustrations accompanying it.]

Smithfield Market—Animals there, and the Breeds most suitable to raise in America for meat to supply the English market.

The largest, and perhaps the most interesting market for the stock breeder to visit in Great Britain, is that of Smithfield ; which in days of yore, was really what its name purports, a large *field* in the suburbs of the town, belonging to the person after whom it was named. But now the city has spread over and all around, and it has become the very heart of London. It is a sort of double oblong square, into which pour six streets, surrounded on all sides by lofty buildings, presenting something such a scene as the reader will find pictured below.

Smithfield is a cattle market on Mondays and Fridays ; the rest of the week it is used for hay, straw, and other country products. Monday, however, is the great day, when there is a much larger show of animals than on Friday, and it is curious to see what a motley throng it then presents. Double rows of posts and strong bars morticed into them surround the open square on two sides, to which the cattle are tied, while all the rest of the space is occupied with pens for pigs, and thousands of sheep ; there being a much greater consumption of mutton in England than pork. For the purpose of getting a fuller idea of the show, we usually made our visits here early in the morning, when it was so crowded, that we frequently found it difficult to move about ; and such a hubbub and confusion of sounds rose up there from the voices of men, the barking of shepherds' dogs, and bleating and lowing of herds, as to almost set the fresh visitor beside himself, and half addle his head.

That the reader may have some more definite idea of the number of animals brought here for sale on market days, we give from McCulloch's Dictionary,

the actual consumption in London, for the year 1830, when it had a population of about a million and a half.

		Average wt.	No. of lbs. consumed.
Cattle,	159 907	656 lbs.	104 898 992
Sheep,	1,287 070	90 "	115 836 300
Pigs,	254,672	66 "	24 448 512
Calves,	22,500	144 "	3,240,000

Number of pounds of meat consumed..... 248,423,804

The average price of meat here is about 6d. per lb., which would make the value of what was sold in 1830, within a fraction of £6 210,600

In the edition of McCulloch for 1842, he says, that the amount of dead carcasses brought into London since 1830, from the facilities of steam navigation and railroads, has greatly increased; yet notwithstanding this, he sets down the sales at Smithfield market, as amounting to 190,000 bullocks, 150 000 sheep, 25 000 calves, and 25 000 pigs. We apprehend that there is a typographical error in this last item, of a cypher left out, and that he wrote 250 000 pigs. The population of London has increased one-third since 1830, and numbers now full two millions; it would therefore be fair to suppose that the consumption of beef, mutton, veal, and pork had increased in the same ratio; the average price of which, per pound, is fully equal at the present time, to that of 1830, which would make their value the past year, consumed in this great city, £8 280,800, or nearly \$40,000,000; and all this is exclusive of salt meats, poultry, and fish, which would be another round item in the eating bill; and we fancy if all were counted, that John Bull would have to acknowledge to about 180 lbs. per annum, of fish and flesh consumed for each inhabitant of London; which is pretty fair feeding, as the world goes, and may well keep him in the portly condition which he so generally shows, in his land of fog and almost interminable rain.

The butchers here are a shrewd, intelligent set of men in their profession, and we noticed that they judged the stock more by handling than ours do at home. They are also more critical in considering the forms of animals besides other niceties that we might be thought over refined, perhaps, if we entered upon their detail. They are a hearty looking race, and in moving about in breeches and white top boots, seemed generally to verify the old saying of "he that slays fat oxen should himself be fat." However, in this respect, the farmers and graziers who drove the beasts up for sale, were but little inferior in blooming health and condition to the butchers; and had the respective parties themselves been entered for a premium, and we called upon as judge, we hardly know to which class we should have awarded the first prize.

The cattle which bring the highest prices, and make the tenderest and best marbled beef, are the Kyloes, or Scotch Highlanders, a small black animal of which there are two kinds; those with horns, and those without. The average weight of these animals is from 500 to 600 lbs. They are hardy, thrifty, and tolerable quick feeders, living upon bleak mountains where other beasts would starve, and we must confess, that they are quite favorite animals in our eyes.

The next in quality of meat of any particular original breed, are the Devons, and with them we include their cognates, the Sussex. Their average weight is from 700 to 1000 lbs. To these succeed the Herefords and Durhams, averaging from 1200 to 1600 lbs. Now come all sorts of breeds and crosses, and mongrels; just as we have seen them in our own markets, without any particularly distinctive qualities, that are not found to greater excellence in one or other of the above named animals. Between the Hereford and Durhams there is a sharp rivalry; and it is with fat cattle from these superb breeds that the prizes of the great annual national show at Smithfield, in December, are usually taken. The Herefords have lately been more often triumphant than the Durhams; but we suspect it is more for the reason that the coarser Short Horns are generally made steers of; the finer ones, being too valuable for this purpose, are reserved as breeders, for we can avouch, from our own personal knowledge, that the beef of a fine well-bred Durham, killed at 3 to 4 years old, is equal to that of the Kyloe, or anything else of the cattle kind which we have ever had the advantage of tasting.

The English fat their animals longer and better than we do, and in that respect they are apt to be superior to ours; but since they have begun to drive the beautiful Devon cattle of New England, and the grade Durhams, and Herefords of the west, to the Bulls' Head in New York, the animals, with the exception of not being as well fed, will make a fair comparison with those at Smithfield. We think that if some of our farmers in the vicinity of large towns, would adopt a system of high cultivation and soiling, and purchase up cattle as they are driven in from a distance, for re-fattening, as a class of people called graziers do in England, that they might make a good business of it, and become serviceable both to the stock-breeder and butcher, and be the means of furnishing our markets with a superior quality of meat, to which, when the inhabitants became accustomed, they would purchase no other.

The sheep brought to Smithfield are more generally the South Downs and Leicesters, together with their various crosses. The South Down mutton is the best; being much leaner and more tender than that of the Long-woolled tribes, and it usually brings one penny more per pound in market.

The best breeds of swine brought up to London are from Berkshire, and these are usually sent in fresh killed. With live hogs, the market at Smithfield seemed to be nearly monopolized by a breed from Sussex, from the reason, we suppose, of the greater contiguity of this county to the market. We can't say much in favor of these animals. They have sharp backs, long noses, and large lop ears. Their color is alternate white and black, in large patches or broad belts around the body; and they are certainly a profitless race, compared with any of the more improved breeds in Sussex, and indeed any other part of Great Britain.

Since the reduction of duties on meat in England, large quantities of beef, mutton, and pork can be exported there, provided the right kind of animals are bred, properly fattened, cured, and put up for the British market. But we regret to say that a large portion of the American cattle, as now bred, are totally unfitted to cut up for barreling mess beef, which is the most profitable and desirable quality for us to export; and we here give the outlines in four different positions of a good ox, in order to convince our farmers of the truth of so strong an assertion. We also accompany these with an engraving of an animal of another kind, not for the purpose of ridiculing it, but to show the marked difference between breeds.

In England the most valuable pieces for Mess beef are taken from the Brisket and round, *fig. 31 D and G*. Now in these two points it will be seen that this animal is especially good, and would probably cut twice or perhaps three times as much from these parts, as *fig. 32*, though it were ever so well fattened. The loin also at *B*, is broad and full, and here is where the steaks are cut, for which the butcher always gets an extra price. Then the plates at *F*, are round and thick, and this part is likewise valuable for salted beef. We now come to *E*, on thigh, or gaskin, and *A*, on the point of the shoulder, when the animal is as well bred as *fig. 31*, good pieces may be obtained for jerking, or dried beef; whereas, in *fig. 32*, little could be found on those points of any value, save the hide and bones.

We trust now, that we have fairly and faithfully pointed out the superiority of a good animal, and the necessity of paying attention to the breed and rearing, in order to successfully compete in so valuable a market, as the liberality of the British Government has recently laid open to us. We especially hope that our western farmers on the broad prairies will heed this matter—they can no longer object to purchasing improved stock, since the price has become so low as we understand it now is, in the United States. And they must recollect that they have but two ways of marketing their animals, barrelling them at home for a foreign market, or long, tedious, expensive driving, over the mountains to the eastern cities. We leave it to our western countrymen to say which is the best method for them to adopt.

Several houses at the west, have gone extensively into the business of packing pork for the English market, but we hear of none who have embarked in that of packing beef; indeed the Board of Trade, of Montreal, in their circulars, say, that "Mess Beef is so difficult to be procured, that as an article of general export, it is not worth attention." This is a pretty confession to make, in a

country where there are Durham bulls sufficient to produce a complete regeneration in the breed of cattle, in seven years, which would then turn out Mess Beef enough from their broad buttocks and briskets, to rejoice all the poor manufacturers in Great Britain, and make their hearts glad in the eating of it.

We do not give the particulars here as to the manner of packing beef and pork; sizes of the tierces, kits and kegs, as American papers have latterly been teeming with all such directions; and besides, the process is so minute, that it requires experienced persons to go through with it, and as soon as the tariff was altered, enough of these immediately embarked for the United States, with a view of attending to this business among us. Two very essential things are requisite, however, especially in putting up beef. 1st. That the salt be pure; 2d, that a considerable quantity of sugar or molasses be put in the brine so as to neutralise the action of the salt, and make the meat more palatable. This is highly necessary when packed for sea stores, as sugar is a *scurvy preventive*, whereas salt is a *scurvy producer*. It also expels the nutritious juices of the meat, and the more savory particles of the fat; and at the same time, so hardens the lean, as to make it difficult of mastication, and scarcely palatable. In packing for sea stores, it would be a good thing to take out all the bones, for they only increase the weight and bulk, without any benefit whatever, whereas, if left at the packing house, they would at least make excellent manure.

Pork.—The English, hitherto, have been in the habit of eating an entirely different salted article from the Americans; the smaller kind of hogs being put up there, the side pork of which is well marbled, or intermixed with fat and lean. But we are not sure now, that we shall not soon revolutionize their tastes in this particular, and that our clear heavy mess, such as is packed for the Boston market, will not eventually take precedence there, when its superiority and goodness comes to be well tested. That for bacon, must of course have as much lean about its hams and sides as possible, consistent with juicy tenderness; but their manner of curing this kind of meat, is so entirely different from ours, owing to the difference of their climate, that we doubt whether it will be an object to prepare anything, with the view of exportation, except the choicest kind of hams; and these should be made as near the celebrated Westphalia as possible.

Mutton Hams and Shoulders.—A large trade in these, prepared and dried like venison, may be carried on with England, provided they abound with lean tender meat; and to produce this, we know nothing equal to the South Down sheep. Of these we shall give portraits hereafter. Their forms as nearly resemble the outlines of Fig. 31, as a sheep can an ox; with the same well developed brisket, wide loins, round rumps, deep twist, and fine head and legs.

Sheep and Pig Tongues.—These, if very nicely prepared, and put up in kegs of 50 lbs. each, would command a ready sale in England, about the same price as beef tongues. Now they are almost universally thrown away at our packing houses.

Notes of the Month.

MARCH.

Sale of Stock in Virginia.—A well known correspondent ("F. C.") writes us from Richmond, under date of the 28th Jan., that he witnessed the following extraordinary sale on the day previous:—

Cetus, imported stallion, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, now 15 years old, to Mr. JOHN POINDEXTER, JR., for	\$405
Nobleman, ch. h., by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 5 yrs., to J. S. T. B. TINSLEY, for	155
Chesnut Colt, 2 yrs., by Imp. Cetus, out of Virginia Haxall by Sir Charles, to Col. ATKINSON, for	72
Chesnut Colt, yearling, by Imp. Cetus, out of Virginia Haxall, to Col. W. LARKIN WHITE, for	77
Virginia Hazall, brood mare, by Sir Charles, out of Roxana, in foal to Cetus, to Mr. R. E. LEE, for	102

Terms, one-fourth cash, the residue in 90 days.

Our correspondent has furnished us with the foregoing report in order to give us "an idea of the diminished value of Blood Stock and decided decline of the Turf in the Old Dominion." We beg to inform him that this sale presents no such idea to our mind. On the contrary, it strikes us that breeders in Virginia, as in other States, are coming to their senses. A third rate race horse is about the poorest piece of property a man can well own; if there is any species of property still meaner it is "a good for nothing" stallion, in which category, to our equal surprise and regret, we fear Cetus must be placed, like Contract, Claret, Apparition, Valentine, Truffle, Barefoot, Lapdog, Daghee, Felt, Swiss, St. Giles, Richard, Flexible, Derby, etc. etc. The thorough stock of several States has been nearly ruined by the introduction of this foreign rubbish. How many thousands of dollars have been thrown away upon Chateau Margaux, Tranby, and Shakspeare, who for several seasons had the finest mares in the country? In addition to the list above there are as many more of these brutes in the South and West, the owners of which if they receive a shilling for their services deserve to be prosecuted for "obtaining goods under false pretences." Some of these horses occasionally get a winner, but if the mares bred to them had been sent to a native horse of moderate pretensions, the chances are that instead of one they would have produced twenty winners. Many of the imported horses, like Leviathan, Priam, Trustee, Consol, Glencoe, Margrave, &c., we like as well as the same number of our best native stallions, though with one or two exceptions they do not get the same number of winners. The time *will* come (and we hope quickly) when, after a fair trial of two or three seasons, a stallion that is proved to be of "no account" may be so termed by the press without rendering itself liable to an action for libel or defamation. It is "a regular swindle," and nothing else, to "take in the natives" with such cattle, whether foreign or native, though it is rarely attempted with the latter. People are too smart to pay much for the services of a native stallion, with whose blood and performances they are not comparatively familiar.

In the hope that these crude reflections may draw attention to the subject, and excite abler pens to discuss the matter freely and dispassionately, we will only add that the sale reported was doubtless a Sheriff's sale, for it is well known that *race horses* of known abilities, and stock of *fashionable* blood for the Turf, command nearly as high a price now as ever, while *common* stock can hardly be given away.

The imported horse *Philip*—a very fine one, we grant—is advertised to stand at Mr. BELL's stable, at White's Bend, a few miles from Nashville, Tenn., at *Seventy five* dollars. Is not this a rather extravagant price for the times? Philip had but three winners last year; but of these, one of them—Mr. BARROW's superb filly *Music* (out of the celebrated Piano by Bertrand,)—has emi-

nently distinguished herself. Petworth, also, is doubtless a good one; still we think the managers of Philip would consult their own interests by reducing his terms somewhat. We know of several mares in Tennessee that will not be bred this season in consequence of the high prices of the fashionable stallions. A gentleman of our acquaintance has paid more for the services of stallions to two mares during the last five years, in Tennessee, than he can obtain for both mares and their half dozen colts! The latter are promising, and the mares are young and as well bred as any in the country; their names are familiar to every one who knows anything of the Turf. The owner of Trustee has offered his services to the breeders of Kentucky at \$50. It will hardly be claimed that the sire of the incomparable *Fashion* and other winners, is outranked by Philip or any horse of his class, whether reference be had to his performances on the Turf or in the stud. We throw out the suggestion with the utmost good feeling, and to other gentlemen owning fine horses, as well as to the owners of Philip. Breeders cannot afford to pay these high prices, nor will they. Moreover, instead of charging a high price, to be paid in the course of the year, the owners of stallions would double their receipts by making their terms so low as to be within the reach of all, and insisting upon the money being sent with the mare. The owners of high priced stallions have not been able to collect during the last three years above twenty per cent of the amount they have annually charged, and many of them not ten per cent. There are exceptions to be sure, as in the cases of Glencoe, Leviathan, Monarch, and possibly two or three more; but as an offset we can prove from *positive information* from their owners, that hardly enough has been collected for the services of several fashionable and high-priced stallions to defray the expense of their keep. We could name several horses of high reputation that have been standing lately on Long Island, and in Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, for whose services, owing to the system of high prices and long credits, their owners have not received the first red cent!

The Mobile "Advertiser" speaks of a recent meeting of the Jockey Club of that city, for the consideration of important business. One of the subjects brought before the Club, according to the "Advertiser," was "the propriety of reducing the prices of subscription and membership. We look with favor upon every proposition that shall contribute to render more generally popular the sports of the Turf. Nothing would contribute more to this than that they should be accessible to the very poorest. The most brilliant races in England can be seen without any expense, although public stands of different grades of prices are provided for such as choose to hold themselves aloof from the crowd. In Charleston, S. C., the same plan is adopted very nearly; you pay but a *bit* to enter the gate, and there is a public stand provided, absolutely free for all. The consequence is, the race week in Charleston is a general gala week."

The Louisiana Champion.—The "Picayune" of the 1st ultimo contains the annexed bulletin of the health and condition of

Reel—We were pleased to meet a gentleman yesterday who has quite recently seen the fine race nag *Reel*, the champion of the Louisiana Turf. He informs us that her lameness has nearly, if not altogether, disappeared, and that she is taking light work already, and may be expected here in March. The seat of the lameness, he thinks, proved to be the knee, instead of the coffin joint, where it was supposed to lie when she left New Orleans.

The BRENNAN Stake for 1843, which comes off over the Lexington Course at the ensuing Spring meeting, closed with eighteen subscribers. Among the nominations are the get of several horses that have never made a season in Kentucky, and it is highly creditable to the enterprise and good sense of the breeders of that gallant commonwealth, that they should have introduced the blood of the best horses in distant States, for the purpose of making a trial of it with their own. We refer particularly to the imported stallions Glencoe and Belshazzar; the first one has proved himself a good one, and no mistake, and when the latter's stock come out, we shall be greatly disappointed if it does not rival that of Leviathan and Priam. The other nominations include the get of Zinganez, Sarpedon, and Hedgford, of the imported horses, while among the

native sires are Medoc, Woodpecker, Frank, and Chorister, whose get have figured on the Turf with great credit (with the exception of the last named), and two new candidates for fame—Mingo and Birmingham. JOHN BRENNAN, Esq., the popular host of the Phoenix Hotel at Lexington, makes an annual gift to the winner of this stake of a piece of plate.

Last month we announced the sale of Mr. L. COCH's interest in Miss Foote, for \$2000 to Mr. HEINSOHN, his partner in the ownership. Our correspondent has since informed us of Mr. C.'s sale to the same individual of his interest in

Joe Chalmers by Imp. Consol out of Imp. Rachel, by Whalebone, 3 yrs.

Ellen Walker by " " " " " Plenty, by Emilius 2.
for \$500 each.

Sales of Stock by E. BACON, Esq., of New Design, Ky., in 1842: To JOHN LEWIS, Esq.:—*Blackfoot*, by Archie, Jun., dam by Oroonoko, grandam by Imp. Volunteer, and her produce. *Lear*, a bay filly by Imp. Mordecai, 3 yrs. old spring of '43 *Black Colt* by the same, 2 yrs. old spring of 1842.

Sold to Mr. EDWARD REESE, of Illinois:—*Black filly America*, by Red Rover, foaled spring of 1842 A colt, *Tramp*, by Imp. Mordecai, dam by Sir Richard, 2 yrs. old last spring, for \$500; bay color, fine size, and good form.

At the recent annual Fair of the Louisiana State Agricultural Society, held at Baton Rouge, Col. FLUKER, of East Feliciana, exhibited a deer, which was brought into the world by the Cæsarean operation, and which has since produced a numerous progeny of its own. This is probably the only animal in the country to whom life was given in a similar manner, that has survived in its full beauty and vigor.

Gold Stake at Lexington, Ky.—Among the brilliant stakes to come off during the present year is the Gold Stake, at Lexington. It is for colts and fillies foaled in 1840, and closed with seventy subscribers, at \$500 each. \$100 ft., to which the Association is to add a Gold Cup of the value of \$500—two mile heats. The race is to be run at the Fall meeting of the Lexington Club. It is the richest stake ever got up in Kentucky.

The Best Joke of the Season—Among the "certificates" appended to the advertisements of Imp. Philip in the Nashville papers is one from Mr. PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR, the compiler of the American Stud Book, in which he states as follows:—

As the blood and performances of the colts of Hedgford have placed the Filho da Puta stock upon an eminence not easily to be overthrown, I recommend Philip to the attention of Col. Richardson. Indeed although I very much dislike crossing "in and in," still, I would in this instance break through my rule in order to get into a cross of your horse. *I consider Hedgford the very best horse in the United States. and Philip* according to his pedigree and performances upon the Turf, *the second*, because he remained thereon a very extraordinary length of time perfectly sound. I want to breed to him my Hedgford filly. * * * I have, at present, access to a complete set of the English Racing Calendar from 1709 to 1750, and Pick's Turf Register, besides the former book from 1820 up to 1838; by these references I am enabled to be a competent judge of the racing qualities of every imported horse in the United States.

We hope Mr. Edgar was allowed "*to breed his Hedgford filly*" to Philip. If he is "enabled to be a competent judge of the racing qualities of every horse imported into the United States" *because* he has "at present," access to a set of the English Racing Calendars and Turf Register, *we* certainly ought to be considered "some" as a judge. In addition to all the works he speaks of, we have had before us for many years *every work on the subject in the language of any authority*. Mr. Edgar! Mr. Edgar! You are a very nice man, and Hedgford was a very fine horse, but either he was never "*the very best horse in the United States*" or else you are *not* "a competent judge!"

Remedy for cold feet on horseback.—Take them from the stirrups, and let them dangle at leg's length. There are both fact and philosophy for it.

The Oncahye.—This beautiful yacht which JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., of this city has just sold to the Government, put into Norfolk, on the 13th, greatly injured. She was to be delivered at the Gosport Navy Yard, and sailed from this city on the 2d ult. The "American" of the 17th thus accounts for the disaster:—

The Oncahye.—We learn that the cause of the disaster to this beautiful craft was the giving way of the heavy brass casting by which her jib stay was connected with the cutwater.

This stay being the main support of the mast, which were very raking—the foremast went by the board, and the mainmast soon followed, ripping up the deck, and leaving her a wreck. Before that she had laid-to for thirty hours like a duck, without shipping a drop of water. We are happy to learn that the *Oncahye* was fully insured.

The brass "casting" referred to weighed over one hundred pounds, and was probably effected by the severe frost. Capt. Briggs and his officers state that while she laid-to, during thirty hours, in a tremendous gale, she did not ship a drop of water, but proved herself a most excellent sea boat.

COLUMBUS GAGE claims the name of *Dick Dawson* for his bay colt, by Sligo, out of Bell Tracy, foaled May, 1842. Sligo is by Timoleon, out of Clubfoot by Napoleon,—g. d. by Imp. Sir Harry—g. g. d. by Imp. Diomed—g. g. g. d. by Baylor's Old Fearnought—g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Jolly Roger—g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Sir George, out of an Imp. mare. Napoleon was by Imp. Gouty—dam by Imp. Sir Harry—g. dam by Imp. Diomed—g. g. d. by C. A. R. H. Flag of Truce—g. g. g. d. by Spadille—g. g. g. g. d. by Imp. Janus.

This is certified by Col. FRANCIS THOMPSON, of Port Tobacco, Md.

Mr. EDWARD TRAVIS, of Paris, Tenn., claims the name of *Buz Fuz* for his grey colt by Johnson's Medley, his dam by Imp. Luzboro', g. dam by Sir William (by Bail's Florizell,)—g. g. dam by Battes' Diomed, formerly of Virginia, better known in Kentucky as Kennedy's Diomed—g. g. g. dam by Quicksilver—g. g. g. g. dam by Yorick.

Mr. T. also claims the name of *Mary Weller* for his yearling ch. filly, by Sterling out of the dam of Buz Fuz.

Johnson's Medley died sometime in the month of December last.

ALEX. ERSKINE, Esq., of Salt Sulphur Springs, Va., claims the name of *Cavendish* for a ch. c. foaled last April, by Tobacconist, dam by Rockingham, grandam by Snowstorm, &c. Also that of *Virginia Weed* for a ch. f. by Tobacconist, dam by Clinton.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS ON THE DERBY OF 1843.

To come off on the 31st of May.

7 to 1	agst Mr. Blakelock's A British Yeoman (taken to £120).
25 to 1	Col. Peel's Murat (taken).
1000 to 45	Lord Eglinton's Aristides (taken),
1000 to 30	Mr. Bell's Winesour (taken).
1000 to 15	Mr. Theobald's Highlander (offers to take 1000 to 10).
1000 to 15	Sir G. Heathcote's Khorassan (ditto).
1000 to 15	Duke of Richmond's Clara colt (taken).
2000 to 30	Major Yarbrough's Dumpling (taken).
500 to 5	Mr. H. Combes' Fakeaway (taken).
1000 to 10	Mr. Wagstaff's The Brewer (taken).
500 even	between Aristides and Mura.
500 even	between Amorino and Sirkol.

OAKS.

1000 to 35	agst Mr. F. Price's The Lily (taken).
200 to 10	Lord Westminster's Laura filly (taken)
300 to 10	Lord Eglinton's Egidia (taken).

THE LATE MR. GEORGE CLARK'S STUD.

The sale of the above stud by Messrs Tattersall, took place on Friday at York; the following is a return of the prices:—

	GUINEAS.
Baronet, 3 yrs., by Hampton, out of the dam of Grey Momus.....	400
The Era, 2 yrs., by Plenipotentiary, out of Sister to Memnon.....	390
Philip, 2 yrs., by Jereed, dam by Catton, out of Green Mantle's dam..	370
Abernethy, 2 yrs., by Physician, dam by Muley.....	120
Master Thomas, 3 yrs., by Tomboy, out of Mansel Oiz.....	110
Sir Benjamin, 2 yrs., by Physician, dam by Bustard, out of Lady Ern.	50
Ameine, 2 yrs., by Bay Middleton, out of the dam of Imogene.....	44
Lord of Holderness, 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of the dam of Jenny Mills, Hornsea, &c &c.....	36

YEARLINGS.

Vates, ch. c., by Plenipotentiary, out of Sister to Memnon.....	255
Theriacus, by Emilius, out of Lollypop, by Starch or Voltaire.....	250
A Chesnut gelding, by D'Egville, dam (Sister to Ebberston, by Velocipede) by Partisan.....	52
Brown Bess, by Muley Moloch, out of Imogene's dam.....	29

BROOD MARES

Bay mare, by Whisker (dam of Rory O'More, &c), out of Matilda; covered by Jereed.....	135
A Bay mare (Philip's dam), by Catton, out of Green Mantle's dam, &c.; covered by The Shah.....	110
Chesnut mare, by Langar, out of Marion (the dam of Napier); covered by The Shah.....	100
Bay mare (Era's dam) own sister to Memnon: covered by The Shah.....	80
A Brown mare, by Whisker (the dam of Imogene, Image, &c.); covered by Hetman Platoff.....	76
Black mare, by Velocipede, out of Streamlet, by Tiresias; covered by Euclid.....	70
Brown mare, by Ishmael, out of Arachne (the dam of Industry); covered by Hetman Platoff.....	62
Lollypop, by Starch or Voltaire, out of Belinda; covered by Euclid....	53
Bay mare, by Velocipede, out of Dorabella, by Whisker, &c.; covered by Bay Middleton.....	33
Chapeau de Paille, sister to Camarine's dam; covered by Hetman Platoff.....	31

FOALS OF 1842.

Bay colt, by Bay Middleton, out of Philip's dam.....	180
Chesnut colt, by Gladiator, dam by Langar, out of Marion.....	30
Bay colt, by Bay Middleton, out of Imogene's dam.....	29
Brown colt, by Gladiator, out of Lollypop.....	21
Brown filly, by Gladiator, dam by Ishmael, out of Arachne.....	17

STALLION.

The Shah, 5 yrs., by Abbas Mirza, out of Laura, by Champion, out of Larissa.....	225
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The following lots were also sold:—

THE PROPERTY OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

Marrowfat, dam of Rouncival and Morotto, by Orville, out of Pea blossom, &c.; covered by Bay Middleton.....	29
Torchlight, 3 yrs., by Lamplighter, out of Danoise, by Oscar, &c.....	29

FOALS OF 1842.

A bay colt foal, by Bay Middleton, out of Phantasima, dam of Benedict and Benedetta.....	15
A bay filly foal, by Bay Middleton, out of Torch by Lamplighter, out of Danoise.....	10
A bay colt foal, by Bay Middleton, out of Torchlight; (foaled May 12).....	10

MISCELLANEOUS LOTS.

Hamlet, by Young Phantom, out of the dam of Elmore's Lottery.....	470
Bother'em, yearling colt, by Stockport, out of Susan, by Pantaloon.....	100
Twilight, 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of the dam of Nonplus; covered by Hetman Platoff.....	100

Sister to the Lord Mayor, by Pantaloon, 5 yrs.; covered by Velocipede	91
Miss Harewood, 4 yrs, by The Saddler—Cyprian; covered by Hetman	
Piatoff.....	82
Colt foal, by Sheer Anchor, out of Teresa, by The Moslem.....	77
Pelisse, by Belshazzar, out of Madame Pelerin; covered by Confederate.....	49
A bay mare, by Belshazzar, dam by Capsicum, out of Acklam Lass; covered by Lord Stafford and Confederate.....	49
Blister, by Physician—Elegance; covered by Lord Stafford and Hetman	
Piatoff.....	30
Syren, 3 yrs., by Muley Moloch or Marcian, out of Frailty.....	26
Bell's Life of 1st January.	

PULASKI, TENNESSEE.

Omitted in the Calendar for 1842.

MONDAY, Sept. 26, 1842—Poststake for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Four subs. at \$100 each. Two mile heats.

Smith & Jackson's b. c. by Anvil, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	1	1
Mr. Ross's b. f. by Anvil, - yrs	2	2
Time, 4:10—4:17. Course heavy.		

TUESDAY, Sept. 27—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$10 each. One mile.

B. H. Peden's ch. f. by Robin Hood, dam by Stockholder	1	dist.
Mr. Higden's ch. f. by Cramp.....		dist.
Mr. Dougherty's ch. c. by Robin Hood.....		dist.
Mr. Worsham's ch. g. by Edward.....		dist.
Mr. Holly's ch. c. by Exile.....		dist.
Time, 2:05.		

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 28—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at \$25 each. One mile.

J. P. W. D. Gordon's ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski.....	1	
H. Pitts' b. f. by Gold Boy.....	2	
A. Dougherty's f. by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Luzborough.....	3	
H. Smith's f. by Lin	4	
Smith & Jackson's gr. i. by Jerry		dist.
Mr. Fomiete's f. <i>Dinah</i> , by Gold Boy, dam by Gopher		dist.
Time, 1:59. Track in excellent order.		

THURSDAY, Sept. 29—Jockey Club Purse \$125, ent. \$20, conditions as on Monday, Two mile heats.

Johnson & Smith's ch. c. <i>Bowdack</i> , by Pacific, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Smith & Jackson's b. c. by Anvil, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....	2	2
J. P. W. D. Gordon's <i>American Eagle</i> , by Tramp, dam by Pulaski, - yrs		dist.
Time, 3:55—3:57.		

FRIDAY, Sept. 30—J. C. Purse \$95, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Mr. Ross's b. f. by Anvil	1	dist.
Johnson & Smith's ch. c. <i>Bob Rucker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	1
Time, 1:55—1:57.		

The owner of the filly took exceptions to the colt's age, he having been run as a 3 yr. old; the Judges decided that he was 4 yrs. old, and awarded the purse to the filly.

SATURDAY, Oct. 1—Match, \$100 a side; 86lbs. each. Two miles.

Johnson & Smith's b. g. <i>Major Jones</i> , by Andrew, dam by Citizen, aged.....	1	
Smith & Jackson's b. g. by Jefferson, dam by Stockholder.....	2	
Time not given.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes. Four subs. at \$20 each. Mile heats.

H. Smith's f. by Sam O'Rooke.....	1	1
T. M. Meredith's gr. f. by Talleyrand, dam by Jerry	2	2
Mr. Holley's gr. f. by Black Hawk.....		dist.
Mr. Webb's b. f. by Tramp.....		dist.
Time, 1:57—2:16.		

SAME DAY—Third Race—Match, \$20 a side. One mile.

H. Smith's bl. g.	1	
Col. R. Smith's gr. c. by Daniel O'Connell.....	2	
Time, 1:53.		

AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

TUESDAY, Jan. 10, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Sub. \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Capt. Donald Rowe's b. f. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Lady Morgan by John Richards.....	1	1
Col. Wade Hampton's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.....	2	2
J. O. Hanlon's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Jane Bertrand.....	3	3
Col. J. S. Preston's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Tears by Woful.....	pd.	ft.
Hunt & Puryear's ch. f. by Collier.....	pd.	ft.
Col. John Cockerell's ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Flora by Roanoke.....	pd.	ft.
J. F. Gamble's gr. c. by Eclipse, dam by Rob Roy.....	pd.	ft.
B. L. McLaughlin's — by Bertrand Jr., out of Lady Goosepond.....	pd.	ft.
K. Simons' ch. c. by Rienzi, out of Santa Anna's dam.....	pd.	ft.
J. Wright's b. c. by Imp. Stafford, out of Zitella by Henry.....	pd.	ft.

Time not given.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11—Jockey Club Purse \$640, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

S. W. Shelton's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, aged.....	1	2	1
Thos. Watson's (Judge Hunter's) b. m. <i>Mary Thomas</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Parrot (Preston's dam) by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	3	1	2
R. C. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Zoe</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Leocadia, 4 yrs.....	2	3	dist.
R. Singleton's Imp. b. m. <i>Helen</i> , by Imp. Priam—Malibran by Rubens, 6 yrs.....	4	4	dist.

Time, 8:10—8:06—8:02.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

S. W. Shelton's br. h. <i>Reveillé</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs....	2	1	1
Starke & Perry's b. c. by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	1	2	dr

Time, 1:55—2:00.

THURSDAY, Jan. 12—Purse \$480, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. <i>Rowtonelia</i> , by Imp. Rowton, d. by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	4	1	1
S. W. Shelton's ch. m. <i>Martha Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton—Martha Griffin, 5 yrs.....	1	2	2
M. R. Singleton's b. m. <i>Kate Converse</i> , by Nonplus, out of Daisy (Santa Anna's dam), 5 yrs.....	3	3	dist.
G. Edmonson's (J. Lamkin's) ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Galatin, 6 yrs.....	2		dr

Time, 6:02—6:05—6:03.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$75 each. Two mile heats.

Starke & Perry's b. f. by Bertrand Jr., dam by Roanoke, 3 yrs.....	1	2	1
S. W. Shelton's br. h. <i>Reveillé</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	3	1	2
Thos. Watson's b. g. by John Dawson, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs.....	2		dist.

Time, 4:04—4:05—4:09.

FRIDAY, Jan. 13—The "*Hampton Plate*," valued at \$400, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. c. <i>Herald</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Delphine (dam of Monarch and The Queen) by Whisker, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. J. Cockerell's ch. f. <i>Julia Davie</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs.....	2	2
A. M. Hunt's b. f. <i>Patsey Wallace</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Red Gauntlet, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
M. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. by Glaucus, dam by Woful, 4 yrs.....		dist.

Time, 3:54—3:53.

This was the best race ever made over the course, and all will admit that it was won *very easily* by Herald. He evinced an unusual turn of speed. His way of getting over the ground is easy to himself, and would please anybody; his stride is good, and he seems to be quite at the ground at all times.

Herald is by the great Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, the dam of Monarch and The Queen, and will be backed in this city, for any moderate amount, to beat any other *two* nominations in the Peyton Stake. If our friends of the "*Picayune*" have any more LEFTWICH tobacco remaining, we should like to "give 'em a turn" on this "pint" on our own private snap. They do say, though, that our friends the KIRKMANS have got some of the finest colts in training that ever looked through a bridle. We hope soon to hear from Capt. BELCHER of Mr. PEYTON's Black Maria filly *Great Western*. The accounts from her, when we last had the pleasure of seeing

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
 BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
 BELFIELD, Va. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
 FORT SMITH, Arks. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th May.
 HAVANNA, W. I. - - Valdes Course (Mr. Garrison's), 4th Wednesday, 26th April.
 KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Sweepstakes, ect., Wednesday, 26th April.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th April.
 MOBILE, Ala - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, Monday, 27th Feb.
 MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th April.
 NASHVILLE, Tenn Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Monday, 15th May.
 NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Spring Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
 PETERSBURG, Va. - Newmarket Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th April.
 PHILADELPHIA and CAMDEN. J. C. S. M., Camden Course, N. J., 4th Tuesday, 23d May.
 RICHMOND, Va. - - Broad Rock Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th April.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Spring Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday, 3d May.
 " " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
 TORONTO, U. C. - - Turf Club Spring Meeting, St. Leger Course, in June.
 WASHINGTON, D.C. National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th May.

TROTTING TO COME.

BEACON COURSE, N. J. Hoboken, opposite N. Y. City. Regular Spring Meeting in May.
 " " " Spring Sweepstakes last week in April, or first of May.
 " " " Match, \$500 a side, h. ft., *Ripton* and *Cayuga Chief*, mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 3d Thursday, 20th April.
 " " " Match, \$1000 a side, *Ripton* and *Americus*, three mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 3d Monday, 15th May.
 " " " Match, \$1000 a side, *Ripton* and *Americus*, two mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 4th Monday, 22d May.
 " " " Match, \$1000 a side, *Ripton* and *Americus*, mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 5th Monday, 29th May.



GREY EAGLE:

THE PROPERTY OF A. L. SHOTWELL AND CO., OF KENTUCKY.

With a Portrait engraved by HALBERT, after a copy of the original Painting by TROYE.

THE embellishment of the present number of the "Register" is the portrait of the gallant GREY EAGLE—one of the handsomest, as well as one of the best, performers, that have figured on the American Turf. His career was as brief as it was brilliant. Had his remarkable powers been more matured, or not overtasked at an early age, no limit can be fixed to the undying fame he would have acquired. But in a contest in which VIRGINIA, LOUISIANA, and KENTUCKY were engaged, and in which each State had selected its best and bravest champions to support its pretensions, the eyes of the GREAT WEST were fixed on the young Grey Eagle. Under such circumstances it did not become his friends to shrink from the contest. Untried at four mile heats, but four years old, in comparatively inexperienced hands, and with a jockey carrying thirteen pounds dead weight, he came to the post to decide the most important race that has ever occurred west of the Alleghanies! And nobly did he justify his training and the confidence of his friends. But youth unmatured is no match for the hardy thews and sinews of early manhood. After a contest almost unparalleled in racing annals for its severity and the indomitable game displayed on both sides, victory at length declared itself in favor of the older champion. But he did not come out of the conflict unharmed. So desperately was every inch of ground disputed, that the result was doubtful until the moment when the unflinching champion of the West broke down, in a final and bloody struggle to retrieve the fortunes of the day, as did the gallant KELLERMANN by his furious charge at the head of his cavalry at Marengo! Covered with glory, Grey Eagle sunk under the effort! But the winner—"a foeman worthy of his steel"—were *his* "withers unwrung?" Far from it. Like the Gladiator who had slain his rival and regained his freedom, but was too much disabled by the contest to enjoy it, Wagner never recovered from this desperate encounter. Their last memorable contest will go down through all Time as one of the most remarkable on record.

Grey Eagle was bred by Maj. H. T. DUNCAN, of near Lexington, Ky., and was foaled on the 20th of April, 1835. He was got by the celebrated Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, and that he is not, by any means, "a chance horse," is demonstrated by Ophelia's produce between 1831 and 1842, for a complete list of which, as well as her pedigree, and a beautiful portrait of this fine mare, see the "Am. Turf Register" vol. xii., pages 110 and 180. For the pedigree of Woodpecker, the distinguished sire of "the Gallant Grey," see page 166 of the same volume.

On the 18th of June last, a very large and superb portrait of Grey Eagle, engraved in mezzotinto on steel, by Jordan & Halpin, of this city, after an original painting by Troye, was published in the "*Spirit of the Times*," and accompanied with a memoir, giving his pedigree, characteristics and performances, at length. A description of him, and a detailed report of his two great races with Wagner, in 1839, also by the editor, were published in this magazine, *vide* vol. xi. p. 116—132. Consequently it is unnecessary to add more than the following recapitulation of his extraordinary performances, merely premising that he was the first Kentucky bred horse that ever run a four mile heat, west of the Alleghanies, "*in the forties* !"

GREY EAGLE'S PERFORMANCES.

1838.

Lexington, Ky., Association Course, Friday, May 11—Stallion Poststake for 3 yr. olds; free for the get of those stallions whose owners contributed the price of a season to their respective horses to the stake, which were Eclipse, \$100—Bertrand, \$100—Tranby, \$100—Medoc, \$75—Woodpecker, \$50—Trumpator, \$30—Columbus, \$30—Richard Singleton, \$25—in all, \$510. Sub. \$100 each. P. P. Mile heats.

Wm. Buford's b. f. <i>Medoca</i> , by Medoc, dam by Doublehead.....	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. <i>Misfortune</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer.....	2	2
M. W. Dickey's gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, out of the dam of Caroline Scott.....	4	3
Jas. K. Duke's b. f. by Bertrand, out of the dam of Rodolph.....	3	4

Time 1:56—1:51.

Louisville, Ky., Oakland Course, Wednesday, June 6—The Oakland Plate—a Tea Service of Silver, value \$500, ent. \$62 50; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats

M. R. Tarlton's b. c. <i>Conflict</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Chas. Buford's b. f. by Bertrand, dam by Moses, 3 yrs.....	5	2
M. W. Dickey's gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker—Ophelia by Wild Medley, 3 yrs.....	2	3
A. C. Antill's (W. S. Miller's) ch. f. <i>Harpalyce</i> , by Collier, d. by Sea Serpent, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.
Col. Wm. Buford's <i>Medoca</i> , by Medoc, dam by Doublehead, 3 yrs.....	4	dist.
Robt. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Jemima</i> , by Woodpecker, d. by Sir Wm. of Transport, 4 yrs.....	6	dist.
Samuel Underwood & Co's ch. c. <i>Sultan</i> , by Collier, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	dist.	dist.
B. S. Creel's br. f. <i>Wazetta</i> , by Waxy, dam by Kennedy's Diomed, 4 yrs.....	dist.	dist.

Time, 3:56—3:54. Course heavy.

Louisville, Ky., Oakland Course, Wednesday, Oct. 17—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fifteen subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

R. B. Tarlton's (M. W. Dickey's) gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker—Ophelia.....	1	1
J. W. Fenwick's ch. f. <i>Queen Mary</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer.....	2	2
J. K. Duke's (A. Haralson's) ch. f. <i>Marin Duke</i> , by Medoc—Cherry Elliott by Sumpter.....	3	dist.
J. K. Ward's b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan by Tiger.....	4	dr.

Time, 3:41—3:43½.

Louisville, Ky., Oakland Course, Monday, Oct. 22—Poststake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 yr olds, weights as before. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft.: the Proprietor to give a Silver Plate, value \$500; 2d best to receive \$100 out of the stakes. Closed with eighteen subs. Two mile heats.

Miles W. Dickey's gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.....	1	1
W. Buford, Jr.'s ch. c. <i>Sthresley</i> , by Medoc, dam by Paragon.....	4	2
R. Pindell's ch. f. <i>Curculia</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.....	3	3
S. Burbridge's b. f. <i>Mary Brennan</i> , by Singleton, dam by Hamiltonian.....	2	dist.

Time, 3:48—3:44.

1839.

MONDAY Sept. 30—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.: mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Ten subs. at \$2000 each, h. ft., to which the Proprietor added the receipts of the Stands. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs.....	<i>Cato</i>	1	1
Oliver & Dickey's (A. L. Shotwell's) gr. c. <i>Grey Eagle</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.....	<i>Stephen Welch</i>	2	2
Capt Willa Viley's ch. f. <i>Queen Mary</i> , by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs.....		3	3
Bradley & Steel's ch. c. <i>Hawk-Eye</i> , by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's d. by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs.....		dist.	dist.

Time, 7:48—7:44.

SATURDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria
 West by Marion, 5 yrs..... *Cato* 3 1 1
 A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Med-
 ley, 4 yrs..... *Stephen Welch*. 1 2 *
 Willa Viley's b f *Emily Johnson*, (own sister to Singleton,) by Bertrand, out of
 Black-Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs..... 2 dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.	
1st mile.....	2:05	1st mile.....	2:68	No time kept, as Grey Eagle gave way in running the second mile.	
2d mile.....	1:55	2d mile.....	1:52		
3d mile.....	1:56	3d mile.....	1:55		
4th mile.....	1:55	4th mile.....	1:48		
Time of 1st heat.. 7:51		Time of 2d heat.. 7:43			

It will be seen by the report of the time given above—which is official—that *Grey Eagle* and *Wagner* ran the last three miles of their second four mile heat (*in their second four mile race within a week*) in 5:35, and their 8th mile in 1:48! The heat was won by barely a neck, after one of the most desperate contests we ever saw!

Grey Eagle was trained but for three campaigns, in which he won \$4,600. His services were offered to the public as a stallion in 1840, at \$100, and he yet remains in Kentucky, where his stock is said to be of unusual promise.

SUMMARY OF ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1843.

Messrs. Weatherby have just published their *Book Racing Calendar* for the past season, with the announcements for the present as far as yet arranged. It is a very thick volume (624 pages) to analyse; but the following is the substance of its leading features. The list of proprietors of race-horses gives 697 names, including many of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy; the gross number of race-horses actually named for Stakes and Plates in England for 1843 is 1184, exclusive of between three and four hundred yearlings entered for Stakes for which the nominations are made at that age. Of the 1184 named, 509 are two-year-olds, 454 three-year-olds, and 221 four-year-olds and upwards. Lord George Bentinck ran 21 horses last year, Lord Exeter 17, Lord Chesterfield 16, Colonel Peel 15 (three in conjunction with General Yates), Lord Eglinton 14, the Marquis of Westminster 11, Mr. Thornhill 9, Duke of Richmond 6. Of the engagements for the present year, Lord George Bentinck's *Farintosh*, 3 yrs., stands in 26 Stakes, and his *Gaper*, 3 yrs., in 19; *Aristides*, 3 yrs., in 17; *Napier*, 3 yrs., in 14; and many others to nearly as great an extent. The number of race-courses in Great Britain is 140.

The following new "Rules and Regulations," to be observed in future by all Subscribers to the Betting-room at Messrs. Tatter-

sall's, were delivered to each Member on his entrance into the yard on Thursday, the 9th of February:—

"1. The subscription to be two guineas per annum, commencing on every first of January.

"2. Any gentleman desirous of becoming a subscriber to give one week's notice in writing to Messrs. Tattersall & Son, submitting references for their approval.

"3. Subscribers to be entitled to the entry on the annual settling-day for the Derby. Non-subscribers to pay one guinea each.

"4. This Room being under the sanction of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, the Subscribers will be considered to be bound by such rules as the Stewards may, from time to time, think fit to adopt for its better regulation.

"5. Any Subscriber refusing to comply with any Rule so made, or with any of these Rules and Regulations, will thenceforth cease to be a Member of this Room, and his subscription for the current year will be forthwith returned to him.

"6. The forty-first Rule of the Jockey Club will be strictly adhered to."

This law is as follows:—Where any bettor has been adjudged to be a defaulter by the Stewards of the Jockey Club, notice shall be given to him that he will not be permitted any longer to come into the Coffee-Room yard at Newmarket, nor upon the race-course there, until it shall have been certified to the Keeper of the Match-book, by his several creditors, that their claims have been satisfied; and if after such notice he should disregard the prohibition, it shall be enforced against him by the usual legal process. At the expiration of the Spring and October Meetings, the names of such defaulters shall be communicated to Messrs. Tattersall, in order that they may also be excluded from the Betting-room in their yard.

The subscription for the present year to commence on the first of March, but in 1844 on the first of January.

By the death of Colonel Crawford, which took place on the 5th of February, the Mermaid colt for the Derby and Leger, and the Ermine filly for the Oaks and Leger, are disqualified. Several nominations for Stakes at other Meetings are also void.—Colonel Crawford was formerly a Captain in the 7th Hussars, and served with that regiment in the Peninsula, and was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He was brother-in-law to the late Hon. T. Orde Powlett, who died only a few days previously, and was a regular attendant of the Doncaster, Liverpool, and Newmarket Meetings, and most of the Scotch races. He commenced a racing-stud in 1829, and continued it to the time of his death. It was always on a limited scale, although somewhat larger than usual this season, having three horses in training with J. Scott, at Whitewall Corner, Malton. He was not very lucky. The Mole, Ermengardis, Shark, and Dolphin, were some of his best horses.

Mr. Foster, the breeder of the following celebrated "cocktails"—Combat, Niké, Bellissima, Conquest, &c.—died some time since, consequently all horses named by that gentleman in any Stakes become disqualified—amongst others, Conquest, winner of the Second Class of the Nursery Stakes at the last Houghton Meeting, for the Oaks.

A draft from Sir Gilbert Heathcote's stud was submitted to the hammer at "The Corner" on the 20th of February, but the only lot which fetched a decent price was the bay mare by Emilius, out of Nannette, own sister to Glaucus, which was knocked down at 160 guineas.

On the 18th, the sale of the stud of the late Mr. Orde (Bee's-wing excepted) took place at Newcastle, and fetched the following prices:—Johnny Boy, 105gs.; Queen Bee, 80gs.; Bee's-wax, 42gs.; Lord Collingwood, 42gs.; Orphan Boy, 27gs.; and ch. cob, 11gs. Bee's-wing is going to be put to Sir Hercules.

Mr. Grant having resolved on giving up the Perthshire country, has sold his hounds to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and they will be transferred to the Baronet's county at the close of the season.

In the course of January a dinner was given to Hugh Meynell Ingram, Esq., at the King's Head Hotel, Derby, by the gentlemen of the Meynell Hunt, on which occasion a splendid piece of plate was presented to that gentleman in testimony of their esteem and respect, and as a slight acknowledgment of the spirit and liberality with which he has for many years past conducted the hunt. Nearly eighty gentlemen sat down to dinner. After the cloth was removed, the plate was introduced. The subject (appropriately inscribed) was the "Earth-stopper," and consisted of several figures most exquisitely modelled. E. Miller Mundy, Esq., M.P., the chairman of the dinner, presented the plate in a short and elegant address, to which Mr. Meynell Ingram replied in appropriate and feeling terms, and the party broke up much gratified with the occasion which had called them together.

Racing Prospects in England.—It is with feelings of the highest gratification that we call our readers' attention to the Stakes which closed on the second of January. We heartily rejoice at seeing several *new* and popular Sportsmen becoming patrons of the fine old English sport of Horse-Racing. Two or three gentlemen, who had receded from the Turf—that is to say, had given up running horses—now figure as subscribers to most of the principal Sweepstakes; amongst the number may be found the name of Mr. Gully, whose straight-forward and gentlemanlike conduct has gained him the greatest respect among all the true lovers of the Turf. We sincerely hope and trust that speculators have had sufficient warning respecting *reckless betting*, and that engagements for the future may be *carried out* on a less extravagant mode than that of heretofore. The racing public cannot feel too deeply indebted to Lord George Bentinck for his indefatigable exertions in all matters appertaining to the Turf; indeed, most of the Provincial Meetings have been "restored" to something like their high and palmy days, "when George the Third was King," entirely through the efforts of Lord George. We truly hope that the Noble Lord will have a more successful season this year than he experienced in the one gone by.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

On the 1st of February died that excellent sportsman, Colonel Scourfield, at the Moat, Pembrokeshire. He was not only a Master of Hounds himself, but was the largest subscriber to the Pembrokeshire Hounds.

On the 12th of February, aged 45, James Broadbridge, of Dunc-

ton, near Petworth, Sussex, formerly generally known as "our Jem," and at that time allowed to be the best cricketer in England. Of late years he has played very little.

We regret to announce the death of Sir Gilbert Heathcote's *Amato*, on the 27th of January, winner of the Derby in 1838, at Durdans. It having become necessary, in consequence of a severe inflammation and swelling in the throat, to cast him that an operation might be performed to relieve his sufferings, he struggled so violently as to injure his back so severely that Sir Gilbert was obliged to have him shot to put him out of his misery.

On the 18th, the celebrated brood-mare, the dam of Nonplus, Dido, Her Majesty, &c., the property of Mr. Burton, Morton-upon-Swale, aged 24.

A few days since, at Haburgh, near Brocklesby, a black pony, at the advanced age of 43, the property of Mr. E. Johnson, farmer, bred by his brother, the late Mr. Francis Johnson, of Cabourn, near Caistor.

The table below (from the London "Era") is a list of the number of races won by twelve of the most successful jockies in the last three years:—

JOCKEY.	1840	1841	1842	Total.
Nat Flatman.....	53	68	41	162
Lye.....	28	38	35	101
Robinson.....	20	30	28	78
Cartwright.....	24	36	17	77
Whitehouse.....	33	26	15	74
Marlow.....	22	18	29	69
Rogers.....	20	16	32	68
W. Noble.....	32	16	15	63
Conolly.....	24	39		63
Templeman.....	17	24	21	62
Hesseltine.....	21	28	10	59
Chapple.....	23	16	14	53

Nat. Flatman appears to head the list by a large majority, but had poor Conolly been spared, he would have been very near at the top of the tree. Flatman rides principally for Lord Chesterfield, Colonel Peel, and Mr. Greville; Lye, for Lord Eglintoun and Dawson's stable; Robinson's first master is Mr. Rush; second master, the Duke of Rutland; he also generally rides for the Dukes of Bedford and Beaufort, and Lord Albemarle; Cartwright, for Mr. Price; Whitehouse, for Mr. Collett, and occasionally the light weights for Lord Albemarle; Marlow, for Alderman Copeland; Rogers, for the Duke of Richmond and Lord George Bentinck; W. Noble, for Mr. Ramsay; Templeman, for Messrs. Meiklam and Blakelock, and Colonel Cradock; Hesseltine, for his own stable; and Chapple for Sir Gilbert Heathcote.

The other principal jocks are Chifney, who occasionally displays his inimitable riding in piloting St. Francis on to victory; William Scott, who rides but seldom, and only for his brother's stables; John Day, whose first master is the Duke of Portland; second master, his Grace of Grafton; his sons, who ride for Lord Palmerston, Messrs. Etwall and Wreford; Marson, for Mr. Johnstone; Bartholomew, for Mr. Rogers; Wakefield, for Mr. Shelley, and Mr. Isaac Day; Mann, for Lord Exeter; Darling, for Lord Exeter, and Mr. Collins; Pettit, for Mr. Thornhill; Holmes, for Scott's stable; Neptune Staggs, for Lord Milltown; Howlett, for John Day; Cotton, for Lord Verulam; Macdonald, for Messrs. Robertson and Theobald; and Butler, Buckle, Oates, Boyce, Sly, Crouch, Calloway, G. Noble, Dodgson, and a host of others, who, I believe, have no particular masters. I am, Sir, &c.,

BRITISH YEOMAN.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the March Number of the "Turf Register," page 121.

ON DRESSING RACE-HORSES.

FROM the repeated and strict orders which a boy, when first put to look after a race-horse, has given him by the groom and head lad, and from his observations on what he daily sees other boys doing, together with the precise regularity of the stable-hours, &c. he must naturally conclude, in his own mind, that there can be nothing on earth of so much importance as a race-horse; at least, such was my idea when, as a boy, I first entered the stables. Nor is it by any means an improper idea for a boy to entertain. Each boy is made accountable for every thing used about what he calls his own horse, nor does he even give a thought to any other. If caught in the rain when at exercise, he must take care to have his horse's clothes thoroughly dried. If his horse's boots are wet or dirty, they must also be dried, rubbed, and brushed. When a boy has been taught his duty, he seldom forgets anything relative to his horse; or if he does, the groom is very likely, with the aid of an ash plant, to refresh his memory in a way not very pleasant to the boy's feelings. The duty he has to perform in the stables with regard to the dressing of his horse, is sometimes as difficult as that which he has to attend to out of them when riding him.

As the dressing of race-horses (generally speaking) differs very materially from that of most of our hunters and hacks, I think it necessary to make a few remarks on the subject. It is to be observed that race-horses, on coming into the stables from their daily exercise, are not in that dirty or sweaty state in which hunters and hacks generally are, unless after sweating and running, (this is another matter, and I shall come to it by and bye): they, therefore, do not require to be worked at by those who look after them with that degree of labour which is so often requisite in cleaning either of the former.

I shall first notice the regular method to be pursued in the dressing of a quiet race-horse. The boy, in coming in from exercise, rides his horse into the stable, turns him round in the stall, dismounts, slacks his girths, takes off his hood, bridle, and boots, unbuckles his breast cloth, turns it and the front part of the quarter-piece back, over the saddle. Having but a bit of hay on the ground for the horse to eat, he commences dressing his head, neck, and fore-quarters; first, by wisping them perfectly clean with a damp wisp of gardener's matting or hay, and then he uses his brush in

the same manner. This being done, he sponges his horse's mouth, nostrils, and eyes, with a damb sponge; and then, with a linen rubber he wipes his horse's head and every part of his forequarters perfectly clean; combs out his mane and fore-top, and giving his ears a few strokes with his hands, he turns him round in the stall, puts on his collar and dressing muzzle, and chains up the horse's head to the cribbing board. The boy, after kicking a sufficient portion of the litter well back, takes his rubber, spreads it on the litter close to his horse's feet, puts into the rubber the dirt which he picks out, and which he afterwards throws into the middle of the stable. He then washes his horse's feet clean, and after having given his legs a few strokes down with some soft straw, he takes off the saddle, and puts it in its place; he then strips his horse, throws the clothes into the manger, or puts them on the top of the rack, and begins (on the off side) to dress his horse's body, first, by wisping him well over, twice on each side. In the same manner he brushes him over on each side, then wisps him again once on each side, wipes him over with the rubber, and finishes on the near side; he then clothes him up, observing to place the wrong side of the pad-cloth up, with a view to keep it clean, as it is sometimes wanted at the time of saddling when the horse is going to run. The horse's hood and woollen rubber are thrown over his loins, as from ranging about in the stall while being dressed, he gets a little warm; the hood, therefore, is for a short time made use of in this way to prevent the horse from becoming chilly. His mane and tail being combed out, the boy kneels down on the near side of his horse and rubs his legs, first, with some soft straw, and afterwards with his hands or a linen rubber. He then sets his bed fair, and the horse is suffered to stand with his head up and muzzle on until he is fed.

This is the manner of dressing a quiet horse: and it is a horse of this description that a young boy should first be put to look after, being directed by the head lad until he knows thoroughly how to do every thing necessary, as far as regards the cleaning of a horse. After which, he may be changed from one horse to another, until he can dress one of a different description.

Race-horses, when they are sufficiently quiet, are dressed as I have above-mentioned; but like other animals, they vary much in their dispositions. There are some of them which are high-couraged, thin-skinned, short-coated horses, many of which have to sweat and scrape often. Take what methods we will, some of them have a great aversion to being dressed. They immediately become irritated on the boy's unbuckling the roller to strip them; they kick and lash out and range about in the stall, and do every thing they can to avoid being dressed. A groom or head lad cannot too often caution a young boy to be cool and patient in the dressing of such a horse. Indeed it requires as much coolness and patience in the dressing of some horses as in the riding of others, and until a boy has been properly taught and long accustomed to irritable, flighty, and high-couraged horses, he should be strictly watched. When a boy knows how to dress a horse, such

as I have here described, and when he can patiently bear with whatever the horse may be inclined to do, without abusing him, he becomes as valuable to the groom in the stable, as a good riding boy is out of it.

In the dressing of such horses, it is necessary to take every precautionary measure we can, to avoid as much as possible making use of anything likely to annoy them. There is seldom or ever any occasion to use a curry-comb about the body of such horses in summer. The only use of the comb at this season of the year is in the cleaning of the brush, which latter is, at almost every stable-hour, in pretty general use; and what is termed a good one in hunting or saddle-horse stables, is made of the best Russian hair, and has been some time in use. This is a sort of brush that few thin-skinned horses can bear to have applied to their bodies. They endeavor all they can to shift from it. Even quiet horses will show their dislike to being brushed over with such brushes, by shifting and ranging about in their stalls. Others of a more irritable disposition I have known to become quite vicious at the time of their being brushed over. One horse may be seen endeavoring to fly at the boy, while another may be observed trying to press the boy with the whole weight of his body against the side of the stall. A groom may prevent a great deal of this occurring, by not allowing such brushes to be made use of in the stables. Indeed there are many thin-skinned horses which would, in the height of summer, be much better without being brushed over at all, at mid-day stables particularly; wiping them thoroughly with well-damped wisps of garden matting, and afterwards wiping them over with the rubber, putting their clothes straight, combing out their manes and tails, and hand rubbing their legs for a short time, is all I should recommend being done to them prior to their being fed at mid-day stables.

As it has often fallen to my lot to look after such horses, I shall endeavor to point out the best way to dress them, so as to annoy them as little as possible. Every thing that is done to the quiet horse in dressing him is also to be done (if possible) to the high-couraged, irritable one, but he will not permit its being done exactly in the same manner. Therefore some little stratagem, with good temper and great patience on the part of the boy, is absolutely necessary, to prevent the horse from losing his temper, becoming violent, or breaking out in a sweat at the time of dressing.

As I have just observed, some horses of this description are resolutely vicious; they freely use their legs and feet, and are inclined to be rather more familiar with their mouths than is pleasant. They will watch their opportunity, and seize even the boy who looks after them; but this is not, by any means, a common occurrence. To prevent this, the boy must be careful at all times to secure his horse's head before he attempts to do anything to him; for example, when the horse comes in from exercise, and has been turned round in his stall for the purpose of having his head dressed and his hood and bridle taken off, the boy, being on his guard, begins by sponging his horse's mouth and nostrils, and

having wiped them dry with a linen rubber, he puts on the horse's dressing muzzle, and it may also be necessary to buckle his head up with the pillar-reins (but this is not very commonly required,) before he ventures to dress his head and fore-quarters. Having properly finished both the latter, he turns the horse back in the stall, removes the muzzle for a moment to put on the collar, when the former is replaced, and the horse's head is again chained up to the cribbing-board. His feet and legs being done, his quarters are next to be cleaned; and the way this should be done is very similar to that in which such a horse is generally scraped and rubbed after sweating. The clothes and saddle are not immediately to be taken off his body; the former should be turned back over the latter. The boy is then quietly to set about dressing his horse's quarters, first by working with his wisp. If the horse will not allow him to use it about his sheath, between or inside his thighs, the boy should not be suffered to persevere with it here. He should be directed to lay hold of the horse's hock or tail, and by degrees try what he can do with a rubber, a soft damp sponge, or his hand; or after he has finished dressing his horse, and has clothed him up, he may then try to clean those parts. I have known some horses, when clothed, stand perfectly quiet to be cleaned about the upper part of their thighs, which would not otherwise allow such being done. The horse's quarters being dressed, that is, wisped, brushed, and wiped over, his saddle and clothes should be taken off; but previously to doing this, it may be advisable to put on his boots, to prevent his injuring his legs by striking them: for it often happens that the horse becomes most irritable when a boy is working at his body; and in ranging about in the stall, as I have before observed, kicking and lashing out with his hind legs, pawing, striking, and stamping with his fore legs, a horse will occasionally strike one of his feet against the opposite leg. If he has not boots on to ward off the blow, the leg will swell, which may oblige the groom (although perhaps very inconveniently) to stop his work, or run the risk of the horse going lame.

Another thing to be observed in a young boy who is not much accustomed to dressing a horse of this description, is his temper. He must be strictly cautioned not to suffer passion to get the better of his reason; if it should, and the groom not be by at the time, he will be very likely to abuse his horse by striking or kicking him in the belly, or what is very much worse, in the fore legs. It is therefore necessary just at this time to pay the strictest attention to the boy, that he may not do mischief. I have often watched the groom to the lower end of the stable, and then kicked an unruly horse I have been looking after in his fore legs. A boy while dressing a horse of this kind, should have a small ash plant in his hand, but should not strike the horse with it if he can possibly avoid it. Fighting with a horse of this description in any way, seldom answers. Holding the stick up occasionally, with a view to check him a little, is the better mode; and when the horse makes any attempt to press the boy against the sides of the stall, he has nothing more to do than to push him quietly from him.

The cautions and directions given by a groom to a young boy on his first being put to dress this sort of horse, mostly puts him on his guard ; and if he is not very stupid, from his former practice with other horses, he soon finds out at what part of the stall he can safely stand, and judges with great nicety the different lengths of his horse's kicking and lashing out with his hind legs, as well also as his pawing, stamping, and striking with his fore legs.

A boy, looking after a horse of this sort, soon becomes familiar with his tricks ; he then generally keeps his temper sufficiently well, so as not to abuse him, which gives the horse confidence in the boy. The former becomes less mischievous, and the latter less cautious, and after a time they generally agree tolerably well together ; nor should the groom part them if he can possibly avoid it, more particularly if the horse is inclined to be resolutely vicious.

MR. THORNHILL'S ESTABLISHMENT AT RIDDLESWORTH.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

I CANNOT fix upon any Nobleman or Gentleman to whom the *true* and *honest* lover of all matters appertaining to Racing stands more indebted than to Thomas Thornhill, Esq., of Riddlesworth, Norfolk. It would trespass much too largely on the pages of *The Sporting Magazine*, to give even a slender outline of the horses that have figured successfully in the popular colors of "white body, scarlet sleeves, and white cap," during the last quarter of a century. In 1818, Mr. Thornhill first won the Derby with Sam, beating fifteen others ; and in 1820 he again won with Sailor, beating fourteen others ; this last race is *memorable* as the "boisterous Derby." In 1819, Mr. Thornhill's *favorite* Shoveller won the Oaks in good style, beating nine others ; and in 1839, the game and honest Euclid ran a splendid "dead heat" for the St. Leger, and was beaten in the deciding one by scarcely a head. At the commencement of Mr. Thornhill's career on the Turf, Sam Chifney found in him a most liberal patron ; and indeed we have, since the death of poor Connelly, frequently met with the *veteran* in his old colors, *finishing* in the manner so peculiarly his own. Mr. Pettit, of Newmarket, has the management of Mr. Thornhill's horses in training, and it is not too much to observe that few trainers have brought their horses to the post in better condition than he has done. Mr. Pettit is singularly successful with the two-year-old races. As a breeder, Mr. Thornhill is second to none in the kingdom, and the highly judicious mode adopted at Riddlesworth, of crossing the blood, makes his stock readily sought after, and, consequently, high figures are frequently

obtained. It is pleasing to witness how Mr. Thornhill sticks to the famous and fashionable blood of Orville, Merlin, Whisker, &c., instead of *dabbling* in the *dashing* and uncertain blood where fame is recorded in a *skit* over the Two-year-old Course, and a "breaking down" at three years old.

That fine stallion *Emilius* is the "lion" of the Riddlesworth, and the noble animal looks amazingly fresh. He was foaled in 1820, got by Orville, out of Emily by Stamford, and is of course 23 years of age. *Emilius's* exploits will bear the most scrutinizing investigation. In 1823, he won the Derby in a *canter*, beating ten others, many of which were colts of very considerable merit; he also won many other great and important races. It is, however, in the stud that *Emilius* is the most celebrated, and the names of the following capital performers is a sufficient proof of his *excellence*:—Priam (winner of the Derby in 1830, besides a host of other great events), Plenipotentiary (winner of the St. Leger in 1834), Mango (winner of the St. Leger in 1837), Oxygen (winner of the Oaks in 1831), Mouche, Lady Emily, Coriolanus (the best two-year-old of his year), Egeria, Preserve (winner of the Thousand Guineas Stakes, &c.), Confusionée, Barcarolle (winner of the Thousand Guineas Stakes), Euclid, Morella, E.O., Eringo, *cum multis aliis*. The performances of The Caster, Extempore, Pompey, and the Wild Duck colt (all two-year-olds of last season), prove that *Emilius* is as fortunate as ever in his progeny. Mr. Theobald has an own Brother to Mango in the Derby, at Pettit's, Newmarket, but as yet he has made no *noise* in the Betting Ring.

Albemarle, by Young Phantom, out of Hornsea's dam, is a leading stallion at Riddlesworth, and deservedly so, for it would be a difficult matter to find a more racing-like animal, or one in whom better blood was flowing in his veins. *Albemarle's* racing career was short, but, as the man said of the *spencer*, "very good as far as it went." In Amato's Derby (1838), he ran the best of Scott's lot, and was in fact well up at the finish. At Doncaster, he gave way to Don John for the St. Leger, but contrived to pick up the snug sum of 1100 sovs., being a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., the St. Leger Course. Had *Albemarle* been "allowed," I have no doubt he would have struggled well for the Leger. It will be seen that Mr. Thornhill has put some of his best mares to this son of Young Phantom; indeed his stock are very bony and racing-like. *Albemarle* is a nice bay, eight years of age.

The Commodore is a bay stallion, bred by Mr. Blakelock in 1836, got by Liverpool, out of Fancy by Osmond, and is own Brother to the *crack* Derby favorite, A British Yeoman. At two years old, *The Commodore* won his three engagements—325 sovs. at Newcastle, and 125 sovs. and 140 sovs. at Stockton—beating most of the best youngsters of his day; amongst others, Lightfoot, Malvolio, Kremlin, Chatterer, and Zoroaster. At three years old, *The Commodore* won the York Derby at the York Spring Meeting in a common canter, and was backed freely at 6 to 1 to carry

off the St. Leger. Unfortunately this valuable animal met with an accident at the Newcastle Meeting, which prevented his starting afterwards. He retired from the race-course *unbeaten*. The Commodore's stock promise great things, and his blood is undeniably good.

Little *Euclid*, by Emilius, out of Maria by Whisker, is one of the neatest animals ever beheld. His running was excellent. After being beaten by Cæsar for the Riddlesworth, entirely through injudicious orders, Euclid ran "exceedingly well" in the "snowy Derby," being third to Bloomsbury and Deception. At Doncaster, ridden by Connelly, he ran a dead heat with Charles the Twelfth for the St. Leger, and was beaten with the greatest difficulty in the second heat by a head only. He won the following Stakes at Newmarket in the same year:—600 sovs., 100 sovs., 275 sovs., the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 900 sovs., and 50 sovs. At Ascot, he carried off 350 sovs., 450 sovs., and 20 sovs. At four years old, Euclid won 600 sovs., the Claret Stakes of 400 sovs., and 300 sovs. at Newmarket. I am by no means singular when I assert that Euclid ought to have won the St. Leger, but somehow or another, whether the fault of Mr. Thornhill (who I believe was not present), or Pettit, the orders given to Connelly were, as in the case of the Riddlesworth, "an error of judgment," and Major Yarburgh "fell in" for the prize "accordingly."

I do not mean to disparage the character of Charles the Twelfth as a racer—far, very far from it—for I consider him one of the best horses of the age; but what I *mean* is this, that if *Euclid* had been allowed to have made *the play* for the St. Leger in 1839, I have no doubt that Mr. Thornhill's name would now be found amongst the winners of that sporting race. If I remember rightly, Mr. Thornhill nearly "threw away" the rich Grand Duke Michael Stakes in the First October Meeting, by declaring to win with his colt by Emilius, out of Mercy, when Euclid was in the race. The fact was, the Duke of Grafton's *Æther* ran Euclid a dead heat, but in running it out, when Euclid was "left to himself," he won in a canter. I have no doubt that Euclid will distinguish himself as a stallion.

The *Yearling Colts* of 1842 are as follow:—

Bay Colt by Albemarle, out of Exclamation.
Bay Colt by Albemarle, out of Exotic.
Bay Colt by Albemarle, out of Empress.

There is also a two-year-old chesnut colt by Emilius, out of Mustard, in training at Newmarket.

The *Fillies*—

BY ALBEMARLE.

Brown, out of Egeria.	Brown, out of Shoveller.
Bay, out of Erica.	Bay, out of Moor-hen (sold).

BY EMILIUS.

Chesnut, out of Castaside (sold).	Bay, out of Apollonia.
Chesnut, out of Rint.	Brown, out of Ophelia.
Brown, out of Chincilla.	Brown, out of Maria.
Brown, out of Variation.	Brown, out of Mendizabal's dam.
Brown, out of Kate Kearney.	Chesnut, out of Lantern (sold).
Bay, out of Mangelwurz.	

The *Foals*, which are very promising, are as follow :

B. c. by Albemarle, out of Exclamation.	B. c. by Emilius, out of Rint.
B. c. by Albemarle, out of Exotic.	B. c. by Emilius, out of Chincilla.
Ch. c. by Emilius, out of Victoire.	B. f. by Emilius, out of St. Agatha.
Ch. c. by Emilius, out of Ophelia (sold).	B. f. by Albemarle, out of Mendizabal's dam.
B. c. by Emilius, out of Variation (sold).	B. f. by Albemarle, out of Emetic.
B. c. by Albemarle, out of Erica.	B. f. by Albemarle, out of Elphine.
Br. c. by Liverpool, out of Egeria.	

The *Brood Mares* are decidedly the finest, taken in a lot, that ever met my eye. The following are in foal, the produce to be "on sale":—

Variation (winner of the Oaks in 1830).....	covered by Emilius.
Tarantella (winner of the 1000 gs. in 1833)	The Commodore.
Merganser	Emilius.
St. Agatha	Emilius.
Exotic	The Commodore.
Victoire	Emilius.
Maria (dam of Euclid, Equation, &c.)	Emilius.
Exclamation	The Commodore.
Ophelia	Emilius.
Eloisa	The Commodore.
Mangelwurzel	Emilius.
Mustard (dam of Preserve, Mango, &c.)	Emilius.
Surprise (dam of Agreeable, &c.)	The Commodore.
Mercy (dam of Mouche, &c.)	The Commodore.
Earwig	The Commodore.
Mendizabal's dam	Emilius.
Erica	The Commodore.
Castaside (dam of The Caster, &c.)	Emilius.
Fortitude	Emilius.
Moor-hen	Albemarle.
Apollonia (bred by Mr. Petre in 1826)	Emilius.
Egeria (a great favorite for the Oaks in 1837).....	The Commodore.
Empress	The Commodore.
Rint	Emilius.
Lantern	Emilius.
Emetic	Albemarle.
St. Ursula	The Commodore.
Chincilla	Emilius.
Elphine	The Commodore.
Receipt	The Commodore.
Mare by Bay Middleton, out of Apollonia	Emilius.
Messene	Emilius.
St. Columb	Emilius.
Mare by Priam, out of Rowton's dam	Colwick.

Everything is conducted at Riddlesworth in the most systematic manner, and no expense is spared to render this fashionable and truly valuable stud one of the best, if not the *very best* in the kingdom. Mr. Thornhill is a very influential Member of the Jockey Club, and his opinion has great weight with that impartial body.

A price is fixed upon all the *lots*, and every information may be readily obtained by writing to the stud groom, who is well acquainted with his pleasing profession. To the numerous Foreigners who are desirous of procuring some of our best English blood, there cannot be a better selection offered, and as a "home supply" it would, indeed, be difficult to find a "better market."

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for February, 1843.

RACING IN MEXICO.

IN my last communication I attempted a slight sketch of the state of the French 'Turf. A very little addition would have included the racing sports of all Europe, with a very few exceptions and variations, such as the riderless races of Italy, the trotting matches of New England, the wild gallops of the half civilized Cossacks and Circassians, and the Gallic exhibition of horses running matches with a preparation of one day's training over courses of deep sand and hard rock, ridden by amateur Chifneys in beards and yellow kids.

Indeed with our continental neighbors our horses and horsemanship rank with our other two superiorities, "rosbif and potatoes," and the three last are equalled with somewhere about parallel success. The likeness to the English originals in ros-bif and potatoes, being as near as the Comte A. and Baron B.'s style of handling a nag resembles a Paget or a Jersey.

It can scarcely be necessary to remind the readers of the New Sporting Magazine, that our thorough-breds have been tried successfully both against Cossacks and Arabs, and that if the perfection of horsemanship consists in getting any sort of a horse over every sort of country, we Englishmen need not fear to stand the test; yet true as these things be, there is a country as favorable for breeding swift stout horses as cautious cunning jockies, against whom it is but long odds that our best nags would be tired out, and our keenest hands outwitted.

Throughout almost the whole continent of South America exists a first-rate breed of horses—not of great size, though larger than the Arab, but swift, strong, hardy, untiring, and handsome. In this splendid country the breed varies somewhat, according to the climate, but they are all sprung from the same stock; the famous Andalusian breed imported by the Spaniards; in Spain at the present day almost extinct.

The style of riding, too, varies. The Araucanian Indians, perfect Centaurs, who can do everything with their steeds except leap, a disqualification, strange to say, universal in South America, ride bare-backed. In Peru and the Banda Oriental, the saddle is of cushions, which, when halting at night, form the horsemen's bed. In Mexico, the ancient demi-piqued saddle of chivalrous times, richly embossed with silver, is in universal use.

But although the South American horsemen are stopped by a low fence or ditch of no great breadth; living almost on horse-back, there are some exercises they habitually perform, which in description seem almost incredible. Their feats with the lasso have often been described, and it is to me a matter of some surprise that this instrument has not been introduced into the cattle-breeding districts of New South Wales. The toreador is an exercise commonly performed in Mexico, which is done by seiz-

ing the tail of a wild bull, and by a dexterous jerk, when at full gallop, throwing the bull to the ground. Another trick considered fair in the races both in Mexico and Peru is to fling your antagonist from his saddle, by driving your knee under his thigh in passing him. An instance occurred some few years ago, of the South Americans, near Monte Video, being beaten at racing, and in this particular feat, by an Englishman and a sailor.

This sailor was a son of Sir Arthur Paget, who commanded a fine frigate at Monte Video. Being as enthusiastic and accomplished a cavalier as any of his family, he was in the habit of dressing in the country costume, and joining in the races held by the peasantry every Sunday. On one occasion, he made a match with a big, black-bearded, moustachioed fellow, for a sum of five ounces of gold. The countryman tried to come the spilling trick over the sailor, but Paget was too much for him, tossed him to the ground with violence, and won his wager. The countryman seeming very sad at his loss, Captain Paget offered to forgive him if he would shave off his beard and mustachios. The offer was accepted, but while the spectators applauded the victor to the skies, they hunted the poor beaten shorn countryman off the ground.

The other day I was mentioning this story, which I heard from an English gentleman present at the scene, to a German friend of mine, Le Chevalier Lowenstein, who visited Mexico a few years since, and will, I believe, shortly publish an account of his travels in that country, when he related to me the following tale of a Mexican horse, which I think so original and curious, that I will try to give it in his own words as far as my memory will serve me.

"When I was staying in the city of Mexico in December, 1838, the whole population was in a state of excitement, generally confined to bull-fights and cock-fights, about a match between two horses respectively belonging to a Mexican Colonel and a French self-styled Doctor, although probably he would have been puzzled to have produced his diploma. This, however, was a trifle in a country where nothing is so successful as ignorant impudence.

"The stake was eight thousand dollars, and the race was to be run in a long alley of the Almeden, or Public Promenade, the Champs Elysées, or Hyde Park of Mexico.

"On the eventful day, the 12th of December, I mounted my horse and galloped off to the *Garita* in haste, to arrive at twelve o'clock, the hour fixed.

"The road was crowded with numerous specimens of every rank of Mexican Society. Coaches, modelled after the Lord Mayor's, when George the Third was King, covered with gildings and mythological paintings, rolled lumbering over the causeway, each drawn by two immense mules in gorgeously ornamented silver harness, their tails tied up in splendid bags, according to Mexican high fashion, and conducted by a broad-hatted picturesque postilion, and loaded with double the usual complement, six black-eyed donnas in the glories of full-dress, flowers and diamonds, all

busy smoking the perpetual *cigaritos*. Beside them pranced the cavaliers, white-jacketed, broad-beavered, and their extremities all silver-lace and leather. On foot were the *leperos*, the ragged rascal lazzaroni of this country, shouting, screaming, and quarrelling; and the more quiet Indians, with their limbs bare, and their heads and shoulders close wrapped in the party-colored serapes, which in Mexico are turned to as universal use as the Scotch shepherd's plaid.

"When I arrived, the horses were just being brought up to the starting place. The Colonel's nag was a fine brown horse of about fifteen hands, a noted racer, and, seen alone, would have been much fancied, but when the Frenchman's steed was led up I thought the match already won. Never did I see a finer animal, milk white, about fifteen and a half hands high, with all the fine breeding of the Arab about the head, and an eye of fire; he had been the property of a celebrated Indian chief. He came rearing, casting the foam in flakes about, and looking like what he was—the horse of the desert.

"The jockies, two peasants in the loosely laced trousers of the country, with white shirts, bare feet, and colored handkerchiefs round their heads, looked, with their mustachios and dark visages, like a couple of overgrown baboons in theatrical costume. The horses were to be ridden bare-backed.

"I took it for granted that it would be an affair of a couple of minutes, but I had yet to learn the depths of Mexican cunning, and the mysteries of the Mexican Turf.

"The Colonel, seeing that he had made a blind bargain, determined to avail himself of the privilege of an unlimited number of false starts, the number depending in this country entirely on the inclination of the horse and rider *that won't go*.

"The word was given, off went the horses fifty yards, and then—loud cries—the Mexican was pulled up—great squabbling—and the horses walked back to the post. After the lapse of some time the same scene was repeated again and again, with a longer interval between each. Once a loud shout gave me some hopes, but no, it was only a war of words, and some show of fisty cuffs between the two interesting jockies.

"The best of the joke was that no one seemed to consider this prancing, plunging, cantering, checking, starting, and stopping, at all unusual. The coach-loads of ladies lolled at the windows, and searched their bosoms—the Mexican ladies' cigar-case—for the last *cigarito*. The men stalked about, enveloped in their cloaks, and the *leperos* and the Indians took the conduct of the sports of the day upon themselves.

"At length my watch warned me that the dinner hour was approaching, and I returned to town. But while dining, I was informed by one versed in the customs of the country, that I stood a very fair chance of seeing the match run off, as the squabble would probably be prolonged an hour or two. Accordingly I set off again after dinner at full speed, and, to my amazement, found the two racers and their inimitable jockies still on the ground—

but the scene was changed. The white Indian horse, so fiery in the morning, prancing, rearing, curvetting, was quite exhausted by the tricks of the Mexican; and the Mexican racer, from not having exhausted his powers, as fresh as ever. In the morning it had been the jockey of the Mexican that would not go, now the rider of the Indian was equally anxious not to get away. At length, by mutual tacit consent, neither jockey attempted to start. The angelic patience, or rather indifference, of the spectators, was the best part of the fun, and they did not seem to see anything extraordinary in the transaction; for my part, I could not be so easily satisfied, but I remained on the ground, certainly not to see who would win the eight thousand dollars, but to know how the rivals would back out of the scrape with honor, I being then too new in Mexico to know that self-respect or pride is never so strong there as the love of money. Horsemen galloped about, the foot passengers chatted, and the leperos shouted; while the jockies dismounted to drink and smoke, the two owners stalked up and down in rages nationally characteristic. The Frenchman, blushing purple, the Mexican like the more rare yellow rose, but wisely avoiding a meeting. It was now four o'clock, the horses being both reduced to the quiet of English posters after a ten mile stage. Five o'clock ditto. Six came, the sun was rapidly descending, when a tremendous uproar gave me some hopes—alas, it was only the military and learned race-owners, who had met at length, and engaged in a little amicable conversation, accompanying each phrase with the invariable Mexican '*Muy senor mio*'—(My dear sir). In actual truth, they were both delighted to have had so much excitement at so little risk; and they were only anxious, by this little scene, to compensate the spectators, who, in waiting for a race that was not run, had missed a splendid bull-fight.

"And so they continued quarrelling until it was dusk, and then amicably taking each other's arms, they walked home, followed by their horses."

ULYSSES.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for February, 1843.

FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1843.

BY Q "AT THE CORNER."

THE month of February is a highly interesting one to the breeder of racing stock, inasmuch as the choice of stallions to the different "favorites" becomes the "order of the day" at that period. Too much attention cannot be bestowed in conning over the blood and performances of such stallions as may be considered worthy of patronage; yet, after all, a great deal must be left to chance, for I know of few things more precarious than breeding for the Turf. Mr. Batson, with only a few brood mares, has been

singularly lucky, while Lord Exeter, with a most expensive establishment of Sultan and Reveller mares, can scarcely win a Fifty Pound Plate! Time was when the Duke of Grafton and My Lord Jersey swept away for many years most of the rich Produce and other Stakes at Newmarket, but latterly these Noblemen have been most unfortunate. Here I cannot help expressing my surprise at Lord Jersey's omitting to name his splendid colt by Slane, out of Cobweb, for the coming Derby, His Lordship having been a constant subscriber to that fashionable race for more than five-and-twenty years. I trust I shall see His Grace of Grafton once more recorded as the winner of the Great Epsom race, and if the Noble Duke's two colts out of Oxygen and Pastille be only so good as they seem, I do not know any chance better than the "scarlet and black cap" for the Derby 1843.

I purpose taking the stallions as they appear in my note-book: and Mr. Rawlinson's *Coronation* comes under my notice in the first place. "In point of beautiful muscular development," as a South-country trainer was heard to observe on the Derby day 1841, "I never saw any three-year-old *come up* to *Coronation*." I agree with the observation, making, perhaps, the single exception, that my *prime* favorite Priam, in 1830, was equally beautiful in symmetry, with sounder *understandings*. Mr. Rawlinson was somewhat unfortunate with *Coronation* at the commencement of his training career. The animal was engaged in a rich Two-year-old Stake of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., *eleven subs.*, at Ascot Heath in 1840, but on account of illness was unable to *show*, and Lord George Bentinck's *The Cornet* carried off the prize. At Oxford, when still very far from being in proper trim, *Coronation* won against *Pelerine*, the *Busk* filly, and *Affection*, in very good style; and finished his two-year-old exploits at the Warwick Meeting, where he won by downright gameness from *St. Cloud* and *Norman*. During the winter, *Coronation* was occasionally in force at odds varying from 16 to 20 to 1, but his race at Warwick Spring Meeting 1841—he won in the commonest of canters from a good Field—sent him right to the top of the tree in the Derby betting; a position he maintained (after a little *manœuvring* by the Newmarket people to elect *Ralph premier*) to the day of starting. The Field was the largest ever known for a Derby race, and *Coronation*, with our lost favorite *Connelly*, won in capital style, without being called upon. I remember congratulating the lucky jockey in the afternoon at the "Spread Eagle" upon his easy ride, when, in return to a question put by me, relative to *Coronation's* chance for the Leger, he said, "I really do not know how fast *we* could have gone, but I really believe *we* could have won a hundred yards." I thought, at the time of *Coronation's* victory at Oxford, in the Gold Cup race, that Mr. Rawlinson had not acted wisely in running his horse over such a wretched course as the Oxford one unquestionably is, with the *St. Leger* so near at hand, and I feel certain that the great Northern race was lost through this great mistake. Every one who saw the finish of the Leger 1841, must admit that John Day did all that man could do to win, but the very

superior condition of Satirist over Coronation bore away the prize. Mr. Rawlinson had no one to blame but himself; it must have been a grievous disappointment to the gentlemen of Oxford and Chadlington. Coronation broke down in the Spring of last year, and served some first-rate mares during the latter part of the season. He was got by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby by Rubens, and is a beautiful blood bay, nearly sixteen hands in height. He stands at Chadlington (three miles from Chipping Norton, Oxon); his price of covering is 20 gs. a mare, and 1 sov. to the groom. I have heard that several mares of much celebrity are already "booked" to Coronation.

Plenipotentiary, I find, is at Bonehill Farm, one mile from Tamworth, Staffordshire, where he will serve mares during the season at 15 sovs. each. *Plenipotentiary* is a most powerful chesnut horse, and is got by *Emilius*, out of *Harriet* by *Pericles*. Since *Priam*, we have never had a three-year-old of greater popularity than this Derby winner of 1834. The memorable *St. Leger* of that year will not be easily forgotten by several Newmarket gentlemen, who gave the odds on *Plenipotentiary* against the *Field*, and were thunderstruck at seeing their *fancy* run in the last but one in the race. That this capital runner was *wrongly* dealt with few will be bold enough to deny; but after a most searching investigation no clue could be obtained to fix the brand of infamy on the guilty party, "more's the pity." *Plenipotentiary's* stock have turned out amazingly fine animals: some have shown to much advantage on the course, but, generally speaking, they are more famed for speed than for running on. Amongst many other sons and daughters of *Plenipotentiary* that have distinguished themselves to the advantage of their owners as racers, I may name *Diploma*, *Teleta*, *Barbara*, *Envoy* (winner of the *Ascot Derby*, and the *Drawing Room Stakes* at *Goodwood*, last year), *Nuncio*, *Potentia* (winner of the *Thousand Guineas Stakes* and the *Grand Duke Michael Stakes* at *Newmarket* 1841), *William de Fortibus*, and *The Era*. Mr. *Theobald's* Derby colt *Humbug*, the winner of the *Two-year-old Stakes* at *Gorhambury*, was got by *Plenipotentiary*. I fancy that, with the exception of most of Mr. *S. Ford's* best mares, *Plenipotentiary* has not been well supplied with what is denominated our *fancy* stock. This is strange, for a better cross could scarcely be attempted than that of the *Velocipede* or *Sultan* mares with this renowned son of *Emilius*.

That very fine animal *Jereed* is stationed at *Dean's Hill*, near *Stafford*, and if I am enabled to form an opinion from the few youngsters of his get that have met my eye, I hesitate not to say that he will have a capital season. The running of *Jereed* was confined to two-year-old performances, and there cannot be a doubt that he was the best of his year (1836). After winning £350 at the *York August Meeting*, beating *Lothario* in a *canter*, *Jereed* was sent to *Doncaster*, where he made *light work* of the *Champagne Stakes*, beating *Conservative*, *Eaglet*, and two or three others. All the winter and spring *Jereed* was the *crack* favorite of the great *Northern Stable*; but on his arrival at *Leatherhead*, about a

week before the Derby, he went amiss, and was shortly after put out of training. Jereed is a nice bay, was got by Sultan, out of My Lady by Comus—blood good enough to please the most fastidious *connoisseur*. Lord Chesterfield and Colonel Anson showed great judgment by sending most of their best brood mares to Jereed, who seems likely to prove a good substitute for Priam, whose emigration to America was indeed a sad loss to this country. There are no fewer than *eleven* of Jereed's get in the Derby, of which number the colt out of Progress, Parthian, and Chesterfield, are in good demand by many of our best racing judges. Philip, another of Jereed's get, is disqualified by the lamented death of Mr. G. Clark. This colt was an immense favorite in the North, and would unquestionably have been, ere this, but for the "untoward event," a capital leader in the Derby books of the "bettors round." Jereed's price is 15 gs. each mare, and this must be put down as moderate.

Dick, got by Muley, dam by Comus, out of Margrave's dam by Election, is *fixed* at Mr. White's, the Wilbraham Arms, Nantwich, Cheshire. *Dick* as a runner cannot be placed in the first class; nevertheless, he figured handsomely in one or two instances. At four years old, he is recorded the winner of the following races: £160 at Chester, the Manor Cup with £160 at Newton, the Gold Cup of £145 at Knutsford, and £70 at the Newcastle Meeting, Staffordshire. *Dick* is a very fine animal, with great muscular power, and from his pedigree can scarcely fail of getting racers. He will be allowed to cover a few half-bred mares at 5 gs. each, and 5s. to the groom, and good hunting mares might with the greatest propriety be sent to him. The price for thorough-bred is 10 gs. each, and half a guinea to the groom. The few of *Dick*'s stock that have come under my observation seem exceedingly likely to race. His blood is of the right sort to run on, and his color a beautiful black.

Carew, I see, is advertised to be either let or sold: his stock are large and blood-like—the terms to let for two seasons, where he would be likely to have thorough-bred mares, £100; to sell, £350. Further particulars may be obtained at Pinner Place, Middlesex, one mile from the Dove, and the Station on the London and Birmingham Railway, on application to Mr. Thompson, Pinner Place, near Watford, Herts. *Carew* was got by either Tramp or Comus, out of Young Petuaria by Rainbow—Petuaria by Orville—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—the dam of Marinella, Altisidora, Lottery, and Brutandorf. *Carew* beat most of the best horses of his day; amongst them, Bee's-wing, Venison, General Chassé, Hornsea, and Slane. At four years old he won the Goodwood Cup, value 300 sovs., with 560 in specie, and the Queen's Plate at Lewes. *Carew* is remarkably sound, and free from all natural blemish, of a strong constitution, and had, when in training, beautiful action. His blood will be found to be the *choice* of R. Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, whose judgment in breeding for the 'Turf' every racing man knows full well how to appreciate. Light weedy mares of the Sultan or Langar breed would produce something very likely to turn out to advantage if sent to *Carew*.

Four stallions are at the Bonehill Farm, Fazeley, Staffordshire, to be either let or sold—viz., *Cain*, *The Mummy*, *Drayton*, and *Meerut*. *Cain* was got by Paulowitz, out of a Paynator mare, her dam by Delpini, &c. (Paulowitz, Orville, and Cervantes, were half-brothers.) *Cain* has got very stout and honest runners, to wit: *Lucy*, *Sylvan*, *Castaway* (one of the fastest of his day), *Ion* (second for both Derby and Leger in 1838), *Languish* (a good runner, and the dam of Ghuznee, winner of the Oaks in 1841), *Uncle Toby* (a very good performer), *Donald*, *Tubalcain*, *Remnant*, &c. Colonel Peel is very fond of *Cain* as a stallion, and that speaks volumes. *The Mummy* was one of the great favorites for the Derby 1836, but, most unluckily for his numerous backers, he broke down a short time before that race came off. *The Mummy* won his two-year-old races in the best style, and was never beaten. He was got by Memnon (winner of the St. Leger 1825), out of *Mouche* (second for the Oaks in 1830) by *Emilius* (winner of the Derby in 1823). *Pharaoh*, a two-year-old of last season, tells us that *The Mummy* ought to have some of our best mares sent to him. *Drayton* never did anything in public, but report gave us a very capital account of his private doings. He was a rattling outside favorite for the Derby in 1840, but having met with an accident a short period before the race came off, he was unable to bear out the famous character for speed which was given him by his trainer. *Drayton* is a brown horse, without white, stands $16\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, with extraordinary power and substance. He was got by *Muley*, out of *Prima Donna* by *Soothsayer*—*Tippitywicht* by *Waxy*—*Hare* by *Sweetbriar*, &c. *Muley* was got by *Orville* (winner of the St. Leger in 1802), out of *Eleanor* (winner of the Derby and Oaks in 1801). *Muley* was a stallion of high repute, being the sire of *Margrave* (winner of the Leger in 1832), *Little Wonder* (winner of the Derby in 1840), *Muley Moloch* (winner of the Port Stakes in 1834 in a canter), *Gibraltar*, &c. &c. *Drayton* would suit the Foreign market. I know nothing more of *Meerut* than that he was got by *Muley*, out of an Election mare, which mare was the dam of *Margrave*, consequently this *Meerut* is own Brother to *Margrave*. By accounts received lately from America, I learn that *Margrave's* stock are carrying away most of the principal races in that quarter of the world. *Meerut* is a very powerful looking animal.

Percy of Pimperne, near Blandford, has a couple of stallions on sale, namely, *Tipple Cider* and *Confederate*. *Tipple Cider* is a chesnut horse of goodly size, was got by *Defence*, out of *Deposit*. He would make a very good country stallion. As a runner he did not do much. *Confederate* is a dark brown horse, was got by *Velocipede*, out of *Miss Maltby*. Most of my readers will recollect what a fuss was made about *Confederate* on *Little Wonder's* Derby, for which race he started as "lame as a cat." I have a notion that more money was gained by betting *against* this *impostor* than any animal in the race. His maiden race was for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1840, when he was beaten into fits by the *flying Crucifix*. This ought to have opened the eyes of

the party; but no! it was a *mistake*! and they continued fond till the last moment. Save me from such *Confederates*!

My little favorite, *Little Red Rover*, stands at Greywell, near Odiham, Hants, within four miles of a Railway Station. He was got by the celebrated Tramp, out of a Sister to the famed Doctor Syntax by Paynator. When *Little Red Rover* ran against The Mummer and others at Ascot Heath, in the Two-year-old Stakes 1829, I thought I never saw a more perfect picture. He was beaten by The Mummer after a smart race. In the Craven Meeting in the following year he won a Handicap Stakes very cleverly, scattering a large Field, and became in consequence a good favorite for the Derby. About a week before that race came off, Messrs. Ridsdale and Gully tried the "little gentleman" to be one of the best three-year-olds that had ever fallen in their way, and they were so much delighted with his private *spin* that they backed him to win them upwards of £80,000. Nor were these *learned* Turfites much out in their judgment, for there was but *one too many* on the important day, and that one was indeed a hero—Priam. To wade through all the grand exploits of *Little Red Rover* would take too much time and space; suffice it to say, that he met most of the best horses of his year, and ran over all sorts of courses, carrying nearly every weight known in the Racing Calendar. A friend of mine has a very fine half-bred horse got by this neat stallion, now rising six years old. The price of serving blood mares is 5 sovs., with 25s. to the groom; winners of £100 at any one time, or their dams, *gratis*, except half a sovereign to the groom, John Simpson.

That very, and justly so, fashionable racing stallion *Liverpool*, may be found at Castle Bromwich, about five miles from Birmingham. *Liverpool* was got by Tramp, dam by Whisker, out of Mandane. He was bred by R. Watt, Esq., in 1828, and ran well up in the race for the 20 sovs. each Sweepstakes in 1830, won by Circassian; he was afterwards sold to *Crutch* Robinson, who quite expected to carry away the Leger in 1831, but Chorister and The Saddler proved too mighty for him; he, nevertheless, beat Chorister for the Gascoigne Stakes on the Thursday. *Liverpool* was then purchased by the late Duke of Cleveland, at what was then considered a startling sum; and, carrying His Grace's colors, he swept off most of the Cups and great races in the North of England. As a stallion *Liverpool* has been most successful, as the following names sufficiently testify—The Commodore, Calypso, Lanercost, Wee Willie, Malvolio, Broadwath, Naworth, A British Yeoman, *cum multis aliis*. *Liverpool's* price is 20 gs. each mare. There are *five* *Liverpool* colts in the coming Derby, of which *three* are in good repute, viz., A British Yeoman (the first favorite), Everton (a prodigious favorite with the Manchester division), and Cheviot. *Liverpool* is a remarkably fine animal, and is sure to get his quantity of first-rate mares.

Glaucus has by no means sustained the high character which ushered him into notice when his two-year-old stock first came out. *Glaucus* is a rich bay, stands close upon 16 hands in height,

and was in his day one of the sweetest actioned horses in the world. Glaucus was decidedly the first two-year-old of his year (1832), but he was never "right" at three years old. At four years old he beat all the best horses of the season, and the splendid manner with which he disposed of the Field at Ascot in the Cup race will be long remembered by those who were fortunate enough to have witnessed the event. In the following year, when he won the Goodwood Stakes at a high weight against a remarkably strong Field, his then Noble Owner (Lord Chesterfield) and party "threw in" for something well worth receiving; and in the race for the Gold Cup on the following day (won by Rockingham) he, taking everything into consideration, ran "excellently well." Glaucus was got by Partisan, out of Nanine by Selim—Bizarre by Peruvian, out of Violante, &c. &c. He is advertised to serve mares this season at 15 gs. thorough-bred, and 8 gs. half-bred (the groom's fee included), and may be seen in the Willesdon Paddocks—about four miles and three-quarters from London, on the left hand side of the Edgware Road. Glaucus is the sire of the following respectable runners—The Nob, Harpoon, Una, Rostrum, Caution, and Palæmon.

At the same place stands that good and honest creature *Recovery*, who will cover at 10 gs. thorough-bred, and 5 gs. half-bred (the groom's fee included). *Recovery* was got by Emilius, his dam by Rubens—the dam of Camarine, &c. As a runner, *Recovery's* doings will bear the strictest investigation; he beat most of the *dons* of his time, and as a stallion, is decidedly, in my opinion, a better tried one than his stable companion, Glaucus. *Recovery* is the sire of Retriever (one of the fastest horses of last year), Windsor, Taglioni, Maid of Monton, De Clifford, and Humility. Respecting further particulars, application may be made to Messrs. Tattersall & Son, Hyde Park Corner.

One of the finest stallions of the present time is *Bran*, now stationed at Mr. Bradshaw's, Stratford-on-Avon. *Bran* was foaled in 1831, got by Humphrey, out of Velvet. After *Bran* had disposed of the old 30 sovs. each Sweepstakes at the York August Meeting 1834, beating very cleverly indeed Cotillon, Inheritor, Goldbeater, and a filly of Major Yarburgh called Omnibus, he became a good favorite for the Doncaster St. Leger, for which he ran second to Touchstone, beating nine others; amongst them, General Chassé, Shilelah, Plenipotentiary, Bubastes, Warlabay Baylock, Lady-le-Gros, and Loudon. The race was run in very quick time, and the betting closed as follows:—11 to 10 on Plenipotentiary, 3 to 1 agst. Shilelah (taken), 6 to 1 agst. Warlabay Baylock, 10 to 1 agst. General Chassé, 25 to 1 agst. Lady-le-Gros, 30 to 1 agst. Loudon, and 40 to 1 agst. Touchstone. *Bran*, on account of his not being in good health, was not backed on the day. On Thursday *Bran* won the Gascoigne Stakes in good style, beating Shilelah. In the year following, he ran a rattling second to Glencoe for the Ascot Cup, beating a smart Field. The price of covering is 10 gs. each mare, and one to the groom. *Bran* is the sire of Our Nell (winner of the Oaks last year), Meal, Combermere (winner of the

Dee Stakes at Chester last year), and Fish-fag (one of the fastest three-year-olds of last season).

Gibraltar stands at the Paddocks, Hampton Hurst, where he may be purchased or let for the ensuing season. He is an exceedingly powerful animal, of a nice bay color, 16 hands in height. He was bred by Mr. Nowell in 1837, and purchased when a yearling by General Yates at the Underley sale. At two years old he ran second to the ever-to-be-remembered Crucifix for the Clearwell; and after a dead heat he divided the Clearwell with her. At three years old he ran an excellent third to Launcelot and Maroon for the St. Leger, beating eight others; at the same Meeting, *Gibraltar* won the Scarborough Stakes; he then went to Newmarket, when he carried away the St. Leger and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. At four years old he won the Port Stakes and a Match for 500 sovs. These are the only times of his starting. I understand the price for the season is £150, and "not dear either." *Gibraltar* was got by Muley, out of Young Sweet Pea by Godolphin. This horse would do well for the Foreign market, where they require size and strength.

At the same Paddocks is *Simoom*, own brother to Sea-horse, by Camel, out of Sea-breeze by Paulowitz. *Simoom* is a beautiful brown horse, was bred by General Yates in 1838. At two years old he was beaten by Kedge and others for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and by Belgrade and others in the 20 sovs. each Sweepstakes on the Thursday in the same Meeting; but he somewhat "made matters up" by winning the Nursery Stakes at Newmarket, beating a large Field, including E. O., Benedetta, Young Quo Minus, and Safeguard. *Simoom*, from his blood and commanding figure, ought to become quite a fashionable stallion.

Phoenix has been purchased of Mr. Kirby by Mr. Ferguson of Harker Lodge, about three miles north from the City of Carlisle, at what Mr. Fulwar Craven would call a "stiffish figure," and will cover mares at that place during the season at 10 gs. each, with 10s. to the groom. *Phoenix* is a very good bay, of a commanding figure; he was bred by Lord Jersey in 1835, got by Buzzard, out of the celebrated Cobweb by Phantom, &c. &c. *Phoenix's* stay on the Turf was rather limited; nevertheless he managed to carry off the Riddlesworth Stakes at the Craven Meeting 1838, value £1800; he also won 450*l.* at the Ascot Heath Meeting in the same year. Very few horses cost their admirers more money than *Phoenix* did in his Derby race—his party were positively outrageous about him. Amato, it will be remembered, won very cleverly, with Ion and Grey Momus second and third. *Phoenix* was *nowhere* at the finish! There always has been a *softness* in the stock of Cobweb, and it required the most delicate management to keep things "quite correct." Old Mr. Edwards well understood the blood, and for years *farmed* many of the richest Stakes at Newmarket, but since his death Lord Jersey has not *shone* the leading *star* as heretofore. Stout and honest runners of the Reveller or Tramp blood might produce something worth training if sent to *Phoenix*, or there is no calculating about hitting upon a "judicious cross."

I ought to have introduced Buzzard before his son Phœnix.—*Buzzard* is advertised to serve mares at Mr. Crockford's Stables, Newmarket, at 7 gs., the groom's fee included. Buzzard is a very fine animal, and has got some very fast runners; amongst the number may be named (besides Phœnix) Bentley (the fastest two-year-old of his year, 1833), Osprey, Dædalus, Tawney Owl, Young Quo Minus, and Miss Hawk. There is a very promising colt in the coming Derby got by Buzzard, out of Brocard by Whalebone: this colt was bred by Lord Verulam, and sold about a month since to (as report says) Mr. J. R. Anderson, for a good sum. Mr. Crockford also has a nice racing-like colt by Buzzard, out of Emma by Orville, which the "old gentleman" has named in the St. Leger, a tolerable proof that something is expected from him. Buzzard's price of covering I take to be most moderate.

I see that fast runner in his day, *Nonsense*, is advertised either to be let or sold. *Nonsense* is a very fine animal, with capital racing points; he was got by Bedlamite, out of Zora (Sister to Azor, winner of the Derby in 1817,) by Selim, out of Zoraida by Don Quixotte, &c. &c. I have seen many colts and fillies by this stallion, and can safely recommend gentlemen with good roomy half-bred mares to "immediate notice." Every information may be obtained by applying to Mr. Tilbury, at the Dove House, Pinner, Middlesex, where *Nonsense* may be seen.

Two very handsome stallions stand ready to be disposed of by private contract; viz., Sir John and Lord Stafford. *Sir John* is a brown horse, was got by Tramp, out of Lady Vane's dam by Waxy—a pedigree good enough to please the most squeamish. Sir John won all his races up to the St. Leger 1831, where he got defeated (he was as fat as a pig) by Chorister, The Saddler, and others. The betting against him was 16 to 1 at starting; he had previously figured at much less odds, and was made responsible for heavy sums. *Lord Stafford* is a bay horse with great power; he was got by Langar, out of the dam of Sir John. Lord Stafford won his Two-year-old race at Chester in very fine style, beating a good field of youngsters; he subsequently met with a reverse of fortune at Newton; still he stood a rattling favorite for the Derby 1837 (won by Phosphorus), but an accident prevented his starting, very much to the annoyance of a select band of very good judges on the Manchester circuit. Both these valuable animals may be seen at Mr. William Clark's Training Stables at Newton; and the price of either may be obtained on application to Absalom Watkin, Esq., Rose Hill, Northen, near Cheadle, Cheshire. I can particularly recommend this couple of stallions to the notice of Foreigners.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for February, 1843.

A DAY'S HUNT IN UPPER CANADA.

THE odds are great against our reader ever having heard the crack of a rifle in the forests, or the bang of a double-barrel on the rivers and lakes of North America. If a sportsman, let him regret that he has never drawn a trigger on a royal buck, and realized his visions of "splendid sport" by paddling home his canoe after a day's ducking, laden with every variety of wild fowl, the spoils of some of the magnificent waters of Upper Canada.

Liverless Nimrods may prate of tiger and hog-hunting in the East; and whilst sitting securely in his howdah on an elephant's back, with a field battery within call,—or spearing a fat little porker in the stride of his Arab, the nabob may fancy he is in truth a very active sportsman.

But let him put his gouty feet into a pair of mocassins, encase his limbs in deerskin leggins, with a knife in his girdle and a rifle on his shoulder, and follow a "Redskin" through the woods of America; let him mark the animal-like sagacity of his companion in discovering the track, whether fresh or old, of a buck, or a doe, and the age of the animal which left it. Toho! dead as a pointer he stands—his body bent back, his head thrown forward,—he beckons you to his side, and shows you at some two hundred yards, through the thick underwood, the deer feeding. See! (if your nervous trembling will allow you). There are three of them, a buck with a noble pair of horns, and two does. Like a snake the Indian winds through the trees,—nearer and nearer he approaches, and now they cannot be more than ninety or a hundred yards from you. Slowly he uncovers the lock of his rifle, telling you to pick out the nearest and fire. You try to obey. * Your heart is jumping into your mouth, your knees tremble,—you raise your gun, it comes shivering to your shoulder, and you are too nervous to get your aim.—Now they move,—the buck raises his head,—he sees you, and gives a peculiar bleat. In a second your chance will be gone. Your finger presses the trigger. "Quick," whispers a voice at your elbow, at the same instant you hear—crack! and down tumbles the buck, to the unerring eye of the Indian, whilst your bullet whistles harmlessly over the flying does.

Such was my fate, the first time that I accompanied an Indian in deer hunting; practice, however, soon removed the nervousness I felt on first coming upon the game, and I soon learned with the *sang froid* of a butcher to pick out the fattest of the herd.

One fine cold morning, in the early part of last December, the snow lying about four inches on the ground with my pack on my shoulder, containing a bottle or two of whiskey and a loaf of bread, with a blanket fixed soldier-fashion on the top; I set out to join a Chippewa Indian in his hunt, his camp was some fifteen miles from my quarters. My way led through a part of the forest, where the axe of the settler had not as yet been heard. After the first

few miles, the small bridle track I had followed lost itself in a small stream or creek which wound itself for many miles through the woods, and was a favorite resort for deer and other large game. As I intended to hunt my way to the Indian's camp, a bear-track which I came up to on the banks of the creek led me through the woods, a fruitless chase, until the sun became so low that I feared I should not be able to make my way to the camp before nightfall, and on looking about me I became confused, and knew not which course to take. At last I made up my mind to follow the bear's track, and camp on it for the night.

In this way I had continued following the trail, until it became so dark that I could no longer see it. I therefore looked for a fit place in which to build my fire, and pass the night. Just as I was collecting some dried sticks, to my delight I heard the sound of an axe close to me. I shouted, and was answered by the very Indian with whom I came to hunt, and who immediately came to me, and led the way to his camp. The bear-track had brought me within a few yards of the Indian camp, and thus saved me a night on the snow. In less than a minute the leg of a fresh killed fawn was roasting before the fire in the shanty, and in a short time the Indians and myself were hacking into it with our knives.

After eating our fill, and washing down the savoury venison with a draught of whiskey, pipes were lighted, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, we were soon snoring away our cares before a blazing fire of pine knots. Before daylight I was roused by a most savoury odor assailing my olfactories, and proceeding from a large kettle, simmering on the fire, and containing a fat young raccoon which was stewing for the morning meal. By the time I was thoroughly awake, the coon, spitted on a skewer of hickory, was stuck in the ground, and we fell to with our hunting knives. The Chippewas now donned their blanket frocks, powder horns, and belts, and seizing our rifles we sallied out.

It was as yet barely light, the morning fresh and cold ; and a fall of snow in the night, with a fresh wind blowing, made the Indians prognosticate a good hunting day. The Indians separated, Pesh-i-go, as my Chippewa friend was called, remaining to hunt with me. We struck into the forest, Pesh-i-go leading, a pace or two in front ; and we had proceeded thus for nearly an hour, when suddenly the Indian paused, and pointing to a track in the snow, muttered "was-kashé" (deer). He then started off at a long trot, I following close, and we continued on the trail for some miles, till at length on trial, the track appearing fresher, he pronounced the deer to be close. We then slackened our pace, taking a circuit round the track. Deer, when followed, always, stopping, face in to the way they came, so that it is necessary, when in pursuit, to flank them, otherwise they would see you coming towards them. Pesh-i-go was quite correct in his prediction that the deer were close, for in a few seconds he stopped suddenly, and following the direction of his eye, I plainly discovered three deer feeding, at the distance of two hundred yards. The Indian remained stationary for some time, looking for the best way of approaching them unper-

ceived, then throwing himself on the ground, and motioning me to do the same, we drew ourselves noiselessly along the snow until we reached the trunk of a fallen tree, from which we saw the deer about sixty yards from us, one of them lying down.

I felt evident symptoms of a nervous attack, and detected my heart knocking away at my ribs in a very unequivocal manner; but as I gave the breach of my gun a thump to knock the powder well into the nipples, and quietly cocked both barrels, I recovered my presence of mind, and determined that the fine old buck, who was the nearest to me, and was quietly stripping the bark from a young walnut tree should have the benefit of the ball from my right barrel, whilst the buck-shot in the left should be distributed promiscuously amongst his harem.

The Indian now made signs for me to pick out one and fire, and pointing to the buck, I gave him to understand that I had fixed on that one, whilst I saw him level at one of the does.

Steadily I raised my good double, resting it on the trunk of the tree; the hollow of the buck's shoulder was in a line with the sight, when I pressed the right trigger—bang—without waiting to see what effect my ball had taken, I instantly turned the other barrel on the does, one of which, before I drew the trigger, I saw stagger and fall. My buck-shot, I saw, took no effect. Of my first mark I saw nothing. Turning round, the Indian was quietly engaged in re-loading his rifle, and indulging in the noiseless laugh peculiar to the Redskin. I followed his example, and having charged, walked up to the spot where the buck stood when I fired; and to my inexpressible delight there lay the fine fellow stone dead, the ball having passed through the body, entered just behind the shoulder. The Indian had been not less fortunate, the doe I had seen fall having been shot in the neck.

We now proceeded to hang up the carcasses (after embowelling them) by bending together the tops of three small hickory trees, about ten feet high, on which the deer were suspended by strips of bark. After solacing ourselves with a smoke and a drop of the "crathur," we again commenced hunting.

Up to this time we had been favored with an easterly wind, which bending and cracking the tops of the trees made sufficient noise to enable us to approach the deer unheard; but it having now fallen, we found several deer without being able to get near enough to shoot.

We had in this manner pursued the track of five deer, which we had come up to several times, but not within shot, when, tired and careless, I was whiffing away at my pipe, I caught a glimpse of a large black object on the trunk of a tree, which, on a more minute inspection, I distinguished to be a bear. I instantly stopped the Indian, and pointed out the animal to him. As it was more than a hundred yards from us, I feared it would be too far for my gun, and told the Indian to fire at it. Mr. Bruin was now walking leisurely along the tree, when Pesh-i-go cracking at him, wounded him in the belly, for he instantly squatted on his haunches and began licking the wound, but in an instant was off the log and trot-

ting away. I followed as fast as I could, and was soon on his track, which was stained with blood; and the Indian coming up we ran on it for two or three hours, until darkness closed in, and being a long distance from camp, we were compelled to give up the pursuit. On our way home we heard wild turkeys calling. The old gobbler gathering together the flock for the night. The Chippewa instantly pulled me down behind a log, and putting his hand to his mouth, imitated perfectly the call, and we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the old cock running towards us, followed by about thirty others, magnificent birds. When within forty yards, a ball from my gun put a stop to his gobbling by taking his head clean off; and my other barrel was as successful, knocking over another of the brood. A fine young cock was also killed by the Indian's rifle, and we returned home well satisfied with our day's sport.

MOCASSIN.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for January, 1843.

NOTES OF AN ATTEMPT IN BREEDING.

CHAPTER II.—IN EARNEST.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

Of all things let me not be taken for an Amateur. It may strike the reader that one who makes publication and inquiry a leading means in a very humble attempt to improve the breed of his neighborhood, must be an unpractical hand. However liable to the censure of practising too slightly the active and laborious part of this pursuit, I beg distinctly to disavow the title of either a fancy or a merely theoretical breeder. I would especially avoid that carping spirit which degenerates from zealous amateurship into the cant of criticism. Sterne's "of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst, the cant of criticism is certainly the most tormenting"—is a fair censure of this kind of amateurship. Breeding, like other arts, can only flourish in high perfection when the delicate taste and true refinement of the intelligent and educated go hand in hand with the sound sense and honest application of the practical adept. This country—English-speaking, North America—is the field of the art of Breeding. Here Republican Institutions have corrected that baneful silly notion of the degradation of labor. As wealth and leisure accumulate, to what occupation can the vacant mind resort that is blessed with a high development of power, urged by generous, and restrained by tender feelings, and directed by a devout and proud desire to ameliorate the condition of the highest beings in creation? Shall it be the direct government of man? No. The dominion of man is over the beasts of the field, and not over his fellow. How many conquerors and

statesmen have split upon this rock! Napoleon, Cæsar, and the rest fell by depending on the constancy of the minds about them; Washington saw the evil, and, by timely withdrawing, avoided it. Assuredly the dominion of man is not over man. The selfish heart may govern for a time, cheered by success and solaced by sinister enjoyments; the truly generous soon finds the hollowness of human gratitude; lofty intelligence discovers the lowness of its associate creatures, and the keenly sensitive temperament revolts from their degrading contact.

Set me down, then, as a working man, not an amateur, in breeding. My purpose in writing is more to obtain, than to impart, information. Our aim should be to produce important results; not ostentatiously to make known the modes of operation. Yet whatever harvest one would obtain, he must scatter seed of the same kind. To gain information from others, I shall cheerfully exhibit my own views and practice. Had the masters of bygone time donè so, the necessity had not existed, for an humble applicant of the present day. An instance of the value set upon the progressive notes of a practising artist, is familiar, from the repute, among the craft, of the sixteen annual lectures before the Royal Academy, by its President, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Yet it will be difficult to discover, in the whole course, more than two original leading rules of this master. They are these:—"Whatever work is in hand, do something to advance it every day;" and "keep the subject of your labors, your progress, and all else concerning it, a profound secret, until the work is finished." These may be called the golden private rules of art. The deaf Sir Joshua was a hearty despiser of amateurs:—

"When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff!"

But in one department I plead guilty to amatenrship. The editor of a publication is the working man—the correspondents are amateurs; and the discerning public estimate a single paragraph from the "Senior" far above columns from these benevolent coadjutors.

CHAPTER III.—THE MEANS.

When one enters upon any pursuit, what a gratifying consideration it is to see plenty of material or means before him! How the eyes of the keen New Englander glow when he is told of the soil of the Western Prairies ten feet deep! How a scheming projector chuckles when he considers the unfathomable folly of mankind! What a fervid glow is at the heart of the fanatic leader, pondering on the boundless credulity of the religious public! With such a satisfaction have I beheld the means and materials surrounding on all hands, with which to improve the breed of horses. A soil unsurpassed for grazing qualities; hilly, warm, fertile, watered to perfection, and portioned among bright and steady small farmers, wide awake to their best interest, and wanting and waiting for a single voice to say "This is the way." "Here," as the grooms say of a lean but well-formed colt, "is

something to build on." Now for materials: the existing race of horses are, like the more ordinary nags of New England, of medium size and qualities, generally of good color and temper, and tolerable spirit. Moreover, the farmers are in the practice of keeping mares only, and constantly breeding from them; breeding "for better for worse" it is true; but it is a great point that they are accustomed to breed at all. This stock must of course be the foundation, whereon improvement is to be made. While it possesses one great requisite in being adapted to the severe climate, by use through several generations, its breeding has been so carelessly managed, that the size and power of its offspring are invariably increased by mingling even with an inferior sort, owing to the long absence, and immediate want, of strong crossing. For horses of better quality, whose admixture must produce decided improvement from superior inherent properties, besides the renewal of vigor in crossing—we are in the midst of them. The splendid Turf-horse,—the only kind properly designated *thorough-bred*,—abounds in the neighboring States, and is frequently brought from England, to compete on the courses adjoining our cities. The unrivalled Morgan, with almost every excellency in a small compass, is our neighbor in Vermont, while a whole prairie of rich materials exists in the multitude of stout, hardy, and well-acclimated horses of Norman French descent, half surrounding our district, and obtainable at moderate cost.

But whatever abundant means and facilities exist, little can be done in a public way, without a proper reward for the exertions of all concerned, in the shape of a remunerating market. Our farmers allow the rearing of cattle to be sufficiently profitable to obtain a comfortable livelihood thereby: they also allow that along with ten head of neat cattle it costs no more to rear a colt for the eleventh, than if it were a steer or heifer of the same age. This is meant of rearing in their accustomed rough way; the colt picking up at his leisure the leavings of the others. The expense of stallion service may be named at \$5, and the hindrance of the mare, as to work, while she carries and suckles the foal, as much more. The worth of a cow or steer, on coming to service, at three years old, may be fairly stated at \$20. The colt, at the same age, is worth \$50; so that the profit on the colt (if attended with good luck) is double that of other cattle. The increased risk of the colt over the others is not so great but that the profit may be stated as *nearly* double. This statement is made almost without reference to any market of sale, the values being mostly based on the use of the mature animals to the farmer himself. Now I maintain, and hope in a few years to prove, that with judicious breeding and careful management, with a slight improvement in the quality of food, the value of our horses may be doubled for our own use, and so far enhanced in market that dealers will be compensated for coming from distant cities to pay such double value on our own dung-hills.

We have evidently means enough, powers enough, inducements enough. Why, then, has not the desirable end been already attain-

ed? The animating spark of intelligence, the all-directing soul, has been wanting. The same spirit of investigation and desire, which has shown the miraculous powers of printing and of steam, will, when seriously applied to the art of breeding, produce results not less beneficial, admirable, and astonishing.

G. B.

Sherbrooke, Canada East, February, 1843.

THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY'S DEER MATCH. A NEW CHALLENGE.

THIS very interesting match came off on Tuesday, the 29th of November in Charborough Park, near Blandford, Dorset. This locality was chosen from the fitness of its size for the undertaking.

The conditions of the wager were that Mr. Berkeley should course, pull down, and safely hobble five full-headed bucks, from six to seven years old, for the purposes of stall-feeding, using but one deer hound and one horse for the five courses; fresh horses being at his disposal only for the singling out of the buck from the herd. He was to have no assistance in coursing, holding, throwing, or hobbling the buck, save that of his dog, and he was to hold his horse while securing the deer. The horse to lie down at least once during the operation, and the deer to be left on the ground in safety for removal by the keepers. Should either the dog (Odin) or the horse (Brock) die or meet with a disabling accident previous to the day of the match, then it was to be at the option of Mr. Berkeley either to continue or declare off his engagement. If, in catching the five bucks, a deer should run against a fence, tree, or other impediment, and so be killed or disabled, or the same should happen to the dog or the horse, such an event not to affect the success of the match, but a fresh deer, dog, or horse, to be selected.

Mr. Berkeley had undertaken to perform what is usually accomplished by five men, it being the custom among game-keepers when they go out to catch deer, for three of them to run in, secure, and hobble a buck, a fourth to hold the dog (a brace generally being used), and a fifth to mind the horses. It was therefore calculated that the events that would lose Mr. Berkeley the match were these:—The dog killing or disabling the deer—the deer killing or disabling Mr. Berkeley, the dog, or horse,—the horse knocking up, not lying down, or breaking loose—and the hound being overcome by fatigue.

Mr. Berkeley lost the match by one of these numerous chances. The fact was this, the first deer, just as the dog got up to him, ran into a clump of young trees, which had pales or “pouses” round them to protect them from the deer. This clump of trees joined an inner iron, or “invisible” fence, which divides some plantations

from the park. The dog and the deer both came against the "pouses," and in a scrambling fight among the trees, the dog caught the buck by the hind *leg*. The buck turned his horns at the dog, and the dog let go the leg and went at the ear, but missing his mark, he caught the buck by a slight hold on the lower part of the cheek. Had Mr. Berkeley been unencumbered by his horse *at that moment*, and been on open ground where he could have availed himself of the length of his leading rein, which was buckled to his wrist, there was an instant when he might have thrown the buck, or at least when he would have attempted it with every chance of success. But tied as he was to his horse, and the dog and deer not being stationary, he waited for a better chance. The slight hold the dog had of the deer soon broke out, and the buck, an immensely strong one, made his rush at the dog, who was avoiding him beautifully, and still at the head trying to get a hold, when not seeing the "invisible" iron fence, the dog came broad side against it, and the buck continued his rush as if there was no fence, and nothing but the dog before him, pinned the dog on his horns against the iron bars.

The dog for a moment was incapacitated from further exertion, and the buck sped away for the herd, which he joined before the dog could again take up the running. The injury the dog sustained was behind the left shoulder, in the region of the heart, on the site of an old wound given by a red deer, and he was lamed in that shoulder. Having given him some water from a bottle, Mr. Berkeley mounted another horse, and a fresh buck left the herd. The dog in his crippled state coursed and ran up this buck, and made a very good attempt at the head, but his activity and power were gone, the buck turned instantly to bay, and rolled the dog over on his horns. The dog then *kept* the buck at bay, but refused to go in till the buck turned, when the dog brought him to bay again, and never left him until called off by his master, since to win the match with him in his wounded state was impossible, and to continue it, mere cruelty.

If a single dog does not catch and fasten on a buck at speed, and if once a strong old buck turns to bay, no single dog, unless through some accident, can pull him down. All, in this case, which we expect a dog to do, is to keep the deer at bay; and that is accounted a good dog who will stay by the deer and never leave him.

If a brace of dogs are at a buck, when the buck rushes with his antlers lowered at one, the other can dash in and seize his ear, but a single dog can never gain that chance.

We never saw the deer so strong as they are this season, and in their present state the odds were fifty to one against Mr. Berkeley's success. His horse and dog have run deer for three years, both red and fallow, and a higher plucked, faster, or more powerful dog does not exist. In the week of the match, a few days previous to it, he coursed and killed at a heavier for venison. He is by the Duke of Leeds's Highland deer dog, "Ossian," out of Mr. Berkeley's bitch, "Seek," a great great grand-daughter of his famous old dog, "Smoaker."

In spite of the failure of this first attempt, from the causes al-

ready detailed, we are authorised by Mr. Berkeley to declare, that *he is willing to undertake the same match again, with the same horse and hound.—Twenty to one being the odds given. But that if he may use a second dog, either the half brother or half sister of Odin—he will take ten to one.*

The sporting world having now seen the great difficulty of such an undertaking, together with the overwhelming chances which are in the field against success—and all being well assured that there is no trick nor juggle in the affair, but that both man and deer meet one another on fair terms, with nothing to assist them but their natural gifts on either side, we sincerely hope that some one will take up the gauntlet here so gallantly thrown down, and afford Mr. Berkeley an opportunity of proving that to accident alone we must attribute his late want of success.

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NOTES ON BREEDING FOR THE TURF.—THEORY OF BREEDING IN AND IN.

THERE ever has been, as there must ever be, great difference of opinion as to the best system of Breeding for the Turf—some advocating crosses of blood altogether different and distant;—others approving of a closer connection;—and others again upholding the expediency of keeping to a good breed when you have got it, by always returning to the same source; or, as it is more commonly called, breeding “in and in.” Of this last doctrine I profess myself an advocate.

There is a very general, but (I think) erroneous belief, that animals bred “in and in,” degenerate; but the Stud Book and other authorities tend to disprove this in all cases where the parents have been themselves well-shaped and good. Badly-shaped parents never can produce fine stock, under any circumstances. For my own part, I am no bigot to my own opinion, and therefore have no objection to *one cross out and return*; but then the greatest care must be taken in that “one cross out,” both as to the general shape and qualities of the strain of blood which you adopt, and also as to its peculiar fitness to counteract any faults, or supply any deficiencies in your own.

How often does the want of this proper care and attention cause disappointment! How very few folks ever see the horse to which they send their mares! They merely look at the Stud Book, see that the blood is different to their own, and, if they think it a good cross, adopt it, without once considering what faults of shape, or constitution, or temper, they may thus engraft. In my opinion, the chief aim should be, to counteract, as much as possible, the imperfections of your own stock by the beauties of another. Parents which have the same faults of proportion, or of form, are

scarcely likely to produce perfection. Many of our first-rate sires are but inferiorly shaped horses; and I am persuaded that they owe the chief part of their popularity to the frequent counteraction of their defects by first-rate mares. The Stud Book and the Calendar are most fallacious guides. How many first-rate racers have failed in producing anything worth fifty pounds; whilst worse performers on the Turf have bred superior stock. Eleanor, the only mare that ever won both Derby and Oaks, never produced a moderate foal excepting Muley; whilst her own sister, Julia, a most indifferent runner, bred, amongst others, Phantom and Vexation.

With respect to the theory that breeding in and in causes degeneracy, I can only say, that in the history of horses, the fact does not agree with the assertion. With game cocks we well know that the reverse is the case. And I have often heard Hugo Meynell say, "that the best hounds his grandfather (*the Meynell*) ever had, were bred from *own brother and sister*."

I will now select a few examples of breeding near, as well as some of direct in and in; and I think it will be difficult to find better stock, bred from the cross of different, and distinct strains of blood. It will be as well to go back first to the old pedigrees, as on them, more modern ones are founded. With respect to the question whether the old Turf, or the modern Turf, has produced the best horses, my own opinion is that we have the advantage of a great improvement in the system of training. But looking at the old races, often of three, sometimes of four heats, over the Six-mile Course, the Beacon Course (four miles), and the Round Course (nearly four miles); as well as at the weights which they then carried;—all I can say is that the horses of that day were very superior to those of the present generation, if *they went the pace, which we now do*. But this I cannot believe, for most horses, now-a-days, have had quite enough when they get to the end of the Beacon Course *once*. And I recollect once seeing old Buckle and Sam Chifney come at such a pace over that course, that Chifney was actually out of wind; and old Buckle, turning round to him, said—"Well, Sam, *I never came such a pace before—did you?*"

To return to the promised examples of close breeding—

Sir R. Milbank's famous black mare was got by Makeless, out of 'Trumpet's dam—Makeless being himself got by the Oglethorpe Arabian, out of 'Trumpet's dam. And this black mare afterwards bred "*Hartley's blind horse*," who was the sire of old Forester, who got Gustavus, and from this stock came Cottingham, Apollo, Judgment's dam, Babraham, Mogul, Marlborough, Faustina, Miss Needham, and I know not how many more celebrated horses of that day.

Again, the dam of Leeds (for which horse Queen Anne gave a thousand guineas) was got by Spanker, dam by the Yellow Turk, out of Lord Fairfax's Morocco mare—Spanker being also himself by the Yellow Turk, out of the same mare. This was the best blood in England of *that* day; and to *this* day it is still so esteemed.

But that good horses are bred even closer may be instanced by Betty Leeds, the dam of Flying Childers. This mare's pedigree ran thus:—Got by Old Careless, *by Spanker*; her dam, Sister to Leeds, by the Leeds Arabian, *dam by Spanker*, out of the Morocco mare. The speed and bottom of Childers are sufficiently well known to upset all idea of degeneracy, whatever sages may say to the contrary “notwithstanding”—as the lawyers would say.

Examples might be multiplied: but two more will suffice for my purpose. Jigg of Jiggs was got by Jig (the sire of Partner), out of the dam of his own sire. He was a very good runner, having won seven Plates, beating some of the best horses of his day.

Mirza was a striking instance of the double cross. He ran sixteen times, and was never beaten. His own sister was the dam of Harvey's Flying Mare, supposed to be the fastest ever tried. Mirza was bought for fifteen hundred guineas, by Sir J. Lowther, who challenged the Northumberland confederacy; offering to run him against Snap for ten thousand guineas, giving Snap four pounds. This challenge was not accepted. Mirza was then put into Sir James's stud, where, although himself so good a runner, he proved one of the very worst sires of Godolphin's get.

Salt's, or Young Regulus, was got by Old Regulus, out of Sappho by Old Regulus; and Mr. Salt, his breeder, Sparrow, the trainer, and John Ryder, the jockey, all declared that Young Regulus was at least a stone better than any other of Sappho's produce.

Ivanhoe, and Cedric (winner of the Derby), were got by Phantom, dam by Walton, Phantom being got by Walton. But of all the produce of their dam by various horses, this near cross produced the only ones worth a farthing.

Marplot, a good horse, was got by Waxy, out of Kezia by Satellite, out of Waxy's dam.

Lord Grosvenor's Mop, another good one, was got by Sir Peter, out of his own sister, Maid of All-work.

Andrew was got by Orville, out of Sorcery by Sorcerer, and although Sorcery had many foals by other horses, none were so good as this.

The Earl of Egremont had two first-rate mares, own sisters. The one, the dam of Mars, Castanea, and Grey Skim. The other the dam of Prodigal, Election, Bribery, &c. These mares were got by Woodpecker, out of a Herod mare, Woodpecker being got by Herod; so that their sire and dam were got by the same horse.

Highflyer was bred in and in on the sire's side, thus—Highflyer was got by Herod, out of Rachel by Blank—grandam by Regulus, &c., Blank and Regulus having both been got by the Godolphin Arabian.

I may here mention, by the way, a curious fact relating to Highflyer, viz., that he never got a chesnut foal, although of the mares put to him the greater proportion were chesnut. Eclipse, himself a chesnut, rarely got foals of any other color.

The last example which I shall cite in support of my theory, is also the most celebrated. I allude to Eclipse: from whose ex-

traordinary speed and stoutness it would appear that the oftener the blood is crossed in and in, the faster and better the horse becomes, and had our forefathers been as fond of the system as myself, there is no telling at what pitch of excellence we should have now arrived. *In Eclipse's pedigree the Lister Turk's blood occurs four times, and Hautboy's seven times!* whilst Shakspeare, his supposed sire, was got by Hobgoblin, dam by Bartlett's Childers, by the Darley Arabian, Hobgoblin being got by Aleppo, and Aleppo by the Darley Arabian.

Thus, then, I am content to wrap myself in my opinion, having examined it closely, and to my thorough satisfaction. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. By "breeding in an in," I do not mean a dogged perseverance in a bad strain of blood—but a continuance, for successive generations, in a good sort; and when one of that sort shall be found defective (which must sometimes occur to all), a cross out into blood which will correct your own defects, and then, a return to the in and in system, until a recurrence of deficiency shall drive you out again to seek for a corrective. This is the true theory of the "in and in" system—a term adopted in contradistinction to the practice of those who make a point of amalgamating opposite and distinct bloods, and with whom novelty is frequently a greater recommendation than established worth.

In truth I think the "in and in" system, a greater certainty than the other, which, always doubtful, will sometimes produce a flyer, but oftener, a worthless jade; and for my own part I look with a strong feeling of security to the plan which rests its foundation on the fame of Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer, Shark, Old Fox, Bucephalus, Jethro, the Skims,—grey and chesnut,—Illmo, Mop, Marplot, Shakspeare, Johnny, Sweetbriar, and in our own time, Ivanhoe, Cedric, and Cadland.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for February, 1843.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN'S WIVES.

BY ONE OF THEIR OWN SEX.

THIS is the age for Reform; there is reform in every thing; church, state, army, navy,—Reform is rife in all. What we are doing now we know; what we shall do in a little time is a question. We now stand on our heels, we may then balance on our heads.

But without any further allusion to what may be our future wonderful changes, I will at once state the object of this my little paper—it is to reform Sportsmen's Wives, and the present is a fit moment for them to begin their reformation.

I am, and always have been, a great observer of what is passing

around me,—in society perhaps I may be considered too silent, but I likewise may perhaps be, for this very reason, the greater *thinker*; and on one subject, the result of my ponderings is this, that many of my female friends may add to their own happiness, and, in a great degree, to the comfort of their husbands, if they would but adopt a few of the little hints I am going to throw out.

Mrs. B.'s husband is a foxhunter, and Mrs. B.'s husband perhaps intends riding some fifteen or sixteen miles to cover; Mr. B. consequently requires his breakfast much earlier than usual. Mrs. B. does not absent herself, it is true, from the breakfast table, but it is likewise true, that though there, she does not fail to throw out some little observations like the following:—"Cold, damp morning; how chilly one feels the whole day after being down at this time of the morning." "Well, my dear," replies Mr. B., "do not make a point of breakfasting with me. Careless and Knockabout will see I have all I want; I would rather you should not annoy yourself, by being about so early." "Now Harry, dear Harry," responds his *too* affectionate wife, "*do* you, *do* you think I *would* let you breakfast alone, only for an hour or two's difference?" Now poor Mr. B. *might* think to himself, "for an hour or two's *worry*." "You will be at home at six, just in time to dress for dinner, love; not that I mind, I am sure, how long I wait: only our old friend Patient hates, you know, to wait beyond the time." Now the upshot of these petty worries is, that the affectionate Mrs. B. finds this hunting takes her dear spouse away from her the whole day, and perchance frustrates some little plan she had in her head—her object then is so to contrive, as that there may be some little annoyance to her husband, either before, or on returning from his sport; some little circumstance to prevent the day from having been *too* pleasant. A constant, unceasing, but hardly perceptible perseverance, in endeavoring to wean a kind, fond, and indulgent husband from entering too much into this manly, healthful, and innocent amusement, to gratify the selfishness of a too exigent wife!

Now, dear sister Petticoats, take a bit of advice from me: act just the contrary part to Mrs. B., and if you are so happy in your domestic life that you begrudge the frequent absence, and for such long days, of your husband, feel assured of this, that no woman ever exerted herself to heighten the happiness of her husband, without being more than amply repaid herself, by the approval of one constant, though stern friend—Conscience. And now, dear fair friend, methinks I hear you to yourself exclaim, Trash! Nonsense! this stupid thing is written by some foolish, young, new-made wife, over whose head but some few months have passed. Reader! You are *wrong*—but yet no matter who, or what I am.

From the beginning of November to the end of March, sportsmen, horses, and dogs, have all their duties to perform; and now I'll tell you what I consider the duties of the Sportsman's Wife. Her duties begin then not "with the dawn of day:" Oh, dear no! by either lamp or candle-light—(start not, dear Petticoats, but bear with me a little longer)—men, dear, noble, but most lazy creatures,

if left to themselves, would be too late for every thing nine times out of ten. But, Oh! what a contrast should there be between the active, watchful, nimble wife, and the drowsy, snoring husband; through the mirror of our vast perfections, we, Ladies of the Creation, can always most clearly discern the vast imperfections of the male sex—and certainly they are not, generally speaking, given to early rising—the wife therefore must, by some means or other, eject, at the proper time, her husband from his downy berth. She must always allow, in her calculations for her husband's toilette, one full spare quarter of an hour for dawdling. Yes, readers of the hat and coat sex, this is *quite* necessary. And now, “my lady fair,” you must be to your moment at your breakfast table; see that in the near neighborhood of your fire, is turned inside out the coat of pink, or blue and buff, or green, together with a spare neck shawl, and snowy gloves, well beaten*; for coats and other things, if not well aired, after the last day's hunting—although it may not have *rained*—still from (how shall I express it) a certain exuding of nature, caused by a pulling horse, must be very uncomfortable, and what you see to *yourself*, you know is done.

You often hear your husband ordering an additional feed to his horse before an expected hard day's work; well then, for this time, think that your husband is like that noble animal, and be sure he has upon his table some favourite stimulus to his appetite—say some savoury bones well devilled, some frothy toasted cheese, or some piping-hot kidneys. Breakfast ended, cut one tempting sandwich, wrap it in white paper, place it in one coat-pocket, and into the other slip some well-spiced nuts; a quite flat pocket-pistol filled either with brandy, or wine and brandy, should be ready for the waistcoat pocket; then glide out of the room, and tell your manservant to say his master can attend to no business that morning* should persons call.

Now I will candidly confess that I do think nine out of ten husbands would be very angry at this, were they aware of it; but if on their return from their day's sport, when in a roundabout way you tell them of it, they see that they would by delay have missed a good run, it is astonishing what a different effect it has. And now I suppose your husband equipped, his horse or carriage as may be, at the door, hasten him off then with many wishes for his good day's sport. Reader (if of the fair sex), you now think your duties done; but indeed they are not so; after many long, and sometimes tedious hours, you must be looking for your husband's return. If you have waited much after the appointed time for dinner, never let this make you pettish (this is what we sometimes feel). Not only have in store some steaming dish your husband most particularly likes, but have in store a still more acceptable one—an overflowing fund of good humor. Listen with attention to his details of his sport, and though at first, many things may

* This you may judge of as well as your husband, and if they are not well beaten, send them out for a second beating, to save time.

* Should your husband be a *magistrate* this is very necessary.

appear perfect mysteries to you, not long will elapse before you will be quite up to all about yawners, bullfinches, raspers, &c. I have often observed how pleased a man looks when you seem to enter into what he is recounting.

One hint more, and then adieu. Should you have a large party whom you cannot keep waiting for dinner beyond a certain time when your dinner is served, imagine you see your husband there seated, and of whatever dishes you think he would partake, set apart a portion in what should always be in a sportsman's house—a portable kitchen. There is no excuse for a man having a cold dinner after hunting.

Now my sporting friends, farewell; and as this is the season for making caps for huntsmen, whips, &c., should any of you think that you may benefit by the hints here given, you will not refuse to afford some slight aid towards making a cap for

SCHIZANTHA ROUTEM.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for February, 1843.

THE AMERICAN TROTTER.*

BY THE HON. J. S. SKINNER, OF WASHINGTON CITY.

HAVING, as it is believed, described and accounted for the successive modifications and general improvement of the English Horse, from many of the best of which ours have been bred—and for the excellence especially of their high-bred courser and hunter; and having adverted incidentally to the high national importance to be attached to maintaining the horse in all his capabilities, as giving elasticity and vigor to one great arm of national defence—*cavalry*—the use of which has sometimes decided the issue of battles and the fate of empires,—we pass now to contemplate this interesting animal in a form in which Nimrod (Mr. Apperly) himself, one of the most voluminous and authentic writers on these subjects, and one not prone to make admissions of English inferiority in anything, does admit that we excel, to wit, in our *Trotting Horses*.*

Instances which will hereafter be given of the performance of American Trotters, such as have been trained to that pace, and timed with exactness, in trials instituted for that purpose by numerous Trotting Clubs, will leave no doubt of our having well established our claim for the excellence conceded to us in that class of horses—and as speed in that gait, combined with lastingness, is a desideratum in public stages, and for all kinds of light harness and quick travelling, it becomes an interesting inquiry, and is

* From Lea & Blanchard's new edition of the excellent work *On The Horse*, by Youatt and Skinner.

deemed to be well worthy of the space here assigned it—*whence has resulted the superiority illustrated by these examples?* Is it that we possess a particular strain of horses not to be found in other countries, not *thorough-bred*, but yet of a specific breed, which has been found or made in America, and which may be kept separate and distinct from all others, the root whereof is not necessarily to be looked for, like that of our thorough-bred stock, in the *English Stud Book*, or in the blood of some Eastern ancestor—a breed to which, in a word, recourse may be had as a stock of horses *sui generis*, and one that may be relied upon to supply fast goers in this pace? Or is it that we owe the number that can go their mile under 2:30, to the higher estimate which is placed on excellence in that way, in this country; and to the greater pains taken and skill exercised in educating and training horses to go ahead in the trot? We confess that reflection and all the lights we possess, lead us to the adoption of this latter theory.

There are various reasons why this property in the horse should be more attended to in this, than perhaps any other country. May it not be referred in some measure, to our political institutions, as we have already seen, in the review which has been taken of the progressive improvement of horses in England, how their qualities have, from time to time, been influenced and modified by their field-sports, the state of their roads, the form of their coaches, and changes in their warlike and agricultural habits and implements. Under the effect of our political institutions, which operate frequent division of estates, it is next to impossible that there should exist in America a *class* of men, with wealth sufficient, either hereditary or acquired, to maintain the costly and magnificent arrangements for the sports of the Turf and the Chase—such as have for centuries existed in England. Yet men must have amusements, and those which are found a-field are at once the most attractive and salutary. If one may be allowed to quote himself, we may repeat from the introduction to the “Sporting Magazine,” the ideas there expressed that “the knowledge of mankind so essential in every practical pursuit, nay the yet more essential knowledge of ourselves, is not to be found alone in solitary labor, nor in solitary meditation: neither is it in a state of isolation from society that the heart most quickly learns to answer to the calls of benevolence;—sympathy springs from habits of association, and a sense of mutual dependence on each other; and the true estimate of character, and friendly and generous dispositions, are under no circumstances more certainly acquired, nor more assuredly improved and quickened, than by often meeting each other in the friendly contentions and rivalries that characterize field-sports.”

Recurring to the influence of political institutions and national amusements, it may be very safely affirmed, that while there can exist in this country no permanent class of men possessing the wealth which affords the time, and cherishes the taste, for the more expensive diversions of the Turf and the Chase; it must yet always abound far beyond all other countries, under their

existing governments, in citizens of middling, and yet easy circumstances, with means enough to indulge in other sports involving moderate outlay, including the ownership of a good old squirrel gun; and the luxury of a *good horse*; and hence the use of both is as familiar to the great mass of American people, from their childhood, as it is strange to the common people of any other country; except as to the employment of the horse, in his lowest offices of field-labor and common drudgery. No Southern boy at least, just entering his teens, desires better fun than to be allowed to catch and mount any horse in the most distant pasture, and ride him home at the top of his speed, without saddle or bridle—and as to the use of fire-arms, it was remarked to the writer during the late war with England, both by General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, that in no country had they ever witnessed any fire so deadly as that of the American militia, *as long as they would stand!* In the towns, there is not a sober and industrious tradesman, who cannot manage to keep his hackney; and these considerations sufficiently account for the number of regularly constituted Trotting Clubs of easy access, with courses that serve as so many nurseries, where the horse is educated exclusively for *the trot*, and his highest physical capacities drawn out in that form. These associations are composed, for the most part, of respectable and independent mechanics, and others, especially *virtuallers*, among whom in all times there has existed a sort of *esprit de corps*, or monomania on this subject, which leads them to spare neither pains nor expense to gain a reputation for owning a crack goer. This sort of emulation so infects the class, as to have given rise to a common saying that “*a butcher always rides a trotter.*”

According to the theory here maintained, the great number of trotters in America that can go as before said, their mile under three minutes, and the many that do it under 2:30, and even in some cases under 2:20—as for instance in the case of Ripton and Confidence, whose portraits from the “*Spirit of the Times*” embellish this essay, is to be explained in the same way that we account for the *great number of superb hunters* that are admitted to abound in England above all other countries, not excepting our own. There, in every county in the Kingdom, are organized “*Hunts*,” with their whippers-in, and huntsmen, and earth-stoppers, and costly appointments of every kind to accommodate some fifty or an hundred couple of high-bred hounds, whose pedigrees are as well preserved as those of Priam or Longwaist; and a wide district of country is reserved and assigned exclusively to each hunt. Fox-hunting is there termed *par excellence*, a princely amusement, and gentlemen of the most exalted rank and largest fortune, take pride in the office of “*Master of the hounds*,” and assuredly in all the wide field of manly exercises, none can compare with an English fox or steeple-chase, for union of athletic vigor or daring skill, and magnificence of equitation; unless, perhaps, it were some splendid *charge de cavalerie*, like those we used to read of, made by the gallant Murat at a critical moment of the battle, when he was wont in his gorgeous uniform and towering

plumes to fall with his cavalry like an avalanche upon his adversary, confounding and crushing him at a blow! Truly, it would well be worth a trip across the Atlantic, to see a single "turn out" of an English hunt, all in their fair tops, buckskin smalls, and scarlet coats, mounted on hunters that under Tattersall's hammer would command from one to two hundred guineas! Imagine such a field with thirty couple of staunch hounds, heads up and sterns down, all in full cry, and well away with their fox!!

———"Now, my brave youths,
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
 But in the madness of delight, forget
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
 And dangerous our course; but in the brave
 True courage never fails."

To indicate more strongly the prevalence of this partiality for trotting horses, and emulation to own the fastest goer, and the number and extent of associations and arrangements for this sort of trial and amusement, it need only be mentioned that the "Spirit of the Times," published in New York, contains lists of hundreds of matches and purses, and of thousands on thousands of dollars in small purses, won and lost on these performances on *trotting-courses*! A number of these performances will be selected, enough to show that the excellence which is conceded to American trotters, is not founded on a solitary achievement or very rare cases, nor to be ascribed to the possession of any distinct and peculiar breed of horses; but is the natural and common fruit of that union of blood and bone, which forms proverbially the desideratum in a good hunter, with the superaddition of *skilful training*, *much practice*, and *artful jockeying* for the trotting course. Who can doubt that if Hiram Woodruff were to go to England, having the run of their hunting stables, he might select nags enough, which could soon be made, under his training and consummate jockeyship, to go along with Edwin Forrest and Lady Suffolk, Ripton, Rattler, Confidence, and Dutchman! On this point the following may be aptly extracted from the highest authority—our "Bell's Life in London"—to wit, PORTER'S "Spirit of the Times":—

"Nimrod, in 'admitting the superiority of our Trotting-Horses to the English,' claims that the English 'approach *very near* to the American,' even in this breed of cattle. Possibly the characteristic national vanity would not allow him to make a further concession. But there is no comparison whatever between the Trotting-horses of the two countries. Mr. Wheelan, who took Rattler to England last season, and doubly distanced with ease every horse that ventured to start against him, as *the record* shows, informs us that there are twenty or more roadsters in common use in this city, that could compete successfully with the fastest trotters on the English Turf. They neither understand the art of training, driving, or riding, there. For example: some few years since Alexander was purchased by Messrs. C. & B. of this city, for a

friend or acquaintance in England. Alexander was a well-known roadster here, and was purchased to order, at a low rate. The horse was sent out and trials made of him; but so unsuccessful were they, that the English importers considered him an imposition. Thus the matter stood for a year or more. When Wheelan arrived in England, he recognized the horse, and learned the particulars of his purchase and subsequent trials there. By his advice the horse was nominated in a Stake at Manchester (we believe) with four or five of the best trotters in England, he (Wheelan) engaging to train and ride him. When the horses came upon the ground, the odds were 4 and 5 to 1 against Alexander, who won by nearly a *quarter of a mile*! Wheelan says he took the track at starting, and widened the gap at his ease—that near the finish, being surprised that no horse was anywhere near him, as his own had not yet made a stroke, he got frightened, thinking some one might out-brush him—that he put Alexander up to his work, and finally won by an immense way, no horse, literally, getting to the head of the quarter stretch, as he came out at the winning stand! The importers of Alexander, at any rate, were so surprised and delighted at his performance, that they presented Wheelan with a magnificent gold timing-watch, and other valuable presents, and sent Messrs. C. & B. a superb service of plate, which may be seen at any time at their establishment in Maiden-Lane."

Here it is clearly shown that the comparative speed of American horses is to be attributed not to *breed*, but to *management*, on which we the rather insist, as it is to be desired that American agriculturists and all breeders and trainers of horses, should understand practice upon some fixed and rational principles, rather than rely for success on some imaginary strain of horses, of no certain origin or established blood. After all, we have accounts of performances in trotting, by English horses, that may be considered as extraordinary as those of our own, when allowance is made for the greater value placed, and the more attention and skill bestowed upon trotters in this country than in that.

The celebrated English trotter Archer, descended from old Shields, a remarkably strong horse and master of fifteen stone (two hundred and ten pounds), trotted his sixteen miles in a very severe frost in less than fifty-five minutes. In 1791, a brown horse trotted in England, on the Essex road, sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes and some seconds, being then 18 years old—and while we are writing we learn from an official report that Lady Hampton, on the 2d of May, 1842, in England, trotted seventeen miles in fifty-eight minutes thirty-seven seconds, in harness. She was driven by Burke, of great English trotting celebrity. On the 13th of October, 1799, a trotting match was decided over Sunbury Common, between Mr. Dixon's brown gelding and Mr. Bishop's grey gelding, carrying twelve stone (one hundred and sixty-eight pounds) each, which was won by the former in twenty-seven minutes and ten seconds. A Mr. Stevens made a bet which was decided on the 5th of October, 1796, that he would produce a pair

of horses, his own property, that should trot in tandem from Windsor to Hampton Court, a distance of sixteen miles, within the hour; notwithstanding the cross country road, and great number of turnings, they performed it with ease in fifty-seven minutes and thirteen seconds. Phenomena trotted nineteen miles in an hour.—These examples are adduced to show the fallacy of that impression which would lead the public to look to any but the true and rational sources of superiority—for mankind has ever been prone to the marvellous, preferring to look for all that does not lie on the surface, to some mysterious influence, unconnected with known and rational causes. The trotter, according to the distance prescribed as the measure of his capacity, needs the combination of form and blood—of bone and of muscle, which give distinction to the hunter; and the reason, if it be asked, why the *thorough-bred* cannot be relied upon for a hard run over a rough country is, that he rarely *combines* these requisites, and is moreover put to his work when *too young*; but does any one doubt that Sir Archy, or Timoleon, or Eclipse, or Imp. Tranby, or Imp. Leviathan, would have made first-rate *hunters or trotters*, if, before they were put to hard work, their frames had been left to ripen, and their bones, and joints, and muscles, to get firm and solid, and at the same time pliant and supple by gentle and moderately increasing exercise until five or six years old—for here it is to be noted, that as to the *age at which the trotter should be put in training*, and that at which he reaches his maximum of power, though there would seem to be some difference of opinion, all agree that the trotter is not in his prime until he is eight or nine years old. The Abdallahs, great-grandsons of old Messenger, trot much younger; Hiram Woodruff, and there can be no better authority, would *commence* a horse's training for the trot at five or six years of age, giving him light work however, but going on increasing his work from year to year, and expecting increasing excellence up to nine or ten years, and with kind usage he might continue up to this mark for three or four years longer, and they often last to perform admirably until after twenty—for example, *Columbus, Paul Pry, Topgallant, &c.*

The stoutest horses, of whatever kind or degree of blood, might be expected to give way if put at three or four, as the race-horse is, into severe training under heavy weights, for trotting stakes or the chase; but on the other hand, without blood to give him wind and courage, what would avail his "bag of bones," in a trial to trot his hundred miles in ten hours? Johnson, author of the *Sportsman's Cyclopaedia*, justly esteemed high authority on such subjects, remarks that "thorough-bred horses, and particularly those of the best blood, are seldom possessed of sufficient bone to render them pre-eminently calculated for the chase; yet I am free to confess that the very best hunters that have fallen under my observation have been *remarkably well and very highly bred*, but yet not absolutely through-bred." The same remark it is not doubted might be made as generally applicable to our first-rate trotters, at long distances. The case of Abdallah and Messenger have been instanced to show, that great trotters not through-bred, may and do

beget trotters, and hence some would argue that a distinct race of horses may or does exist. But it is to be remembered that both Abdallah and Messenger are sons of Mambrino, son of old Messenger, and of Messenger mares, though not thorough-bred; and nothing is better known by all who have been in the habit of attending to these subjects, than that the Messenger family is distinguished for making first-rate coach-horses—quick in light harness, and remarkable for endurance and long life. That Abdallah, therefore, himself deep in the Messenger blood, should be himself a trotter and a getter of trotters, only proves that like begets like, and that of a distinct breed, like the thorough-bred horse, characterized by the possession of general properties belonging only to and constituting that breed, there may be *particular families*, distinguished for some peculiar qualities not possessed in the same degree by other families of the same breed. Thus we have the three classes of the English thorough-bred stock, to wit: the *Herod*, the *Matchem*, and the *Eclipse*, that have served as crosses for each other. In like manner, it may be said of the improved short-horn cattle—their general characteristic is early maturity and propensity to fat, without being generally remarkable as deep milkers, though there are *families* of the short-horns esteemed for *that* quality;—a dash of the blood of old Messenger imparts high form and action for the state coach, and the eye of the connoisseur can detect the signs in a horse in whose veins flow even one-eighth of his blood; so the fact is generally known to old gentlemen in the South, and especially avouched by the Sporting and Agricultural Society in South Carolina, that the stock of old Janus (there called Genius,) was so remarkable as *road and saddle horses*, as to have gotten to be considered a distinct breed; so the Topgallant stock made fine saddle-horses, excelling in the canter. The blood horse, too, is remarkable for longevity—the Messenger stock particularly so. If the truth could be known, it is probable it flowed in larger or smaller streams in each of the four thorough-breds which the late General Hampton, (sire of that paragon of sportsmen and gentlemen, Col. Wade Hampton,) drove in his coach all together for sixteen years.

Here may be aptly introduced some extracts from a familiar letter received by the editor from Col. N. Goldsborough, of Talbot, Maryland, who has an eye for the fine points of a horse, as quick as a hawk's for a fish—one who has thought much and with effect on all matters that give dignity and attraction to rural life—himself of the pure old stock in fashion when it meant something to be called a "Maryland" or "Virginia gentleman." He, in confirmation of our hypothesis, says, speaking of Tom Thumb—"But whence came his lastingness, his powers of endurance, as well as speed? I have been in the habit of thinking, that no horse could long continue exertion especially at a rapid pace, without a good tincture of the *blood*. At about the same time there went to England a horse called Rattler, of great speed as a trotter—he was represented as the cross of a full-bred horse on the Canadian mare. What a magnificent picture "Whalebone" makes in his trotting action, and how different from the abovenamed horses!

When a boy, I have seen Phil Hemsly mounted on his trotting mare, bred on the borders of Queen Anne's County. She was much in the style of the famous Phenomena Mare of England—about fourteen and a half hands high.—He could keep up with a pack of hounds all day in a trot—and she could pass over the largest oak bodies lying in a wood, without breaking up. I was informed two years ago in Philadelphia by Mr. Allen, son-in-law of Badger of the Marshall House—that some of the best trotters then in New Jersey, were the offspring of *Monmouth Eclipse*—the Messenger blood you see! I know of no other family of the pure blood horse which may be said emphatically to produce *trotters*—the exception confirms the rule. Col. Lloyd's Vingtun and old Topgallant got fine *racking* and *cantering* horses. Is there more than one out of twenty thorough-breds, that makes really a *racer*? And are there not as many trotters at the North, and more, than there are racers at the South, &c., where the most systematic efforts have been persevered in for years, exclusively for the production of racers? I have often wondered where they of the North derived their horses—from what I have seen and heard, they have a peculiar family, different in appearance, in form strikingly from ours. They of the North have had some method in this matter—as well as the breeders of short-horns, Leicester sheep, &c. About the lakes they have a horse of great speed and power, as I am informed, called the 'Frenchier.' The English officers bring over from the mother country, fine blooded stallions for troopers and parade. *It is the cross of these* and the Canadian mares, which produces the 'Frenchier,'—*blood* is indispensable. But what is the Canadian? *unde venit*? They are descended from the horses of Normandy carried over by the French settlers. Napoleon's coach when captured was being drawn by four *Norman horses*, and I guess the Emperor was not fond of sitting behind *slow cattle*. When the Spaniards were in possession of the Low Countries, they carried with them their Andalusian horses—these were crossed on the Normans, which produced great improvement. When the Spaniards were expelled, the breeding in-and-in from this stock must have produced a distinct family, as Bakewell produced with other races of quadrupeds. Climate necessarily produced a change in the Norman horse, when transferred to the rigour of Canadian winters—hence the thick coat of hair, &c. The Andalusian, you know, is of Arabian descent. So far as I have been able to learn, Vermont is indebted to Canada for her distinguished race of roadsters, as well as the neighboring States. They have one distinct family, the 'Morgan,' descended from a little Canadian, famous too for running quarter races. This family has been cherished for years, and is as distinguished among them as old Archy was in Virginia. I have some indistinct recollection to have seen, years ago, an account of a horse among them got by, or out of a mare by, Cock of the Rock—Messenger blood again."

It is now in proof that this Morgan breed is descended from a horse that was stolen from General de Lancey, importer of Wild-air, and there is every reason to believe that though he may not

have been thorough-bred, he was well steeped in the best blood of the Anglo-American turf-horse.

While it has been found impracticable to obtain any precise information as to the pedigree of some of our very best trotters, in other cases where more is known, they are found to be deep in the blood.—Awful, whose performances will be seen in the tables annexed, is known to have been gotten by a thorough-bred “American boy.” Lady Suffolk is by Engineer, but what Engineer not known. Abdallah, as before mentioned, is by Mambrino, and he again, a great trotter, by Messenger; but *Dutchman*, one of our best trotters, has no known pedigree, though we have some reason to think he was got by Young Oscar, then at Carlisle. He was taken out of a clay-yard, and was transferred to the trotting-turf from a Pennsylvania wagon-team.—Woodruff thinks blood does not give them *length*, or the power to go the long distances; but in this it is believed he must be mistaken. These Canadian or Norman-French stallions, small and compact, which on well-formed large mares give such fine harness horses, and trotters, are, as before said, deeply imbued with the blood of the barb taken from Spain into Normandy. We have been told lately by an intelligent Englishman, that the infusion of blood into their coach-horses has enabled them to lengthen their stages, and in very observable proportion to the degree of blood. Finally, as where the blood of the trotter when known, is seen to flow in so many instances from a spring of pure blood, is it not fair to infer a *similar* origin in cases where the blood cannot be traced? especially as the universal experience of all times proves that in other paces, the cases have been *extremely rare*, in which a horse of impure blood has been known to *keep up a great flight of speed*? A horse of *mixed* blood may be a great trotter at a long distance, because his speed at his best is greatly behind that of the best speed on the turf; but it would, according to all principles of reasoning, be unreasonable to expect great excellence even as a trotter, in horses *altogether free* from the blood which gives foot and wind to the Eastern courser. Though we may not be able to trace it, and though in solitary cases a horse without it, may possess great speed and lastingness in the trot, from excellent accidental conformation, we repeat that the possession of the two, warrants the presumption of the third, however obscure the traces, or remote the origin;—*this is our theory!* But the action to be cultivated in the racer and the trotter is of itself sufficient to explain why a racer should not succeed at once on the turf and on the trotting-course. All reflecting and observant men will admit that “as there is no royal way to mathematics,” so there is but one way for a horse to excel in his business; and, with rare exceptions, there is but one in which any individual horse can excel. Whatever that business may be, to be perfect in it he should be educated and kept to it—and to it only. *A trotting-horse should do nothing but trot.*

Notes of the Month.

A P R I L .

The Peyton Stake, to come off at Nashville next Fall, is exciting more and more interest throughout the country as the time approaches. There are no less than *seven* nominations in training at Nashville already, so that "A Young Turfman" is likely to be disappointed in his anticipations of the great stake resulting in a match. A friend of ours at Nashville has kindly sent us the following list of those now there in work :—

- No. 1. Hon. B. Peyton's & Dr. J. G. Chalmers' (of Louisiana) br. f. *Great Western*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria by Eclipse; in training by Capt. John Belcher.
- No. 2. Hon. B. Peyton's & A. Henderson, Esq.'s (of Louisiana) b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy; in training by Belcher.
- No. 12. Hugh & John Kirkman's (of Nashville) ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker; in training by G. Berry Williams.
- No. 15. James Long's (of Washington City) & Col. Wm. Wynn's (of near New Orleans) b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. (Cassandra's dam) by Sir Archy; in training by McCrary.
- No. 17. Hon. Alex. Barrow's (of Louisiana) ch. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan; in training by Henry M. Clay.
- No. 28. Wm. H. E. & Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's (of Hicksford, Va.) b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Pera by Sultan; in training by Richard Hurt.
- No. 29. Also Messrs. Merritt's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone; in training by Hurt.

We understand that Col. WYNN has purchased Mr. LONG's interest in the sister to Cassandra. Col. HAMPTON's Herald and Trinket (Nos. 22 and 30), and Mr. HAUN's Rattlesnake colt by Hedgford (No. 10, now Mr. J. G. Boswell's, of Ky.), are the only nominations we have heard much of, with the exception of Mr. JAMES KIRKMAN's Glencoe — out of Eliza by Rubens, which (with another, possibly,) is in training by Mr. Isaac Van Leer, in the stable of THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq., at Florence, Ala. Of the nominations in training at Nashville, our correspondent's favorite is the Florestine colt.

The Sporting World will appreciate the courtesy of any of the officers of the Nashville Club in furnishing for publication any information in their possession as to the number of the nominations in training, their appearance, promise, etc. Surely a stake amounting to \$150,000 is worth writing about, more especially as the distance to be run is four mile heats. The number of subscribers is *thirty* at \$5000 each, \$1000 forfeit, and we should not be surprised if five or six started.

Match between BLUE DICK and REGISTER.—A correspondent at Baltimore writes us to the following effect :—"There is a probability of a match between Blue Dick and Register, to come off this Spring at Alexandria, four mile heats, for \$2,000, forfeit \$500. The forfeit is already up on Register's part, and nothing but 'a say so' on the part of Blue Dick is requisite to make it a race.

"Col. JOHNSON passed through Washington yesterday week on his way to New Orleans, and Mr. MERSHON returned from Col. THOMPSON's the following day with the challenge. As no person in Washington was authorised to make a match over three mile heats, they have had to write to Col. WHITE, the owner of Dick, for his determination on the subject. So far so good. The upshot of the matter we will have to conjecture for the present."

This match, if closed, will be a very brilliant sporting affair. We sincerely hope it will be made up.

Boston is at length advertised by Col. WM. LARKIN WHITE to stand at Spring Grove, Hanover Co., Va. at \$70. The Colonel, in the course of the advertisement, gives us the following "paragraph," which we commend to the notice of our South-western friends :—

I deem it entirely unnecessary to say any thing as respects the pedigree and performances of Boston;—were I to do so, and to give a full history of the same, it would fill the whole of a newspaper; suffice it to say, that, when he

was in his zenith, say six or seven years old, no horse that ever ran with him four mile heats could put him up to his speed—(and he ran with the very best horses—both North and South.) It is candidly believed, by those who can be relied on, and who had the best ground of forming their opinion, that Boston could have run four miles, upon a good course, and a good rider, in 7m. 25s., and repeat it nearly in the same time.

The late COL. PINCKNEY, of Pendleton, S. C.—We noticed last summer the voyage of this distinguished gentleman to Europe for the benefit of his health, and his lamented demise at Havre immediately after his arrival. Col. Pinckney was for many years the honored President of the South Carolina Jockey Club; during the races his superb city residence was the scene of the most elegant and refined hospitality. The wide circle of his devoted friends will not be uninterested to hear that one of the earliest acts of the Club at their late meeting, was to pass resolutions expressive of the deep sense of the loss which they and the community of Charleston had sustained in the death of so eminent a South Carolina sportsman and gentleman.

Nashville Spring Races are to commence on the 3d Wednesday of May. A well informed correspondent writes us that there will be not less than seventy horses in attendance, and that great sport is anticipated. There are several stables now in training in the vicinity of Nashville, by Messrs. Williams, Mack, Patterson, Belcher, Hall, McCrary, Clay, and Hurt. The Messrs. Carter have lately been improving the course, which our correspondent thinks is now "the finest in the Western country."

A Virginia correspondent writes us that "Sarah Washington is looking fine and moving like a bird. Her friends think she can take up her weight and run four miles in the forties. Maj. DOSWELL has up two Priams, a Rowton filly and one or two others; all are looking and going well."

RUFUS K. POLK, Esq., of Ashwood, Maury Co., Tenn., is no more. He died at Nashville on the 25th ult. Mr. P. was a younger brother of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisiana, and of LUCIUS J. and GEORGE W. POLK, Esqrs., of Columbia, Tenn., the distinguished breeders and turfmen. By his alliance with the family of the late JAMES JACKSON, Esq., and his associations with his elder brothers, Mr. P. very naturally took a deep interest in thorough-bred etock. A friend, who knew him intimately, pays the following tribute to his memory:—

His true history can only be read in the hearts of those who knew him best. He was a true specimen of the perfect gentleman, and a model of the sincere friend. As a son, brother, husband, and father, he had no superior. His remains were deposited in the cemetery at St. John's Chapel, seven miles west of Columbia, on Monday, the 27th ult., attended by a large number of his relations, friends, and acquaintances, who felt and knew that they had lost one whose place can never be supplied. He has been taken from among us in the prime of manhood; but he has met the fate of all the living. He was a rare example of every noble and exalted quality that adorns our nature.

Havanna Races.—MR. GARRISON advertises in the "Spirit," the programme of his meeting at Havanna, over the Valdes Course. The purse for three mile heats is \$3000! There are two purses of \$1500, two of \$1000, one of \$1250, and others, all of which will be hung up at the Judges' stand and paid without reduction in gold!

Mobile Race Course for Sale.—MR. DAVID STEPHENSON, the proprietor of the Bascombe Course, Mobile, Ala., offers to dispose of it. The course comprises some forty-three acres, and the adjoining land for stables nearly as much more. He proposes to sell out to a Stock company for twenty thousand dollars, to be divided into 200 shares of \$100 each, half payable in cash when the stock is subscribed and certificates issued, and the balance in one or two years. Jacob S. Marsh, of Mobile, is authorised to receive subscriptions for stock, and has opened books for that purpose.

The New Southern Champion.—It gives us great pleasure to state that Messrs. TOWNES' superb colt *Regent*, by Imp. Priam out of the celebrated Fantail by Sir Archy, has just gone into the hands of ARTHUR TAYLOR, and will come out in the Spring under the auspices of the "Napoleon of the Turf"—Col. JOHNSON. A private letter to us from Virginia, contains the following paragraph:—

"Regent will probably show on some of your Northern Courses this Spring. I will wager you a bottle of Claret and a plug of LEFTWICH Honey-dew, that he wins the first four mile race he runs, against any thing or any where!"

"Done!" say we, though we think we can name two MARES that can "take his measure." *Nous verrons*.

Spring Meetings at the North.—The following will be the plan of the Northern Campaign:—

Alexandria Jockey Club Spring Meeting, Mount Vernon Course, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
 Washington Jockey Club Spring Meeting, National Course, 2d Tuesday, 9th May.
 Baltimore Jockey Club Spring Meeting, Kendall Course, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
 Philadelphia Jockey Club Spring Meeting, Camden Course, 4th Tuesday, 23d May.
 New York Jockey Club Spring Meeting, Union Course, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.

We are apprised from "the proper quarter" that Col. Y. N. OLIVER will continue to have the management of the fine courses at Louisville and Lexington, as usual, this year.

Maj. JONES' *Truxton* has left town for Toronto, U. Canada, where he is to be trained for the ensuing campaign. He will be a decided acquisition to the Canadian Turf.

Death of Riddlesworth.—We heartily wish some twenty or thirty stallions we could name were sent to Kentucky, under the conviction that they would not long "cumber the earth." To the list of horses of distinction that have lately "shuffled off this mortal coil" in that State, we have to add the celebrated Riddlesworth. The Lexington "Observer and Reporter" of the 15th inst. makes the following announcement:—

Riddlesworth.—We regret to learn that the distinguished imported stallion, Riddlesworth, died on Saturday morning last, at the stables of Mr. James L. Bradley, where he made his last, and was to have made his present season. His disease was inflammation of the lungs.

Riddlesworth was bred by the Earl of Jersey in 1823, and was got by the renowned Emilius, out of the equally celebrated Fillagree by Soothsayer, the dam of Cobweb and half a dozen others of repute. Riddlesworth was considered the best horse in England of his year, from the style in which he won his races. In 1832 he was sold to Germany, where his colts have run successfully, but being a great favorite with Mr. Tattersall, he was repurchased and taken back to England, and made his first and only season there in 1839. In the autumn of that year he was purchased by Dr. J. C. NORR, and other gentlemen of Alabama, where he stood for two seasons at Mount Meigs and Montgomery. None of his stock have yet come out in this country, but we hear it is generally of high promise.

Death of Miss Walton.—We regret having to state that WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq. has recently lost his celebrated brood mare, Miss Walton. She died within a few days at his residence on Staten Island from lockjaw. Miss Walton though 22 years of age, would not have been thought to be, by a superficial observer, over six or seven years old. She was got by Mendoza (own brother to Sir Walter) out of Young Maid of the Oaks, the dam of Medoc, and was favorably known to the Sporting World as the dam of Goliath, Floranthe, Dosoris, Zela, and other good ones.

Challenge to Riflemen.—A Philadelphia correspondent desires us to publish a challenge to the Riflemen in London or its vicinity, and also to have it inserted in "Bell's Life." If the gentleman referred to means shooting, he will see the propriety of furnishing his address, when his challenge shall be published as he

desires. How can he expect any attention will be given to a challenge dated "America," and signed "Mickey Free?"

The *Newmarket Jockey Club*, at Petersburg, Va., has been re-organized by Mr. HARE. The matter has been taken up with spirit and there is every chance that "the eagle-eyed OTWAY," as "N." calls him, will have a tip top meeting.

PROSPECTS OF THE TROTTING TURF.

Trotting will soon be a most formidable rival to Racing at the North, unless those especially interested in the success of what are deemed the legitimate Sports of the Turf, "take hold" and "do something." The "trotting men" have a deal the most enterprise, industry and *go-aheaditiveness*, and in this city, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, they are "laying themselves out" to eclipse in the forthcoming campaign, all previous doings.

The season at the North is so unusually backward that no trainer has been able to gallop his horses yet. As we write this article (on the 19th ult.) the snow is more than a foot deep; for six weeks past it has hailed, snowed, thawed, or rained, nearly every day, or as Tom Hood facetiously remarked, "first it blew, then it snowed, then it thwed, and then it friz, horrid!" HIRAM WOODRUFF, who is training Cayuga Chief for a match in April, is working him on the 3d Avenue! Hiram will do well to remember that Post Boy got his shoulders knocked to pieces by being galloped there, and never made a good race afterwards. A macadamized avenue is not quite so safe as our friend "Sammy's" sand track.

Notwithstanding the season great preparations are making for several sporting events in prospective. Hiram Woodruff has leased a portion of the house and stables of Mr. VAN BOSKIRK, at Hoboken; and will exercise probably, on the Beacon Course. He has Cayuga Chief, Hector (the fine Abdallah colt,) Ajax, Ann Douglas, Duchess, Ariel, and expects an addition, of about "a baker's dozen" of "green 'uns." Aaron Burr is daily expected from Baltimore—to go into this string.

GEORGE SPICER is "in town" with Americus, Governor Porter, (a "dark" Philadelphia horse—said to be "one of 'em,") Bulwer, Abelard, and some others.

REED, in Crosby street, has Snaffle, and the celebrated matched horses Hardware and Apology, that can knock off their miles in double harness a long way inside of 2:50!

WHELAN has a double team that report says "can knock the forties into fifts." He will have five or six good ones at work in a few weeks.

"HARRY" JONES has Oneida Chief and Postmaster, we are told. "CORNEEL" BARTINE, also, is said to have two "rousters!"

ALBERT CONKLIN has just returned to Long Island, and is making arrangements to train a formidable corps of cavalry.

In Philadelphia they have Dutchman (who is said to have been in work throughout the winter,) Rifle, and an immense troop of horse. The gallant little Ripton is there, too, in the hands of GEORGE YOUNG.

Several "saucy" matches for the Spring have already been made—no less than three between *Ripton and Americus*! ["Hi! Hi!"] There is to be a spicy flare up, too, between the "Artful Dodger" (Ripton) and Cayuga Chief, so that all that people have to do, is, to "set their megs" and go it like bricks! These great sporting events are to come off (all of them over the Beacon Course) in the following order:—

First and foremost, Cayuga Chief gives Ripton "a turn" for \$500 a side, half forfeit, Mile heats in harness, (sulkies) on Thursday, the 20th April.

On Monday, 15th May, Ripton and Americus go Three mile heats in harness, for \$1000 a side.

On Monday, 22d May, they go Two mile heats, in harness, for \$1000 a side.

On Monday, 29th May, they go Mile heats, in harness, for \$1000 a side. Already \$500 have been put up to bind \$1500 more as forfeit, which is to be deposited between the 1st and 3d May. The only full, true and particular account of all these matches, and other sporting matters, will be seen in the

"Spirit," and its "small bill"—the "Sporting Chronicle"—for which thousands are already "snatching and eager." ["*Hear! Hear!* from all parts of the "country"!]

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT TROUT FISHING.

It is not without a manifest palpitation of the heart, and the fear of our venerable friend Gen. GEORGE G—N before our eyes, that we announce that *Trout Fishing* is at hand! CONROY's establishment, at 52 Fulton-street, is beginning to be the daily resort of the disciples of time-honored Izaak Walton; new rods and reels are to be seen "sticking out," almost anywhere about town. "about a feet." "THE OLD HANDS" are getting new tips for their well tested rods, that have grown tough in the service, and overhauling their lines, reels, and the miscellaneous contents of their baskets. Since pleasant weather has set in, an occasional "old file" may be seen silyly wending his way down to Spring Creek, or poking his ugly nose about the beautiful ponds of Jamaica. Fortunately most of them are still half frozen over, but in the tide streams on "the South side" of Long Island there will soon be good fishing.

Usually there have been many very large trout taken at LIP. SNEDICOR's as early as February. "A nice party" were down there a fortnight since, but caught more colds than fish. Stump Pond is still covered with ice, we hear, and "Black HARRY" has sent us word that "it's no use to try 'em in the Creek yet!" Two or three "young pins" from town are down at Uncle SAM CARMAN's at Fire Place, but as our friend the ex-Alderman has not sent us yet "the first big trout of the season," as he promised, we take it for granted that the "sockdollagers" talked of are merely "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

As every season brings out new candidates for piscatory fame, let them take a word of advice, which they shall have gratis. On no consideration purchase a fancy rod, and never loan a good one. We lost two last season, "hook and line," and had two more returned nearly useless. N. B. Most people take no more care of a borrowed rod or gun than they do of a borrowed umbrella. Get your tackle at Conroy's, who will fit you out without humbugging you with fancy lines or flies. Let everything be substantial, and of the very best quality; more than all, don't cumber yourself with anything you do not actually require. Instead of purchasing extra leaders, or hooks on snells, buy a hank of silk-worm gut, and bend them on yourself. Until you can tie your own hooks, and make your own leaders, you will only be able to frighten the eminently respectable inhabitants of the Long Island trout streams; you will save yourself and friends a deal of trouble and expense by a few weeks' practice in the Park Fountain. Do not think of one of those expensive, long handled scrap-nets for landing fish; you might as well be bothered with a barber's pole, surmounted with a wig block. Conroy will furnish you with a gaff for a shilling, which you can tote in your vest pocket; tie this securely on a six feet stick, when you reach your fishing ground, and it will answer your purpose infinitely better. You may require a net for catching killies, possibly, but if you do, buy a net merely; it can be bent in three minutes on a forked stick, and when not in use, occupies no more space in your basket, or a pocket of your fishing jacket than a handkerchief. All such traps as "swivel sinkers" (save for bass) and artificial frogs and fish, are out and out humbugs, and so are snap hooks. There, that will do—and when you have wet as many lines, or can throw a fly with "the Tall Son of York," you may talk—you may.

A Mr. ROBERT BLEDSOE, of Eatonton, Ga., contrives to "pile up the agony" a little higher on a horse of his called *Young Hedgford* than we have known since reading the "stud horse poetry" written on a famous Kentucky pacer. Hear him:—

Young Hedgford's dam was sired by the imported horse Eagle, the best horse of his day, having won whilst upon the Turf in England the enormous amount of \$934,773, which is a matter of record in the Racing Calendar of America, as well as in England; his grandam by the fine imported horse Dragon; the rest of his ancestry on the dam's side of the best American bloods. Young Hedgford himself was sired by the famous imported horse Hedgford, full bro-

ther to Birmingham, undoubtedly the best horse in England, having beaten the justly celebrated imported horse Priam, and twenty-six others, in the same race, for the great St. Leger Stakes, for which none except the best horses in the kingdom run.

Young Hedgford "can take our hat!" We "pass!"

John Blount and Eliza Calvert are again in the field. The latter has a remarkable turn of speed, and is one of the most promising mares in the Old Dominion. She is in the stable of our friend Dr. PAYNE. The renowned John Blount is one of the best horses ever bred in Virginia; over a good course, in good condition, he could have run two heats mighty low down in the forties. He is in Mr. HARE's stable, and we fervently hope his game leg will stand, and long do him good service.

Prospect of Sport at Havanna.—Our correspondents in different sections of the country express a great degree of confidence that the establishment of an American race course at Havanna will open a new market for our thoroughbred stock, more especially as stallions and mares are allowed to be imported free of duty, while geldings are heavily taxed. In the British West India Islands, more particularly in Jamaica, there are a great number of established Jockey Clubs which give purses as large as any of those in the United States. A wholesome rivalry between the Turfmen of the Spanish and British Islands would be productive of great benefit to the American breeders, inasmuch as horses can be imported there from any of the Atlantic cities at half the cost of their shipment from England. The N. O. "Picayune" of the 8th instant has the following paragraphs on the subject:—

We have had the pleasure of conversing with gentlemen who came over in the steamship *Alabama* from Havanna last week. We are very happy to learn something definite as to the prospects of the new race course. Whatever may be the zeal with which turfmen here may encourage Mr. GARRISON, unless he can enlist in his favor the prominent gentlemen in Havanna, the project will be likely to fall through. Mr. Garrison has succeeded in obtaining the countenance of the Captain General of the island for his enterprise. By the express permission of his Excellency, the course is named the "*Valdes Course*," and from the same high quarter every facility has been offered to the proprietor. In obtaining such distinguished patronage, and in forwarding his interests in other modes, Mr. Garrison has been particularly indebted to the kindness of the Count de Santovenia, a gentleman of the highest consideration, and alike distinguished for the liberality of his sentiments and the generous hospitality which he dispenses. Mr. de Lara, the nephew of the Count, and, like him, noted for his abilities and his acquirements, has rendered signal service to the cause. Indeed, all classes in the Havanna look with favor upon the effort of Mr. Garrison to establish a race course.

It is particularly gratifying to hear, too, from such gentlemen as have recently visited Havanna, how kindly and hospitably they have been received there, while their descriptions of the attractions of the city, its gaities and amusements, are glowing in the extreme. The mode of life prevailing among visitors to the island is represented to us as being much as in the United States, from the number of hotels kept by Americans or Englishmen; while, at the same time, they enjoy all the pleasures to be derived from a residence in a foreign capital, and that one of the most peculiar in its character, and inviting in its novelties and its gaities, in the known world! We are sanguine in the hope that the establishment of Mr. Garrison's course will eventually lead to more frequent intercourse between the citizens of Havanna and this city. Should racing take root among them, we may expect to see the amateurs from that island in attendance upon our meetings, when we venture to assure them that the attentions extended by them to citizens of the United States will be gratefully remembered and cordially reciprocated.

The New Race Course in Louisiana.—Mr. A. B. NEWSOM, (a Tennessee acquaintance of ours) who has recently established a course at Clinton, East Feliciana, advertises his meeting to commence on the 27th ultimo. The new Jockey Club convened on the 4th ult., and elected LAFAYETTE SAUNDERS, Esq., President, and D. J. FLUKER, Esq., and R. BROWN, Esq., Vice Presidents.

The match for \$500 a side, between *Tom Benton* and *Postmaster*, is off, the latter having paid forfeit. The match was to have been trotted (two mile heats, under the saddle), on the Beacon Course, on the 20th May.

J. D. OVERTON, of Fulton, claims the name of *Van Leer*, for his b. c., 3 yrs. old, by African, out of Blue Bonnet by Arab, grandam by Bagdad.

The Canadian Turf.—We learn from our editorial friends on "t'other side of the Line," that at the annual meeting of the members of the Montreal Turf Club, held at Swords' Hotel, on Tuesday, the 7th March, the following gentlemen were elected officers of the club for the ensuing year:—

President.—The Hon. Col. Gore.

Vice President.—Charles Penner, Esq.

Stewards.—The Hon. C. C. S. DeBleury, Lieut. Col. Ermatinger, G. W. Aubrey, Esq., R.A.; Lord Tullamore, 43d Regt.; Hon. John Pangman, Capt. T. W. Jones, Q.L.D.

Treasurer.—Geo. D. Gibb, Esq.

Secretary.—Samuel David, Esq.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH VS. TIME.

Over the Centreville Course, Long Island, Saturday, May 31, 1834.

FOR \$2000—100 MILES IN 10 HOURS.

BY A PAIR OF MATCHED HORSES IN HARNESS.

The details of the following match of which little else than the result was communicated for publication at the time, has, at our request, been furnished by the official Timer, and one of the parties interested, both of whom are well known in this community as gentlemen of equal integrity and intelligence.

The match was made between B. R. THEALL, Esq., and Mr. ———, both of this city, in the Spring of 1834. The terms of the match were that Mr. Theall would trot a pair of bay geldings kept and used as his private carriage horses, side by side, as a pair, in double harness, before a four wheeled waggon or carriage, 100 miles in 10 hours and 20 minutes [the 20 minutes being allowed for rests or stops, but the horses not to be kept in motion longer than 10 hours] for \$2000—the match to come off any day during the month of May, and upon any ground that Mr. Theall might select, he giving the opposite party twenty-four hours previous notice. The horses were *Master Burke*, a confirmed crib-biter, aged about 12 years, and *Robin*, about 8 years old.

Notice was first given for Thursday, May 29th, and the ground selected was the Centreville Trotting Course, Long Island, [1 mile and 10 feet round] but it having at an early hour commenced raining violently, the match was postponed until the following

Saturday, May 31st, 1834.—A little before 9 o'clock, A.M., the horses appeared on the ground, harnessed as a pair, with cross reins, and attached to a very light four-wheeled carriage, with a sulkey body (of the size of a common chair) mounted on the springs or thorough-braces, as a seat for the driver; the weight of the carriage was 185 lbs. Mr. GEO. SPICER, the celebrated trainer and jockey of trotting horses, was selected to drive the match; his weight was within a fraction of 150 lbs. Robin was altogether too high in flesh, and had a false quarter in one fore foot, of which he complained—Master Burke was in fine condition. The ground was in as good order as could be wished, the rain on the Thursday previous having cooled and somewhat softened the surface, which was naked as a turf, and smooth, composed of a sandy loam, yet in general rather firm and hard. The odds before starting were two to one on time.

At 20 minutes after 9 o'clock, A.M., they went off at a moderate pace, and continued at the rate of from five to six minutes per mile, until they had gone ten miles; they were then pulled up and breathed for about half a minute. The following is an accurate statement of the manner in which they were driven, and of the different stoppages during the performance:—

At the end of the 10th mile they were stopped	0:35 sec.
“ “ 20th “ “ “ “	2:40
“ “ 30th “ “ “ “	3:02
“ “ 40th “ “ “ “	1:21
“ “ 50th “ “ “ “	11:19
[Here they were unharnessed and rubbed down.]	
“ “ 60th “ “ “ “	3:44
“ “ 70th “ “ “ “	0:42
“ “ 80th “ “ “ “	0:41
“ “ 90th “ “ “ “	3:17
“ “ 95th “ “ “ “	0:30
“ “ 98th “ “ “ “	0:43

Total time of stoppages..... 28:34

The 100 miles were accordingly trotted in 9 hours 48 minutes and 48 seconds, which being subtracted from the time taken by the stoppages 28 minutes 34 seconds, gives the total time 10 hours 17 minutes 22 seconds, *thus beating the time allowed (of 10 hours 20 minutes) two minutes and thirty-eight seconds!*

We have preserved the time in which each mile was trotted, the shortest was 5:06, and the longest 7:27. The horses showed no symptoms of distress in the first 50 miles; here the odds became in favor of the performance. When they had accomplished 80 miles Robin appeared to be much affected and his respiration became long and difficult; here it was suggested by Mr. Spicer to take the draught off *his* traces, which was acceded to by Mr. Theall; consequently the entire draught during the remainder of the match fell on Master Burke, which double duty he performed in gallant style, Robin laying back on his collar merely keeping up his pace. At the 80th mile betting changed *against* the horses, and the odds continued to increase until the last mile. Robin was dead beat, but Master Burke could have done still more.

The course being circular they were trotted the first 37 miles with the left hand to the pole, but here Master Burke became restive, and would not work up well—as many supposed from fatigue—but such an idea was not entertained for a moment by those who knew his indomitable game. The horses were in consequence turned, and the next 36 miles driven with the whip-hand to the pole, when Master Burke gallantly redeemed himself. They were now turned again and went once round, but it was very evident that Master Burke had some queer notions about which side he did his work; they were accordingly turned once more and finished the match with the whip hand to the pole.

The utmost credit is due to Spicer for the great judgment evinced by him throughout, and his coolness and management. He persevered to the end without taking any refreshment whatever; the horses had a little oat-meal and water occasionally when stopped.

This we consider the most extraordinary performance on record. Tom Thumb went 100 miles in a light two wheeled sulkey in 10 hours 7 minutes. A horse at Charleston, South Carolina, was matched in January, 1826, to travel 50 times round the Washington Race Course (a distance of 50 miles) in five successive hours, either in harness or under the saddle, which he performed in harness, having 2 minutes and 12 seconds to spare. But when the impediments to free action and stride which occur to a pair of horses coupled together (compared to one singly) are taken into consideration, neither of these performances and particularly the last, can be named with that of Mr. Theall's horses.

During the last fourteen miles of Mr. Theall's extraordinary match Master Burke was not only obliged to do all the work but to drag along his partner, Robin, who supported himself by “playing the old soldier” in a style that would have excited shouts of laughter on any other occasion. Master Burke was consequently a good deal punished near the close, but he would have gone through the match cheerfully, and without distress, had Robin been equal to him in endurance. At the conclusion of the match the horses were instantly unharnessed and warmly clothed; they were not suffered to lie down in the stable but were carefully-groomed while walking; on the following morning they walked from the course to Mr. T.'s stable in town, a distance of nine miles or more, and, in the course of a few days, they were entirely recovered from the exhausting effects of their immense day's work.

The Racing Calendar.

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., MARION COURSE.

TUESDAY, Jan. 17, 1843—The *Cotton Stakes*, for 3 yr. olds bred in Florida, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. five bales of cotton each, two it. Five subs. Two mile heats.
Col. Jas. J. Pittman's ch. c. *John Francis*, by Francis Marion, out of Mary Doubleday by John Henry 1 1
Hayward & Tiedwell's ch. f. *Ann Gilliard*, by Gano, dam by Red Shark 2 2
Time, 4:06—4:10.

The filly is a beautiful little animal, and her owners had high expectations; but she is built on too fine a scale, and evidently wants stamina. Whilst her competitor, the colt, is a second edition of old Francis Marion, which won the colts' sweepstakes of \$1000 subscription over this course in 1833, it is thought by judges that he has some better points for a race horse; but he has yet to shew what he can do, having made this crop of cotton without any work. His spirited owner, who is the father of the Turf in Florida, is justly proud of him, having bred the sire and the son.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, for —. Mile heats.

Mr. Long's b. g. *Brown Bay* 1 1
Mr. Kirk's gr. g. *Old Admiral* 2 2
Time, 1:56—1:58.

This was a very interesting race, but won easily by Mr. Long's horse, to the great disappointment of the friends of Old Admiral, who thought him a nag that would be hard to beat, and, considering the hard times, had laid up some pretty stont piles upon him.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$275, \$50 to go to the second best horse, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. H. Kendall's b. m. *Martha Raney*, by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Sumpter, 5 yrs 1 1
Col. Jas. J. Pittman's b. f. *Jane Bascombe*, by John Bascombe, dam by Baron Trenck, 4 yrs 2 dist.
Thos. Brown's b. h. *Tacon*, by Imp. Felt, out of Virginia by Virginian, 5 yrs 4 dist.
F. P. Gerow's ch. m. *Clarissa* (own sister to Clarion), by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 6 yrs 3 dr
Time, 3:56—3:52.

Martha Raney was the favorite at large odds, and took the first heat without a brush. On the second heat there were some pretty heavy bets made on distancing the field, which caused her very liberal and gentlemanly owner very reluctantly to give instructions to let her mend her pace, and at the close the field was *nowhere*. Clarissa was drawn after the first heat.

THURSDAY, Jan. 19—Jockey Club Purse \$425, \$75 to go to the second best horse, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Maj. H. Kendall's b. c. *Joe Sturges*, by John Bascombe, dam by Thomas's Sir Andrew, 4 yrs, 104lbs 1 1
W. R. Elliott's (Col. N. Terry's) b. f. *Sally Hart*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Clear the Kitchen by Shakspeare, 3 yrs 2 2
Maj. George T. Ward's b. f. *Jeanette*, by John Richards, dam by Diomed, 4 yrs. 3 3
Time, 6:08—6:14.

Joe Sturges carried four pounds over his weight. Sally Hart, who was just recovering from the distemper, and was in no condition to run, was entered merely as an experiment, and to increase the sport, never having been in a three mile race. Her owner advised her friends not to risk on her, as he was sure, in her then condition, she could not win.

Joe Sturges took the track, and maintained it for two miles and a half, when Sally Hart made a brush at him on the back stretch, but when they got to the turn, where the sand was heavy, she was too weak to keep her position, and Joe Sturges passed her and took the heat cleverly.

In the second heat, Joe Sturges manifesting no disposition to be sociable the young ladies seemed disposed to lower their aspirations to a contest for the second place; and Jeanette improving in her pace, a very animated struggle ensued between her and Sally Hart for the whole of the last two miles, the latter coming in second by about a length.

FRIDAY, Jan. 20—J. C. Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Col. H. Kendall's b. m. *Martha Raney*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 1 1 1
Thos. Brown's b. h. *Tacon*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 2 2 dr
Time, 1:56—1:53.

This race excited no interest, as it was very certain that we had nothing to enter that could put Martha Raney up to her speed on any part of the ground. Mr. Elliott having had the distemper in his stable, his best chance, Veto, was thrown out; and Col. Putman had nothing for this day, so Tacon was entered merely to make a race.

SATURDAY, Jan. 21—Sweepstakes for the beaten horses of the previous days, weights as before. Sub. \$25 each, to which the proprietor will add \$25. Mile heats.

F. P. Gerow's ch. m. <i>Clarissa</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	1	1
R. Elliott's b. f. <i>Sally Hart</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:57—1:58.

Thus closed the annual races over the Marion Course.

FRIDAY, Feb. 10—Match for \$300 Three mile heats.

R. Elliott's b. f. <i>Sally Hart</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Maj. Geo. T. Ward's b. f. <i>Jeanette</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 6:10—6:21.

EDWIN M. DORSEY, Sec'y.

CHARLESTON, S. C., WASHINGTON COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 22, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages; 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

L. Lovell's (John E. Colhoun & Co.'s) gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, aged.....	4	3	1	1
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's ch. h. <i>Santa Anna</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Daisy (the dam of Kate Converse) by Kosciusko, aged.....	5	1	2	2
Col. W. Hampton's ch. m. <i>Rowtonella</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Sally Hopkins by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	2	2	3	r. o.
Hon. J. S. Hunter's b. m. <i>Mary Thomas</i> , by Imp. Consul, out of Parrot by Roanoke, 5 yrs.....	1	*		
M. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. by Augustus, dam by Orville—Sprightly, 4 yrs.....	3	dr		

Time, 7:55—8:09—8:14—8:16. * Broke down.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Lewis Lovell's b. h. <i>Reveillee</i> , by Virginian, out of Southerner's dam, 5 yrs.....	1	1
W. H. Sinkler's ch. c. <i>Billy Dykes</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, out of Leocadia (the dam of Little Venus), 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 1:55—1:58.

THURSDAY, Feb. 23—J. C. Purse \$750, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Lewis Lovell's ch. m. <i>Martha Rowton</i> , by Imp. Rowton—Phenomena, 5 yrs.....	1	2	1
Maj. Wm. Sinkler's ch. m. <i>Jeanette Berkley</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina by Buzzard, age 1.....	3	1	2
J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Zoe</i> , by Imp. Rowton, out of Leocadia, 4 yrs.....	2	3	dr
M. R. Singleton's Imp. b. f. by Glaucus, out of Christabel by Woful, 4 yrs.....	dist.		

Time, 5:54—5:59—6:13.

This was an exceedingly interesting race, each heat being well contested. Jeanette Berkley had only been in training six weeks; she ran, therefore, under very disadvantageous circumstances; nevertheless, she made a remarkably game race, and must, it was generally believed, have won the deciding heat had she been judiciously managed and jockeyed.

FRIDAY, Feb. 24—J. C. Purse \$500, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Sinkler's (Marion Deveau's) ch. c. <i>Hero</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Imp. Mania by Figaro, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Col. W. Hampton's (J. Lamkin's) ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , by Andrew, dam by Galatin, 6 yrs.....	3	2
M. R. Singleton's b. m. <i>Kate Converse</i> , by Imp. Nonplus, out of Daisy by Kosciusko, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.

Time, 3:52—3:49.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Hon. J. S. Hunter's ch. f. <i>Glenara</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Lewis Lovell's ch. f. <i>Arlsey</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:58—4:07.

SATURDAY, Feb. 25—Purse \$—, handicap weights. Three mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Sinkler's (Marion Deveau's) ch. c. <i>Hero</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs, 90lbs....	1	1
J. B. Richardson's ch. f. <i>Zoe</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs, 94lbs.....	2	2

Time, 5:57—5:56.

The following horses were handicapped for the three mile race above:—

<i>Omega</i> was handicapped to carry 123lbs.	<i>Zoe</i> was handicapped to carry 94lbs.
<i>Santa Anna</i> " " " 123 "	<i>Jeanette Berkley</i> " " " 116 "
<i>Rowtonella</i> " " " 105 "	<i>Glaucus filly</i> " " " 90 "
<i>Mary Thomas</i> " " " 100 "	<i>Hero</i> " " " 90 "
<i>B. f. by Augustus</i> " " " 94 "	<i>Mary Elizabeth</i> " " " 114 "
<i>Martha Rowton</i> " " " 109 "	<i>Kate Converse</i> " " " 100 "

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—, conditions as on Friday. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

L. Lovell's b. f. <i>Nancy Rowland</i> , by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs	1	1	1
W. H. Sinkler's ch. c. <i>Billy Dykes</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	2
Time, 1:55—1:57—2:00.			

Thus terminated, over the Washington Course, the races for 1843. The sport during the week was uncommonly good, many heats having been closely and beautifully contested. Friday's race brought out Mr. Deveau's splendid colt *Hero*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Imp. Mania by Figaro, who fully realised all that had been expected from him by his recent debut at Pineville. He won in gallant style, without a struggle, the Jockey Club Purse on Friday, two mile heats, and on the following day the Handicap race, three mile heats. South Carolina, it is believed, may now boast the possession of two of the most promising 3 yr. old colts in America, namely, *Hero* and *Herald*. The latter colt, the property of Col. Hampton, 15½ hands high, with great strength, easy and beautiful action, carrying 93lbs., and winning at the recent meeting at Columbia "The Hampton Plate," two mile heats, without an effort, in 3:54—3:53, must prove a formidable nomination in the great Peyton Stake. *Herald* commences his journey to Nashville in April.

The Jockey Club Ball, as usual, was a brilliant affair, and the Club Dinner an entertainment of great social enjoyment. In compliment to Omega, the winner on the four mile day, among other appropriate toasts offered, Col. Hampton gave the following neat and classical sentiment:—

"Omega—She deserves a higher place in the alphabet. If she is not the *Alpha*, she certainly is the *Beta* (beater)." JOHN B. IRVING, Sec'y.

NATCHEZ, Miss., PHARSALIA COURSE.

FRIDAY, Feb. 24, 1843—Citizens' Purse \$200, ent. \$50 added. Two mile heats.			
Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 3 yrs. 53lbs	<i>French.</i>		
Miles Kelly's b. f. <i>Mary Bell</i> , by John Richards, dam by Top Gallant, 3 yrs. 83lbs	1	1	
A. L. Bingaman's b. c. <i>Dick Bluewater</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Chuck-a-luck (Hard Heart's dam), 3 yrs. 86lbs	3	2	
Time, 3:51—3:52. Course about fair.			

Won easily. *Norma* was the favorite vs. the field.

SATURDAY, Feb. 25—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 73lbs., fillies 70lbs. Sub. \$100 each, h. ft., \$25 if declared. Mile heats.			
Miles Kelly's ch. f. <i>Virginia</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard Tonsen	<i>Woods.</i>		
S. Dubois' (S. J. Taylor's) ch. c. <i>Gen. Dubays</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Nanny Kilham by Voltaire	2	1	1
Wm. J. Minor's (M. McNulty's) b. f. <i>St. Catherine</i> , by Imp. Doncaster, dam unknown	3	2	2
Time, 1:52—1:52—1:53. Course about fair.			

Before the start, Kate was the favorite at 3 to 2 vs. the field. After the first heat, which was won in a canter, the odds rose to 2 to 1. In the second heat, Kate lost forty yards at the start; she, however, made it up in the back stretch, and was twenty yards ahead before three quarters of a mile had been run, exhibiting a turn of speed rarely, if ever, before equalled. The brush was too long and too strong for a young one; it was "linked sweetness long drawn out," and told severely in the run home, where the little favorite tired, and was beaten by Virginia some twenty feet. In the third heat, the two Leviathans got off well together, and kept up a spirited contest to the finish, the filly winning by about ten feet. She was very well jockeyed by Woods, and was brought to the post in very good order by her trainer, JIM DAVIS, of Jim Bell notoriety.

A YOUNG TURFMAN.

MOBILE, ALA., BASCOMBE COURSE.

MOBILE, 9th March, 1843.

Dear P.—Had our Spring Meeting been attended with any *clat*, or produced any good sport, I had not left you so long in ignorance of its results. A capital race well described yields its moiety of enjoyment to the enthusiastic absentee, whose imagination plays proxy to his senses, but to waste words on a poor one is labor lost. It is as profitless as the effort to embody a shadow. Could our race accounts have given any embellishment to your columns, I had not left them so long unwritten; but as they are only useful in keeping your

records complete, I trust they are yet in time. Lacon says—"When you have nothing to say, say nothing,"—and mindful of the aphorism, I "come to He-cuba at once."

MONDAY, Feb. 27, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 72lbs., fillies 69lbs. Four subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. One mile.
 Jas. E. Zuntz's ro. g. *Tigertail*, by Wild Bill, out of Lucetta by Jerry..... 1
 Col. Robt. Smith's gr. g. *John H. Stephenson*, by O'Connell, out of a Virginian mare by Medley..... 2
 Gen. Thos. B. Scott's b. c. *Sir Mark Wood*, by Pacific, out of an imported mare..... 3
 Col. R. B. Harrison's b. c. *Deformity*, by Crazy Bill, dam by Virginius..... 4
 Time, 1:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.
 Col. Robt. Smith's bl. g. *Old Master* (brother to Old Mistress), by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon..... 1 1
 M. J. McRae's br. c. *Jim Brown*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Hal..... 2 2
 Maj. Wm. A. Verreil's br. f. *Ione*, by Imp. Consol, dam by Pacific..... 3 3
 Time, 1:56—1:53.

TUESDAY, Feb. 28—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.
 Jas. E. Zuntz's ch. f. *Susan Hill*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hull by Timoleon..... 1 1
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. c. *Borac*, by Pacific, dam by Bagdad..... 2 2
 Time, 3:54—3:51.

The Glencoe won easily. She is the same I told you 'to look out for in my last records. The colt was bad with the distemper.

WEDNESDAY, March 1—J. C. Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr olds to carry 86lbs — 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.
 Col. Robt. B. Harrison's b. c. *Joe Winfield*, by John Dawson, out of Sally Dillard (Sleepy John's dam), 3 yrs..... 1 1
 Jas. E. Zuntz's br. f. *Ione*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 dist.
 M. J. McRae's br. h. *Jim Brown*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... dist.
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 5 yrs..... dist.
 Time, 3:53—3:58.

Bois d'Arc won the 1st heat, but was distanced for foul riding.

THURSDAY, March 2—J. C. Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. Robt. B. Harrison's b. c. *Sleepy John*, by John Dawson—Phenomena, 4 yrs... 1 1
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. c. *Borac*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 2 2
 Time, 5:59—5:58.

FRIDAY, March 3—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Gen. Thos. B. Scott's b. f. *Hannah Harris* (own sister to John Bascombe), by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 1 1
 Malcomb J. McRae's ch. m. *Martha Carter*, by Bertrand, out of Sally Naylor by Imp. Knowsley, 5 yrs..... 2 2
 Col. Robt. Smith's ch. h. *Bois d'Arc*, pedigree above, 5 yrs..... 3 3
 Time, 8:00—8:04.

SATURDAY, March 4—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
 Jas. E. Zuntz's ch. f. *Susan Hill*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 1 1 1
 M. J. McRae's br. c. *Jim Brown*, pedigree above, 4 yrs..... 2:
 Col. Robt. Smith's gr. g. *John H. Stephenson*, pedigree above, 2 yrs..... 3 3 dist
 Time, 1:55—1:55—1:57.

SAME DAY—Second Race—"The Waverley Cup" of \$50 value, presented by the Proprietors of the Waverley House; ent. \$10 each added; weights as before. Mile heats.
 J. McNicoll's b. c. *Monkey Dick*, by Dick Singleton, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs. 3 1 1
 James E. Zuntz's gr. g. *Joe Anderson*, by John Anderson, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs..... 2 2 2
 Col. Robt. Smith's bl. g. *Old Master*, pedigree above, 3 yrs..... 1 3 dist.
 J. R. Blacker's b. f. *Ella Murphy*, by Imp. Glencoe, d. by Sir William, 3 yrs.. 4 dist.
 Time, 1:53—1:55—1:57.

It rained in torrents, with so thick a fog that the horses were scarcely visible. And thus ended our Spring Meeting.

Mr. D. STEPHENSON has offered to sell the track out to our resident citizens; and as his price is low, and terms easy, I hope the sale will be effected. The property contains over 80 acres, with the course, stands, and ample stabling for 40 or 50 horses. The sum required is \$20,000—one half in cash, and the rest in one and two years; and the mode proposed is to sell in 200 shares of \$100 each, that so the track may become the property of our citizens, and the sports be conducted as in Charleston and Lexington. If this project can be carried out, you may look to see the Turf revive here, for were the management in the hands of our leading citizens, their families would attend the races, and you know what the influence of the ladies always is in such, or in all cases.

Adieu! Health to you, and success to the "Spirit."

F.

SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., RACES.

Omitted in the Calendar of 1842.

TUESDAY, Aug. 30, 1842—Purse \$50, ent. \$5, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs. —4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Isaac Foster, sen.'s b. g. <i>Reindeer</i> , by Timoleon, aged	1
Andrew Burne, jr.'s bl. h. by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	dist.
J. W. Sanius' b. g. <i>Bald Hornet</i> , by Van Tromp, 6 yrs.....	dist.
P. A. Prindle's ch. h. <i>American Star</i> , by Clinton, dam by Diomed, aged.....	dist.
Wm. M. Welch's b. f. <i>Suckey</i> , pedigree unknown, 4 yrs.....	dist.
Thos. J. Burke's ch. h. by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Bussorah, aged	dr
Jas. H. Calwell's b. g. by Young Clinton, dam by Van Tromp, 6 yrs.....	dr

Time, 1:58.

This was a "soft snap," as *Reindeer*, after the first quarter, took the lead, was never headed, and won hard in hand. Great excitement: the owners ready to match the winner against "Old White-nose."

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 31—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Two mile heats. Jas. H. Calwell's ch. h. *Dan Marble*, by Woodpecker, out of an own sister to

West Florida's dam, 5 yrs	1	1
J. W. Sanius' b. m. <i>Polly Hopkins</i> , by Campbell's Lance, 6 yrs.....	2	dist.
R. H. Farley's b. m. by Bertrand, dam by Janus, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:30—4:25.

This, too, was a "dead open and shut," as the winner could have posted the field in the first heat. He is, moreover, the horse that was started here in 1841 in the two mile race, and was only beaten by about *three quarters of a mile*; but then he was in no condition, and carried 20lbs. extra.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. \$25 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Ro. Nickle's ch. f. by Matchem, dam by Clinton	1	1
Thos. S. Campbell's ch. c. by Young Barefoot, dam by Aristotle	2	2
Gen. A. A. Chapman's b. f. by Aristotle Jr., dam by Sir Archy	dist.	dist.

Time, 2:02—2:07. Won easily.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match for \$50. One mile.

R. H. Farley's b. m., pedigree unknown, aged	1
Isaac Foster, sen.'s b. g. <i>Reindeer</i> , pedigree above, aged	2

Time, 1:56.

The owners and admirers of *Reindeer* (who won the first day) were so certain that he could beat anything that "wore hair," that they had no hesitation in closing the above match, with the owners of a mare from Kanawha County, ten years old, that had run to the mail stage for two years, and was brought along merely for company for one of their horses in regular training. The result shews that some people are "smart."

THURSDAY, Sept. 1—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Jas. H. Calwell's ch. f. <i>Peggy Hale</i> , by Imp. Skylark, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs ...	1	1
A. Gibson's ch. h. <i>Parker</i> , by Eclipse, out of Jane Shore by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	3	2
G. P. Huddleston's b. h. <i>Telemachus</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 6:13—6:15.

This was a very interesting and closely contested race. At the word "off," they went at a *bulging* rate for about two hundred yards, when the filly gradually pulled back to a respectful distance, and allowed the others to run as much as they pleased, until they came to the last half mile, when she went up, and after a very handsome brush, won the heat by a length.

They all cooled so badly. The filly, to me, was evidently too "green," and Parker cramped so badly that it was thought he would fail on the course, and certainly could not start again; but he improved slowly by a little moderate exercise, and when the call sounded for the second heat, he looked not much the "worse for wear." The second heat was much like the first, inasmuch as the two horses, very imprudently, it was thought, ran at each other from the start, and allowed the filly to trail for two miles and a half, when she slipped up and won the heat; not as easily, however, as she did the first, as Parker was close upon her haunches, and *Telemachus* well up in the crowd.

Thus ended our fourth annual meeting. As for the quarter races during the week, ma conscience! Burton's "Bulger Ball" couldn't have "touched bottom."

Yours with respect,

A. E.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

MAY, 1843.

Embellishment:

TIGER HUNTING IN BENGAL:

Engraved on Steel by Dick, from an Engraving in the Oriental Annual.

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RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
 BALTIMORE, Md. - - Kendall Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
 FAYETTE, Mo. - - - Sweepstakes, 8th and 9th of June.
 FORT SMITH, Arks. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th May.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 10th May.
 NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Monday, 15th May.
 NEW YORK CITY - Union Course, L. 1., J. C. Spring Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
 PHILADELPHIA and CAMDEN. J. C. S. M., Camden Course, N. J., 4th Tuesday, 23d May.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Spring Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday, 3d May.
 " " " Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
 TORONTO, U. C. - - Turf Club Spring Meeting, St. Leger Course, in June.
 TRENTON, N. J. - - Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th May.
 WASHINGTON, D.C. National Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th May.

TROTTING TO COME.

BEACON COURSE, N. J. Hoboken, opposite N. Y. City. Regular Spring Meeting in May.
 " " " Spring Sweepstakes last week in April, or first of May.
 " " " Match, \$1000 a side, *Ripton* and *Americus*, three mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 3d Monday, 15th May.
 " " " Match, \$1000 a side, *Ripton* and *Americus*, two mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 4th Monday, 22d May.
 " " " Match, \$1000 a side, *Ripton* and *Americus*, mile heats, in harness, sulkies, 5th Monday, 29th May.

ON BREEDING THE HUNTER.

FROM what shall I breed ?

This question, put to me by a friend, who like myself, takes great interest in that most useful, but too often abused animal the horse, has induced me (as having been rather a fortunate breeder of hunters) to record my opinions on the subject, thinking they may perhaps be acceptable and useful to some of the readers of this Magazine.

As I have just stated, the hunter is the class of horse to which I have almost entirely devoted my attention, and in order to insure the most likely prospect of obtaining what shall realize my wishes, I am always most particular that the mare I intend to breed from possesses none of those imperfections which I should be sorry to see in the foal ; *perfection* is as rarely met with in the horse as in anything else, but in the mare, there should be more especially no very obvious defect, such as bad fore-legs, upright shoulder, shortness of the hind quarter, or straightness of the hind legs, by which I mean a want of that curvature from hip to hock, which, combined with length from the same points, is sure to give *speed*, as is very observable in the structure of the hare's leg ; and here I will name what always is a decided beauty, this is for the knees and hocks to be as low down as possible, the cannon bone being very short ; length in the animal is a beauty, but mark where this length must be, not in what is termed the body, for that should be short ; but length should be in the fore and hind quarters ; roundness of the body, depth of rib, and straightness and width of back behind the saddle, are also great beauties.

Having determined on the mare from which I intend to breed, I next employ myself in studying the points of the sire.

Now I ought before this to have stated that I always prefer a mare, though nearly, still not completely thorough-bred ; while the horse must be of the best pure blood to be had, and my reason for preferring a mare a shade removed from full blood is this : the chances are that her foals will be equal to more weight than the perfectly thorough-breds, while there will be quite sufficient of blood for the speed required. Blood is wind in a sporting sense, and therefore as hunting is not now what it was in our grandfather's time, none can go the pace that are not highly bred.

In selecting a stallion I am always particular that the points in which my mare is most wanting, are the most prominent beauties in the horse.

Another reason for not breeding the complete thorough-bred horse, is, that as most people wish to breed with as little chance of loss as possible,—in rearing a fine animal with plenty of bone, should any slight accident occur to render him unfit for a hunter, the chances are he will still make a most useful harness horse, whereas full-blood weeds are perhaps the most unsaleable of horses,

fit only for very slight weights, and frequently to be procured for some twenty or thirty pounds, thus becoming a total loss to the breeder.

Extremes in crossing are very rarely successful, and it is really astonishing to see farmers so constantly putting their complete cart mares to thorough-bred horses, expecting to have foals of a class fit for hunters, whereas nine times out of ten they are fit neither for draught or hunting, for though they may be up to weight, which is what they expect, there is always a lamentable deficiency of pluck, and the same mare, with a three parts bred horse, would be likely to produce a very valuable class of horse, the coach horse.

PINK.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for April, 1843.

ON TRAINING TROTTING HORSES.

THEIR HEIGHT.

THE annexed list gives the height of many celebrated horses, *estimated* only, but by two most experienced men, one of whom had groomed or ridden almost every one named, and the other is an old amateur, who has the quickest eye for a horse, and who rode *after* most of those named, and has seen them all repeatedly. Of the thirty in the list, they differed only about eight, and of these only by one inch, save in a single case. In the eight cases we have given the estimate of the jockey who had ridden or driven them, and have great faith in its accuracy.

Names.	hds.	in.	Names.	hds.	in.
Dutchman	15	3½	Cato	16	—
Lady Suffolk	15	2	Edwin Forrest	15	—
Columbus	16	1	Burster	15	—
Aaron Burr	15	1	Norman Leslie	15	3
Rattler (the latest)	15	2	Confidence (latest)	15	2
Screwdriver (old)	16	—	Locomotive	16	—
do. (latest)	15	—	Sally Miller	15	3
D. D. Tompkins	15	—	Charlotte Temple	15	—
Lady Warrington	15	1	Washington	16	—
Lady Victory	15	2	Modesty	14	2
Topgallant	15	3	Greenwich Maid	15	—
Sir Peter	15	2	Awful	15	3
Whalebone	15	3	Henry	15	1
Shakspeare	15	2	Paul Pry	16	—
Betsey Baker	15	3			

The acknowledged superiority of the performances of the American over English trotters, or to speak with more precise accuracy, extraordinary performances in a greater number of cases, has been already attributed to superior skill in *training*, but on that we must not be understood as laying so much stress, as upon *superior jockey-*

ship in this particular department; for *the training of the trotting horse*, so far as we can learn, requires no considerable skill, save as it is connected with the skill of the jockey who usually acts in both capacities. For training, the whole code is said to consist of three words—air, exercise, and food. The work given him in training is severe according to his constitution, and consists in walking him from twelve to twenty miles daily, and giving him “sharp work” three or four times a week. This “sharp work” is usually a distance of two miles, or sometimes three. The horse is not put to his speed this entire distance, but taught to rouse himself at intervals, at the call of his jockey, who encourages him and brings out his utmost capacity by *his voice*, not less securely than by the usual persuasion of whip and spur. This feature of trotting jockeyship is peculiar and not a little amusing. The jockey is continually talking or rather growling to his horse, and at times he bursts out into shouts and yells, that would be terrific if not so ludicrous. The object would appear to be twofold—first, to encourage his horse to the utmost possible exertion of his powers when called upon, and again, so to accustom him to this harsh shouting that he may not break up when he hears it from the opposing jockey—for it is deemed not unsportsmanlike for one jockey to break up the pace of another’s nag by thus actually frightening him. Many a victory has Hiram Woodruff won by thus rousing his own horse and breaking up his opponent’s on the last quarter. These two-mile drives are not repeated as is usual in training the race-horse. Nor is the work of the trotter given at intervals so regular as in the case of the other, nor is he kept in such habitual quiet; the trainer consults his own convenience to a great degree as to the time when he will give his nag exercise, and he never hesitates about taking him out and showing him at any hour.

In other respects too, the treatment of the trotting-horse differs from that of the more high-bred racer. Less delicate in constitution and form, he is less delicately fed and groomed. Allowed to eat when and what they please, trotting horses are groomed with much the same care as well-kept town coach-horses, or perhaps the English hunter. In the two grand points of keeping them in robust health and giving them hard work enough, the training of the trotter and the racer is identical. But for the trotter from six to eight weeks’ training is deemed sufficient. We are inclined to believe that very much of the superiority of the American trotter and roadster is attributable to the skill of the jockey. Our mode of driving them differs essentially from the English, and though neither easy nor elegant, it succeeds admirably in developing the capabilities of a horse at this pace. The case already cited of Wheelan and the horse Alexander in England, is in point, and it is practically illustrated every day in New York, many English residents of which city are trotting amateurs; they one and all, after a little experience, adopt the Yankee mode of driving.

It has long been a question exciting much interest, whether twenty miles has been, or can be, trotted in one hour. There is no record of any such performance, although there have been many attempts

to do it. But men of great judgment and long experience, are so fully confident of the ability of our horses to go that distance at the required rate, that large odds would be laid that it can be done. The difficulty is to find an individual who will at this day back him to an adequate amount; for it will readily occur that a horse that can accomplish the feat must be of great value and the risk of injury to him is of course very considerable. It is believed that \$10,000 to \$5,000 would readily be laid that Dutchman can do it, and probably Americus would be backed at less odds likewise to do it. The trotting amateurs in New York profess to entertain no doubt at all upon the subject, and it is believed they have sufficient reason for the opinion.

Hon. J. S. Skinner's Notes to Youatt's Treatise "On the Horse."

THE AMERICAN TURF.

From the London "New Sporting Magazine" for April, 1843.

It is now some time since I have written you, touching Turf matters on this side of the big pond; you have, however, been able to keep pace with its doings, by the aid of that most spirited sporting paper, "The Spirit of the Times."

Within the last month, in the sunny South, a fling has been made for the topmost round of the ladder of fame, by a daughter of Imp. Consol. I allude to the recent achievements of Miss Foote, and for the benefit of your readers will give the placing, time, &c., as taken from a most excellent journal published at Orleans, called "The Picayune," one of the editors of which is that clever fellow, Geo. W. Kendall, captured by the Mexicans in the late Santa-Fé expedition.

New Orleans Jockey Club Purse \$600, Four mile heats, 3 yr. olds. 56lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7, and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.

Lin. Cocke's b. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Gabrielle, by Partisan,	4 yrs. old	-----	-----	-----	-----	Monk	2	1	1
F. Duplantier's b. h. <i>George Martin</i> , by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Gabriella, by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. old	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	1	2	2
D. F. Kenner's (Wm. R. Barrow's) ch. h. <i>Geo. W. Kendall</i> , by Medoc, out of Jenny Davers, by Stockholder, 4 yrs. old	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	3	dis.

	TIME.				
	1st mile.	2d mile.	3d mile.	4th mile.	Total.
First heat	1:56	1:53	1:52	1:55½	7:36½
Second heat	1:55½	1:51½	1:52	2:00	7:39½
Third heat	2:00	1:56	1:56	1:59½	7:51½

In the first heat Miss Foote allowed George Martin to make a gap of some hundred yards in the first two miles, when Monk (on her) gave her a touch of the catgut and steel, and drove her home, George winning the heat in 7:36½ by some three or four open lengths. In the second heat the horse took the track, and never relinquished it, until in the run home, when the game little one,

by dint of whip and spur, beat him out two lengths. Kendall was distanced by being pulled up through mistake. In the third heat the horse sulked, and the mare led by fifty yards—he collared her before she got half a mile, and led to the third mile, but she proved too much for him, though he stood up to his work manfully, and proved himself, as he is, one of the gamest of the game.

The far famed daughter of Trustee, the invincible Fashion, in her match with Boston, made the two heats in 7:32½—7:45—winning the second heat with much ease.

Miss Foote is an extraordinary animal indeed—she is very small, and has been knocked about from pillar to post, but seems as tough as leather. She has made a second heat in 7:35. She won in Kentucky in 7:42—7:40.

Fashion has started four times at four mile heats, and walked over once at that distance. She has beaten old Boston, the best race-horse, I honestly think, America has ever produced, twice. She has beaten Blue Dick twice, and John Blount once. Her time has been as follows:—

She won in 7:42—7:48—Blount winning the 1st heat, and Boston distanced.

She won in 7:32½—7:45—beating Boston.

She won in 7:38—7:52½—beating Blue Dick.

She won in 7:36—7:49—beating Blue Dick.

She ran her races over courses where they carry from three to four pounds more weight than over those South of the Potomac, excepting in South Carolina.

I should not wonder if the challenge made from those South of Mason and Dixon's line, be accepted. North of that line, there are Fashion, Boston (who is still as sound as a dollar), Cassandra, Blue Dick, Register, and others. South, they have Miss Foote, Reel, Fanny, George Martin, Hannah Harris, Nat Bradford, Kate Aubrey, and a host of good ones. If it takes place, we shall see a sporting affair.

The get of Leviathan (a colt out of Imp. Florestine) has the call in the Great Peyton Stake. He is a tried one, and is on the ground. A son of Plenipo, a daughter of Luzborough, and some Priams, are deemed formidable also. It will be a great race. The stake, if all stand up to their fodder, will be \$150,000.

The Priams were in great force last year. They have more finish than any horses I have ever seen, and I think you missed it when he was allowed to leave England.

Truly yours,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

Batesville, Arks., January 15, 1843

TIGER HUNTING IN BENGAL.

WITH AN ENGRAVING BY DICK AFTER ONE IN THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

Our illustration tells its own story so plainly that he who runs may read—no descriptive narrative is requisite. Our striped friend appears to have got himself into a particularly “tight place”—an elephant sixteen feet high, having one foot on his rump, while he is giving him “goss” with his tusks. What with the bullets “lodged in his thorax,” and the thrusts through his pericardium, the Tiger must consider these untimely visitations “infernal bores !”

There have appeared in different volumes of this magazine, occasional descriptions of Oriental Field Sports, of which Tiger Hunting is a principal and characteristic feature. Hunting the Grisly Bear is the only approach to it, in this country, in savage interest, danger, and fearful excitement. In India this sport is pursued not unfrequently upon a scale rivalling in magnificence and extent the most brilliant hunting displays of the Princes of the house of Condé, so celebrated in History. Our gifted East Indian contemporary, “The Bengal Sporting Magazine,” published at Calcutta, gives us occasionally the most thrilling descriptions of this sport, as also does “Deccan” and “An Old Forest Ranger,” in the English magazines. Next month, if we can make room, our readers shall have a taste of their quality.

HOW THEY CATCH BEEF IN THE CHINESE ARCHIPELAGO.—A party, fifty strong, was formed in one line, about ten feet apart; and ropes, consisting of stud-sail halyards, extended from right to left, which the men held as high as their breasts, keeping it taught. This line reached nearly across the island, by which means the herd was driven down to a point of land, where they faced their pursuers, bellowing, and tearing up the ground with their feet. At length, headed by a tremendous black bull, they charged the centre of the line. The extremities of the rope being kept taught, the foremost ones fell over it, when a rush was made on them, and, before they could recover their legs, they were firmly tied with spun yarn. In this manner, from five to six were caught at a *haul*, when, having a rope secured round the horns, and another to one of their hind legs, the lashings were cast off, and they were worked down to the boat. It is a most amusing employment; and many a tumble and capsize occurred during the day; fortunately, no accident happened. We tried hard to get our friend, the chief, but he always escaped. He charged, once, the place where poor Fox (late lieutenant of the *Nimrod*) was standing, who broke the butt of a musket over his nose, at which he shook his head, but continued his career. Two or three were knocked down by the men of the 18th, who, when these animals charged right on them, dexterously hit them between the eyes with stones.—*Bingham's Expedition to China.*

TIGERS HUNTING IN BENGAL.





On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the April Number of the "Turf Register," page 185.

ON THE USE OF DIFFERENT REINS.

THERE are some race-horses in training, which are not easily held by the very light weights, in plain snaffles or Pelham bridles, and it occasionally happens that some horses are more delicate on their fore legs than others; therefore it does not answer to put up great heavy boys to ride them in their gallops and sweats, more particularly if they require to be in strong work, or are young ones. Therefore, with a view to preserve the legs of such horses, it is necessary to put small boys up to ride them; and to give these boys sufficient power, the groom has recourse to different sorts of reins, or martingals, just according as horses are found to require them. Jockies, of course, are well acquainted with the use of them. The difficulty lies in getting young, inexperienced boys to use them properly; for, unless repeatedly cautioned, they are apt to pull too resolutely with almost any sort of bridle, but more particularly when they have an additional rein, by which they can more easily hold or pull up their horses.

For the purpose of properly instructing those light boys in the use of different reins, let us, by way of example, suppose half-a-dozen horses turned round in their stalls with the boys on them, and that the groom is going to give these horses a good brushing gallop. Considering three of these horses to be hard pullers, and to have light boys on them, we will put on each of these horses a snaffle bridle and an additional rein. On the first horse we will put the common martingal and spare martingal rein—on the second, a gag bit and rein—and on the third, the martingal running rein. Previous to these horses going out of the stable, the groom gives directions to each boy relative to the rein he has to use. First speaking to the boy who has to use the common martingal rein, he says—"That spare rein you have, is to keep that horse of yours from getting his head up. You had better knot it, and let it lay on the horse's neck until you collect your reins. Just before you are going up the gallop, if you find as your horse is going along that he is inclined to get his head up too high for you to get a fair pull at him, then use the rein much in the same manner as with the snaffle rein; that is, give and take with it, so as to keep your horse's mouth alive, and occasionally take a long, gradual, steady pull, until you have got his head down and in place. In this quiet way you will, as occasion may require, use the rein as your horse is going up the gallop."

To the boy riding with the gag rein the groom says—"You must knot this rein;" or, perhaps, the groom does it himself, telling the boy at the same time the use of it,—“This is to prevent your horse from boring with his head too close to the ground. Be careful how you use it. You had better let it lay on your horse's neck until you go up the gallop with him. Then, as soon as you have collected your reins, and the horse is settled in his stride, if you find he is getting his head, as usual, too close to the ground, shorten the purchase of this rein and take a gentle pull with it. Thus, by gradually giving and taking with this and the snaffle rein, you will have your horse's head in place, which will enable you to hold him much more easily; and as your horse is not a flighty one, you may, as you find occasion, quietly take this pull, without causing him to alter his stride.”

The groom, in giving instructions to the boy who has to ride with the running martingal rein, says—"In collecting your reins, keep this rein outside the snaffle, and use it much in the same way as you would the snaffle rein, that is, give and take in pulling at your horse, so as to keep his mouth alive, in order that when you want to take a good pull with this rein, it may have the desired effect of bringing your horse's head in place, and enable you to hold him so as to prevent his breaking away in the gallop—or to pull him up at the end of it. For I am of opinion you will find that horse will pull rather resolutely at you, and if he does, as the other horses are increasing their pace, making more free than he ought; and if you think you cannot keep him in his place in the gallop, let him go on with the pace, but do not rattle by close to the other horses, but turn his head off, and go to the bottom of the hill. Keep his mouth alive, and let him go a telling pace up it, and as you approach the top, sit you well down and firm in your saddle, with your feet rather forward, and take two or three determined pulls at him with this rein. If you find, from the pace, the hill, and the pull, that he becomes more collected, and that you have sufficient confidence in yourself both to hold and to pull him up, there will be no occasion for you immediately to do the latter. Let him go on with the pace (if you feel inclined) for a mile or more. As he proceeds, speak gently to him, take a turn to the right, and go up the short gallop. Having pulled him up at the top of it, turn him to the wind, give him his head, and let him stand for a minute or two, or until he has blown his nose. Then walk him down into the vale, and let him be on the move until I come to you.”

These orders, or others tending to the same end, are such as careful training grooms give to young boys on their first riding hard-pulling horses with either of the above reins. As boys improve in riding, they are occasionally changed from one horse to another, and by riding a variety of horses in their exercise, such boys as can ride well soon find out how to manage every description of horse they are mounted on, and finish by having little difficulty in holding almost any horse with the aid of proper tackle.

Proceeding with my instructions to the boy in riding, I will suppose him now to have been in the stable for a couple of years. Being a light weight, he has, during this period, been riding such young ones in their exercise and sweats, as the groom may have thought him best capable of managing. In advancing in years, he has become stronger on horseback, and gives promise of being a good jockey.

The groom, aware of the advantage of having such a boy to ride different horses in training, proceeds to give him further instructions, and puts him up to ride such horses in their sweats as will bring the boy into good riding condition.

It is to be observed, that the boy we are alluding to always knows, from the practice he has had in riding exercise, how and when to make use of his hands and feet in setting off a horse in his gallop. He also knows how to sit quietly down in his saddle when his horse is well on his legs and settled in his stride; and from his having rode different young horses, he knows something of the pace a horse is going either in his gallop or sweat. He also knows what strength to apply to the reins in holding his horse, in order to let him go quietly within himself, and not balk him in his stride by pulling at him, but just to have a gentle pull, and to give and take with his reins so as to keep his horse's mouth alive; and if he does this properly, he prevents him from breaking away with him.

A boy being thus forwarded in riding, is next to be put to ride such horses in their gallops and sweats as will, by the exertion which is required of him, rouse them into, and rate them at a fair and even pace, and make the boy very strong and determined on horseback. The horses which require to be thus persevered with in their work, are such as are termed craving ones, and to bring some of them through their sweats at the pace they are sometimes ordered to go, is by no means an easy task for the rider, whether he be man or boy; as in their sweats some of them will hang, and swerve, and lay out of their ground. Indeed, for the time it lasts, it is often very laborious, much more so than riding them in their races; for in their sweats they are not so easily got at, either with an ash plant or wisp, as they are when stripped for running.

When a boy is first put to ride such horses in their sweats, the better way of doing it is to let the head lad ride with a young boy of this class for a few times, on any horse that is stripped, or nearly so, that may want the same length got into him. But it is necessary here to observe, that this horse should be one of a very placid temper, which is generally a horse whose constitution will require him to be sweated once in about eight days. He should be a horse that has a good mouth, is easily held, is kind at his turns, and will patiently wait or readily make play in his sweat, either alone or with any number of horses, (just as he may be called upon by the rider for either,) without becoming alarmed or at all impetuous. Such a horse should also be a kind and superior runner to the craving one, so that when he is called upon to go up and challenge the latter in his sweat, he should do it with

ease to himself, that is, he should not be at the top of his mark at the time. Let the rally be of what length it may, he should be going within himself. If this horse is not fast enough, the point may be gained by putting up a lighter weight.

The horses being clothed up, and the orders being given to the head lad by the groom in presence of the boy, how the craving horse is to go in his sweat, as to pace, length, &c., the horses are rode to the ground they are to sweat over. The head lad then desires the boy to set his horse upon his legs, or in other words, to start him off in a canter, and the head lad follows him for a few lengths; after which he goes close up to the boy's horse, lays his own horse's head in at the other horse's quarters, so as to be able to direct the boy, to whom, probably, the first part of his directions will be (to use the language of the Turf,) "to keep fast hold of his horse's head and kick him along." By these directions, the boy understands that he is to have a steady pull on his horse, and often to persevere in urging him on with his legs and feet against the horse's sides. They seldom proceed far before the lad sees it necessary to speak again to the boy (perhaps rather sharply), as thus:—"Come, boy, sit well down, get at your horse's head, and twist him along;" meaning by this that the boy is to sit upright, but well down in the saddle, to raise his hands off his horse's withers, first giving a little to him with the reins (but they are not to be slack), and then having a pretty strong hold of his horse's head; giving him two or three good hustles, and persevering at the same time with his hands and feet, he urges the horse on at a better pace.

Now suppose the horse in question to have gone a mile and a half or two miles, whether more or less must depend on what portion of the ground the groom may have given orders for them to come home at a sweating pace. At whatever point this order is to be put in practice, the boy is to be apprized of it at the proper time by the head lad, who again says—"Come, boy, get at your horse, for we must now go a telling pace the whole of the way home." The boy immediately gets himself ready to set-to, and as soon as he has roused his horse into a still better pace, the head lad, in order to continue the craving horse at it, gives a quiet pull at his own horse, and goes up to the other, head and girth. The craving horse being thus challenged, and the boy now and then persevering with him, continues at the pace for a good length; but if the head lad sees him beginning to hang, and slacken from what he considers a sweating pace, he desires the boy to take a pull, and hustle his horse along. If he still observes the horse does not come, when challenged in this way, being aware that he is a very craving, idle horse, and that unless he is persevered with rather severely, the length cannot be got into him at the pace necessary to get a good sweat out of him, the head lad says to the boy—"Get up your ash plant, and flourish it near your horse's head or over your own." And if the horse does not come at a better pace when thus excited to it, the boy is to be told to drop his ash plant smartly down his horse's shoulders or under his

belly, either with his left or right hand, for he should be taught to use both equally well. Just at this time, the head lad should make another run, get a little forwarder, let the two horses be head and neck, thus proceeding at a fair telling pace until they are approaching pretty near home, when the head lad should make another run with his horse, getting so far forward as to bring both horses nearly head and head. The advantage given to the craving horse should be about half a head. The boy riding this horse should now vigorously persevere with him, and of whatever length the last rally home may be, he should be pretty near the top of his speed immediately previous to his being pulled up at the end of the sweating ground.

A boy thus instructed, and being often put to ride horses of the above description in their sweats, soon gets into good riding condition. He becomes not only stout on horseback, but as occasion may require, he becomes very determined in the riding of any craving, idle, or sulky horse; and in setting-to with such horse, he generally succeeds in rousing him out of any sulky tricks, and he is thereby enabled to put the groom's orders strictly into practice, as far as regards how such a horse may have to go in his sweats.

BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE FAR WEST.

THE following is an interesting account of a Buffalo Hunt in the Far West, which started on the 1st of August, last year, from Montreal.

The party consisted of Lieut.-Col. Greenwood, Capt. Ridley, Capt. Leicester, Grenadier Guards; Capt. Windham, Capt. Vansittart, Coldstream Guards; Mr. Fairholme, 71st Light Infantry; and Mr. Warre, aide de camp to the Commander of the Forces. They proceeded by the usual route, up St. Lawrence, to Prescott, where they crossed to Ogdensburg, and took the American steamboat to Niagara. From thence, they went by railroad to Buffalo, where they again took steam, through Lake Erie, to Detroit, and through Lake Huron, to Michilimacinae, which is described as having much the appearance of Quebec, on a smaller scale. Entering Lake Michigan, by the Straits of Mackinaw, they continued till the severity of the weather drove the steamer into the Manitoulin Islands, where they were detained 36 hours, in consequence of which they did not reach Chicago till the 12th of August. On that and the following day, having been out on the beautiful and extensive prairies in the neighborhood, they succeeded in bagging thirty-six brace of prairie chicken. On the 14th August, the party took an 'extra' to Peoria, where they again took steam, passing down the beautiful river Illinois, into the magnificent Mississippi,

and arrived at St. Louis on the 17th. It was not till the 22nd that all the arrangements were completed, though they were kindly assisted by several American gentlemen resident at St. Louis, as well as by General Patterson, of Philadelphia, who was invited and consented to join the party. On the 23rd the cavalcade moved forward, up the south bank of the Missouri. The party now consisted of ten French Canadian *voyageurs*, who had been accustomed to this sort of life, and a half caste as cook, who had formerly been with Gen. Clarke during his voyages, and a capital *artiste* in his way; seven British, and one American officers, each having three horses and three wagons, with about twelve mules, presenting a goodly appearance, as they moved through the beautiful forests on the banks of the Missouri. At Jefferson City, Captain Leicester, who had been very unwell for some time, to the great regret of all the party, gave up the idea of proceeding, and returned to Quebec. Mr. Fairholme was also extremely ill from the fever, and took the steam-boat as far as Westport. In consequence of the excessive rain, and the badness of the roads, the party were delayed eighteen days making the three hundred and fifty miles to Westport, and it was not until the 15th of September that they found themselves on the vast and magnificent prairie of the west. Being reinforced with two ox wagons, containing corn for the horses, and some little luxuries for themselves, they continued their course in a south-west direction, for about three hundred miles, being partially delayed by the extreme illness of Colonel Greenwood and Mr. Fairholme.

On the evening of the 29th of September they came in sight of some few of the long looked for buffaloes. They continued on nearly the same route for fifty miles, when they struck the broad and rapid river Arkansas; and they then had the satisfaction of seeing the vast plains, to all appearance covered with these enormous looking brutes. Nothing, it is said, can exceed the excitement of the sport,—galloping, at a very fair hunting pace, over the roughest possible ground, covered with holes, after these animals, and when in the chase of hundreds, or at one time, as the party were, of nearly three thousand. The dust, the noise—like the falling waters of Niagara—and the pace, combined, completely obliterated any slight degree of annoyance which might have been occasioned by so long a journey, and living, in all weathers, so completely in the open air. The cows are nearly twice as fast, and their flesh so much better, that they are, consequently, more sought after, but are not near so savage as the old bull, who, when wounded, will turn upon his opponent; but his efforts are in vain, the horse being so much swifter. Should the sportsman not meet with an accident, from the inequalities of the ground, there is no real danger. But it requires two or three days training, to make the horse go near enough to the formidable looking animal, and to bear the firing off his back. The party were very successful, and none more so than the American gentleman, Gen. Patterson. The number killed was about one hundred; but there were many others

doomed to die a lingering death, from the balls not hitting the right spot to give the mortal wound. Besides the buffalo, they had more or less success in the *chasse* of the elk, antelopes, wolves, deer, turkeys, prairie chicken, and wild fowl of every description, in great abundance. They also saw a few wild horses. On the 14th of October they turned their faces once more towards the settlement, and keeping nearly the same track, they arrived at Westport on the 30th, having narrowly escaped losing all their things by a tremendous prairie fire, which burnt severely two of Capt. Windham's horses and a mule; the rest of the horses and the tents, wagons, &c., being saved with great difficulty. It was a magnificent sight, but not a pleasant one, at such close quarters.

They met the cause of the disasters the next day, consisting of a party of the Kansas and Shawnee Indians who had fired the prairie for the purpose of driving the game into the narrow creeks. They continued to meet different parties of Indians for two or three days, moving to the west to take up their winter quarters among the buffaloes. Nothing can exceed the wild appearance of these citizens of the woods, dressed, or rather half covered with buffalo hide. They were perfectly friendly till the last party had passed and then one night they made an attempt to steal the horses, which was fortunately frustrated, with the exception of one pony (Mr. Warre's) which they succeeded, after a short chase, in escaping with. The prairie was burnt, and they were obliged to pass through parts still burning for the remainder of the journey, one hundred and fifty miles, till they reached the settlement, where they sold off all their horses, wagons, &c., and paid off most of their men. As there was on the Missouri a large flat boat, they succeeded in reaching Glasgow, two hundred and ten miles from Westport, in 32 hours, without accident; there they found a steamer which took them to St. Louis, and here the party broke up with many regrets on both sides.

KENNEL LAMENESS.

THIS malady, which seems to baffle the best attempts not only of practical Sportsmen, but of the scientific part of the world who have tried their hands at it, calls aloud upon every well-wisher to our national sports to contribute his mite, gleaned from observation and experience, to arrest its baneful influence. The plan which I am about to offer, should it fail, will only share the fate of others proposed by abler and more interested writers; and should it succeed, will only prove by its simplicity the force of Johnson's remark, that "that which is obvious is not always seen." Analogy, or the *parvis componere*, may assist us here, and that which is serviceable to one may be useful to the many. Although I was once

part owner of, entire manager, and huntsman to a pack of harriers of no small reputation in their little circle, and notwithstanding I have been in the habit of visiting kennels of many proprietors for more years than I care to recount, yet I have never seen a kennel "blasted by this blight," and therefore, as far as mere opinion goes, cannot be entitled to the slightest respect: but a blind man (so the story goes) once shot a crow, and under the darkness of ignorance I'll have a shot at the target. Hit or miss, here goes.

Had I a kennel infected with this sore disease, into the lodging-room where those hounds which had been out hunting would retire after feeding to rest, I would place a large ship's stove (an old one for the experiment would do), and let the kennel-man get up a rousing coal or coke fire, *open in front* as our own fires are, but surrounded by a wire-guard such as is used in children's nurseries, before which the hounds might (and I'm certain they would) lie and bake or roast themselves. Let this be kept up so as to last all night, or till such time as the hounds are taken out the next morning for the purpose, as has hitherto been intended, of removing the stiffness from the previous day's work. But where would the stiffness or soreness be? Gone up the chimney, as would be seen by their larking and gambolling on being let out, instead of limping and shivering as is too commonly seen with the majority. All kennel-men know the very small space in which sixteen or eighteen couples of hounds will lie; aye, a good modern dining-room fire is extensive enough to impart warmth to several couples; but, as I before stated, a good ship's stove, such as are used upon the deck of a merchant vessel of between two and three hundred tons, would warm and air every hair of every hound from the "snout to the tail"—none of your flues, which are well enough to keep the kennel generally dry, but once more, and for the last time, as the auctioneers say, a good rousing fire for the hounds to snore by.

Having now given my plan, in the success of which I have no faint hopes, perhaps you will have patience enough to listen to the reasons which have induced me to offer it, arising partly from family sporting tradition, and partly from my own observation. Some seventy or eighty years ago (no matter, as the Irishman said, about a handful of years) lived a Gentleman in the county of Norfolk, a great uncle of the writer of this recipe, who was exceedingly fond of greyhounds. He had a small kennel, not exceeding three or four brace, but they were clippers; at all events, they went out oftener, and beat all his neighbors' dogs in the long run, together with others brought from afar, who occasionally disputed the palm with him. Excepting from cuts (to which all greyhounds are liable), his dogs were never lame, and though not "rough," were always "ready." He did not whilst in health and vigor impart his plan to his brother sportsmen who were opposed to him in the field; but in his latter days, when

"He scour'd the country in his easy chair,"

he attributed his great success through a long course of years to

his method of treating his dogs after a day's work. *Imprimis*, be it known he was a bachelor, and his greyhounds occupied the hearth-rug, where the Lady (like Goldsmith's party) was not. On his return from the field, and whilst the master was at his dinner, the man was attending to the wants of the dogs, washing and combing the darlings to come in with the old Gentleman's pipe and bottle, in lieu of those dear pledges of connubial something (I forget the precise term) which in those days in married men's houses usually accompanied the dessert. There laid the beauties, snoring and stretching themselves in front of a blazing fire till John came and told the company 'twas time to kennel up. At that time of day greyhounds were not led into the field clothed in flannel and M'Intoshes, but they waited for their turn under the lee side of a corn stack or in the recesses of a gravel pit, the only shelter from the bitter blasts of the open fields of Norfolk.

But in case any one should suppose that this hearth-rug system should enervate or render hounds too tender for a long day's work through mud and mire, I will relate two instances from many others, for the use of such sceptics, from my own list of canine associates. About the time that I first began to shoot, my sisters were presented with a very beautiful red-and-white smooth spaniel puppy, which the Gentleman who bred it thought would be too small and too delicate for the purposes of sporting. Sappho became a prodigious favorite, and for nearly two years was she entirely a parlor-boarder, never quitting the house further than the young ladies' walks extended, and rejoiced in all the luxuries of delicate viands, combs, brushes, and rose-water. From some cause or other, "the crittur," as Brother Jonathan says, became uncommonly attached to me, and I, being short of dogs, in spite of all remonstrances, used to 'tice her away, and soon found out that she had a capital nose, and that Nature was predominant over her acquired habits; and for ten seasons she was my constant companion in all shooting excursions, and still the ladies' lap-dog in-doors.

One feat, to bear out that which I am now endeavoring to prove, stands pre-eminent. It was on one of the coldest days I ever remember, therm. 13 below freezing, wind keen north-east, flavored with occasional storms of hail and sleet, the snow about six inches on the level, I was accompanied by Sappho, and looking for wild-ducks by the margin of a river, when from a little patch of furze rose a brace of old partridges, and in their flight across the river I dropped one of them into what the marshmen call "a wake," *i. e.* a space of the water not frozen over. Through the snow and into the river quick as lightning dashed this little intrepid animal, and the bird, being dead, sunk just as Sappho approached it. Down she went like a dabchick, and for some seconds was perfectly lost to view, and I was fearful lest the stream should take her under the adjacent ice: but, however, up she came, bird and all, in the right place, and safely landed her prize, and in five minutes she was rattling with icicles and hunting on cheerily.

As the second instance, I shall merely state that I have at this moment a retriever, a parlor-boarder, that I have on more occasions

than one hunted in water on a cold winter's day within thirty hours of her producing six or eight whelps, and never have I seen finer or fatter puppies, and the mother, now six years old, of whom I may hereafter speak more fully, will play at ball or any other game with children with all the elasticity and fun of ten months old.

There, ye Masters of Hounds, long life to your Honors, as Paddy says, and the carts ye ride in! get some big stoves, and poke the fire like blazes; and should the kennel lameness find the place too hot to hold him, it will cheer the heart of your brother Sportsman and faithful servant,

RINGWOOD.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1843.

DEER-STALKING IN CANADA.

My excellent and friendly chum—Dingane, a red Indian, and one of the best sportsmen in the country, awoke me before daylight, reminding me of my intention to go Deer-stalking. I confess for a few moments I felt disinclined to carry my project into execution. The snow season had just set in—the quicksilver had fallen into the small glass receiver at the foot of the barometer. Unused to the excessive cold, I most reluctantly left my bed, and clothed myself in a suit of buffalo-skins, with a warm fur cap, and a pair of enormous snow-shoes. Dingane, and the other red Indians who were to accompany us, were accoutred almost precisely in the same manner. Each carried a rifle, with a hatchet or knife. For myself I preferred slinging round my shoulders a small flask of excellent whisky, which a brother officer had lately brought from Europe with him. One or two mouthfuls of this cordial I found extremely agreeable during our day's sport.

Having reached in sledges the edge of the forest of Madawaska, we alighted, and putting on our enormous snow-shoes, we began sliding away towards the part where Dingane assured me we were most likely to find game. As we proceeded, I felt a cold object suddenly touch my forehead. I was in the act of stooping as I passed under the bough of a large tree. I turned round to discover what had thus struck me, fancying it to be a branch which had hung down, when I perceived a long green snake, coiled round the overhanging bough by his tail. The reptile seemed half paralyzed with the extreme cold, and rendered almost torpid by it. It was this animal against which I had hit my forehead. In a moment I brought my rifle to my shoulder, and was about to despatch the monster, when Dingane ran up, and seizing my arm, besought me not to do so.

"But why not, my good friend—why let so dangerous a creature live?"

"I tell you, broder—him do you no harm. No more snake touch broder. You kill he, he spirit tell de adder, and you be bit.

No broder, you shall not kill he ;” and he coolly drew my rifle from my shoulder.

It is true I could have overcome my red companion, and persisted in destroying the snake, but it would have been highly impolitic and dangerous. The Canadian Indian is extremely stern ; he is not quarrelsome nor savage, as many of the other American tribes are, such as the Foxes and the Hawks, but he is extremely determined. Had I opposed Dingane, I well knew that no power would prevent him from walking off with his followers, and leaving me to perish in the woods, which I must inevitably do, if I lost sight of my guides. So I quietly assented and trudged on with seeming complacency. Dingane, on the other hand, seemed much charmed with my ready acquiescence, and became more than usually communicative.

Presently we came to a passage, where only a single person could pass. Dingane drew back to allow me to precede him, but as I rather felt inclined to follow a guide than show the way, I hesitated and offered him the lead.

“No, broder, I can no go—you white man—white man always first.”

“By no means—you are the most expert, you had better go on. As to the difference between white, black, and red men, I see but very little, provided they are equally good.”

“What, broder ? oh, no say that. Broder smile at red man—him know too well how they made.”

“Not I, tell me ?”

“Well, I tell you. The great maker of all make white man first—then he make red man—and then—no—not he, but devil then make black man, and burn him till he black. Him place his hot hand upon him head, and make all his hair wool. Him seem so ugly, give him blow in face, and make him nose flat, and swell him lips. White man first man—red man second—black man devil’s man ; if he walk before red man, red man shoot him as a dog.”

At this moment one of the attendants came up—he had discovered the track of a large moose deer, to which he called our attention. I desired to know how we were to act from my experienced guide.

“Follow track for short way—not speak a word. Presently we hide behind trees, and I blow my horn.” Here he produced a strange-looking sort of instrument, made of bark.

“But won’t that frighten the naturally timid animal ?”

“No, broder, on the contrary. My horn speak like a cow moose (female deer), man moose come to look for cow. Him like red man when red man seek squaw and no find him. Him very much angry and look round. Then fire quick or him go. If my broder hit him, him will advance and kill my broder if him can. Then two red men fire and kill him before him reach my broder. Him dem strong—dem big—my broder be silent.”

Presently, on the signal of Dingane, we all hid behind different trees, and he began to blow his uncouth horn, causing the sounds

to resemble so closely those of the female deer, that the most experienced sportsman might well have been mistaken.

After about ten minutes, the quick ear of my friend caught the sound of an approaching deer, and he gradually began to retire, still sounding his horn at intervals.

Presently one of the most splendid animals I ever beheld in my life emerged from a clump of close forest wood, opposite to the tree which concealed me.

Considerably larger and stronger than our red deer in the Highlands, the magnificent creature stood before me, his head thrust forward. His cautious and slow step proved that he was listening with fixed attention to the now distant sounds. I only moved my arm to bring my rifle up—he seemed to perceive that some living object was near him, for he paused and threw back his neck. In another instant he would probably have plunged back into the wood. As quickly as possible I levelled and fired. The ball took effect in the deer's chest—for a moment it staggered him—then recovering himself, he glanced wildly round him, and plunged on with savage rage to the very spot where I stood. I confess I was terror-stricken—I felt half inclined to fly, though I well knew I could entertain no hope of escape. In another instant, however, I heard the report of two rifles, and the noble animal dropped, pierced almost simultaneously through the head and heart, by the balls of the two Indian followers of Dingane.

The splendid creature, as he lay dead before me, was, I think, the finest animal I ever beheld. His horns were, however, scarcely long enough for his other fine proportions. When erect, this moose deer stood as high as a horse, and I should think must have been quite as powerful.

The Indians now tied cords, which they had brought, round his limbs, and dragged him to the edge of the river—one remaining to watch him, while the other went to fetch up our sledge to carry him off.

During this interval, Dingane and myself had been lucky enough to kill two caraboo, or reindeer, which we managed to bring down to the spot, where the sledge soon afterwards arrived.

Our game stowed in, away we started on our return to my quarters, at the great fall of the river St. John. A curious circumstance, well worth mentioning, occurred *en route*, but it really must seem so improbable to every one who has not been in Canada, that I almost fear to record it, although I feel confident that every one who, like myself, has been quartered in the late "disputed territory," will willingly bear me out in the statement I am about to make.

On a sudden our sledge came to a check, which nearly threw me out. Our horse had fallen into one of the many holes which one meets with whilst travelling over the frozen rivers of America. Of course I gave him up for lost. Not so Dingane, who starting out, commenced pulling with all his might, assisted by his two followers, at a thin cord which formed a running noose round the animal's neck. I saw that the effect must be that of choking him,

and begged of them to desist. My entreaties were however unavailing; and, to my great surprise, in a few minutes I saw them pull the horse out in a state of insensibility—apparently dead. How they could have managed to have thus lifted out of the water so great a weight I could not imagine. Dingane, however, after managing to bring the horse once more to himself, thus explained the circumstance to me. Were the horse to fall in without the strangling rein, no one could ever haul him out again, but by drawing the noose tight and so causing temporary suffocation, the animal becomes instantly inflated, and so light that two men may lift him with the greatest ease. This statement I confess appeared strange. I never myself again tested it; but as I afterwards saw every horse carrying a similar rein, and as several respectable persons assured me that it was strictly correct, I am bound to believe that my red friend only told the truth. H. R. ADDISON.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March, 1843.

FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1843.

BY Q "AT THE CORNER."

Resumed from the last number of the "Register," page 200.

IN resuming my remarks on our Fashionable Racing Stallions, my "note-book" directs attention to Mr. Isaac Sadler's establishment at Stockbridge, Hampshire. I am very frequently a visitor of this somewhat conspicuous place of rendezvous to the racing man, and I will candidly confess that matters in all things appertaining to racing are there conducted with the greatest spirit and with the utmost regularity. Time was when Mr. Sadler's name was more frequently recorded "a winner" in the pages of the Racing Calendar than of late, and I have a notion that the loss of poor deaf Buffey was most severely felt by the patrons of Mr. Sadler's stable. From some reason not to be explained by me, James Chapple seldom *now* appears in the *once* winning colors—"white body, scarlet sleeves, and black cap"—and cannot but think that Mr. Sadler must have some powerful reason for allowing his colors to *fly* on other shoulders. *N'importe!* as the French say, he has not taken much by the change.—But to my immediate object.

Defence, now in green old age, is advertised to serve mares at 10gs. each and one guinea to the groom. As a runner, Defence was considered one of the speediest of his time—a time too when flyers were almost as "plentiful as blackberries." His position in the Derby (1827) was a very fair one, considering all things, and I know for certain that his party made sure of *winning*, "and nothing

else." The stock of Defence have turned out remarkable for their two-year-old performances ; but it must be acknowledged that after that age few, very few "run on." I must here take, as the lawyers say, "an exception," and admit that his *half-bred* stock have "run on" to aged horses—to wit, Challenger, Combat, &c. I am inclined to suppose that the reduction of price in covering will be the means of getting Defence a large portion of our very best mares. This valuable horse was got by Whalebone out of Defence by Rubens : he is the sire of the following capital runners : Combat, Cuirass, Tutela, Victoria (winner of *eleven* races in 1837), Bulwark (winner of the July Stakes in 1838), Deception (winner of the Oaks in 1839), Lalla Rookh, Barrier, Protection, &c. &c.

Venison stands also at Mr. Sadler's. Venison, a remarkably neat stallion, was got by Partisan out of Fawn. At two years old (1835), Venison did not distinguish himself in a great degree, but "honest John" got him so much in *season* for the Derby in the following year, that he came from the extreme outside to 3 and 4 to 1 on the day ! Every one knows that Bay Middleton is recorded the winner of the race in question, that Gladiator was *second*, and Venison *third*. I will here give Venison's performances at three years old, and it was justly observed by a Sporting Baronet at the Doncaster Meeting, "where are John Day's bowels of compassion ?" At Cheltenham, Venison won the Gloucestershire Stakes of £460 and the Gold Cup ; at Southampton, he won the Cup Stakes of £230 ; at Goodwood, he carried off His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. ; at Brighton, he won the Brighton Stakes, value £765 ; at Lewes, he won His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. ; at Warwick, he won His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. and £70 $\frac{1}{2}$; at Lichfield, he won £80 and His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. : and wound up the year at Doncaster, by carrying off His Majesty's Guineas and the £100 Plate. Thus he won *twelve times* in one season, and that too when *caravans* were unknown. Venison's stock have turned out remarkably well, and Testy's chance for the Oaks next year I take to be a very good one. Venison's price is 10gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom.

Mr. Sadler has *The Mule* for sale, and he might prove a useful stallion for country mares.

The Mule, a black horse, was bred by Mr. Sadler in 1839, got by Camel out of Temper by Defence. At two years old, The Mule ran second to Palladium at the Hippodrome, where he the next day won £210, beating in good style Elopement, Balcony, and several others. At the Newmarket July Meeting, The Mule was beaten by Chatham and others in the race for the July Stakes. He was backed during the winter to win rather a high Stake, but went amiss, and never started as a three-year-old. The price may be known, with other particulars, upon application to Mr. Sadler, Stockbridge.

Gameboy will be met with at Mount Pleasant, Old Warden, Bedfordshire, eight miles from Bedford. Gameboy is a chesnut horse, was bred in 1826, got by Octavian (winner of the St. Leger in 1810), his dam by St. George—going back to the Eclipse blood.

Gameboy, when the property of Mr. Gully, was a most successful runner; altogether he is recorded the winner of *eighteen* races. At four years old, I find by my "notes" that he won as follows:—£50 at Newmarket; 50*l.* and the Gold Cup at Brighton; the King's 100*gs.* at Lewes; the King's 100*gs.* at Canterbury; 50*l.* at Rochester; 50*l.* at the Isle of Thanet; and 50*l.* at Dover. Gameboy was a very stout runner, and possessed no mean quality in a racer—a capital temper. He will serve mares at 5*gs.* each *thorough-bred*, and 2*l.* 10*s.* half-bred, the groom's fee included. I can particularly recommend Gameboy to the notice of those Gentlemen who have likely mares of a speedy nature.

At the same place, stands *Gilbert Gurney*, who is booked to serve mares at 5*gs.* each through-bred, and 3*gs.* half-bred. *Gilbert Gurney* is a fine chesnut horse, was bred by Mr. Newell in 1835, and sold to Mr. Fowler when a yearling at the annual Underley Park sale; he was got by Muley out of Miss Orville by Pendulum. I have not much to say in praise of *Gilbert Gurney* as a racer, for his doings did not soar above mediocrity: at two years old, he was *out four* times without winning a race; at four years, he won four times against poor Fields; he was a great favorite in Manchester for the Chester Cup in 1840, then 5 yrs old, with the nice weight 7*st.* 6*lb.* on him; but he sadly disappointed his backers by not shewing in the front of the race at the finish. The Dey of Algiers, 4 yrs, 7*st.* 10*lb.*, was the winner. For my own part, I would decidedly prefer Gameboy to his stable companion *Gilbert Gurney*.

Marvel is on sale at Mr. Codd's, Cerne, Dorsetshire. He was bred by Mr. Nowell in 1828, and sold when a yearling to Mr. Forth. *Marvel* did one or two speedy things at Newmarket, but he cannot be placed higher in the list than a second rater. He is a dark rich chesnut, about 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands in height, without white, and possesses a capital constitution, with a fine temper. His blood is of the right sort to stay a long day, being a descendant of Muley out of *Lacerta* by *Zodiac*. *Marvel* is own Brother to *Little Wonder*, who so gallantly won the Derby in 1840, beating *Launcelot* and *fifteen others*, much to the dismay of Scott's party, who quite expected to "pull through" with their *crack*. Amongst others who have bit the dust to *Marvel*, I may mention *Taurus* and *Chapman*, both horses of note in their day. *Marvel*, I have been informed, has had but a few thorough-bred mares, but his stock are very fine and promising. Price may be obtained through Mr. Codd.

My note-book now brings me to some of the brightest stars in the Racing World. I commence with *Sir Hercules*, who is quartered at the Stud House, East Acton, four miles from London on the Uxbridge and Oxford road. *Sir Hercules* is a black horse slightly "shot" with white, was got by Whalebone (by Waxy, son of Pot-8-o's by Eclipse), his dam *Peri*, by Wanderer out of *Thalestris* by Alexander (son of Eclipse)—*Rival*, by Sir Peter—*Hornet*, by Drone—*Manilla*, by Goldfinder—Mr. Goodlake's Old England mare, dam by Cade—Miss Makeless, &c. I have been thus particular in tracing the pedigree of this valuable animal, because

I consider him to be one of the best bred horses of the day, as he is unquestionably one of the most magnificent creatures that ever looked through a bridle. As a racer, Sir Hercules was decidedly in the first class ; at three years old, he, after winning in the most easy style imaginable 140*l.* at the York Spring Meeting 1829, was sent to Doncaster. where he, when notoriously made "as safe as if he had been boiled," ran a gallant third to Rowton and Voltaire, beating *sixteen others*. At the same Meeting, when still laboring under the "malicious dose," he by downright gameness won 260*l.* At the Craven Newmarket Meeting, Sir Hercules won very cleverly by a length the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., Ditch-in, beating Morris Dancer and two others ; betting even on Morris Dancer, and 2 to 1 agst Sir Hercules. Whalebone, the sire of Sir Hercules, won the Derby in 1810, beating *ten others*. Whalebone was the sire of the following Derby winners : Lapdog (1826), and Spaniel (1831) : he was also the sire of Caroline, winner of the Oaks in 1820.—Sir Hercules covered in Ireland in 1832 and 1833, and is the sire of many capital runners in that country, among which may be named, Maria, Birdcatcher, Langford, Waterwitch, Mulgrave, Augean, Arthur, Gipsy, Cruiskeen (winner of the Cesarewitch Stakes of 715*l.* at Newmarket 1839, also the Tradesmen's Plate of 980*l.* at Chester 1841). Sir Hercules has been even more fortunate as a stallion in this country, as the names of the following first-raters will testify : The Hydra, Hyllus, The Corsair (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes in 1839), Jenny Jones, Coronation (winner of the Derby 1841), Iole, Vibration (a very honest filly), Robert de Gorham (second to Attila for the last Derby, and winner of the rich Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood). There is a most promising colt by this stallion called Newcourt in the coming Derby, and two or three of our best judges have backed him to a considerable amount. Sir Hercules is limited to *forty* mares, at 30*gs.* each ; those (if any) from the Continent, Ireland, or Scotland, will be charged only 20*gs.* each. Those Noblemen and Gentlemen who have a wish for a subscription had better lose no time, but address a line to Messrs. Weatherby, at No. 7, Oxenden Street, Haymarket, London, where further particulars may be obtained.

Bay Middleton is housed at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster. Bay Middleton is a beautiful bay, stands nearly 16½ hands high. He was got by Sultan out of Cobweb by Phantom, &c. That Bay Middleton was the best three-year-old of his day (1836) no one I fancy will be foolish enough to deny, and that he was the *fastest* horse since Velocipede I think no one will be inclined to question. Bay Middleton's career on the Turf was confined to one "little year," but his achievements were brilliant in the extreme. At Newmarket, he won the Riddlesworth Stakes of 2600*l.*, 150*l.*, the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes of 1600*l.* (beating Elis after one of the finest contests ever beheld), the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 1150*l.*, and 300*l.* At Epsom, he won, as everybody is aware, the Derby Stakes, value 3475*l.*, beating Gladiator, Venison, Slane, and *seventeen others*. This race was one of the *easiest* ever known

over the Derby course. At Ascot Heath, Bay Middleton won 550*l*. Thus the "tottle of the whole," as Mr. Hume would call it, is the princely sum of 9825*l*.! In the spring of the following year (1837), this fine animal was purchased by Lord George Bentinck of Lord Jersey, for, as report said, 4000*l*., and sent to Stockbridge to be trained for the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, five subscribers; but he broke down in preparing. Indeed it was a very hazardous affair to try the extreme of John Day's mode of training with the gentle system so successfully practised by poor old Edwards. I do not think that My Lord George has acted with his usual judgment in putting his mares indiscriminately to Bay Middleton; and another fault I find of even greater weight—*i. e.* allowing the horse to cover so many mares in a season. No one would rejoice more than myself to see a change for the better in the Noble Lord's breeding establishment, for the straightforward followers of racing have found Lord George Bentinck indeed their friend. With the exception of Aristides and Gaper, there has been nothing worthy the name of a race-horse out during last year by this son of the celebrated Sultan; and I, for one, place but little reliance on either of these for the great event of the coming season. Some good-natured friend might try to "pick a hole in my coat" for omitting to call Gunter, Tiptoe, Flytrap, and Tedworth worthy of notice; but I cannot form any other opinion than that they are *third-raters*. Bay Middleton's price for the season has been reduced to 10 sovs. a mare, and one sov. to the groom, and I have no doubt that he will find great patronage at the figure. I cannot divest myself of the opinion, which I formed on the onset, that if stout short-legged mares, of the Humphrey Clinker, Dr. Syntax, or the Physician blood, were sent to this stallion, the produce would turn out racers of the first quality. All particulars may be obtained by applying to Mr. William Cunningham, stud-groom, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster.

Old Emilius is at his old quarters, Riddlesworth, near Thetford, Norfolk, where he will serve mares for 50 sovs. each. *Emilius* was got by Orville out of Emily by Stamford. The old horse wears well. At the same place may be found *The Commodore* (by Liverpool out of Fancy by Osmond), *Albemarle* (by Young Phantom out of Hornsea's dam), and *Euclid* (by *Emilius* out of Maria by Whisker). In the article in your last Magazine, "Mr. Thornhill's Establishment at Riddlesworth," the merits of these valuable stallions appear to have been fairly discussed, and I have only to add, that the price of the three latter ones is 10*gs.* each mare, and half a guinea to the groom. If any more extended information be required, a line addressed to W. Tyler, Riddlesworth, Thetford, Norfolk, will be immediately answered. A peep at this establishment is quite a treat to the racing-man.

I had nearly overlooked *Ascot*, and ought to have noticed him after Bay Middleton, inasmuch as he is (at least was when I last saw him) his stable companion, at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster. *Ascot* is a bay horse with black legs, about 15½ in height. He was got by Reveller out of Angelica by Rubens. At two years old

(1834), Ascot won the two Stakes at Ascot (hence his name), beating a very respectable Field in good style. In 1835, Ascot was quite *petted* by the Newmarket people, and after winning a very easy race there in the Spring, he became a very leading favorite for the Derby, for which race he was beaten a "short head" by Mundig, entirely owing to the superior "physical *force*" of William Scott over N. Flatman. After being sent to Doncaster to run for the St. Leger, where he acquitted himself very respectably by being well up in the second ruck (the Queen of Trumps was the winner, Hornsea second), Ascot went back to Newmarket, where he won the St. Leger in the First October Meeting. Ascot's price of covering is amazingly low, only 2gs. a mare! For further particulars, inquire as stated about Bay Middleton.

Gladiator may be met with at Newmarket during the covering season. He is a chesnut horse of a nice size, and with capital racing points. *Gladiator* was foaled in 1833, got by Partisan out of Pauline by Moses, her dam Quadrille, &c. &c. In 1836, *Gladiator* ran second to Bay Middleton for the Derby, and consequently became a great favorite for the St. Leger; the more so, because the winner of the Epsom event was not nominated for the Doncaster prize. A great deal of money was betted at *evens* between the Irish colt Wedge and *Gladiator*. About a week or ten days before the St. Leger was decided, a private *spin* amongst the horses in Scott's stable told the party that Scroggins was the best of their lot, and *Gladiator* was placed upon the shelf. Most of my readers recollect that John Day, on Elis, won the race, with Scroggins and Bee's-wing second and third, the horse placed *second* by the *Judge* and the mare by the *public*. If my memory serves correctly, *Gladiator* never ran after the Derby, and if I am right, his performance on the turf was very limited. Lord Chesterfield and Colonel Anson, and most of Scott's regular masters, have sent nearly all their favorite mares to *Gladiator* and Jereed, and the stock of both have turned out amazingly well. The following of *Gladiator's* get figure in the next Derby—Prizefighter, Napier, Peter the Hermit, and Maccabeus. Of these Napier and Maccabeus have been backed very heavily. *Gladiator's* price of covering is 15gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom. I have a strong opinion that this son of the famous Partisan will become quite fashionable as a racing stallion—his blood is of the most aristocratic order.

Velocipede is advertised to serve mares by subscription at 25gs. each, and the number is limited to fifty. *Velocipede* is a chesnut horse, with four white legs, and a "pretty considerable" Roman nose. He was got by Blacklock, dam by Juniper, grandam by Sorcerer—blood of the most fashionable and approved order. I have frequently heard a very knowing Yorkshire speculator say "that *Velocipede* was the *fastest* horse he had ever met with," and I have no hesitation in saying that many other old frequenters of the Turf in the North will take the same side of the case. *Velocipede's* two-year-old running did not lead his owner, Mr. Armytage, to imagine that he had such a prize, nor was it till the colt came out at the York Spring Meeting, where he actually *ran*

away from a very decent Field, winning about *one hundred yards* ahead of his nearest follower, that the truth came out. With always doubtful legs, it was extremely difficult to keep him in anything like proper racing plight, and this was the cause of his losing the St. Leger in 1828, for, when *right*, Velocipede was immeasurably superior to The Colonel. Then again, it suited the party to win with The Colonel in preference to Velocipede, on account of the weight of money invested on the former. At four years old, Velocipede won the Gold Cup and 200 sovs. at the York Spring Meeting, and ended his racing career at the Liverpool July Meeting, by winning the Gold Cup, with 835*l.*, carrying 8st.8lb. (a very high weight for a four-year-old), beating one of the best Fields of the year (1829). I remember he was brought out two days after to run for the Stand Cup (won by Laurel), but in taking his canter previous to starting, he was found quite lame. As a stallion, Velocipede promised good things at first; but, as in the case of Glaucus, his stock have not turned out to expectation. Amongst his early sons and daughters the following may be considered his best: The Queen of Trumps (winner of the Oaks and Leger in 1835), Amato (winner of the Derby in 1838), Hornsea (winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1836), Valentissimo (decidedly the *stoutest* of Velocipede's get), Mickleton Maid, and Millepede. Sir Gilbert Heathcote has a most promising colt in this year's Derby by Velocipede, called Amarino, own brother to Amato. By the by, I regret to say Amato died a short time ago at Durdans. I believe the subscription list is filling fast.

Ottoman, bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1837, got by Plenipotentiary out of Whizgig, will serve mares during the year at Clay Hill Cottage, Bickenham, Kent. *Ottoman* is a dark chesnut horse, without white, stands 16 hands high, and is a very fine specimen of what a blood stallion ought to be "at points." As a runner *Ottoman* ran indifferently, although he was at one period, early in the spring of 1840, a good favorite for the Derby, and backed by some tolerably good judges at Newmarket. Whizgig was got by Rubens out of Penelope by Trumpeter out of Prunella by High-flyer—the choice blood of His Grace of Grafton. The price of covering for thorough-bred mares (10*gs.* each) I take to be rather *too high*, but the sum for half-bred ones (4*gs.*) is moderate enough. *Ottoman* is amazingly likely to get hunters from useful half-bred mares.

I know only of few stallions at his figure (7*gs.* thorough-bred, and 3*gs.* half-bred), that I would rather send a mare to than *The Dean*, now stationed at Mr. R. Bloxsidge's stables at Worcester. The Dean is seven years old, and is a brown horse, got by Voltaire out of Trampina by Tramp out of Harriet by Delpini, &c. As a racer, The Dean figured very well indeed, running all over the country and carrying all sorts of weights. At two years old (1838), The Dean ran second to The Apothecary at the Liverpool Craven Meeting, and won 75*l.* at Ludlow, beating a filly by Pollio and Elegance. At three years old, he is recorded the winner of *eight* races; at four years old, he swept off *six prizes*, some of them

important ones ; at five years old, he gained for his spirited owner, Mr. Collett, *five races* ; and at six years old he won one event. The Dean stands close upon 15 hands 3 inches, has capital legs and feet, with an excellent constitution and temper. I apprehend that this horse will have what they call in Worcestershire a very "gay season."

At Cheadle Farm, Cheshire, four miles from Manchester, stands *Tory Boy*, a brown-bay horse, foaled in 1838, got by Tomboy out of Bessy Bedlam by Filho, &c. He stands 15 hands 3 inches high, and has great power and fine action. At two years old, he won 175*l.* at Chester in famous form, beating Miss Tatt, Dr. Jenner, Cerito, and St. Botolph ; at Newton, he came in *some lengths ahead* of the Field, but the Judge, from carelessness or some other reason, placed Birthday *first*, much to the annoyance and loss of money to the backers of *Tory Boy*. During the winter a great deal of money was laid out on this horse for the St. Leger, but, having met with an accident, he did not start. Tomboy was a runner of great repute, and I am old enough to remember the sensation Bessy Bedlam caused in 1827 and 1828. The figure of serving mares is 10*gs.* each, and half a guinea to the groom. For further particulars apply to Mr. Walker, Cheadle Farm, near Stockport.

Kremlin, late the property of the late Duke of Cleveland, will serve mares this season at High Wycombe, Bucks. He was bred by Mr. Walker in 1836, got by Sultan out of Francesca by Partisan, her dam by Orville, grandam by Buzzard out of Hornpipe by Trumpator, &c. *Kremlin* is a brown horse, possessing an excellent temper, and of great size and muscular power. At two years old, *Kremlin's* performances stand thus : ran third to Nickleby at the York Spring Meeting ; third to The Potentate in an all-aged race at Newcastle ; second to The Commodore at Stockton ; won 100*l.* at Northallerton, beating The Shadow, filly by Langar out of Tesane, Cripple, and Cleanthes ; also won 65*l.* at Carlisle, beating filly by Langar out of Lady of the Tees and Clem-o'-the-Cleugh. It must be admitted that *Kremlin* was pretty much "hacked about" in his juvenile days. At three years old, *Kremlin* won as follows: the St. Leger Stakes of 225*l.* and the Gold Cup, with 60*l.*, at Wolverhampton ; and 50*l.* and 110*l.* at Doncaster. In the course of his three-year-old performances he beat the celebrated Harkaway (for the Wolverhampton Cup), Cardinal Puff (a very excellent runner), and Industry (winner of the Oaks in 1838). The pedigree of *Kremlin* is well worth tracing—he has some of our best blood, both for *speed* and *stoutness*, flowing in his veins. Apply to T. Robinson, High Wycombe, Bucks.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for March, 1843.

LEAVES FROM MY SPORTING NOTE-BOOK.

BY SEPTIMUS OLLAPOD, D. C. L.

PROPOSAL FOR INSURING THE LIVES OF RACE-HORSES—ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC
RECORD OF A TURCOMAN HORSE—CLERICAL ERRORS.

It has often been matter of much wonderment to me, now in these speculative days, when folks are sore afflicted with a plethora of cash, that some ingenious individual has not formed a Company for the purpose of *Insuring the Lives of Race-Horses*, on the same systematic scale as is adopted with biped life.

The idea appears to me at once so easily to be carried out, and so profitable, if discreetly worked, that I have taken some pains to collect authentic statistical information on the subject, and from these data to form a general scheme for the good guidance of any enterprising spirits, who may hereafter think as I do.

In the first place, then, the Insurance should be confined to thorough-bred horses alone, nor should these be accepted, if used for any other purpose than as Racers, Stallions, or Brood Mares: all other violent work, such as hunting, steeple-chasing, or even riding on the road, increasing the chances of death, and being more or less detrimental to the healthy disposition of the animal.

Horses in training are a safe insurance, as every interest of their owner is dependent on their well-being; the training too, although severe, is in every respect carried on with strict regard to good condition, and perfect health, and the mischances which unfit the race-horse for the Turf, such as a "break down," whether by rupture of the air-cells of the lungs, commonly called "broken wind," or by a rupture of the suspensory ligament, more commonly called "breaking down," do not in any way affect the subsequent duration of life.

Brood mares should be insured at a higher premium than stallions, the chances affecting their lives being more dangerous, as well as more numerous and less easily to be avoided; as (I believe) is also considered to be the case in insurances effected on human life.

Diseases are of two kinds, hereditary and incidental. Those generally supposed to be inherited are blindness, roaring, thick wind, broken wind, spavin, curbs, ring-bones and founder; all others are incidental. Of these, blindness and founder are the only ones materially affecting life, and it is but fair to state that many clever men deny that blemishes of any kind are bequeathed from parents to their progeny. I am decidedly of opinion, however, that some bad qualities of the sire or dam do appear in the produce, in proof of which I could instance a well known horse

of our day, whose stock, though generally good in other respects, are almost invariably roasters.

Thorough-bred foals are always "forced on" to grow more forwardly than those of commoner caste, by means of the most nutritious food; as soon as they have sufficient teeth to masticate at all, bruised oats, carrots, and other "high-lived" food is given to them; this is done in order to fit them for more rapid training, so as to run in the various two-year-old stakes. This system of premature forcing would be very prejudicial to horses afterwards kept up in an ordinary way of life, but the race-horse is so completely an artificial creature, that by means of high keeping afterwards, the average length of life of the race-horse, as compared with that of any other description of horse, will be found to be nearly 2 to 1 in favor of the former.

It may be generally observed that the most dangerous periods in the life of the thorough-bred horse are, from foaling to two years old; and from thirteen years to fifteen. It will generally be found by reference to authorities, and observance of facts, that horses reaching fifteen years of age, last on until they are upwards of twenty.

The chief statistics which I have been able to collect on this subject, taking them at random from the Stud Book, are as follows—Of 145 stallions, the united ages amounted to 3,004 years, giving an average of $6\frac{1}{2}$ -9 to each horse, or 20 years and about 260 days. Of these the longest-lived, *Matchem* and *Sampson*, each attained the age of 32 years;—the shortest-lived, *Hampden*, died at the early age of 6. Nine were shot, being worn out with old age,—and one was killed by an accidental kick.

The united ages of 136 mares amounted to 2,098 years, making an average of 15 years and 29-68ths—or 15 years and about 160 days. Of these 136 mares, the longest-lived, *Juno*, reached the age of 29; the shortest-lived *Shrimp*, died at 4. Thirteen were shot, being worn out with old age.

In carrying out the plan of Insurance here proposed, a Company might appoint,

1st. A General Agent.

2d. Two Veterinary Surgeons in Ordinary.

3d. Appointed Local Veterinary Surgeons.

The method of proceeding might then be as follows:—

The party desirous of insuring any horse or horses, to fill up and subscribe a form of application, approved by the Company, stating name, marks, pedigree, age, &c., and declaring his readiness to abide by the rules and regulations established by the Company. This application to be accompanied by certificates from two respectable veterinary surgeons, of whom one at least must be an authorized local veterinary surgeon of the Company, stating the present infirmities and blemishes of the horse, if any, and certifying that, to the best of their belief, there is no present or incipient disease in the animal calculated to endanger life; the expense of these certificates to be defrayed by the party applying to insure. The application should be then submitted to the general

agent for this purpose appointed by the Company, on whose recommendation, accompanied by a certificate signed by the two veterinary surgeons in ordinary, that the blemishes or infirmities contained in the report and certificate of the local surgeons are not such as to endanger life, the policy might be granted, or, on the other hand, declined, if the agent should not approve of the horse or his owner.

The following general rules might be adopted :—

No horse should be insured unless certified to be free (to the best of the owner's knowledge) from any incipient disease likely to endanger life.

No horse should be insured having any *established* disease of the lungs, heart, or otherwise.

The owner of a horse dying by poison, or being otherwise put to death by the owner, or any other person, should not recover the insurance from the Company, unless a written authority be given by them through their agent, to such owner or person to kill such horse.

The death of every horse insured should be certified by two respectable local veterinary surgeons (of whom one at least must be an authorized local veterinary surgeon of the Company), the certificate to state the cause of death, as nearly as possible, and the date of the origin of the disease ; the expense of such certificate to be borne by the insurer.

If any horse be buried, cut up, or carried away, within seven days of the date of his death, without a written order from the Company, or their appointed agent, the policy of insurance on the life of such horse should be forfeited.

I am fully aware of the apparent difficulties which stare in the face of any undertaking such as this, but I think them such as may be easily routed, on being fairly grappled.

The only obstacle which presents itself, and which in my opinion is in some degree real, as it is very plausible, is, the temptation which such a system might hold out to the chicanery and scheming of bad men ;—but let it be remembered that all insurance is to a certain extent blindfold, and liable to imposture and deception. In the case of thorough-bred horses, however, I think that the interest of the individual would be involved to the greatest degree in prolonging and cherishing the life of the animal, since more is to be made of him living than dead. Take, for instance, a foal, well bred, and heavily engaged on the strength of his blood, by his owner, as in the case of Lord G. Bentinck's Farintosh, it is well worth that owner's while to pay a premium on his life, at all events to cover the amount of his forfeits and expenses, until he can find out whether he is worth training or not. No consideration (if the animal be not insured above his value, which should be looked to by the insurers) can make the death of the animal, if a good one, equivalent to the loss of his chances in so many good prizes, whilst if he be a bad one, the owner at once gives up the insurance, choosing rather to lose the premiums already paid, than to sink more money in the chance of a bad animal

becoming good. The case of a stallion is even still more striking—take for instance, Touchstone. His owner might insure him most probably for 5,000*l.* (the highest amount any society should risk on one venture), but Touchstone will turn 800*l.* a year—how then can it be shown to be to the interest of any person to give up 800*l.* a year for 5,000*l.*? Certainly, a good look out must be kept to guard against persons insuring for more than the real value.

In concluding these remarks, should any person be tempted to carry the inquiry into the *working* truth of these ideas, I would caution them that no facts relating to any other kind of horse can be looked upon as applying to the thorough-bred or race-horse, the treatment of each being altogether so different as to prevent any correct estimate being formed of either, by the usage adopted towards the other. All theories relating to racing stock must be tested by their own experience alone.

Amongst my “Curiosities of Sporting Literature,” I have the original history of a Turcoman Horse,* which was imported some time ago into this country. I give it here verbatim, as affording a curious specimen of the manner in which the Persian Sporting Calendars register the fame of their “pure blood.”

“Rossoul Khan was purchased at Tabruz, in northern Persia, by his present proprietor, for the purpose of introducing a new blood into England. Captain Shee, (in the service of the King of Persia), from whom he was purchased, gave the following history of him,—‘He was bred by the Tekeh Turcomans, a tribe wandering on the banks of the Oxus or Jihou, and famous for their horses. In a foray made upon a neighbouring tribe, the Hezarchs, his master was killed, and the horse was captured. He did not, however, long remain with his new master, who was also slain in a foray, and the horse, which had now established a name, was bought from his third master, by the Chief of Karoe, Mahomed Khan, for sixteen men slaves, the average price of a man slave being about thirty-five Persian tomauns, or 17*l.* sterling. Mahomed Khan tried the powers of the horse, and galloped him against a number of his best horses, all of which he beat. The Khan gave him over to one of his most daring captains, Rossoul, who had the temerity to make a foray close upon the camp of the Prince Royal, Abbas Myrza, whilst the English officers were with him, and in that foray he captured that extraordinary wanderer, the Rev. Joseph Wolf, whom, when he could not sell him for a larger sum than five tomauns (2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), he released, and sent him to Meshed. For this temerity Rossoul was hunted down, and he and his chief destroyed by the Prince, and eventually the horse came into the hands of Capt. Shee.

“This horse has all the peculiarities, and eminently all the excellencies of the breed; he is cat-hammed to an extraordinary degree; very long from the hip-bone to the hoof, and extremely fine in the neck and shoulder. His speed, wind, and endurance, are his characteristic qualities.’”

* This breed of horses is particularly noticed by Captain Burnes in his recently published “Travels in Central Asia.”—Ed. N. S. M.

There are some critical people who are never satisfied unless they can pick some hole in your coat, however well clad you may be.

In this spirit of hypercriticism, the ephemerides of literature more particularly indulge, and they fall tooth and nail upon some unhappy misprint or clerical error, just as a hippopotamus might crush a butterfly; or Æsop's bear the gnat on his master's head.

Yet are clerical errors sometimes very awkward, and especially to be avoided by the discreet.

Clerical errors, like most adjectives, admit of three degrees of comparison.

The "positive" clerical error, is a mere mechanical brute-slip; a scratch of the pen,—a blurr of the tongue,—or a passing dullness in the printer's devil's digits.

The "positive" class includes all that numerous body of visionary deformities, the literary "*Errata*," such for instance, as that contained last week in the leading article of one of the tory papers, which asserted that the opposition were "like blind men leading the blind; or moles working in the park." Of the same nature was the advertisement of a butcher who announced "the excessively low price," of "best steaks off the pump!"

A bookseller in Paris once committed a "positive" clerical error, which ruined him. The unfortunate man had laid out all his force, and invested all his capital in a new and splendidly illustrated Roman Catholic Ritual—but alas! his fortunes were wrecked upon a vowel. In a note of direction for the priest's information, for "*ici le pretre otera sa calotte*," (a part of his dress, I believe, a small cap), the unhappy typographer substituted "*ici le pretre otera sa culotte*," a declaration which so shocked the delicacy of the devout, that the "*culotte*" Ritual at once became a drug upon the market.

A "comparative" clerical error is such a verbal blunder as any body may rap out either in writing or speaking, and which, without being a direct "mistake," brings a smile on your cheek, or a repartee to the tip of your tongue as a natural consequence.

A few examples will best explain my meaning.

"Here, you John Chawbacon," roared Farmer Brown to a logger-headed bumpkin, "run and tell Mr. Jones that his cattle have been breaking bounds again; and that this very morning I saw seven of his pigs run away through my garden-fence, each with a pumpkin in his mouth." Full of his errand away ran John Chawbacon, and incontinently perpetrated a "comparative" clerical error. "Pleez, zur, Maerster zez that yourn cats have all broken bones agean—an' that every mornin' he zeen zeven pumpkins running through yourn garden vence, each with a pig in uns mouth."

A weekly sporting paper, celebrated for its "Answers to Correspondents," a short time ago said—"All ships, although strictly speaking, of the neuter gender, are usually spoken of as feminine." If this be true, what becomes of the *mail* packets?

"Sir," said a man in conversation, defending a somewhat notorious character, "I assure you it is pure innocence." "I quite agree with you," replied the other, "it is pure in-no-sense."

"What may be your business, Madam?" inquired a counsel of a witness. "I keep a seminary for the destruction of young ladies, sir," was the reply.

An Irish paper lately contained an editorial notice that marriages and *deaths* could not be inserted, unless authorised by some known name, or *delivered in person*.

All these are "comparative" clerical errors. There were a heap in that old story told by Foote, the heroines of which were the ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill (the last the widow of the eminent physician). These "blues," according to Foote, were playing at "I love my love with an A, &c."—when Lady Cheere began with "I love my love with an N, because he is a (k) Night!" Lady Fielding followed with "I love *my* love with a G because he is A'Gustus!" and Lady Hill wound up the trio by "*I love my* love with an F, because he is a Fysician!"

"I say Jem," roared one Sam to his fellow, "wot does this here long word mean?" (pointing to a large announcement bill headed "Acrotormentarian society.")

"That ere—my eyes, wot a buster! *Ac-cro-tor-ment-hairyun!* I wonder what sort of a beast it is—but here's Bill a comin', and he's a genus. I say Bill, here's Sam and me in a quondary. Wot's that ere thing with no-end-of-a-name?"

"Oh! you ignorant ramuses!—that ere's a bow and harrow shootin' 'socisation."

"Then why couldn't they say so? But wot's the 'xact meanin' ov the hard word."

"Why, that means because they used to shoot at live birds, till the cruelty society interfered, and pulled 'em up to Bow Street, and that's why they got the name of *A-crow-tormen-tors*."

Here was evidently a "comparative" clerical error.

There is a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who styles himself a "Homœopathic bookseller!" This must clearly be a clerical error, unless he sells books in such small parcels, as to be altogether imperceptible.

There is a wonderful story told somewhere of a widow's cat, which sat upon half a dozen duck's eggs until they were hatched; when there appeared a fine brood of six young ones, half duck, and half cat, having duck's heads, and cat's tails; and, what was perhaps more wonderful than all, they mewed and quacked alternately! I think there must have been some "comparative" clerical error here.

Thus much for "comparative" clerical errors. For the "superlative"—

I once saw four dignitaries of the church,—sit *down* to play a rubber of whist on Good Friday, and afterwards sit *up* to pick broiled bones, and suck whiskey punch, until one disappeared under the mahogany table, as through a stage trap,—and the other three rolled off in a most finished state of we-won't-go-home-till-morning-ism.

This was decidedly the most "superlative" clerical error I ever witnessed.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1843.

LORD WESTMINSTER'S RACING ESTABLISHMENT.

 BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

THE Marquis of Westminster has been one of the most distinguished breeders of Racing Stock during the last forty years, and I know of no Nobleman, Gentleman, or Commoner whose influence has been greater, or whose straight-forward and strictly honorable conduct has been more generally known or more duly appreciated. The name of Grosvenor may be traced an immense way back in the Racing Calendar: indeed I know of no Noble family of so long standing in Turf matters. That the present Noble Marquis is consummate in the delicate nicety of breeding for the Turf I need not say, for the judicious *crosses* of the best blood—expense being out of the question—has procured the best brood mares in the world for the Eaton Establishment. I do not purpose going back to the year 1806, when Buckle and Violante carried everything before them at Newmarket, and wade down to the present day, when Maria Day stands immeasurably first favorite for the coming Oaks—and justly so if there be any truth in public running: but my immediate object is to lay before the Racing Public the present stud at Eaton, making such observations as I may deem necessary. Some time ago it was stated in the public papers that the Marquis of Westminster was about to sell his stud and discontinue his powerful patronage to the Turf. I need scarcely observe, that this report caused the deepest regret in the minds of the right-thinking and honorable Members of the Turf. The rumor no doubt arose from the fact of the Noble Marquis's selling a portion of his stock; but that we are going to lose so great an ornament to the Turf the underneath list of the Eaton Stud sufficiently contradicts. One thing I sincerely trust has "died away;" I mean the impudence of a lot of low scoundrels amusing themselves by writing anonymous letters to the Noble Marquis to the prejudice of his trainer: these rascals deserve the *cart's tail*.—Singular as it certainly is, the Marquis of Westminster's colors—"yellow, and black cap"—have never been *flying first* at the finish of any Derby. The Noble Marquis has, however, won the Oaks twice; namely, in 1805 with *Meteora* by *Meteor*, and in 1841 with *Ghuznee* by *Pantaloon*: the *St. Leger* on three occasions; viz., in 1834 with *Touchstone*, in 1840 with *Launcelot*, and in 1841 with *Satirist*. I once had an opportunity of seeing the Marquis of Westminster's sideboard of Gold and other Cups that had been won by racing, and I am positively afraid to even guess at the number!—The present Stud at Eaton consists of two stallions, *Pantaloon* and *Touchstone*, *twelve* brood mares, *fourteen* horses in training, and *seven* yearlings.

Pantaloon, a chesnut horse, was foaled in 1824, got by *Castrel* out of *Idalia* by *Peruvian* out of *Musidora*. *Pantaloon*, then the property of Mr. Gifford, at the Anson Hunt Meeting won 100 sovs,

in a Match against Mr. Mytton's Mexican, 8st. 4lb. each, one mile ; H. Arthur rode Pantaloon, and won very easy.

At Cheltenham, Pantaloon won a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. about a mile and a quarter, nine subs., beating in a canter Mr. Pickernell's Clematis, 8st. 4lb. ; Pantaloon carried 8st. 7lb. ; 2 to 1 on Pantaloon, who was ridden by H. Arthur.

At Derby, Pantaloon (H. Arthur) won the Devonshire Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., about a mile and a half, five subs., beating Mr. Beardsworth's Loraine ; Pantaloon the favorite.

At the same meeting, Pantaloon (H. Arthur) won a Sweepstakes of 5 gs. each, for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., about a mile and a half, fifteen subs., beating Loraine, Mr. Carr's f. by Filho da Puta, and Mr. Platel's Blaze.

At Warwick, Pantaloon, ridden by Lear, won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs., 10 ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 2lb., fillies 8st., once round and a distance, six subs., beating Mr. Yates's Sharpshooter : 2 to 1 agst Pantaloon.

At the same Meeting, Pantaloon, carrying 7st. 9lb. (Lear), won the Town Plate of 50 sovs., for all ages, two mile heats, beating Mr. Beardsworth's Chesterfield, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb., and Mr. Barrow's Alecto, aged, 9st, 7lb : betting, 6 and 7 to 4 on Pantaloon.

At Lichfield, Pantaloon started for the £50 Plate for three and four-year-olds, two mile heats, and came in first, but his jockey being short of weight, Pantaloon was declared distanced : Mr. Howard's br. f. by Filho da Puta out of Loo Choo, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb., was the winner ; Mr. Haywood's Spectre, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb., second ; Pantaloon's weight was, or rather ought to have been, 7st. 7lb.—These are the whole of Pantaloon's performances upon the Turf.

Pantaloon is a very fine stallion, and is the sire of the following first-rate runners : Cardinal Puff (the best two-year-old of his year, 1836), Pantomime, Sir Ralph, Lord Mayor, Sleight-of-hand (winner of the Liverpool Tradesmen's Cup in 1840) Ghuznee (winner of the Oaks in 1841), Van Amburgh (second for the Derby 1841), Satirist (winner of the Queen's Vase at Ascot 1841, and of the St. Leger in the same year), &c. &c. Pantaloon is a very great favorite at Eaton. I understand that, exclusive of a few of his Noble Owner's best mares, Pantaloon will be well supported.

Touchstone is a dark brown horse, with a blaze of white down his face, and a white off-heel, stands about $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands high, was bred by the Marquis of Westminster in 1831, got by Camel out of Banter by Master Henry ; grandam Boadicea (Sister to Bucephalus) by Alexander ; her dam Brunette by Amaranthus out of Mayfly by Match'em—there's a pedigree for ye !

Touchstone made his *debut* when two years old at Lichfield, where he walked over for a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., three subs.

In the same year (1833), *Touchstone* ran third for the Champagne Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. : Queen Bess was the winner ; The Tulip second. *Touchstone* was by no means half prepared.

In 1834, *Touchstone*, carrying 8st. 7lb. (Calloway) won the Dee Stakes at Chester of 50 sovs., h. ft., for three-year-old colts

and fillies, once round and a distance, *thirteen subs.*, beating Queen Bess, 8st. 2lb., and four others.

At the Liverpool July Meeting, Touchstone, carrying 8st. 6lb., ran a capital second to Sir James Boswell's General Chassé, 8st. 6lb., for the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, one mile and three quarters, beating Queen Bess, 8st. 3lb., and eight others: 5 to 2 agst General Chassé, 7 to 2 agst Billinge, 7 to 2 agst Mr. Powlett's colt, and 6 to 1 agst Touchstone. A slashing race.

At Doncaster, Touchstone (G. Calloway) won the Great St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course, *seventy-one subs.*, beating Bran, General Chassé, Shilelah, Bubastes, Plenipotentiary, Warlabay Baylock, Valparaiso, and three others: 11 to 10 on Plenipo, 3 to 1 agst Shilelah, 6 to 1 agst Warlabay Baylock, 13 to 1 agst General Chassé and 40 to 1 agst Touchstone. So certain did several Gentlemen, and good judges too, consider this race safe to Plenipotentiary, that they backed him at odds against the Field. I believe no one, save Lord Wilton, took the odds on the morning of the race about Touchstone, who won very easy, much to the astonishment of his jockey, who seemed almost petrified at his good fortune.

At Wrexham, Touchstone, at 8st. 1lb. (Lear), won a nameless Welsh Stake of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, three subs., beating uncommonly easy Mr. Mostyn's Vittoria, 7st. 13lb.: almost any odds on Touchstone.

At the Holywell Hunt, Touchstone ran third to Intriguer (first), Birdlime (second), for the Mostyn Stakes of 10 sovs. each—three-year-olds, 7st., 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mostyn Mile.

At the same Meeting, and on the same day, Touchstone walked over for the Chieftain Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, Mostyn Mile, five subs.

In 1835, Touchstone, then four years old, walked over for the Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., at Chester, the gift of the Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, twice round and a distance, six subs.

At the Liverpool Spring Meeting, Touchstone, carrying 8st. 10lb., ran for the Tradesmen's Plate, value 100 sovs., with 100 in specie, but was not placed; Sir J. Boswell's General Chassé, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (Holmes), was the winner; Red Rover, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb., second; The Comet, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb., third: Birdlime and seven others also started: betting, 10 to 6 agst General Chassé, 2 to 1 agst Touchstone, 7 to 2 agst Birdlime, and long odds against any other. A most capital race.

At Doncaster, Touchstone (Wm. Scott) won the Doncaster Cup, with 50 sovs. added, free for any horse, &c.—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.; the winner of the Leger to have carried 3lb. extra—two miles and five furlongs, beating Hornsea, 3 yrs; General Chassé, 4 yrs; Shilelah, 4 yrs; and Bella, 4 yrs: betting, 6 to 5 on General Chassé, 2 to 1 agst

Hornsea, 3 to 1 agst Touchstone, and 6 to 1 agst Shilelah. A tremendous race, and won by a head only.

At Heaton Park, Touchstone, four years old, carrying 10st. 9lb. (Lord Wilton), won a Piece of Plate, presented by Count Matuschevitz, added to a Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for all ages, one mile and a half, sixteen subs., beating Catherina, Languish, and Trim: betting, 4 to 1 on Touchstone, who won in a canter.

The next day, Touchstone walked over for a Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., given by Mr. King, of the Bush Inn, Manchester, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, St. Leger Course, sixteen subs.

At Holywell, Touchstone, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb., was beaten by Usury, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Lye), for the Mostyn Stakes, for all ages, Mostyn Mile, twenty-six subs.; almost any odds on Touchstone.—This race was one of those “mistakes” which occasionally creep in and bring the *Fielders* a rich *harvest*. Between the real merits of Usury and Touchstone there was indeed a wide gap.

At the same Meeting, and on the following day, Touchstone walked over for a Post Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., two miles, three subs.

Also at the same meeting, Touchstone, at 8st., 9lb., walked over for the Pengwern Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three and four-year-olds, one mile and three quarters, four subs.

In 1836, Touchstone, then five years old, carrying 8st. 12lb. (John Day), won the Ascot Cup, value 300 sovs., by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the Fund, the Cup Course, beating Rockingham, 6 yrs., 9st. 3lb.; Lucifer, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; and Aurelius, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; 6 to 5 on Touchstone, 6 to 4 agst. Rockingham, 5 to 1 agst. Aurelius, and 8 to 1 agst. Lucifer. A good race, but won somewhat easily in the end; a great betting race.

At Doncaster, Touchstone, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. (Wm. Scott), won the Doncaster Cup for all ages, beating Carew, 3 yrs., 7st.; Venison, 3 yrs., 7st.; Bee's-wing, 3 yrs., 7st.; General Chassé, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.; and a wretch called Flying Billy; betting, 6 and 7 to 1 on Touchstone, 9 to 2 agst. Bee's-wing, 9 to 2 agst. Venison, and 7 to 1 agst. General Chassé. Won in a canter.

At Heaton Park, Touchstone, 5 yrs., walked over for a Gold Cup, given by Mr. King, of the Bush Inn, Manchester, 10 subs.

In 1837, at the Ascot Heath meeting, Touchstone, then 6 yrs. old, carrying 9st. 3lb. (W. Scott), won the Gold Cup, value 300l., by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added by the Fund, for three-year-olds and upwards, the Cup Course, thirty-four subs., beating Slane, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; Alumnus, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; and Royal George, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.; betting, 2 to 1 on Touchstone, 4 to 1 agst. Slane, 10 to 1 agst. Alumnus, and 25 to 1 agst. Royal George. Won amazingly easy.

These are the only times of Touchstone's starting. Touchstone is the sire of Auckland, Blue Bonnet (winner of the last St. Leger), Jack, Cotherstone, Dilbar, Celia (one of the fastest three-year-olds of last season), Rosalind, &c. The Marquis of West-

minster has a most promising colt by this valuable stallion, out of Languish, in the coming Derby.

Banter, the dam of *Touchstone*, was bred in 1826. She is a brown mare, got by Master Henry, out of *Boadicea*, &c. *Banter's* running was confined to one year.

At Chester, in 1829, when 3 yrs. old, *Banter*, at 7st. 11lb. (Johnson), won a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., two miles, twelve subs., beating *Lely*, 8st. 1lb.; *Abel*, 8st. 1lb.; and the following not placed by the Judge—*Ambuscade*, 7st. 11lb.; br. c. by *Filho da Puta*, out of *Maid of Milan*, 8st. 1lb.; *The Crofts*, 8st. 4lb.; *Independence*, 8st. 4lb.; *Shenkin*, 8st. 1lb.; and *Butterfly*, 8st.; betting, 3 to 1 agst. *Shenkin* (taken), 4 to 1 agst. *Independence*, 5 to 1 agst. *Lely*, and 6 to 1 agst. *Banter*. Won very easy by a length.

At the same meeting, *Banter* ran a capital third to *Butterfly* and *Fortitude*, for the *Dee Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., sixteen subs., beating *Independence*, *Day Star*, *Mona's Pride*, *Ultimatum*, *Parnassus*, and *Lucy*; betting, 5 to 2 agst. *Lucy*, 5 to 1 agst. *Banter*, 5 to 1 agst. *Fortitude*, and 6 to 1 agst. any other. A most beautiful struggle between the first three, and won by a head only.

At Wolverhampton, *Banter*, at 8st. (Darling), won a Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., one mile and a quarter, seven subs., beating br. f. by *Filho da Puta*, out of *Mervinia*, 8st., and *The Lord Mayor*, 8st. 5lb. Won easy.

In four other races *Banter* proved unsuccessful, although she invariably ran well up in each race.

Banter is also the dam of *Launcelot* (second for the Derby and winner of the *St. Leger* in 1840), *Lampoon* (a very good performer), and *Retort*. She is unquestionably one of the *choicest* brood mares of the day.

The horses in training are under the careful superintendence of J. Horsley, and every racing man knows how skilful that celebrated trainer is in all things appertaining to bring a horse "right fit" to the post when wanted.

The breeding establishment, as may be supposed, is quite perfect, and it would amply repay any lover of young racing stock to travel any distance to inspect the judicious manner with which everything at the Noble Marquis's seat at Eaton is conducted.

The following is a list of the present Stud of the Marquis of Westminster :—

STALLIONS.

Pantaloon, by *Castrel*, out of *Idalia* by *Peruvian*, 19 yrs. old.

Touchstone, by *Camel*, out of *Banter* by Master Henry, 12 yrs. old.

BROOD MARES.

Banter, by *Camel*.

Decoy, by *Filho da Puta*.

Ghuznee, by *Pantaloon*.

Lampoon, by *Camel*.

Languish, by *Cain*.

Sarcasm, by *Teniers*.

Laura, by *Champion*.

Maid of Honor, by *Champion*.

Pasquinade by *Camel*.

Retort, by *Camel*.

Isabel.

Shiraz.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Prince Edward, br. c., 4 yrs., by Muley Moloch, out of Manilla by Mulatto.
 Martyr, br. g., 4 yrs., Brother to Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, out of Languish by Cain.
 B. c., 3 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Languish (in the Derby and St. Leger).
 B. c., 3 yrs., by Pantaloon, out of Puff (in the Derby).
 B. f., 3 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Decoy (in the Oaks and St. Leger).
 B. f., 3 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor (in the Oaks).
 Ch. f., 3 yrs., Sister to Satirist, by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm (in the Oaks and St. Leger).
 Maria Day, b. f., 3 yrs., by Physician, out of Young Lady Ern (in the Oaks).
 B. f., 3 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Laura (in the Oaks).
 Br. c., 2 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Laura (in the Derby and Leger 1844).
 Br. f., 2 yrs., Sister to Touchstone, by Camel, out of Banter (in the Leger 1844).
 B. c., 2 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Miss Giles by Lottery.
 B. f., 2 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Decoy (in the Oaks 1844).
 B. f., 2 yrs., by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor (in the Oaks 1844).

YEARLINGS.

Colt by Camel, out of Banter by Master Henry.
 Colt by Touchstone, out of Decoy by Filho da Puta.
 Colt by Touchstone, out of Morea.
 Filly by Touchstone, out of Laura.
 Filly by Touchstone, out of Isabel.
 Filly by Camel, out of Sarcasm by Teniers.
 Filly by Touchstone, out of Languish.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for March, 1843.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON THE "MANLY SPORTS OF ENGLAND"—PUGILISM!

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine":

SIR: There are some old fashioned notions cherished by a certain "Greek Character," which he sometimes feels an impulse to utter. The subjects of these ideas are Prize-fighting and Duelling. The notions are decidedly adverse to both of those institutions. But, such as they are, they follow:—

These customs have, doubtlessly, a common origin—in the grossest vanity of man. It would be difficult to prove, to an unprejudiced mind, by any great reasoning, that either mode of avenging an insult is the natural one. The promptings of anger are ever quick, and upon the moment of affront. This proposition must not be confounded with a denial of the difference in the quickness of anger in different persons. But anger, as a *human* passion, is never positively slow—never for postponing its redress. Three other principles have that tendency. They are revenge, combativeness (a phrenological name for an *innate* love of strife, *per se*), and vanity, which, with Protean power, assumes the forms of these and all other passions and principles. "Of these, vanity is the greatest." Revenge seldom incites to such acts, because, being a sort of coward. Anger in general effects its end by the dagger or the drug. While the pure love of fight is a very ques-

tionable passion. Even the quail and the game-cock, which are always named as proving its existence, take good care to *fight their best before the hens*; thus proving that vanity, or love, or lust of power, have as much to do in their battles as combativeness. The two first deserve, therefore, much less consideration as causes of these customs, than vanity. In Prize-fighting, however, another passion ministers, incidentally, to sustain it. So far as the amateur combatants—the *Captains* Godfreys and Barclays—are concerned, vanity is (unless, *possibly*, with the above exceptions,) the sole agent. But the "public performers begin, perhaps, under the stimulus of this paltry passion, and end with the lowest and meanest of all feelings, avarice. And a right *tough* trade of it do they follow." What Paddy gave the drum is bad enough, but dieting and formal exercise must be insufferable. However, as the world goes, their "ills which flesh is heir to," are scarcely less tolerable than the moral pains of the lawyer, the doctor, or the merchant—not to mention the case of that noblest of God's creatures, a really pious young Catholic Priest, when, "at confession," a young, beautiful, virtuous, and *rich* lady, tenderly tells, amid her pearly tears, that she is "almost *dead* in love" with—him! This "Grecian" decidedly avows that the endurance of a "middling" brave pugilist would be to him preferable to the *average* condition of *some* of these cases! "*Sed, de gustibus, non disputandum.*" Perhaps "no *Christian*" would. To return to the *principia* of these institutions. With such roots, what fruit do they bear? Let us examine. And first of Pugilism.

This *science* is the eldest born of all the litter-progeny of Mars, beyond any reasonable doubt. But the term must be understood to include all the *feats* of the *hand*, whether open or shut—slapping, striking, wooling, scratching, or—but *hold*. *These instances must suffice*. As far as the honor of antiquity can be claimed, all these branches of the "art" must "share and share alike." Though I am somewhat inclined to believe that slapping had the priority by a week or two,

"In man's strange, eventful history,"

over all the other sister-forms of independent punishment. For it comes—*so pat*. All this, it must be confessed, is sheer speculation. And the stickler for record-history will flatly contradict it, and insist that the Bible plainly assures us that Cain killed Abel with a cane. And this is certainly the first fight of which we have any account, sacred or profane. But, "let us reason a little together." And as the least reflection must satisfy the honest inquirer, that Holy Writ does not record every act done by these "first ones of the earth," we have still room for speculation. And who will deny that, long before that sad time in that very interesting little family, when they were little boys, and, unquestionably, before they put on their first panties, Cain pulled poor little Abel's hair, or gave him a "clew" on the nose, while Eve's back was turned, and when he was *unable* to "fend off"? Not I. I am not such a fool. I have seen too much of "innocent" child-

hood to think any such thing. Fisticuffs, or Pugilism, then, was probably one of the earliest of the "*Manly Sports*." The advocates for the cudgel or shillelah have some show of authority. And the French name for the stick-exercise "*La Canne*"—derived probably from that of the first distinguished artist in that branch, somewhat strengthens their claim. But the friend of Duelling has "no papers," whatever, to show any respectability of age to that custom. But the "patrons of the Ring" would hold in utter scorn this confounding of disorderly and brutal Prize-fighting with the genuine "*Science of Self-Defence*!" This manly sport looks not into the garden of Eden, nor any of the neighboring villages, for its origin. England and the middle of the eighteenth century claim that honor. And as pretty much all the other "manly virtues" cluster and head these, and as America seems not covetous of *this* "glory of the Stars," it may be conceded to our Motherland. Not even my dear Greece, with her cestus and all her Gymnastic weapons, shall interfere to rob her of her laurels. But—what are its fruits? Its good results, to the practitioner, are claimed to be—"The invigoration of his frame, by the expansion of the chest, the development of the muscular powers and the promotion of those quick, active evolutions, of which human limbs, when energetically exercised, are capable, and the encouragement of which is so conducive to bodily health."—*Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*, p. 556.

These effects are granted, and their usefulness acknowledged. But would not the dumb-bells exercise; making horse-shoe nails; running, climbing, leaping (*i.e.* if danger must give zest to the sport), circus-riding, and other exercises of the *Athletæ*, fulfill these "bodily" purposes, just as well, without being injurious to any other fool? Surely.

What, then, are the "*moral*" effects of this "noble art?" Let us seek the highest authority upon this most interesting and important branch of the subject.

* * * "The principle of contention cannot be eradicated from our nature; but it may be modified, and to do this is the triumph of civilization. Military discipline divests the conflicts of armed bodies of men of many of their horrors; and *boxing* divests their individual encounters of the ferocity and murderous termination, to which they naturally tend." Thus lectures Barber Beaumont, Esq., a Magistrate of the county of Middlesex, a gentleman whose position in society constitutes him a *legal conservator of the Peace*.—*Ibid.*, p. 557.

These are plausible arguments. And the judge, it must be confessed, moralizes with the air of a philosopher. But let us examine them honestly and fairly.

Contention is a natural and ineradicable spirit in man. Very true—perhaps. It must, therefore, be "modified." Certainly—but *how* modified? *Softened, restrained, and prevented, by dissuasion, or by punishment?* Or—*promoted, encouraged, nay, glorified* by the stimulus of money and by public opinion, and systematized into a science and an art? Why—these last are the *modifications*,

advocated by the patrons of this "truly British amusement." Because, if the *tendency* of suffering by law, and encouraging by all the forces of public opinion, Prize-fighting, were not *directly* to encourage that spirit of "contention" which he laments, our author, in another place, distinctly and literally says:—

* * * * "If I am right in believing, as I sincerely do, that boxing and the laws of the Ring, properly understood, are conducive to the ends of *humanity*, and *also* to the effectiveness of our soldiers and sailors; it is right the practice and its regulations should be upheld. This is most effectually done by occasional matches for prizes, because many persons are then interested in seeing that the regulations of the Ring are properly observed, and because by the moderate encouragement of skilful pugilists, the art of boxing is *preserved* from degenerating into *brutal* belaboring." Again—"Fighting, when the blood is up, very frequently produces the rupture of a blood-vessel and death. It is, therefore, the office of true humanity to dissuade men from fighting when their blood is up, and to persuade them to wait until the next day, or some after period, when it is cool. *By deferring an intended combat after the heat of passion has subsided, nineteen times in twenty it is got rid of altogether.*" A strange purpose for one who "sincerely thinks" this postponed, pitched battle, "and the laws of the Ring, conducive to the ends of humanity, and also the effectiveness of our soldiers and sailors!" But, in truth, do this appointment; the public notice of, and public interest in it; the companions of the combatants and the general *betting* upon each, at all tend to "get rid of it altogether," or make the battle any the less "a *brutal* belaboring?" Do the huzzas of encouragement from Lords and Commoners, at each well-sent "*blow on the nob*;" every "fair knock down;" the universal shout of welcome to the "*first blood*," make the conflict less "cruel and bloody." Do the derision of the party betting against a man, or the praise of his "backers," make him the more or less determined to fight long then, and inclined to fight again? Does the whole scene, the calm and silent admiration of the fallen man's courage, while senseless and breathless he lies prostrate on the earth, as the watch is held to "call the time" if he is not "*up at the scratch*," or the wild shout of victory which hails him, staggering, stunned, and blind; purple with bruises and crimson in blood, to receive another blow and another fall—do the crowning with the oaken chaplet, and the girdling with the champion's golden belt, the victor in the fight—do all these "conduce to true humanity," by "*modifying*" the spirit of contention, which cannot be *eradicated*? And in what way, or to what degree does the *betting* by the visitors, or the giving an "*under-cut*" (of the lower jaw against the protruded tongue of an adversary,) make the former "interested in seeing that the regulations of the Ring are *properly* observed," or the latter, a more "noble or generous foe," than if he had knocked down his opponent in honest anger, when he received the affront? I cannot, for the life of me, see. But how ridiculous are all these arguments and excuses, upon the ground of "humanity," when the indisputa-

ble fact is stated, that Prize-fighting and the laws of the Ring are not established for heated foes to settle a feud coolly (lest they might "break blood-vessels when their blood is up,") but is simply and altogether for men who never had any difficulty or quarrel whatever, perhaps never saw each other, and who fight either for glory or for a prize, subscribed by men for the sake of the—sport, and for adding "effectiveness to British soldiers and sailors!"

All along we have taken for granted many of the data *assumed* by the friends of Pugilism. Most of these propositions are *mere assumptions*. For example, it is *assumed* by the admirers of all these "flowers," from Fig to Lilly, that boxing has made English soldiers and sailors so resolute and brave. As a matter of philosophical inquiry, it might be doubted whether the habit of fighting with the hands, and with a consciousness that there was no mortal danger, was calculated to make soldiers so well as the habit of fighting with deadly weapons. But this may be a doubtful point. And the exercise of courage as a mortal quality, by a hard-fought fist-fight—and the habit of seeing blood, may, possibly, be all that is necessary to make the combatants or spectators warlike. But in point of historical fact, *has* this custom been the cause of the distinguished bravery of the British forces, on land or water? Were they not brave before the "invention of this art?" How was it when he of the lion heart, when Prince Hal and one John, Duke of Marlborough, led them to battle? Did the British soldier quail before the fierce glance of his foe, at either of those periods? Or had he, then, to be "taught to look his adversary in the face, while fighting?" Answer us, ye bloody fields of Ascalon, Agincourt, and Blenheim! No. Braver men fought not Talavera, Barosa, or Salugal. Braver men never lived! And they had always fought their private battles in the natural way—"when their blood was up," and that, too, "without breaking any blood-vessels." Nor had one of them ever degraded himself by fighting for a wager or prize. On the contrary, the probability is, that if a "broker in that line" had asked him to do such thing, the indignant soldier would have given him a broken jaw and a good fight, "free gratis for nothing." They had never heard of Pugilism, nor of the cestus, those honest, early Britons! This cant, then, is but another link of that endless chain of humbugs which no other man than any Englishman can administer, and no other than English public can swallow. Millions of men deriving the most universal qualities, from the occasional practices of some dozen of them, in presence of, it may be, as many thousands. What stuff?

But it is further *assumed* that the crowd enforces "fair play," the vital principle of English boxing; that scientific performance prevents "the art from degenerating into brutal belaboring;" that it throws into disuse the coward *knife and stiletto*. These are the *texts*. In the last "Bell's Life in London," we are furnished (and by another advocate of the Ring) with our exemplifications and commentary.

Speaking of certain "ruffians," to whose "conduct the decline

of the prosperity of the Ring, in a great measure, owes its origin," the editor adds: "We have already alluded to the attempt to *draw Freeman into their corner*, and we have since received the assurance from the most unquestionable quarters, *that it was intended, had he been got down there, to disable him, by some blow, and weapons for this purpose were openly displayed.*" What "*fair play*" do the crowd enforce by their presence? But this is the disease of the Ring. What remedy will restore it to its primitive health and purity? The disease is a dreadful one. Here is the cure:—
* * "We have been driven to this exposure by the increasing recklessness of the offenders. We have little doubt that *we thereby place our lives in jeopardy*, because from such men we expect no '*manly*' feeling. Treachery is their '*motto*.'" "What a '*manly art*' is British Boxing? How does it '*elevate the character of all who share in it, and who regard it*'?"—*Beaumont, Id.*, p. 559.

But, again, where is this remedy for this state of affairs? Here it is:—"Let all men who are disposed to follow our advice, lose not a moment in registering their names with Tom Spring, and give a guarantee to do their duty in the hour of need, and to prevent those irregularities which have become intolerable. *Let them provide themselves with proper weapons of offence and defence*, and, by showing a bold front and honest determination, prove that they are no longer to be frightened from their propriety." Mercy alive! "Mr. Bell," Mr. Blaine, Squire Beaumont, "*dear boy!*"—not "*with weapons of offence!*" British boxers with—weapons! Oh! the "*coward stiletto!*" Oh! the "*manly art of self-defence,*" the "*truly British sport of boxing!*" Why, we had been taught to believe that a century of hard knocks had driven dirks and even sharp-pointed carving-knives, from Great Britain; that none but the dark Italian; the revengeful Spaniard; the "*treacherous*" Frank; or the "*degenerate American,*" who played "*knucks*" with "*black slavery,*" in teens, and burnt the little negro boys with red hot knitting-needles to amuse "*his virgin sisters,*" and pursued other "*truly American sports*" to amuse his other sisters—ever, ever carried—weapons! But no. The "*patrons of the manly art*" carry arms to *disable* the stronger combatant. While the "*friends of good order*" combine to carry them to prevent the former from showing too much "*fair play*" in a "*sport,*" whose chief end is *to put down the habit of carrying weapons*, and to promote genuine humanity. So, for similarly humane purposes, that amiable "*conservator of the Queen's peace,*" would recommend two quarreling countrymen not to get into a fight at the ale-house, as they were too drunk to hurt each other respectably, and would, moreover, soon be parted by the bar-keeper: but to go to Tom Spring's or Johnny Broome's, and "*enter into articles*" to fight it out in a "*fair stand up fight,*" within seventy-one miles of London, for £10 a side, and a small subscription to be added. It would be unfair not to say that the Judge would also add—that in case either of them should be, by the "*peculiar liberty of Englishmen,*" impressed into the Chinese service, for the defence of his little garden in Essex County, he would be fully recompensed for his

loss of blood, time and money, by his patriotic pride in his consequent "efficiency as a British sailor!"

But, one grows weary of tracing these contradictions. It is so with all the benefits of "milling." They are plausible sophisms, addressed to minds which have grown accustomed to sophism. They are like the "Christianizing and civilizing influences," which have for ages quieted the honest but uneasy conscience for the enterprises which English "lust of power and greed of gain" have conceived, and executed, from the "*execution*" of William Wallace in 1300, to the "*victory*" of Canton in 1842.

The British nation has a wisdom and a morality of a kind and to a degree, which no European People has now, or have had in times past. But alas! the one is easily beguiled, and the other isolated, whenever self-interest intervenes. And how their authors and moralists can lecture Napoleon for the "*infamous murder*" of D'Enghein and the Americans for *their sins* of slavery? While they astutely gloss over the infamy of that *negative* deception (at least), by which that unfortunate, though not blameless being was *inveigled* into their power; falsely claimed as a prisoner of war (though taken after a treaty of peace); treated as a *State* prisoner and imprisoned in a desert island under the charge of a miserable petty tyrant (Sir Hudson Lowe), who vexed his whole existence to a wretched end, and spit his malignant venom upon his friends at his death-bed and around his grave. A "*generous*" government would have furnished another jailor, even if the prisoner had been originally, and throughout their five years' quarrels, in the wrong. But British authors can with flippant fallacy argue differently. And a British public will readily believe.

And how sagely and *piously* will they preach up the abstract wisdom and beauty of their model of Government, and make the "Missionary" end justify the "poison and murder" means of their Chinese—War? For their Government they have an ample and honest defence, which the national proclivity to sophistry will not permit them to use. That defence is, the "*necessity of the thing.*" It is that, like a huge old oak, their government has grown old and ragged with its knots and its divers imperfections of growth and of decay. Not a limb of that "grand old tree," but has its accidental or artificial defects. Not a root without its injury or its abstraction. But these "evils" can be lopped off by no pruner's hand, without the entire destruction of the stock. And the interests, habits, and even the affections, of the people, having, like ivy-vines, entwined themselves inextricably with these branches (their tendrils accommodated, and clinging to every fissure and gnarled knot,) the dangers and evils of its removal, and a *replanting a new and* (independently of external circumstances) *a much more perfect growth would, consequently, be more dreadful than the continuance of the present ills.*

But for the Chinese War, no human mind can find apology or defence. "For it *must* needs be that offences come! but wo to that man by whom the offence cometh!"—is all the consolation the Bible affords, to such unprovoked aggression, to such mon-

strous cruelties ; notwithstanding it is possible “good may come out of this evil.”

And now (to make the application of these reflections), is it the settled purpose of respectable classes of this really great nation—while they have been recently engaged in clearing away whatever moss and shoots the aged trunk can bear to lose—deliberately to engraft into their social system other and still greater vices?—calmly to school its populace to glory in the successful use of brute power, without perceiving or feeling that there should be an ever-present and an all-pervading moral principle in every human action.

I hope that no reader, or critic, will suspect or accuse me of narrow or irrationally zealous opposition to national sports. On the contrary, I believe, that being animals, as well as spiritual persons, we as much require relaxation and amusement of our humbler faculties, as the exercise of our most exalted moral and intellectual powers ; that perpetual, ascetical devotion (for example) is just as much a violation of the laws of our nature, and, therefore, as much (though not so degrading and disgusting) a sin, as ceaseless sensuality, and that, in proportion to the numbers who so act, as much harm is done by those who would restrain innocent sports (as dancing, card-playing, fairs and theatres, and even racing,) as by those who encourage and promote those customs which are positively immoral. Because, first, the indiscriminate condemnation of all—the positively harmless and the positively vicious sports—makes those who would otherwise be satisfied with the enjoyment of the former (in the despair of pleasing those who condemn them), careless of their opinions about the latter. And the young, who are sought to be formed to this bigotry, detecting the falsity of that reasoning which makes sinful and wrong that which they know is not so, mistrust the entire judgment of their preachers, and fall into the error themselves of confounding virtue and vice. Card-playing is an apt illustration. In a simple game of cards there can be no harm. In *betting* there certainly is. He who attempts to convince a youthful mind of the harm of the one, is very likely to lead him into both practices. But of this topic more anon.

Perhaps, in many of my remarks, I may seem to have a grudge against “Old England.” The truth is, I admire her more than any other people or government, save my own. But she has many bad qualities, deserves a little cursing, and I have “a perfect right” to curse her. And so I do, and will, whenever I please.

Yours ever,

THETA.

Notes of the Month.

M A Y .

Another extraordinary race, at four mile heats, has taken place at New Orleans, in which George Martin, a purely Virginia bred horse, defeated Reel and Hannah Harris, in 7:33—7:43. A capital report at length will be found in another page, from the "Picayune;" it will scarcely fail to be remarked that the editors of that journal do not claim this to be, beyond all question or comparison whatever, "*the best race ever run in the World!*" We owe them one, for that. Not so, however, our friend of the "Bee," who commences his report with the following specimen of editorial "balloony":—

"We have no heart to describe this race—though in point of speed it was perhaps the fastest ever run in America. Had not an accident happened to Reel, it would have been the best four mile heat ever made in the United States, *maugre* the fuss our Northern friends make about short weights and quick tracks. The entries were Reel, George Martin, and Hannah Harris. The first had never before lost a heat at any distance; George Martin was the contending horse against Miss Foote, in the great race last Fall over the Louisiana Course, and Hannah Harris came to the post covered with laurels won in Alabama and Georgia."

The "Bee" concludes its report with the annexed paragraph:—

"Great would have been the acclamation of the spectators, at a victory so nobly won, but for the fate of Reel. She ought to have lasted through the race. Had she broke down after the heat closed, she would have ended her brilliant career in a manner corresponding with the expectations of her friends. And it was unfortunate for the winner that she did break down, for otherwise he would have won a heat, taking it all in all, the very best that has ever been witnessed in this Republic."

Poor Reel! She has covered herself with glory! Her name will go down through all time as that of one of the most remarkable performers that ever figured on the American Turf. We deeply sympathize with her high spirited owner—the Hon. THOMAS J. WELLS—upon a loss so irreparable.

The allusion by the "Bee" to the "fuss" made about the "short weights and quick tracks" of New Orleans, is plainly indicative of the soreness felt there on the subject. But they must not attempt to confound the matter of the "catch weights" with that of the "spring-board courses." No one cares a straw for the difference in the courses; if those at New Orleans are better adapted for making good time than the Oakland, the Lafayette, the Trenton, or the Union, (at Louisville, Augusta, Trenton, or Long Island, respectively,) our South western friends are heartily welcome to all the advantages to be derived from the fact. But the scale of weights is another matter; there is no reason whatever that horses in Virginia, *running in April*, should take up a year's weight more than horses carry in Louisiana *in March*. The Turfmen of New York and New Jersey (where the scale of weights is heaviest, by four pounds, of any in the Union,) are quite willing to compare the running of their horses, under these heavy weights, with that of horses running in the Western and Middle States, where the regular Virginia weights are carried. But it is "piling it up a leetle too mountainous" when they claim the same reputation for a horse running at New Orleans in *March*, throwing off *eleven pounds*, that is due to one of the same age who made equally good time in New York or New Jersey, in *April or May*, with the eleven pounds extra on his back!

J. B. PRYOR, of Natchez, has sold *Sandy Young* (by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle by Bertrand, 3 yrs.) to Mr. WM. P. GREER, of Kentucky, for \$450, it is said. Mr. G. has taken him to Havana.

The Blue Dick and Register Match.—A Washington correspondent writes to the following effect :—

"The challenge of Blue Dick by Register, I understand was declined, on the ground of the smallness of the forfeit, not on account of the distance. It is to be hoped they will meet at the next meeting on the Mount Vernon or the National Course, as also Cassandra and Wilton Brown again. The latter will probably be in its best order. I saw the operatives at work there yesterday (13th instant,) "closing rivets up," preparatory to the trials four weeks hence.

Nashville Spring Races.—A correspondent writes that "the spring meeting over the Nashville Course bids fair to be a more splendid one than they have ever had; about fifty horses are now up; the trainers are G. B. Williams, Mr. Crory, Hall, Mitchell, Patterson, and Dick Hurt, (Cheatham's and Lewis' lots are to come). Mr. G. W. CHEATHAM and Mr. NICHOLLS have taken the Messrs. Polk's stock, and made arrangements to run them in all their engagements, &c. The races commence 15th May. There are two Association purses, one at Three and the other at Two mile heats; also a Proprietor's purse, the Derby Stake of 12 subscribers; a sweepstake 3 mile heats, 9 subscribers, for four year olds, two mile heats; another for 3 year olds, mile heats, 5 subscribers; another with 7 subscribers for 3 year olds, and another for untried colts, to close 1st April, that will probably have 10 subscribers.

GREAT SECTIONAL SWEEPSTAKES AT AUGUSTA.

A few weeks since we published in the "Spirit of the Times" the proposition of Mr. SAMUEL W. SHELTON, proprietor of the Hampton Course, at Augusta, Georgia, for a sweepstake to come off there in January next. It ran thus :—

AUGUSTA, Georgia, March 29, 1843.

*To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times" :—*There evidently exists a great difference of opinion between my friends of the North and South-west, about the advantages and disadvantages of their respective climates in reference to racing and race horses; and as each party think they have the best of the argument, I now propose a race which will afford equal opportunities to both. I therefore extend a general invitation to all, and particularly to Fashion, Blue Dick, Reel, and Miss Foote.

The Hampton Course, at Augusta, is one of the best and safest for race horses in the United States, and can be excelled by none in its adaptation for training. The water on my place is as good as any in the world, and the stables and provisions are as good as can be furnished anywhere else. The stake proposed is not so much of an object, as to furnish equal ground and advantages to both extremes of North and South.

I therefore propose to run a Four mile race over the Hampton Course, for \$2000 each, subscription, \$1000 forfeit, each party to name two horses, and have the privilege of running either. Three entries to make a race.

The stables and provender for each party shall be furnished free of expense by the proprietor, and by way of accommodation, the proprietor himself will make an entry at the proper time.

One Thousand Dollars will be required to be deposited in the State Bank of Georgia as a forfeit, and the entries to be made and closed by the 4th July next, and the race to come off on the 2d Monday in January.

S. W. SHELTON.

In a note appended to the foregoing proposition we suggested that a subscription of \$5,000 or even \$10,000 each, would probably be more acceptable to the parties likely to make a nomination in such a stake. To this Mr. SHELTON has made the following reply :—

AUGUSTA, April 14th, 1843.

Mr. WM. T. PORTER.—*Dear Sir :—*A very little reflection has sufficed to satisfy my mind that your suggestion that a stake of \$2,000 entrance, all circumstances considered, "wouldn't pay." I have no objection to making the subscription \$5,000, instead of \$2,000—leaving the forfeit at \$1,000—and you will please make the alteration.

S. W. SHELTON.

Note.—As Mr. Shelton promises to make a nomination himself, at the proper time, we hope, now that he has "raised" the "ante," people will make play! If the stake comes off one could hardly "go better" than to "call" and "see him!"

The Northern Spring Campaign, of 1843, commenced at Belfield, Va. on the 11th instant, under the most pleasant and gratifying auspices. In another page will be found a report of the meeting, from which it will be seen that the get of Imp. Margrave promise to make a close thing of it this season with the get of Priam and other prominent stallions of the day.

St. Leger Course, Toronto U. C.—We learn that this fine course, with all its appurtenances, has been leased for a term of years by Mr. ALFRED DE GRASSE, well known to the American Sporting World, as being for a long time connected with this office. We have every reason to hope that under his management the St. Leger Course will continue to be eminently popular with our Canadian friends as well as with turfmen from the States.

Atalanta and Trifle, we are glad to hear, are likely to realize in the stud the most sanguine anticipations of their friends. Messrs. PEYTON and BUTLER have been offered more for Trifle's Eclipse filly or Atalanta's colt by Boston, than they paid for both mares! Atalanta has just dropped a superb colt by Shark.

RICHARD B. HARRISON, a breeder and turfman of considerable repute, died recently in Lowndes County, Ala. A correspondent, in alluding to his demise ejaculates thus: "Poor Dick! After several years of hard luck on the Turf, he has had the worse luck of dying and being put under it just at the time he ascertained he had got a tip top race horse!"

Nonplus died a few weeks since near Lexington, Ky. He was imported into Charleston, S. C. in 1834, by Col. SINGLETON, and made several seasons in South Carolina; at the time of his death he was owned, we believe, by Messrs. J. L. Downing and Benj. Robertson, of Ky. He was a fine performer on the English Turf, but a remarkably plain horse, more resembling a carriage horse than a high mettled racer. Col. S., who is notoriously one of the best judges of the points, as well as the condition, of a horse, in the country, was greatly disappointed in Nonplus; he bred several mares to him though he never esteemed him. Nonplus, however, like Roman (imported into this city in 1823, and the sire of Zenobia and Treasurer,) has left some good stock in Carolina, though he never had half a chance. By the way, we see noticed in the English Sporting Magazines for March, the death of *Miss Garforth*, the dam of Nonplus, at the age of twenty four. She was the dam also of Kate, Picturesque, Florence, Claudia, etc.

SALES OF STOCK.

JOSEPH G. BOSWELL, Esq. "the Lucky Kentuckian," has sold an interest of one half in his fine Hedgeford colt *Ruffin* (so named for Hon. Wm. RUFFIN BARROW, of the Louisiana Senate,) to Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, for \$2000. Ruffin won two sweepstakes last month which netted our friend Boswell about \$12,000. He is also engaged in two heavy stakes in Kentucky, where he has gone ere this, probably; he is to remain in the hands of Mr. J. BEN PRYOR, (Col. B.'s excellent trainer,) and is considered one of the best colts that has come out this season.

William G. Overton has purchased one half of Mr. G. C. Hurts' fine horse *Alonzo*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, grandam Agnes, by Bellair. He is to stand at Fulton, and African is to go back to Palmyra, Mo.

The following blood stock was recently sold at auction, at Tattersall's, New Orleans, imported in the ship "Roskill," from Liverpool in November last, by Messrs. Cammack & Co.

1. Chesnut mare, bred by James Lee, foaled in 1832, got by Champion (son of Selim), dam by Cestrian; her dam Paulina, by Orville, in foal to Phœnix (bv Buzzard, out of Cobweb)—Gen J. L. LEWIS and CHARLES CLAIBOURNE, price \$360.

2. Chesnut Filly foal, got by Muley Moloch, out of Chesnut mare as above, bought by A. LECOMTE Esq., of Natchitoches, price \$230.

3. Chesnut yearling colt, bv Amurath, by Langar out of chesnut mare, as above, bought by Mr. BRYCE of Alexandria, price \$310.

Chesnut yearling filly by Amarinth, by Langar, out of a mare by Recovery, her dam the Nun by Blacklock, price \$300.

NAMES CLAIMED.

WALTER LIVINGSTON, Esq., claims the following names:—

Richmond, for a gr. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Alice Grey by Henry, 3 yrs.

Dunvagon, for a b. c. by the same, out of Jemima (Job's dam) by Rattler, 3 yrs.

Linkthgow, for a b. c. by Imp. Felt, out of the same, 2 yrs.

The two first named are to go into the hands of H. Alfred Conover, in the course of a few days; they will be reserved for their engagements next autumn.

H. ALFRED CONOVER, of Long Island, claims the name of *Grace Darling* for his ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 4 yrs.

Mr. A. R. STOUT, of Shawneetown, Ill., claims the following names:—*Sarah Chance*, for a ch. f., foaled 28 h April, 1840, by Lafayette, out of Kitty Stout by Sir Archy. And that of *Eliza Dorsey*, for a b. f., foaled April 4th, 1842, by Henry Archy, out of Kitty Stout.

GEORGE W. CAPEHART, Esq., of Scotch Hill, Bertie Co., N. C., claims the name of *Gift*, for a dark brown filly by Portsmouth; also *Fright*, for a dark brown filly by Camden, both foaled last spring.

Lieut. W. H. NOLAND, of the U. S. Navy, claims the name of *Sally Forbes* for a bay filly, 4 yrs. old, by Ivanhoe, out of the own sister to Sarah Washington. This filly is in training at Alexandria, in Mr. FIELD's stable, and is very promising.

WILLIAM G. OVERTON, of Fulton, Missouri, claims the name of *Magistrate* for his black colt, 3 yrs. old this Spring, by African, dam by Tiger. Also that of *Capt. Absolute*, for a brown colt, 3 yrs. old, by African, dam by Hephestion, grandam by Sir Archy. Also that of *Twilight*, for a b. f., 3 yrs. old this Spring, by African, dam by Imp. Bluster. Also that of *Lydora*, for a b. f. yearling this Spring, by African, out of Eliza Ross by Marmion.

Mr. Joseph S. Asbury, is to train all the colts named above, except one. A part of Mr. GARRISON's stable, is expected at Fulton the ensuing Spring to be trained, comprising Lizzy Hewitt, Tiger Tail, and one or two others, now in the hands of Mr. Robert Luton.

WILLIAM MERSHON, Esq., of Alexandria, D. C., claims the name of *Nelly Morgan* for his b. f., 3 yrs. old Spring of 1843, by Imp. Emancipation, out of Maj. Lewis's old Flora.

C. CAPEHART, Esq., claims the name of *Fisherman*, for his b. c., 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Priam, out of Clara Fisher.

ARTHUR M. PAYNE, Esq., of Warrenton, Va., claims the name of *Virginia Barron*, for a ch. f., by Ormond, out of a bay mare by Tariff, bred by John Wickham, of Richmond, Va., now in training in Maj. DOSWELL's stable.

WM. GIBBONS, Esq., of Madison, N. J., claims the name of *Gossamer* for a filly dropped on the 14th instant, by Shadow, out of Fairy, by Henry, her dam by Imp. Barefoot.

PEDIGREE OF DICK JOHNSON WANTED.

GREENVILLE, S. C., March 27, 1843.

Mr. Editor—I know several persons who are interested in, and very anxious to obtain the pedigree, size, color, etc., of a horse called *Dick Johnson*, said to be a colt of Imp. Leviathan's, and to have been raised in North Alabama. Will his friends accommodate the breeding world so far as to send to the editor of the "Spirit of the Times" or "Turf Register," for publication, his extended pedigree, and performances, if ever trained. D.

John Blount, we regret to hear, has been thrown out of training. There are few, if any, "as good, where he came from," we fear. He could have made a good season on Long Island this Spring.

The Racing Calendar.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Metairie Course.

The Metairie Course is under the personal management of Col. Y. N. OLIVER, with whom THOS. J. WELLS, Esq. (of Alexandria, La., the owner of Reel, Torchlight, Waltz, Firelight, Beloxi, &c.), is associated in the partnership. Col. O. has been busily engaged for some time in refitting his stands and putting them in apple-pie order. The "Picayune" states that "all have been repainted, and in the Ladies' Stand a parlor has been furnished for their accommodation. The course itself has been regraded and improved, and everything, in fact, within a proprietor's power has been done to please turfmen and afford sport to mere amateurs.

A numerous meeting of the Jockey Club convened at the St. Charles Exchange Hotel on the evening of the 11th inst., at which the Hon. Judge PORTER presided. The following gentlemen were unanimously re-elected officers:—

President:—HON. ALEXANDER PORTER (of the U. S. Senate), of Franklin, La.

Vice Presidents:—Col. ADAM L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, Miss.

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" " WILLIAM H. AVERY, Esq., of New Orleans.

Secretary:—ROBERT L. BRENNAM.

MONDAY, March 13, 1843—Match \$2,500 on the filly, 83lbs., vs. \$2000 on the colt, 75lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. P. Greer's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> (late <i>Ida</i>), by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs.....	<i>French.</i>	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' gr. c. <i>Waltz</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade (the dam of Reel, Cotillion, Fandango, etc.) by Catton, 2 yrs.....		2	2
Time, 3:50—3:55.			

It seems that *Sally* (what a pity her name should have been changed from *Ida*) led from end to end in the 1st heat, running each mile in 1:55. In the 2d heat *Waltz* made play at the start, but the filly outfooted him in the first four hundred yards, running the 1st mile in 1:51; she was never caught, and won handily. When they came on the ground both seemed to be in good condition, but it subsequently appeared that *Waltz* was "tied up"—so much so that in order to get a "scrape" out of him his trainer was obliged to gallop him around the course after the 1st heat with his blankets on.

WEDNESDAY, March 15, 1843—Great Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty one subs. at \$2000 each, \$500 ft. Two mile heats.

Joseph G. Boswell's ch. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlborough (Luda's dam) by Sir Archy.....	<i>Monk.</i>	1	1
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Grey Fanny (the dam of Grey Medoc and Kate Aubrey) by Bertrand.....	<i>Chisel'em.</i>	2	2
Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. by Dick Chinn, out of Extio by Imp. Leviathan.....	dist.		
Time, 3:50½—3:50.			

Our readers will recollect that this was a sweepstakes, two mile heats, to which there were twenty-one subscribers at \$2000 each, \$500 ft. Four were expected to start; but three, however, came to the post. They were, first, *Ruffin*, Mr. J. G. Boswell's nomination, in the stable of Col. Bingaman; next, *Blue Bonnet*, likewise nominated by Mr. Boswell, though belonging to Mr. Harman, of our city; and lastly, a colt by Dick Chinn, in the string of Mr. Wells. The first named colt was decidedly the favorite, whether because he was the property of "the lucky Kentuckian," or in the stable of Col. Bingaman, we know not. He comes, however, of a racing stock on the dam's side, being nominated as

the produce of Imp. Hedgford and the Duchess of Marlborough—the latter our readers may recollect is the dam of the very fine race mare Luda, likewise bred by Mr. Boswell, and who ran most successfully in the stable of the Messrs. Kenner. Ruffin is a large, overgrown bay colt, with action, to our eye, not the easiest, though strong and steady. He was backed at even against the field, and “the party” were much more sanguine than the mere *chances* would have warranted. Blue Bonnet was second favorite—a little filly out of the dam of Grey Medoc and Kate Aubrey, resembling them in color, and with points so favorable to our eye that we would have backed her readily against any other single nomination. We may as well remark here that her action is superb; as she came past the stand at the end of the first mile, we thought we never had seen a horse moving with more ease and force. The nomination of Mr. Wells was the only other that started; he is a bright chesnut, but comes of a stock not yet known to fame in the breeding stud. His appearance gave such indication of condition that he had nearly as many friends as the namesake of the last St. Leger winner. We detain our readers with these trifling notes upon the three contending nags, in consequence of the high value of the stakes contended for; even supposing that some of the forfeits were not so “sure” as 2d Municipality money, the value of the prize ran for yesterday, at the lowest calculation could not have been less than \$10,000.

The race itself we can dispatch in a few words, but to make it more intelligible to our Northern readers, we may as well add here that *their* rules prevailed as to the weights carried; that is, that the ages were taken from the 1st of January, and full Virginia weights were therefore put up, while the colts were actually running two months under the age in which they usually make their first appearance in the Spring in the “Old Dominion.” The start was nearly as bad a one as we ever saw, but as they did not go off at the top of their speed from the jump, it made very little difference, probably. Mr. Wells’ colt was on the outside, while Mr. Kenner’s filly had *nominally* the track, with Ruffin between the two. The outside colt, however, had a lead of several yards in the send off, and there was something of an interval between Ruffin and Blue Bonnet. ♦ For three quarters of a mile the Dick Chinn colt maintained his advantage, while the half sister of Grey Medoc most imprudently, in our opinion, allowed a gap to be opened upon her of more than a hundred yards. Monk, upon Ruffin, was too wide awake to commit the same error; he laid up well to the leading nag for three quarters of a mile, he then increased the pace, and when upon entering the quarter stretch we could distinguish their relative position, he was leading by two or three lengths. In this order they passed the stand, having run the mile in 1:55. The grey filly now forced the running, moving most sweetly, and to an accompaniment of cheers from the stand such as you rarely hear. She gained rapidly upon the chesnut colt, and before reaching the half mile post went past him as if he were standing still. Just here the contest was most exciting, the filly looking for a moment as if she were to pass Ruffin likewise. It was out of the question, however; from the moment that they commenced swinging round into the quarter stretch, it was obvious that she did not gain upon him, and that too much had been required of her. Ruffin ran the second mile very nearly like the first, in 1:55½, winning the heat, while the Dick Chinn colt was far out of his distance.

We never heard public opinion more decided than in condemnation of the jockeyship of *Chisel’em*; we presume the lad was in some manner misled; he laid too far back, willing that the others should contest the heat, and when he found that the Dick Chinn colt could give Ruffin nothing to do, he very imprudently determined to run for the heat himself, and thus in the opinion of many the lost her chance for the rich prize depending. Such was our own thought till we saw the second heat. The betting was now two to one upon Ruffin, which odds were eagerly taken. The second start was beautiful, and the filly soon went to the front. The pace was a racing one, “and no mistake,” for the first mile, which was run in 1:48; for three quarters of it the filly led, but from the moment of entering the quarter stretch it was obvious to all that “the thing was out.” Ruffin gained upon her incessantly, and all the efforts of jockey, trainer, and proprietor were used to prevent her from leaving Blue Bonnet on the wrong side of the distance flag, in 3:50.

THURSDAY, March 16—"The St. Charles Plate," (presented to the Club by Messrs. Mudge & Waterman, proprietors of the St. Charles Exchange Hotel, New Orleans,) value \$250, with \$150 added by the Proprietors of the Course—free for all ages, 3 yr olds, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. *By a rule of the Jockey Club, HORSES DATE THEIR AGE FROM THE 1st OF MAY, instead of the 1st of January.* Two mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. *Creath*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Archy Montorio (alias Archy of Transport, alias Big Archy), 4 yrs.----- 1 1

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's gr. f. *Lady Jane*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs----- 2 2

James Porter's b. c. *Chateau Lafitte*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Thornton's Rattler, 4 yrs----- 3 *

Time, 4:02—4:05. * Bolted and threw his jockey.

The weather was so unpleasant, and the disparity between the horses so great that nothing occurred in this race worthy of special notice, if we except a mishap to one of the jockies, who fell off! But one of the two races advertised came off, the Annual Creole Stake not having filled, we presume. The other race was for the "St. Charles Plate," two mile heats, for which *Creath*, *Lady Jane*, and *Chateau Lafitte* were entered. *Creath* won comparatively at his ease; in the 2d heat *Chateau Lafitte* bolted, and McGrath, his jockey, was thrown, but without receiving much injury, we are pleased to state.

FRIDAY, March 17—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's ch. h. *George Martin*, by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.----- *Isaac*. 2 1 1

Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. c. *Sandy Young*, by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle by Bertrand, 3 yrs.----- 5 5 2

James Porter's ch. f. *Berenice*, by Imp. Skylark, out of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs----- 4 3 3

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty, 3 yrs. 3 2 4

Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. Ruffin Barrow's) gr. f. *Music*, by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Bertrand, 3 yrs----- 1 4 5

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.	
Time of first mile....	1:57½	Time of first mile....	1:52½	Time of first mile....	1:58
" " second mile....	1:54½	" " second mile....	1:53½	" " second mile....	1:54½
" " third mile....	1:53½	" " third mile....	2:03	" " third mile....	1:59½
Time of First Heat .. 5:45½		Time of Second Heat 5:49		Time of Third Heat .. 5:52	

We wish it were in our power to do justice to the race of yesterday, which was far the most beautiful we ever saw at the same distance. We have seen three mile heats run in better time, but never upon a course so heavy as the Metairie yesterday; nor did we ever see five horses running so equally matched. However the "custom" may be, as the weather and the state of the course are essential elements to enter into the estimate of any performance, we would say that the frost of Thursday night was very severe, though less so than on the previous one. On the morning of the race the sun shone out clear and brilliant, but the air was keen and biting, the wind being strong from the Northwest. The weather moderated gradually during the day, and before the end of the race, the sky was overcast. Bearing in mind how the rain poured down on Wednesday night and the severe frost which followed just before daylight, and then the frost of Thursday night, the reader who did not see the course may form an opinion of its condition and adaptation for speed. Every thing was done to improve it, and it looked well on the surface in front of the stands, but it was essentially heavy from one end to the other, and of course wanting in that elasticity which characterizes our courses when in their best order. Still further to enlighten our readers on this point, we may add that there was not much betting on time, and that the lowest "cypher" we personally heard named was 5:55, although we have seen a man who says that he heard that 5:50 was in one case mentioned. Before commencing upon the race, we would remark that the attendance was in some measure worthy of the occasion; there were more people present than on either previous day of the meeting, and of these happily a yet larger proportion were ladies, and but for the severity of the cold there would have been many more of them present.

A word now for the betting. To understand this, we must repeat that the entries for the purse were *George Martin*, *Music*, *Sandy Young*, *Berenice* and *Norma*. *George Martin* was first favorite, the recollection of his great race with Miss Foote on the Louisiana Course in December last being fresh in the minds of all. We understand that the odds of 2 to 1 were offered upon him against the field the evening previous to the race and on the morning of it;

we did not hear such offers made, but 4 to 3, and just before the start 5 to 4 were freely laid. Music was the main reliance of those who backed the field, and her friends made themselves very busy about taking at first 3 and at last 2 to 1 against her for the race. The superiority of these two was deemed so manifest that they only were named in the betting, though the friends of the other stables in laying out their money upon "the field" were probably not forgetful of the known powers of endurance of Norma, or of the rumors current as to the speed of the other two.

The race itself we will endeavor to despatch in brief, regretting only that although it was interesting and exciting beyond any we have of late seen, it yet lacked such variety of incident as enables us to render it of interest to the reader who did not see it. The start for the first heat was indifferently good, Col. Bingaman's Sandy Young having the pole, Norma lying second, Berenice third, the first favorite next, and Music on the outside. The grey filly went to the front, however, from the tap of the drum, and before they made the first turn she was on the inside, and hugging the rail, the state of the ground next to which must have been highly favorable. The first mile was slow, no one being anxious to force the running; at the end of it, however, the pace improved, George Martin setting to work. He lapped on to Music for some yards, but he was evidently unable to take the track from her, and he declined as they entered the back stretch. Berenice then took up the running, and before she reached the half mile post she passed George, and was well up to the leading filly. At the end of the second mile, which was run in 1:54½, she had reached the saddle-skirts of Music, but could not pass. The pace was now improving, and as they went down on the backside in the third mile the contest was very animated between Berenice and the favorite—both Norma and Sandy Young trailing through without falling behind to an imprudent distance. Nearly as they passed the half mile post, having then gone two miles and a half, Geo. Martin passed Berenice, the latter declining the running so suddenly that it was supposed she must have tired. The contest for the remainder of the heat was confined to the favorites, the second of whom, Music, never allowed George to lead her, though he made the most desperate effort to pass her down the quarter stretch, and was *nearly* locked with her as they went by the winning post, the last mile being run in 1:53½, and the heat in 5:45—a most extraordinary one for the state of the course. The crowd upon the stand were shouting at the top of their voices while the last quarter was run, and such a yell went up as Music passed the Judges, and *in front*, as startled even the Kentuckians present.

A charge was now at once preferred of foul riding against George Martin's jockey—a yellow boy called *Isaac*—for striking Berenice as they were half through the last mile. In consequence of the difficulty under the rule of sustaining such a charge—the evidence of officers of the Club alone being allowed to be taken in such cases—it was overruled, but a severe reprimand was administered to the offending jockey.

The betting now very naturally shifted, Music being at once backed at even for the purse, and before the start at 4 to 3; but the transactions which we heard of were very limited in amount. In starting for the second heat Geo. Martin sulked, and caused one false start—Upon the second attempt they got away very fairly. Music set to work at once as in the first heat, and most judiciously, we think, forced the running. She ran the mile out in 1:52½, and there was no trailing on the part of the others throughout, all being close up save Sandy Young and he not far behind. Upon entering the second mile, Capt. Minor's filly, Norma, took up the running and forced it round the turn. Down the back side a continued and most beautiful brush ensued; Norma got up to the favorite and ran locked with her till they passed the half mile post. The Grey here shook her off and maintained her lead to the stand, running out this mile in 1:53½—the first two miles of this heat having thus been run in 3:46! Nor were the others far behind; in fact, they were all close up as they passed the judges, Sandy young bringing up the rear. The moment they entered the third mile, George Martin set to work in earnest, and before he had gone many yards he had cut down all save Music, and from her he succeeded in taking the track before going a quarter—a feat which he accomplished amidst the most enthusiastic shouts we ever heard upon a course. The ex-

citement of the heat was indeed prodigious, being so closely contested for two miles and a half; but there were other reasons for the tremendous applause with which George Martin was greeted when he drew upon the leading filly, and cut her down with such apparent ease; much money had been risked upon him, which was thus saved "out of the fire." When he once got in front it was a plain case. The trailing commenced from the half mile post; Music having had "enough of it," and neither of the others going for the heat, which was won in a common canter in 5:49, the last mile being run in 2:03.

Between this and the third heat there was almost no public betting, so clear was thought the issue of the race. The confidence of those who backed the field had, however, a better basis than they dreamed of; offers of 100 to 30 and 100 to 25 on George Martin "went a begging," when, had it been supposed that there was so much running left in the others the betting would have been more nearly even. Again all got off cleverly and ran in a cluster round on to the back side, though at a very moderate pace for half a mile. When they came into straight running at the end of it the pace improved, and was truly a racing one, Berenice having a slight lead as she passed the stand in 1:58, with Norma and Sandy Young upon her haunches. They went round the turn at a flight of speed, but George here caught them, and the four entered upon the back stretch nearly locked, Judge Porter's filly still having a slight advantage. Thus they went down the entire back side, every persuasion being used to force the pace. Music at this time was prudently laying up, but within striking distance. When they entered the quarter stretch, we found that Berenice and George Martin had drawn clear of the other two, and they came down to the stand dead locked, running the mile in 1:54½. Here George gained a slight advantage which he maintained round the turn, but the moment they swung on to the back side again, a call was made upon all save Music, and another brush ensued such as we never expect to see again. It was "anybody's" heat for a half mile, and the excitement of the crowd was manifested in continuous and universal shouting. After passing the half mile post for the last time, George Martin's strength and endurance gave him the advantage; he entered the stretch in front of the party and led through the mile in 1:59½, winning the heat by two or three lengths in 5:52. Sandy Young passed the stand second, Berenice third, and Norma fourth, while Music, who was last, was far *within* her distance.

We do assure our readers that the race was a magnificent one. It indicated a nearer equality than you may expect again to find in a promiscuous field of five. One single circumstance marred the general regret; all allowed that Chisel'em rode the second heat most injudiciously in taking the track and forcing the running as he did. Having the heels of the party, his only chance to beat a horse of the endurance as well as speed of George Martin was to have trailed him as in the last heat.—But the general opinion is that even then Music could not have won the race. Our space is too limited to allow us to say all we would of the race; we are compelled to content ourselves with the above feeble description.

SATURDAY, March 18—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. f. <i>Metairie</i> , by Frank, out of Musidora's dam, 3 yrs	<i>Chisel'em.</i>	4	1	2	1
James Porter's ch. c. <i>Myrdac</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Whip, 4 yrs		2	3	1	2
G. Coffeen's b. f. <i>Buckeye Belle</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs		1	2	3	3
T. J. Wells' ch. c. <i>Biloxi</i> , by Dick Chinn—Extio by Imp. Leviathan, 2 yrs		3	5	4	r. o.
Fergus Duplantier's gr. f. by Trumpator, out of Grey Medoc's dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs		5	4	5	r. o.

Time, 1:52—1:51½—1:52—1:52½.

Two races were announced for Saturday's amusement, each of which promised so much sport that the attendance was immense; it was such as to remind us of old times, there having been more *carriages* upon the course than there have often been individuals. The ladies were present in great force, both on the stands and in the field. The weather was cold, but clear and beautiful, and the track in finer order than could have been expected; in front it looked perfect, but it was heavier on the back side. So deceptive, however, was its appearance, that we expected much better time to have been made in the mile race with which the racing commenced, and which we hasten to describe.

This was a sweepstakes for all ages, which closed on the 15th, in which Mr. James Porter named *Mordac*, by Eclipse; Mr. Duplantier, a filly out of Grey Medoc's dam; Mr. Kenner, *Metairie*, by Frank; Mr. Wells, *Biloxi*, who ran in the great stake of Tuesday, and Mr. Coffeen, a Medoc filly, called *Buckeye Belle*. There was very little betting on these; the public knew nothing about them, and lotteries were made in every corner. The race, in fact, was deemed but as a prelude to the real attraction of the day, although it turned out to be the most exciting race. *Everybody* was willing to take the nominations of Mr. Duplantier and Mr. Kenner against the field, and of course *nobody* could bet much. *Buckeye Belle* went to the front in the first heat at once; she was driven down the back side by *Biloxi*, and up the straight side by *Mordac*; but she won the heat pretty handily in 1:52. The filly out of Grey Medoc's dam got so bad a start that she lost no favor by not winning the heat; in fact she might now be said to be more a favorite than before she had been beaten a heat. For the second heat there was a false start, somebody's trainer being knocked over; *Biloxi* was not taken up till he had gone half round the course, and we thought he never would get back. However, they at last got off for the second heat, and the *Belle* again led off, and maintained her position till she came into straight running in front; all the crowd were close to her in a ruck on the back side, save the grey filly who declined before going a full quarter. In coming down the home stretch Mr. Kenner's filly set to work in earnest, and beat the *Belle* out in 1:51½. Of course she was not first favorite, and long odds were offered on her. Before the next heat *Biloxi* galloped round the course, to see if it were possible to get him warm. There was some difficulty in getting off the third time, but when the drum was tapped this non-sweating colt took the lead, and maintained it to the back side; he was chased by *Metairie* and the latter by *Mordac*. Near the half-mile post *Metairie* passed the *Belle*, and immediately after *Mordac* did the same, and ran up to Mr. Kenner's filly. The two went round the turn nearly locked, the filly having a trifling advantage. Down the whole quarter stretch, till they reached the distance post, they were nearly neck and neck, but Mr. Porter's colt won the heat in 1:52, amidst loud shouts, in which none took part more heartily than the owners of *Metairie*. Two were of course ruled out after this heat. The betting was trifling for the next one, though the contest was a pretty one between the winners of the last two. It was won by eighteen inches by *Metairie*, in 1:52, both she and *Mordac* coming down the whole quarter stretch dead locked.—In punishing his colt, *Mordac*'s jockey slipped over the pommel of his saddle on to the neck of the colt, but he never gave up the use of his whip. This race was an *honest* one, but slower than the crowd expected.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, ent. 10 per cent., free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. <i>Reel</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Cat-ton, 4 yrs.	Jack. 1 1
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. <i>Kate Aubrey</i> , by Eclipse, out of Grey Medoc's dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.	2 2
Fergus Duplantier's b. m. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , by Sidi Hamet, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.	3 dist.

First Heat.

Time of first mile	1:55½
“ “ second mile	1:56½
“ “ third mile	1:57
“ “ fourth mile	1:54½

Second Heat.

Time of first mile	1:57½
“ “ second mile	1:55½
“ “ third mile	1:54
“ “ fourth mile	1:51

Time of First Heat	7:43½	Time of Second Heat	7:41
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Now came off the great event of the week—the four mile and repeat race with *Reel*, *Kate Aubrey* and *Sarah Morton* for the entries.—The first named was of course the favorite—at first at 4 to 1, and then 3 to 1; but the betting was very light indeed upon any event connected with this race, and probably there was more general betting between *Kate Aubrey* and *Sarah Morton* for the second best place than on any other. It would be utterly useless for us to give the relative positions of the three, save at the end of the two heats. *Kate*, contrary to expectation, ran a trailing race in both heats. In the first she did not make her run till she had gone two miles and three-quarters; in the second she commenced earlier. Both heats were won handily by *Reel*, as was expected by all, “barring accidents” alone. *Sarah* did most to distinguish herself in the first three miles of the second heat; but as she was “no-

where" in the end, it would be useless to enter into particulars. Between the first and second it was an honest run race; if Reel justified the confidence of her admirers—and in this class we number not only every resident upon Red River, but the entire population of Louisiana—Kate Aubrey did yet more for her friends. She has been vilified and abused as a "dunghill," and all that sort of thing, but if to run out two successive four mile heats of 7:43½—7:41, and be placed second in each,—being beaten in the first but by two, and in the second by three lengths—then, and then only, she deserves it. She has often been termed "the incomprehensible," and with propriety, perhaps. But when we saw her win on the Louisiana Course in 5:40—5:41, we believed her to be a game mare, and worthy of the dam of the gallant Grey Medoc. To day she ranks yet more highly in our estimation, and we believe the time of the race would have been yet better—*though the result could not have been different*—had she commenced her run earlier in the first heat.

LAST DAY, March 19—Proprietor's Purse \$250, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. f. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs	Frank	1	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' (G. Coffeen's) br. m. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs		2	2	2
Col. Adam L. Bingham's (J. G. Boswell's) b. c. <i>Headlong</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, 3 yrs				dist.
H. Stackhouse's Imp. b. f. <i>Voyage</i> , by Langar—Miss Golbourn by Lottery, 4 yrs				dist.
Time, 1:50—1:47—1:52½.				

The last day's races were attended by as large a crowd on the main stand as those of Saturday; there were fewer ladies present, however. Both the races were mile heats; both were won by Mr. Kerner's stable. The first was for a purse given by the proprietors, best 3 in 5—a favorite race here. *Aduella* won it handily. The incident which alone demands notice was an accident to Mr. Boswell's *Headlong*. This colt is nominated in the great Peyton Stake at Nashville, four mile heats; he was run here for the sake of giving him a trial with the speedy Glencoe filly. He came in *second* in the first heat, but as if aware that four miles was the only play for one in such engagements as his, he would not give up his run at the end of the mile, but went off in spite of his jockey and made the second mile in better time than he did the first. The crowd shouted as he passed the stand, to which he responded by continuing his rate, and he actually went three miles and a half—three miles of it at racing speed—before his jockey could take him up. His owner, not supposing that there was any betting between him and Mr. Coffeen's filly, ordered his clothing to be thrown upon him before he could be brought to the post and his jockey receive his orders to dismount for weighing, preferring rather that he should be placed in the record as *distanced*—this explanation being made—than to expose him after so severe a run. We are happy to learn that the race has rather done the colt good than harm. We will only remark further of this race what a witty friend of ours said of the second heat, that "*Aduella* ran it with a looseness and *Mary Ann Furman* with a tightness."

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 70lbs., fillies 67lbs. Six subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's ch. c. <i>Patrick Henry Gallwey</i> , by Imp. Jordan, dam by Shakespeare	Chisel'em.	1	0	1
Miles Kelly's ch. f. <i>Virginia</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard		4	0	2
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's br. g. <i>Black Jack</i> , by Imp. Doncaster, dam by Bertrand		2	4	3
Fergus Duplantier's (Lin. Coch's) b. c. <i>Consol Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, dam by Filho da Puta		3	3	dist.
Time, 1:51—1:49½—1:50.				

The second race, a sweepstakes which closed on the 1st inst., afforded very pretty sport.—The second and third heats were beautifully contested by *Gallwey* and *Virginia*.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Louisiana Course.

In the absence of Mr. GARRISON, at Havana, the management of this meeting devolved upon Mr. JAMES A. VALENTINE, late of this city. Our correspondents and contemporaries unite in awarding him the highest encomiums for the general excellence of his arrangements. Among the celebrities in attend-

ance were Col. Wm. R. JOHNSON, of Petersburg, Va., and Col. JOHN CROWELL, of Fort Mitchell, Ala. The "Picayune," from which the annexed report is derived, in alluding to the fact (on the day the races commenced), remarks to the following effect:—

It will add not a little to the attraction of these races that the two veteran turfmen, Col. Johnson, of Va., and Col. Crowell, of Ala., are in town, and will of course attend. Col. Crowell has been here some days, but Col. Johnson only reached town yesterday (25th ult.) The arrival of so gentleman but Mr. Clay could excite such a sensation in town as Col. Johnson's. It may have been increased a little by the desire to verify the accuracy of the recent portrait published by the "*Spirit of the Times*," but the Colonel's name is familiar to everybody in these parts, and we only hope that he may derive as much pleasure from his visit as we are sure will the turfmen and gentlemen of the South West.

P.S. Since the above lines were written, a meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club has been held, Col. JOHN R. GRYMES presiding, at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressive of the pleasure with which the Club had heard of the arrival of Col. Johnson and Col. Crowell in the city, and the respect entertained by the Club towards those gentlemen, and tendering to them the courtesies and hospitality of the Club. Capt. MINOR, Col. BINGAMAN, Gen. LEWIS, and Mr. LUMSDEN were appointed a committee to communicate to those gentlemen the proceedings of the Club. We have not room for the minutes of the action of the Club, as furnished to us by their Secretary, Mr. THOS. E. LEEFE.

FIRST DAY, March 26, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Duncan F. Kenner's (Wm. Ruffin Barrow's) gr. f. <i>Music</i> , by Imp. Philip, out of Piano by Bertrand.....	<i>Chisel'em.</i>	2	1	2	1
Wm. P. Greer's b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out of Darnley's dam by Sir Richard.....		1	2	3	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. f. <i>Sunbeam</i> (own sister to John R. Grymes), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Alice Grey by Mercury		3	3	1	3

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.		Fourth Heat.	
First mile..... 1:57	First mile..... 1:55	First mile..... 1:59	First mile..... 1:59	First mile..... 1:59	First mile..... 1:59	Second mile .. 1:56	Second mile .. 1:56
Second mile .. 1:58	Second mile .. 1:56½	Second mile .. 1:56½	Second mile .. 1:56½	Second mile .. 1:56½	Second mile .. 1:56	Second mile .. 1:56	Second mile .. 1:56
First Heat 3:55	Second Heat .. 3:51½	Third Heat ... 3:55½	Fourth Heat .. 3:55	Fourth Heat .. 3:55	Fourth Heat .. 3:55	Fourth Heat .. 3:55	Fourth Heat .. 3:55

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Eight subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Jos. G. Boswell's) b. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of the Duchess of Marlboro' (Luda's dam) by Sir Archy.....	<i>Monk.</i>	2	1	1
Duncan F. Kenner's (Fred. S. Harman's) gr. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Grey Fanny (dam of Grey Medoc and Kate Aubrey) by Bertrand.....		1	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:53½—1:56½.

MONDAY, March 27—Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. [By a Rule of the Jockey Club, HORSES TAKE THEIR AGE FROM THE 1st OF MAY, INSTEAD OF THE 1st OF JANUARY.] Two mile heats.

Capt. Wm. J. Minor's ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 3 yrs	<i>French.</i>	5	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's (Jos. G. Boswell's) b. c. <i>Headlong</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, 3 yrs		2	4	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. m. <i>Sarah Morton</i> , by Sidi Hamet, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 5 yrs		3	5	3
Duncan F. Kenner's ch. f. <i>Aduella</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs		4	3	4
Col. Vance Johnston's ch. f. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hill by Timoleon, 4 yrs		1	2	5

First Heat.		Second Heat.		Third Heat.	
Time of first mile..... 1:55	Time of first mile..... 2:02	Time of first mile..... 1:54	Time of first mile..... 1:54	Time of first mile..... 1:54	Time of first mile..... 1:54
" " second mile .. 1:59	" " second mile .. 1:55½	" " second mile .. 1:55½	" " second mile .. 1:55½	" " second mile .. 1:55½	" " second mile .. 1:55½
Time of First Heat... 3:54	Time of Second Heat. 3:57½	Time of Third Heat... 3:53	Time of Third Heat... 3:53	Time of Third Heat... 3:53	Time of Third Heat... 3:53

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Linnaeus Coch's ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Rachel by Partisan, 3 yrs	<i>Monk.</i>	1	1
J. McNicholl's b. c. <i>Monkey Dick</i> , by Dick Singleton, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs....		2	2

Time, 3:54—4:03.

SAME DAY—Third Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

S. T. Taylor's b. f. <i>Lady Frances</i> , by Trumpator—Pressure's g. dam, 3 yrs. <i>Monk.</i>	1	1
J. W. Walsh's imp. b. f. <i>Maid of Orleans</i> , by Stockport, out of sister to Elis, 3 yrs	2	dist.
J. B. Nicholl's ch. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.

Time, 2:02—1:57.

TUESDAY, March 23—Proprietor's Purse \$500, free for all ages, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. c. *Creath*, by Imp. Tranby, dam by Big Archy, 4 yrs *Monk*. 1 1
Col. A. L. Biugainan's b. c. *Sandy Young*, by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle, 3 yrs 2 2
Duncan F. Kenner's gr. f. *Kate Aubrey*, by Eclipse, out of Grey Fanny (Grey Medoc's dam) by Bertrand, 4 yrs..... 3 dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of first mile	1:53½	Time of first mile	1:55
" " second mile	1:54	" " second mile	1:54
" " third mile	1:57½	" " third mile	1:55½
Time of First Heat.....		Time of Second Heat.....	
5:45		5:44½	

WEDNESDAY, March 29—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, free for all ages, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Fergus Duplantier's b. h. *George Martin*, by Garrison's Zinganee, out of Gabriella by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... *Tom Mooney*. 1 1
Gen. Thos. B. Scott's b. f. *Hannah Harris* (own sister to John Bascombe), by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs..... 3 2
Thos. J. Wells' gr. f. *Reel*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton, 4 ys 2 dr

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of first mile	1:52	Time of first mile	1:59
" " second mile	1:50	" " second mile	1:54½
" " third mile	1:54	" " third mile	1:5 ½
" " fourth mile	1:57	" " fourth mile	1:58
Time of First Heat		Time of Second Heat.....	
7:33		7:43	

We have again the pleasure of recording the result of a magnificent race — The only abatement to our delight is that a noble animal, by common consent designated as the champion of the South-West, gave way in the struggle. It is most satisfactory to state that her victorious competitor belongs to a Creole of Louisiana, who, by his perseverance, his liberality and his sagacity, deserves the honor of owning the race nag which may now well claim precedence of any horse West of the Alleghanies.

Let us begin by stating that the course was in very excellent condition—as good, possibly, as it ever was, although it has rained so heavily within the week past. The weather, too, was propitious; not the most balmy we have known, but clear and cool. The attendance was in some degree worthy of the occasion, there being very many more people upon the course than any one expected. Let us now proceed at once to the work before us, with which we will detain our readers but a few moments.

As most of them already know, the entries for the purse were *Reel*, *George Martin* and *Hannah Harris*. The first named was the favorite at three to one against the field— odds which we could not but think too liberal to be prudent, when in the field there was such a horse as George Martin who had run two four mile heats in the thirties. Just before the start a hundred to twenty was often laid, so clear a case was the race considered. *Hannah Harris*, it was agreed, had no chance for the purse, unless in the contingency, by some supposed probable, of broken heats.

They got away with a start in which George Martin had a slight advantage. Tom Mooney, who had the honor of bestriding him, made the most of this and commenced running from the very first jump. The rate to which he drove his horse from the tap of the drum was such as you see in a mile stake for three year olds, with half a dozen colts in. Before they had gone half a mile he had opened a gap equal to a four mile distance upon *Reel*, who led *Hannah Harris* by several lengths more. Strong out in this order they went round the turn and down the stretch, the last two improving their positions a little, while George went past the stand in 1:52. The moment Tom discovered that he had lost a little of his advantage he let his horse out and regained it, and the three went through the entire second mile, with no perceptible change of position; the time of this mile was 1:50. There was no change of position for us to note till they had gone fully two miles and three quarters, when *Reel* went to win the heat, and *Hannah Harris* to save her distance. George Martin ran out the third mile in 1:54, *Reel* having very obviously closed many yards of the gap between them before he reached the stand. They ran round the first turn in the fourth mile with *Reel* improving her position at every stride, though very gradually indeed. At one time, on the back side of this mile, she seemed to us to falter, and for a hundred and fifty yards more we could not see that she improved upon him at all. She held her own, however, and before coming to the half mile post was slowly gathering upon him. In swinging round the turn

into straight running for the last time she made her great rush. They had not gone fifty yards in the stretch before she got up to him, both running under the most urgent persuasion. Just here she faltered and gave way in her near fore leg, and although she ran out the heat with great strength George Martin beat her several lengths, well in hand, in 7:33, which gives us 1:57 as the time of the last mile. Hannah Harris was most prudently managed throughout. Finding George determined to run for the first heat, she trailed the whole four miles, and we should have called it a waiting race, but that there must necessarily be little waiting to save your distance when such figures as 7:33 are required to record the result—a heat seven seconds faster, we believe, than Reel ever ran before, and but a half second behind Fashion's famed first heat. We should add, too, that three or four watches in the members' stand agreed in making this heat two seconds faster than we report it, but we adopt that of the Judges, and not only because it is ever proper that their decision should be conclusive, but because there was no difference whatever between them and those standing by our side as to either of the first two miles. The position of the Judges is better than that of those in the main stand, and they are less likely to be influenced by the excitement of those standing immediately around them.

We should remark that the success of George Martin was so unexpected by the crowd that his friends rather stood dumb with astonishment than yielded to the impulse which prompts such shouts as we put forth—not at the defeat of a mare belonging to Mr. Wells—but because the event justified the opinions we had expressed as to the prudence of laying three, four and five to one against any field of which George Martin formed a part. But before George could be brought back to the stand for Tom to be weighed, the pent up feelings of his friends found a vent, and went off much in the style in which our Texas Colonel's regiment of yesterday fired their volley; the explosion was none the less hearty for being a little scattered.

Reel was with great difficulty led off to her stable, amidst the regrets of the crowd and the warmest sympathy of every gentleman upon the course at the misfortune of her liberal and spirited owner. The betting was now two to one upon George Martin, and we may say that by the heavy betting men and those technically denominated the "knowing ones," it was esteemed the better bet to take the odds—so fearful were they that such a heat would "break the heart" of any horse. We have occupied so much space already that we must be brief with the second heat—more so than we could wish. After one false start, they got off with a slight advantage again in favor of George Martin. But he made no such running as in the first heat, allowing the mare to pass him in going half a mile. But he lay right up to her when she took the lead, and there was scarcely daylight between them as she passed the stand the first mile, in 1:59. After making the turn on the back side, he brushed down with her for nearly three hundred yards, but never passing. The mare maintained her lead and passed the stand in 1:54½, but with George close upon her quarters. He now forced the pace and again brushed down the back side with her, getting his head in front, but never drawing clear from her. At the half mile post she was a length in front and maintained her advantage for a few yards, but the moment they reached the quarter stretch George Martin went up to her, passed and came down to the stand in 1:51½, and he never after lost any of his advantage, but won the heat cleverly in 7:43, the last mile being done in 1:58.

We cannot hope soon to record such another race. It has satisfied us how entirely we have all underrated George Martin. We dislike to annoy our Northern friends, but we cannot help remarking that by our arithmetic 7:33—7:43 adds up a second and a half more handily than Fashion's 7:32½—7:45; and this, too, with George Martin's jockey looking coolly over his shoulder at the end of the first heat to satisfy himself that the thing was safe. Had he driven his horse out, all agree that we should have had the pleasure of reporting one heat "down in the twenties."

THURSDAY, March 30—Post Match, \$500 a side, h. st., between Minor Kenner and Fergus Duplantier, Esqrs., with colts and fillies foaled in 1840—a colt to carry 75lbs., a filly 72lbs. Mile heats.

Mr. Kenner named the produce of Miss Bailey and Grey Medoc; of Jewess and Richard of York; of Duchess of Ashland and Imp. Jordan.

Mr. Duplantier named the produce of Louisiana and Imp. Jordan; of Wren and Lauderdale; and of Moss Rose and Lauderdale.

Minor Kenner's ch. c. *Patrick Henry Galtwey*, by Imp. Jordan, out of Duchess of Ashland by Shakspeare *Chisel'em.* 1 1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. *Nerine*, by Imp. Jordan, out of Louisiana by Whalebone 2 2
Time, 1:54—1:54.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, weights as before Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. A. L. Bingham's (Jos. G. Boswell's) b. c. *El Furioso* (late Head-long), pedigree above, 3 yrs *Remus.* 3 2 2 1 1 1
Capt. Wm. J. Minor's gr. f. *Lady Jane*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Grey by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs 1 1 3 3 3 2
Fergus Duplantier's (W. A. Verrell's) ch. c. *Ran Peyton*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs 2 4 1 4 2 dist.
Thos. J. Wells' (Miles Kelly's) ch. f. *Virginia*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard, 2 yrs 4 3 4 2 dist.
Jas. Porter's ch. c. *Mordac*, by Eclipse, dam by Whip, 4 yrs dist.
Time, 1:51—1:52½—1:55½—1:56—1:57—1:59.

SAVANNAH, GA., OGLETHORPE COURSE.

We compile from the "Georgian" the annexed report of the Savannah Races, which commenced on

TUESDAY, March 14, 1843—Purse \$—, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 125lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

J. E. Fitcher's b. g. by John Dawson, dam by Imp. Leviathan, 3 yrs 1 1
Mr. McAlpin's b. c. *Bill Gordon*, by Imp. Tranby, out of Flora by Eagle, 3 yrs 2 2
Geo. A. Reed's ch. c. *Thunderbolt*, by McAlpin's Sorrel, out of Fire Fly, 2 yrs 3 dr
Time, 2:04—1:56. Track heavy.

Thunderbolt bolted at the first gate in the first heat. The gelding won after a spirited contest by a neck.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$—.

George Claghorn's cr. f. 1
Mr. Warner's b. m. 2

The "Georgian" affords us no clue as to whether the above was a purse or sweepstakes—or of the pedigree and age of the nags, the number of heats run, or the time made.

WEDNESDAY, March 15—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

S. Shelton's b. h. *Reveille*, by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 5 yrs 1 1
L. Lovell's ch. f. *Glenara*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles, 4 ys 2 2
Time, 1:57½—1:59.

Glenara had the track and lead, which she kept for the first half mile, when she was passed by Reveille, who won the heat with ease. The 2d heat was a very interesting one, Glenara again going off with the the lead; Reveille closed up the gap on the half mile stretch, and won by about two lengths.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes. Three subs. at \$— each. One mile.

L. Lovell's ch. h. *Timoleon* 1
Mr. Warner's b. g. *Jack of Diamonds* 2
Mr. Wallace's ch. h. *Dan Nickles*, by President, dam by Moses, 6 yrs 3
Time, 1:56.

SATURDAY, March 18—Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's (J. Lamkin's) m. *Mary Elizabeth*, by Andrew, d. by Gallatin, 6 y 2 1 1
H. McAlpin's ch. f. *Ruby*, by the Duke of Wellington—Lively by Eclipse, 4 yrs 1 2 2
S. W. Shelton's b. f. *Nancy Rowton*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Rob Roy, 4 yrs... 3 3 dr
Time, 4:01—4:04—4:19.

In consequence of the inclemency of the weather on Wednesday and Thursday, the races set down for Thursday were postponed to Saturday. We learn that the above race was one of the most exciting character. There was a very close contest for the 1st heat between Ruby and Mary, which resulted in the former winning by about a length. Ruby now became the general favorite, and bets were freely offered on her against the field. Nancy went off with the lead, but she was soon successively overhauled and passed by Ruby and Mary. A most beautiful struggle ensued between Ruby and Mary for about a hundred yards, during which a blanket would have covered them; the contest continued to the end of the heat, Mary winning by about a length, Nancy just dropping within the distance. For the 3d heat only Ruby and Mary appeared, Nancy having been drawn. Mary went off in front, and though Ruby made many attempts to pass her competitor, she was unable to do more than reach Mary's haunches with her nose. Mary won the heat and race by about a length.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$20, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Dan. Nichol's ch. f. <i>Ella</i> , by Young Virginian, dam by Harwood, 4 yrs	1	4	1
Mr. Pickard's b. g. <i>Jack of Diamonds</i>	3	2	2
L. Lovell's b. g. <i>Young Crocket</i> , by Crocket, 3 yrs.	2	1	3
W. N. Habersham's b. g. <i>Devil</i> , by Plato, dam by Bertrand, 5 yrs.	4	3	dist.
Mr. Wallace's ch. h. <i>Dan Nichols</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.			dist.

Time, 1:59—2:01—1:59.

This also was a very interesting race—it was a regular sporting affair; bets could be made in any way, though Ella had rather the call. After several false starts they got off, and the way the mud flew was a caution to all behind. Ella soon took the lead, and won the heat, distancing Dan. 2d heat.—At the half mile post Crocket had the lead, which he maintained throughout. 3d heat.—In consequence of Jack placing himself so well in the 2d heat, many were rash enough to “pit” him for the 3d, forgetting Ella, who had not urged her claims for the 2d, but had bottled up her powers for the deciding heat, which she won, after a killing pace, without being headed.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse \$—.

Mr. Hitchcock's ch. h. <i>Hellite</i>	2	1	1
Dan. Nickles' ch. h. <i>Pelham</i>	1	2	dist.

MONDAY, March 20—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

S. Shelton's gr. m. <i>Omega</i> , by Timoleon—Daisy Cropper by Ogle's Oscar, aged ...	1	1
H. M'Alpin's b. c. <i>Bill Gordon</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.	2	2

Time, 6:22—6:10.

Omega, of course, was the favorite. Bill took the lead, but had not run more than 100 yards when his saddle slipped, and he was ridden the three miles with the boy on his neck, who had no control over him. At the first quarter Omega took the lead, and kept it with ease to the end of the heat. 2d heat.—Omega took the lead, which she kept throughout, though not so easily as in the first instance, for Bill had his saddle on his back, and his rider kept him at work, as will be seen by the time, which was twelve seconds shorter than in the 1st heat.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$—.

L. Lovell's <i>Archy</i>	1
W. N. Habersham's b. g. <i>Devil</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	2
Mr. Dillon's <i>Yamacraw</i>	dist.

Time, 2:03.

TUESDAY, March 21—Purse \$—, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

G. Edmonson's (J. Lamkin's) ch. m. <i>Mary Elizabeth</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.	2	1	1
S. W. Shelton's b. f. <i>Nancy Rowton</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	2	dr

Time, 1:56½—1:57.

This race excited some interest, both horses being well known to be good ones. Nancy won the first heat by about a length. Mary took the lead in the 2d heat, and before going a hundred yards she took the track, in doing which Nancy either stumbled or ran against her, which lessened the speed of the latter somewhat, and on reaching the half mile post Mary was full three lengths ahead. Mary, however, no way discouraged, made a push at her, and in coming down the quarter stretch it was a beautiful contest, Mary winning the heat by about half a length. Mary galloped over for the 3d heat, Nancy having been drawn.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$20 each, with \$50 added. To mile heats.

Dan. Nickles' ch. h. <i>Timoleon</i>	1	1
Mr. Pickard's b. g. <i>Jack of Diamonds</i>	2	2
L. Lovell's b. g. <i>Devil</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	0	0

Time not given.

Mr. Lovell's Devil was entered for the above race, but whether or not he ran we are unable to say.

BELFIELD, VA., RACES.

Dear Sir,—Our races have concluded, after several very interesting and exciting flings for fame, as well as for a little of the needful. I send you a report for the “Spirit,” and would not have that racy little “Chronicle” slighted, by any means.

TUESDAY, April 11, 1843—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds that never won a race, colts

100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.	
Nat. Raine's ch. c. <i>Jack Walker</i> , by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.	rec'd ft.
Jas. H. Williamson's ch. c. <i>Ascot</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Screamer by Henry.	pd. ft.
John Ivy's ch. f. <i>Ivy's Glory</i> , by Cymon, dam by Imp. Luzborough.	pd. ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 12—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Geo. Walden's ch. c. <i>Prince Albert</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Nat. Raine's ch. c. <i>Jack Walker</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Thos. Payne's ch. m. <i>Peggy Hale</i> , by Imp. Skylark, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs....	5	3
Maj. Jas. Burney's b. m. <i>Dolly Milam</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Escape, 5 yrs..	4	dist.
E. J. Wilson's ch. h. <i>David</i> , by Zinganee, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	3	dr
Time, 3:56—3:54.		

A most beautiful and excellent race. The Margraves will tell. Prince Albert bids fair to become a scorcher. Who can point to any of Margrave's colts that have been trained and could not run?

THURSDAY, April 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. Payne's b. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs..	1	1
Maj. Jas. Burney's b. m. <i>Duanna</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Washington, 5 yrs...	3	2
Otway P. Hare's ch. c. <i>Æsop</i> , by Imp. Priam—7 rumpetta by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.	2	3
Time, 6:06—6:15.		

Track very deep and muddy, and deluged in water from rain the previous night and all the morning of the race. I never witnessed a better or a closer contested race, all three horses being lapped at the winning post.

FRIDAY, April 14—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Thos. Payne's ch. f. <i>Antoinette</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Multiflora by Director....	2	1	1
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Canary by Sir Charles.....	1	2	2
Nat. Raine's b. c. <i>Hector</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson.....	pd.	ft.	
Time, 1:58—2:01—2:05.			

A game race, though the track was exceedingly heavy and dangerous, from its muddy state. Yours in haste, T. P.

P.S. I omitted to state that *Gosport* was entered by Mr. WILSON for the Club Purse, but was drawn rather than risk him in the mud and rain. He was the favorite so long as he was supposed to be in the race. He is to go for the Club at Newmarket, so says report. His friends are high upon him. He is another of the Margraves. It is strange everybody does not send to Margrave.

Eliza Calvert has entirely let down, and is to go to Margrave, in company with Lady Sumner, her dam. T. P.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., BERTRAND COURSE.

Mr. Editor,—I have nothing that is interesting or amusing to communicate respecting our Spring Races. We had but two days running out of the six advertised, and they the slowest which ever came off over any course in the United States.

TUESDAY, April 4, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Montgomery's b. c., pedigree omitted..... rec'd ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 5—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Elliot's br. f. <i>Sally Hart</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Clar the Kitchen by Shakspeare, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1
Mr. Kendall's b. m. <i>Martha Rainy</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs	1	2	2
Time, 3:54—3:57—3:59.			

No entry whatever was made for the purse of \$300, three mile heats, on Thursday.

FRIDAY, April 7—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr. Elliot's (Col. Nat. Terry's) br. c. <i>Veto</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Lady Washington by Washington, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1	1
Mr. Kendall's ch. c. <i>Joe Sturges</i> , by John Bascombe, dam by Andrew, 4 yrs..	3	2	2	2
William Montgomery's ch. h. <i>Tattersall</i> , by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Sir Archy, . yrs.....	1	3	dist	
Time, 1:49—1:55—1:53—1:57.				

The "Alabama Journal," we are glad to notice, speaks in more favorable terms of the meeting than does our correspondent. It states that

"The Proprietors did their duties in their usual spirited style. Owing, however, to the late period at which the races were announced, the hurry of the planting season, and we presume also, in some measure, the general scarcity of the "needful," there were not as many stables in attendance as were anticipated. The sport, however, is said to have been very good notwithstanding."

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JUNE, 1843.

Embellishment:

TROUT-FISHING:

Engraved on Steel by GIMBREDE after RADCLIFFE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

FAYETTE, Mo. - - - Sweepstakes, 8th and 9th of June.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.

RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.

TORONTO, U. C. - - Union Course, Turf Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th May.

“ “ St. Leger Course, Turf Club S. M., 2d Wednesday, 8th June.



TROUT-FISHING.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION ENGRAVED BY GIMBREDE AFTER RADCLIFFE.

THE streams in Hamilton County, and in many other sections of this State, are such as that we see depicted in the beautiful engraving which forms our present subject. In such a locality as we see here exhibited, we cannot but imagine that salmon, as well as trout, may be taken; and what a dance would one, "fat, fair, and forty," lead an angler over the rocky sides of the stream! Who, indeed, can see so lovely a spot, and not wish themselves there? In fact, we venture our sporting reputation that hundreds will unite with us in that wish ere the month be over. Fishing is charming everywhere, but that charm is much enhanced when we can pursue it through wild rocks and cascades, where, amidst the foam, the wary trout, seeking to surprise his prey, is unable to discern the line that is to entrap him; and then how much mightier our fish appears as he dashes onwards through the foaming waters. In such a place as we see here set forth, the sun may shine away, and yet amongst the rippling shallows the fish will rise as boldly as ever, whilst a minnow spun cleverly across just where the waters rush through those three large stones would most assuredly insure a run of some lusty trout—an awkward place we certainly admit, to approach to make your cast in, yet we opine it can be done; and we have strong suspicions that the stout gentleman with his back towards us, has been there already, and, in fact, is resting a little after his labors, and exhibiting to the astonished countryman such a trout as the latter never set eyes upon before, whilst at the same time his captor is favoring him with a true and particular account of its capture; his companion, in the mean time, casts his fly over a nice gravelly scour where the waters grow shallow, and where a sportive trout or two may always be bargained for.

Now places like these are only adapted for good honest downright sportsmen—none of your lazy drawing-room exquisites would do here—no, we must have one who can scramble over rocks and wade the river, and, if needs be, swim across it; which, by the way, brings to our recollection an anecdote we lately heard of a celebrated angler, whose wild exploits in sporting will ever be read with great interest, and which, being communicated to us by an intimate friend of his, we believe to be true. L—— hooked a fine salmon that instantly took down stream, and so weighty and powerful was the fish, that L——, unable to turn him, followed on his course for a considerable distance, and, encountering three bridges in his route, boldly plunged in and swam through them

rod in hand, and finally succeeded in capturing his prize ; a feat, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of angling, which few men can ever hope to achieve, even if they could muster sufficient courage to make the attempt.

NOTES OF AN ATTEMPT IN BREEDING.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MODE.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

THE MODE—"Ay, there's the rub." The question is *how*. Of all the parts of speech give me, for despatch of business, an adverb ; because, according to Lindley Murray, "an adverb is a word which answers to the question *how, how much, when, or where* ? These questions are not always so easily answered as by finding an adverb.

On the first meditation of this enterprise, in the greenness of youthful desire, I wished to be possessed of a numerous and regular breeding stud, like a Russian Lord. Were this practicable, it would be only vexatious. Just think of having a number of stupid, lazy, deceitful, and saucy hirelings, living at your charge, to look after your cherished animals in a way to suit their own several humors. A little reflection showed that every advantage could be secured, without great cost and care, by simply keeping stallions of the right sort, and in a proper manner, and gradually encouraging my neighbors to breed and rear their produce on a correct system. Were it practicable to keep an extensive breeding establishment, the cost of rearing a colt could not be less than the sum which might induce a neighbor to part with one just when I should want it : and firmly believing that the particular qualities of an animal are chiefly secured in the copulation whereby it is produced, I must prefer to purchase, rather than rear ; provided those who rear for sale can be brought to do so in a manner to perfect the description of animal required.

You may now see why I take especially to the keeping of stallions ; and, of all things, do not think me induced by a view to *immediate* profit. While the false brags of jockies would lead to the belief that money is made in this occupation, experienced and truth-speaking men will generally assert it to be a ruinous employment. I have been at some pains, not only to calculate beforehand my own prospect for profit and loss, but to ascertain the actual state of the account with others, whose assertions, as well as common report, would induce a belief in their entire success. In several instances, from a candid estimate of the income, an examination of the names of customers in the service-books, it could not be discovered that the horses had done better than to

barely pay their way. Now, limiting my horses, for the sake of better produce, to half the number of mares usually admitted to the country stallions, I shall be fortunate if the business yields a reasonable compensation for the labor bestowed, and the capital employed in it.

The main source of remuneration is in thoroughly improving the stock of the neighborhood; whereby horses will be produced valuable for both use and sale; and these may often be purchased before maturity at little more than the prices of the present inferior race, while a development of their qualities will insure double the cost. And should the farmers wake up to the improvement, they must duly estimate its cause.

Another source of anticipated profit is the sale of stallions when their reputation becomes established in public favor by the excellent qualities of their stock. With this in view, it must be made a point to purchase young and uninjured horses, which will be still in the prime of life, and the freshness of their strength, when their early produce attains maturity.

In all undertakings for the public benefit, great sacrifices are frequently made in the outset; and the very perseverance under difficulties, which is incomprehensible to the vulgar mind, subjects the cause to disfavor. But nature is pervaded by a principle of compensation and adjustment more worthy to be depended on than the idle buzzings of inferior capacities. In entering upon this line of business the good opinion of the notional multitude is rejected at once:—still he who applies himself with elevated views to a calling of low repute, has—as was remarked by a gentleman of your city, who established the manufacture of poudrette—one of the sharpest spears to urge him onward;—he must succeed, or stand stigmatized for ever. In such a case, one has “passed the Rubicon,” and realizes that splendid poetical idea of “having drawn the sword and flung away the scabbard;” or the magnificent expression of the murderous aspirant’s self-discourse:—

“I am in blood

Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

Having now given a glance into the subject, and, as it were, cut out the work, I purpose, after a season, to proceed desultorily with any division of the matter that may seem to require, or be worthy of, comment. And ere long we will pay a passing compliment to a department of industry which has been honored with some intimations in the “Spirit of the Times,” but seems hitherto to have singularly escaped a thorough animadversion—probably from its total unworthiness: I mean the country “stud” business, as commonly practised. Should these Notes be continued to completion, the matter of *Phrenology, applied to Breeding*, will be considered: meantime the writer, being no adept, would be glad to see essays on the subject from other sources.

G. B.

LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE entry for this "grand event" included a string of horses never congregated together in the palmiest days of steeple-chasing. Lottery, Peter Simple, The Returned, and Consul, were of themselves sufficient to draw a host of admirers of the sport; but when to these were added numerous other horses "well known to fame," the large concourse of spectators assembled on Aintree course was not to be wondered at. The cards of the day presented on one side the names of the horses with the colors of their riders, and on the other a map of the country, with the fences, artificial hurdles, walls, lanes, and brooks to be encountered, which varied but little from the previous occasions. One of the most formidable was a strong post-and-rail fence, of considerable height, placed before an awful-looking yawner just before arriving at Becher's Brook, which was strongly objected to by some jockies, who felt pretty certain that if they once got *in* they would not very speedily get *out*. The objection was, however, not deemed valid, and fortunately no casualty occurred there. Becher's Brook and fence were as before. The stone wall at the distance-post, within the training ground, was four feet high, lapped with turf; and opposite the winning Chair was the artificial brook, but widened from twelve to thirteen feet more than last year. On the previous evening the betting in the Rooms was very languid, but on the course, just previous to the start, it became animated, closing as follows:—3 to 1 agst. Peter Simple, who carried 5lb. extra as a penalty for winning at Hereford, making his weight 13st. 1lb.; 4 to 1 agst. Lottery, 4 to 1 agst. The Returned, 8 to 1 agst. Redwing, and long prices about the others.

The Stewards were, the Earls of Sefton and Chesterfield, and G. Payne, Esq., and Mr. Lynn, proprietor of the Royal Waterloo Hotel, was indefatigable in his exertions to keep order, clear the course, and the inclosures in front of the Grand Stand—no very easy task. The Stands were nearly all filled, and the jockies drew up in their party-colored jackets in front of the Stand at three o'clock, presenting a splendid sight. The course was the usual two-mile circle, twice round, and every field was thronged with pedestrians. At twelve minutes past three, without a single false start, off they went at the signal given by Lord Sefton, the race terminating as follows:—

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared on the 14th Feb., with 100 added by the Racing Committee; the owner of the second horse to have his Stake returned, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towards the expenses; winners from the time of declaring the weights 5lb. extra.

Lord Chesterfield ns. Mr. Hassell's VANGUARD, aged, h. b., 11st. 10lb.....	Oliver.....	1
Mr. Mare's Nimrod, 11st.	Scott.....	2
Mr. Holman ns. Dragsman, h. b., 11st. 3lb.....	Crickmere...	3

The following were not placed :—Baron Rothschild's Consul, 11st. 12lb. (Oldacre); Mr. Errington ns. Goblin, aged, 11st. 6lb. (Bretherton); Mr. R. Hunter's Bucephalus, 11st. 5lb. (Whitworth); Colonel Anson's Claude Duval, 11st. 7lb. (Tomblin); Mr. W. Ekins's Peter Simple, 12st. 10lb. (and 5lb. extra—Frisby); Mr. Elmore's Lottery, aged, 12st. 6lb. (Mason); Mr. W. S. Crauford's The Returned, 12st. (Major Campbell); Lord Waterford's Redwing, aged, 11st. 10lb. (Doolan); Mr. T. Taylor's Victoria, 6 yrs. 11st. 10lb. (Taylor); Mr. James Hunt's Tinderbox, 11st. 7lb. (G. Moore); Mr. Kennedy's Teetotum, 6 yrs. 11st. 7lb. (Kennedy); Hon. F. Craven ns. Croxby, 11st. 6lb. (W. M'Donough); Mr. Lamplugh's The Romp, 11st. (Hollinshead).

The following paid 10 sovs. ft. :—Mr. Ekins's The Duenna, Mr. F. Oldacre's The Tiger, Mr. A. G. Moore ns. Anonymous, Lord E. Russell's Lather, Mr. Ververs's Charity, Mr. Speed ns. Selim, Mr. Maddocks ns. Spangle, Sir J. G. Baird ns. Harrow Boy, Mr. Blackburne ns. Buffoon, Mr. Anderson's Negro, and Mr. Bradleys ns. The Page.

The following, having declared, paid 5 sovs. each :—Lord Eglinton's Robinson, Col. Thompson's Hamlet, Sir Pyers Mostyn's Seventy-four, Mr. P. Eastwood's Moderideroo, Mr. J. M. Stanley's Valentine, Mr. Lockwood's Saucepan, Mr. Bark's Vampire, Lord Sefton's Marengo, Lord Waterford's Kilmoyler, Mr. A. Davy's Sam Swipes, Hon. A. Villiers's Rebel, Sir W. Stanley's False One, Lord Macdonald's Factotum, Mr. W. H. Lewis's Tally-ho, and Mr. Ekins's Luck's-all. Lord Maidstone did not name.

Value of the Stakes, 575 sovs.

Among the distinguished company were, the Marquis of Waterford, the Earls of Caledon, Craven, and Sefton, Lords G. Bentinck, Macdonald, and Maidstone, Hon. Colonel Anson, Hon. F. Craven, Sir R. Brook, Sir J. and Lady Gerard, Sir W. W. Wynn, G. Payne, Esq. &c.

Vanguard took the lead, and at the first fence The Romp and Consul refused, the latter following suit at three others, thereby throwing him considerably in the rear. At the fifth fence, Victoria fell, and "cut her lucky." As they entered the course the first time, Vanguard still leading, Peter Simple came up, and they took the wall nearly abreast, Nimrod and The Returned following close in their wake. Tinderbox was next, but some mischance throwing him out of his stride, he came with his chest full against it, made a wide gap, and rolled down with his rider among the fragments, by which Mr. Moore's collar-bone was broken, and he was otherwise much bruised. Teetotum fell on Tinderbox, who was quickly on his legs, and went off with the others without his rider. Mr. Kennedy, however, was soon again in the saddle, and was off before Croxby and Redwing came up, these two and those in the rear passing through the gap. At the artificial brook, Peter Simple was the first over, Vanguard taking it at nearly the same moment, and all getting over (including Tinderbox) without one failure. The pace now became severe, Peter in front, but on coming to the road which separates the course from the fields, he bolted down the road, followed by Vanguard, Lottery, Goblin, and some others, who thereby lost nearly three hundred yards. Dragsman and Nimrod kept the true line, the former shortly taking the lead at a rattling pace.

Teetotum here came down again, and his career was ended. Peter and Vanguard recovered their lost ground, the position of the horses now being, Dragsman first, Vanguard second, followed by Nimrod, Peter, Lottery, and The Returned, and all the rest forming a pretty considerable tail. Croxby broke down at Becher's Brook. On coming into the course for the last time, The Returned fell at one of the drains, which threw her chance completely out. On taking the fence into the road, Dragsman swerved, and jumping obliquely over a gate on the left, fell on his nose, and threw his rider on his neck. He was soon up, however, but before Crickmere could recover his seat and bring his reins into action, he ran down the road, which gave the lead to Vanguard, who first entered the course, closely followed by Nimrod. The race now clearly remained with these two, as Peter Simple, from the pace and extra weight, was dead beat, and all the others except Dragsman seemed to deem further efforts useless. A beautiful race ensued between Vanguard and Nimrod to the last leap (a hurdle placed across the run-in,) where "the mighty hunter" fell off, and Oliver, by most beautiful riding, placed his horse first by four lengths. Just at the finish, Crickmere made a rush, and landed Dragsman close to Nimrod's haunches, shewing that he would have had no bad chance but for the mistake at the road. Consul was fourth, Goblin fifth, and Bucephalus sixth; then came Claude Duval, and the rest, after passing the hurdle, were pulled up. The race was run in $11\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

The Champion Hurdle Race, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10ft., with 50 added, two miles, was won in a canter by Mr Raworth's Cattonian, once a favorite for the Leger, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Bradley), beating Mr. A. Moore's Magic, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb. (Powell), and Mr. Peace's Defence, aged, 12st. 2lb. (Saunders). Mr. W. Ekins's Pitsford and Mr. Anderson's Negro paid.

The Prince of Wales's Cup, value 100gs., Gentlemen Riders, did not fill, and was scratched.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1843.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the May Number of the "Turf Register," page 249.

ON RIDING A FREE-GOING HORSE IN HIS SWEAT.

HAVING, in the preceding chapter, given directions for the instruction of a boy how to ride horses which require perseverance to get them along at a certain pace, I will now give the further necessary instructions for riding horses of a different description. The horse I will now make choice of for the boy to ride shall be the one described in the foregoing chapter, supposed to be sweating with the craving one. Therefore, by way of example, I will sweat the same two horses again, with only this difference—that of changing the riders; putting the boy on the kind, free runner, and the head lad on the craving one. The horses having arrived on the sweating ground, the head lad gives his orders to the boy to sit quiet, to keep a gentle pull on his horse, and to follow him. They then set their horses on their legs at a quiet, striding pace. They will most likely not have proceeded far, before the head lad, looking back, by turning his head over his shoulder (for he must not move his body on such an occasion), calls to the boy to take a gentle pull at his horse, and come up with him to his (the head lad's) horse's quarters. The head lad rates his horse a little faster, and the boy's horse, being one of a placid temper (that is, a sort of horse that will make a race with anything, as it is called), patiently waits, and retains his place without any trouble to the boy whatever. Now, to regulate the boy's temper gradually, and to bring him patient in riding a free horse, the head lad, turning his head, should talk to the boy, and point out to him the kind, easy, and free manner the horse he (the boy) is riding, goes in his sweat, compared with the craving one he himself is riding; and how necessary it is for him (the boy) to be very still and quiet on the back of such a horse; also, to observe to him that whenever he wants to make a run with his horse, he has nothing more to do than quietly to lift his hands off his horse's withers, and give him a gentle pull or two, which the horse knows (if he has been well taught as trained) is a challenge for him to make a run for the rally he can easily live in,—a sort of thing the head lad is likely to order the boy to do pretty often, to save himself the labor of persevering with his craving horse.

When these horses which I am supposed to have just ordered to sweat, come to that part of the ground from which horses are sometimes ordered to come home at a sweating pace, the head lad should order the boy again to take a pull, and come up with his

horse, head and girth, with the craving one, and wait there until he orders him to come again head and neck, or head and head. This is more for the purpose of teaching the boy how to challenge a horse to run, than the actual necessity there is for doing it to bring the craving horse through his sweat, for the head lad (if he is anything like a good one) can mostly do this himself without the boy's aid.

The horses having thus proceeded for a certain length, the head lad may order the boy again to take a pull at his horse, and go half a length in front, to give the boy an idea of making play or what is commonly called,—“cutting the work out.” But he must not be allowed to go too far in front, or he may overmark his horse. As they are concluding the sweat, the head lad should go up to the boy, make a run with him home, and finish the sweat at the usual pace, which is mostly regulated according to the state of the ground and the condition of the horses.

The boy, who by this time can ride tolerably well, is becoming very useful to the groom, who often changes him from one horse to another that is more difficult to ride. If the boy is tolerably light, and has a through knowledge of the pace which horses are at times to go in their gallops, he is frequently put to lead the gallop, and is also often put to ride such horses in their sweats as require to be resolutely persevered with to get them along.

Having been practised in this sort of riding for some time, he also begins to understand the pace horses are occasionally to be rated at in this kind of exercise; and when three or four, or half a dozen are going to sweat together, the groom, with a view of giving the boy a still better idea of the thing, is very likely to order him with a horse to go in front, and rate the others in their sweats the whole of the way home, and perhaps, on a horse the boy may not know much about with respect to his powers, either as to stoutness or speed. If the boy should not know this, he might not only overmark his own horse in the pace, but by so doing he would, in all probability, also occasion one or two of the other horses to tire in their sweats, and in coming home in finishing them, they would be quite abroad and uncollected in their stride. Some horses meeting with repetitions of this sort, will lose their tempers to a certain extent, which may be seen by their becoming alarmed when, on sweating mornings, the sweaters are being put on them.

Now, a good training groom, who has himself been brought up from his boyhood in the stables, is fully aware that those things I have mentioned may happen from the boy's making too free with a horse of which he may, as I have observed, know but little. But the groom, to prevent any thing going wrong, cautions the boy who is supposed to lead the sweat, either in the stable or as he is going along on his way to the ground. He talks to the boy much in the following style, (the sweating ground being in good order, and the horses having been for some time in strong work). Calling him by his name, or perhaps applying the more familiar epithet “boy,” he says,—“As soon as they are well on their legs and settled in their

stride, (meaning the horses,) come away with them at a fair even pace until you come to such a place, (naming some land-mark, point or object well known on the ground). As soon as you get there, take a pull at your horse, keep fast hold of his head, and come with them the whole of the way home at a good sweating pace." The groom, in concluding his orders, says,—“ Mind, boy, you do not overmark your horse :” and then he goes on to tell him how he is to proceed in order to guard against so doing. He says,—“ Be sure you do not forget, in coming along, to call sufficiently often on your horse, so as to know what he has left in him to come home with them in the last rally.”

Now, the boy we have been so long teaching to ride is fully aware of what is meant by the groom's orders, to call on his horse. Having reached that part of the ground whence he is ordered to bring them home at the pace mentioned, he takes a pull at his horse and sets him a-going (the other horses following) for whatever length he thinks proper, or rather, as he finds the pace tells on his horse. If he finds his horse goes freely, collectedly, and within himself, he lets him stride away at the pace he was ordered, if he thinks it is not too fast for the other horses ; but the moment he finds his own horse beginning to hang, or not going the pace kindly as he did at first, he quietly takes a pull and holds him together for a few strides. After which he challenges him again, by lifting up his hands and giving him a hustle or two, to ascertain whether he is slackening his pace, being rather idle, or whether the pace and the length he is going are telling on him. Now if the boy, by challenging his horse, finds that he immediately and determinedly gets at his usual stride, he thinks, or perhaps he says to himself, (in the language of the stables,) “ Oh come, he has got plenty left ; I shall hold him fast and let him go,” meaning by this, that he will keep a pretty fast hold of his horse's head, and let him go on with the pace. And if he finds the horse maintains his stride with ease to himself, he will most likely not have occasion to challenge him again until he is approaching near home, or perhaps not even then, if he finds he is going well within himself. But if he does not challenge him again, it may be necessary that he should take a quiet pull and hold him together for a few strides, that he may be well ready when called upon to make a run, and bring the whole of the horses home in concluding the sweat, at a good telling pace.

This is the mode in general practice of making play, or rating a horse, so as to run no risk of overmarking him. Only observe that some horses make more free with themselves than others in sweating and running. It is therefore necessary for a rider to challenge such horses often, (unless they are very flighty), to ascertain how much they may have left in them ; and holding them quietly together according to their mouths and manner of running, will be the means of preventing their breaking way, and overmarking or otherwise abusing themselves in their sweats, trials, or races.

In order further to instruct the boy in riding, let us suppose, by way of example, half a dozen horses of different ages under the

care of one groom, to have arrived at any place where a meeting is to be held a fortnight or three weeks prior to such meeting, at which the horses have to run over a two-mile round course. It is not customary for horses to leave the ground on which they may have been training so long previous to a meeting taking place. It is only usual, on such occasions, for the horses to take the last sweat on a course they have not run over. The object, however, for having the horses brought to a round course so long before running, is not only to show the old horses the course, but principally to teach the young ones to turn upon it, as also to instruct the young boy whom I am teaching to ride, how to make a difficult turn, or, what used to be more commonly called, "running for the turn," which is a sort of thing horses as well as boys may be practised in when they are sweating over a round course, in preference to any other way.

To arrange this matter properly, previous to the horses going out to sweat, the groom, if he is a good judge, puts the best riding boys on the young ones, to teach and regulate them judiciously at the turns. Those boys who ride moderately well will do on the old ones. As soon as the horses arrive at the sweating ground, the groom orders the boys with the young ones, to go to a certain part of the course, (what part, will depend on the length they have to sweat,) and to walk about until the other horses which have begun and have to sweat longer lengths, come to them. The young ones then follow in line as directed, the boys on them having been previously cautioned to be very careful with them at their turns, which, if they ride as they ought, they know very well how to arrange.

Now the boy I have been instructing to ride, should on his first being ordered to ride a sweat over a round course, be put to do it on an old horse—one which is known to be easy and kind at his turns, and should be placed second in the string; and to give the boy an idea how he is to make his turns, the head lad, on one of the horses, should lead the sweat, and previous to his coming to a difficult turn, which requires some caution, (otherwise it is not necessary) he should, in time, turn his head and call to the boy to follow him. The head lad should then also point out to the boy how far it is necessary for him to lay out of his ground so as to make the turn pretty close to the post without in the least altering the stride or pace of the horse. The head lad takes care to begin sufficiently early to lay his horse a little out of his ground as he is approaching the post at which he is to make the turn.

It is very necessary for a boy to know this part of riding well, in case he should be put up as a light weight to ride in a race; for if the boy properly executes a difficult turn, he is not only close to the post, but he is immediately ready, without risk or difficulty, to make a run from it, should his horse be challenged there for running by any of the party. But if the boy attempts to turn immediately at the post, he must lay some way out of his ground in doing it to make a difficult turn in this manner; the consequence of which in a race would be, that an experienced jockey, well placed, running with

him, and having made this turn well previously to his coming to the post, would not only have the opportunity of running for the turn, but in doing it, he would, if he chose, oblige the boy to lay very much out of his ground. The experienced jockey would then take a pull to set his horse a-going, would slip the boy several lengths, and would thereby most likely win the race; for as I have before observed, a length gained here may be worth five or six in straight running, if the proper advantage be taken of it.

I will just now state the advantages which may, and often have been taken by experienced jockies and which advantage the groom is very likely to explain to a good riding boy, and more particularly if he knows he shall shortly have occasion to put him up to ride a race over a round course.

The groom therefore takes an opportunity and quietly talks to the boy of what may happen in the running. If a horse bolts or lays a long way out of his ground, the groom says,—“If he is a good horse, and it is heats that you are running, the best way, if a strong field, is for two or three of you to agree to run for the heat, and distance the horse if you can. If you do not succeed, his rider will most likely have taken a good deal out of him in saving his distance. In the second heat, if it can be agreed upon, those that laid by in the first, may take him off from the post and keep at him the whole of the way home:—the others that waited in the second heat, may take him off again in the third. If he is not to be beaten by being thus run at, he proves himself to be very superior to the company he is in.”

The groom, continuing his directions to the boy, says,—“Now, if the same sort of thing should happen to you when riding a race over a round course, by your horse bolting or laying out of his ground, you must instantly pull your horse up, and get fairly, and as quick as possible, into the course again, and make all the running you can to save your distance; but never, under such circumstances, run to win. Having saved your distance, decline the heat, and pull your horse up the moment you are within the distance post, and walk him quietly to the scales to weigh. Your horse will not be much abused nor will the public know any thing about him. But now, boy, if you should be engaged to ride in a match, and the horse you are riding against should swerve, or lay a long way out of his ground, the instant you observe this, take you a pull and make strong running with your horse, until you see, by keeping your head occasionally turned, the other jockey has got his horse into the course again. Immediately you observe this, take a pull at your horse in order to ease him, and wait until the other horse, by persevering in the pace, has got nearly up to your horse's quarters. As soon as you perceive him close at hand, be you ready to take a pull and come home with your horse at his best pace. The horse that has been laying out of the ground, (if the jockey thinks he has any chance in the race), must keep his place. If he can win under the above unfavorable circumstances, he will prove himself a most extraordinary good horse, or the horse you are riding must be an extraordinary bad one.”

FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1843.

BY Q "AT THE CORNER."

Concluded from the last number of the "Register," page 264.

MANY of my readers will recollect the Derby 1835, won by Mundig, beating Ascot, after one of the finest races ever known over the Epsom Downs, and twelve others. Amongst the beaten ones were Silenus and Ibrahim, two *crack* favorites from the nursery of poor old Edwards, and the property of Lord Jersey. During the Spring of 1835, these colts played a most profitable see-saw game in the Derby betting to those who had the "right office," for the superiority of Ibrahim over his stable companion was known only to a very select few. Ibrahim did manage to run off with some important stakes, but Silenus, if my memory does not "play me false," remained a *maiden* to his last gallop, and he ran till he was aged.

Silenus, I perceive, is either to be let or sold for the covering season; he is a chesnut horse, rather under size, was bred by Lord Jersey in 1832, got by Reveller, out of Trampoline by Tramp, grandam Web by Waxy, &c. I have been told by a very competent judge, that the stock of *Silenus*, now rising two years old, are of great size and very handsome. For price and particulars, apply to Mr. G. Scott, Bednall, near Stafford. If not disposed of, *Silenus* will serve mares at Bednall-head at 5 sovs. each thorough-bred, and 2 sovs. each half-bred. The pedigree of this stallion must get him a decent supply of mares.

There are two famous stallions standing at Bretby Park, Ashby-de-la-Zouch—Don John and Hornsea.

Don John is a bay horse, was bred by Mr. Garforth in 1835, and sold when a foal to Mr. Robert Ridsdale for 100 gs. He was afterwards sold to Lord Chesterfield for 140 gs., at the sale of Mr. Ridsdale's stud. Don John stands nearly sixteen hands high, was got by either Tramp or Waverley, out of a *Comus* mare bred by Mr. Garforth in 1820 or 1821, her dam *Marciana* by Stamford, out of *Marcia* by Coriander—Faith by Pacolet—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass-of-the-Mill by Oronoko—Old Traveller (Sister to Mr. Clark's Lass-of-the-Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson—Burton Barb mare. I have been thus particular in wading through Don John's pedigree, because he unquestionably was the fastest horse of his day. He won the St. Leger, and that, too, in a canter, in less time than any other horse, viz., in *three minutes seventeen seconds*! At two years old, Don John won his three engagements very easily indeed; and at the Craven Meeting 1838, when three years old, he walked over

for the snug prize of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., four subs. At Doncaster, ridden by Wm. Scott, Don John won the St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., sixty-six subs., beating Ion, Lanercost, Saintfoin, Cobham, Alzira, and The Hydra; 13 to 8 agst. Don John, 9 to 4 agst. Ion, 9 to 2 agst. Lanercost, 9 to 1 agst. Saintfoin, and long odds agst. any other. On the Thursday in the same meeting, he, carrying 7st. 3lb. (Nat), won the Gold Cup, value 450 sovs., given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation, for three-year-olds and upwards, from the Red House and once round, two miles and five furlongs, beating Bee's-wing, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.; The Doctor, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.; and Melbourne, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.; 2 to 1 on Don John; won very easy. Don John also, at the same meeting, walked off with the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft., St. Leger Course, five subs.; and finished a splendid year by walking over at Heaton Park for the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, thirteen subs. These were his whole performances in 1838.—At the Craven meeting, 1839, Don John, then 4 yrs. old, was beaten by Grey Momus (John Day) for the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., the second to save his stake, T.M.M., *eleven* subs. Don John was second, and Alemdar third. Grey Momus won quite in a canter, much to the dismay of the Scotts. In the First Spring Meeting, Don John (H. Edwards) closed his racing career by winning the valuable Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft., for four-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., B.C., ten subs., beating Alemdar and Morella. Don John's figure for serving mares is 15 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom. Several of the best mares of Lord Chesterfield's stud are already "booked" to this fashionable horse, who bids fair to become highly popular amongst our fancy breeders.

That celebrated runner and fine animal *Hornsea* is a worthy stable companion. *Hornsea* is a chesnut horse, was bred in 1832, got by Velocipede, out of a Cerberus mare, her dam Miss Cranfield by Sir Peter, &c. &c. Velocipede was got by Blacklock, out of a Juniper mare, and Blacklock was got by Whitelock. In the early part of the Spring of 1835, *Hornsea*, then the property of Mr. Richardson, was a prominent favorite for the Derby, but the stable (Scott's) had other *flyers* in Mundig, Coriolanus, &c., and *Hornsea* was left to be in season at Doncaster, where he ran second to the renowned Queen of Trumps for the St. Leger, beating nine others; amongst them, Preserve, Ascot, Mundig, and Sheet Anchor. At four years old, *Hornsea* proved himself one of the best horses of the year, by winning the following highly important races, and beating most of the "cracks of the day:"—the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs., with 480 sovs. in specie, at Goodwood; 290 sovs. and the King's Plate of 100 gs. at Egham; the Cup, with 200 sovs., and the King's Plate, at Newmarket. *Hornsea*, at five years old, won the Gold Cup, with 80 sovs. in specie, at Brighton; and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. at Egham. I entertain a very strong opinion that *Hornsea* will become one of the leading stallions of the day. Cataract, one of his sons, is a

most promising animal; and I, with many others, have made him responsible for something handsome in the coming Derby. This colt is the property of the Duke of Grafton, and consequently is in training at Newmarket under the care of Stephenson. Most of Hornsea's sons and daughters carry a strong *dash* of the Velocipede about them. Hornsea's figure for covering is unquestionably low, viz., 10 gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom. I understand that several of the prime Newmarket mares are about to be sent to this fashionable and valuable horse. He is the property of Lord Chesterfield.

My old acquaintance *Colwick* may be found at the Dringhouses, York. He is a brown horse, was foaled in 1828, got by the celebrated *Filho da Puta*, out of *Stella* by Sir Oliver, her dam by Anvil, &c. *Filho da Puta* was got by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy, her dam by Woodpecker, &c. The performances of *Colwick* have been so frequently discussed in the pages of the "Sporting Magazine," that it would be only telling a "twice told tale" to wade through all his doings on the slippery sod: suffice it to say, that he ran against all the best horses of his time, carrying in general heavy weights, and "staying" long distances. When first put to the stud he served a few mares at one guinea each, nor was it till the appearance of *Attila* as a two-year-old winner, that Lord Chesterfield was aware that *Colwick* was worthy of some well-bred mares. Perhaps few horses have been more hardly dealt with than old *Colwick*. The price of covering mares is 15 gs. each, with one guinea to the groom. The gallant style in which *Attila* won the Derby brought *Colwick* from the "ranks" to a *commanding* position as a racing stallion, and I have no doubt he will be found worthy of patronage.

Mus, own brother to the late flatcatcher *Rat-trap*, stands at Goodwood, Sussex. He is a rich bay, with black legs, and close upon sixteen hands in height, with a capital constitution. *Mus* was got by *Bizarre*, out of *Young Mouse* by *Godolphin*—*Mouse* by Sir David—*Louisa* by *Ormond*, out of *Orville's* dam. *Mus* ran on till ten years old, and that alone ought to get him a fair quantity of good mares. His running, taken in a lump, will bear the "strictest investigation," and his pedigree is a good one. I need only name one exploit to prove that *Mus* *could* race: when eight years old, he, carrying 9st. 9lb., won the Orleans Cup, value 500 gs., two miles and three quarters, beating *Hyllus*, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. *Rat-trap's* performances in 1837 and 1838 are too well known to all racing men, therefore I need not allude to them here—he died in the Spring of 1839. *Mus* is exceedingly likely to get useful stock. The figure for covering is 10 sovs. each mare. I apprehend that My Lord George Bentinck will send some of his weedy Bay Middleton mares to this useful stallion: there could scarcely be recommended a better cross. It has fallen to my lot to have witnessed most of *Mus's* races, and I always noticed, that if he was not the winner, he was sure to be there or thereabouts.

The Saddler is stationed at Newmarket, where he will serve

mares at 15 gs. each. He is a most beautiful brown horse, was bred by Mr. Martindale, of Chester-le-street, near Durham, in 1828, got by Waverley, out of Castrellina by Castrel, her dam by Waxy, out of Bizarre by Peruvian—Violanté by John Bull—Sister to Skyscraper by Highflyer—Everlasting by Eclipse, &c. Waverley, the sire of The Saddler, was got by Whalebone, out of Margaretta by Sir Peter, her dam Sister to Cracker by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker by Matchem. Here we find the blood of Eclipse, Highflyer, and Matchem, most happily blended; it would indeed have been strange if The Saddler could not race!—At two years old (1830) The Saddler ran well up in the old Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster, won by Circassian. In the same year, The Saddler, the property of Mr. Skipsey, won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, eleven subs, at Northallerton, once round the course, beating Lady Fractious and seven others very cleverly. In May, 1831, The Saddler, then three years old, won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each at the York Spring Meeting, one mile and three quarters, beating Roubilliac, Clarence, and four others; won in good style. At the same meeting, The Saddler won the Shorts, beating Chorister somewhat easily; distance one mile. At the York August Meeting, when rather short of work, The Saddler won the 30 sovs. each Sweepstakes, 10 ft., last mile and a quarter, beating Lady Elizabeth, Brother to Tarrare, and four others; won with something to spare. In consequence of these excellent performances, and the breaking down of Riddlesworth, The Saddler became the leading favorite for the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, for which race he was defeated by a head only by *John Day*, on Chorister; he beat Liverpool, Colwick, and a large field of horses. Every racing man knows full well that The Saddler ought to have won, but John Day's fine riding was more than a match for the slovenly setting-to of Nicholson, even at *seven pounds*, which was about the superiority of The Saddler over Chorister on the day, according to one of our keenest handicappers of that time. At the same meeting, then the property of Richardson, Wagstaff, and Co., The Saddler won the Doncaster Gold Cup for three-year-olds and upwards, two miles and five furlongs, beating Emancipation, Rowton, Maria, Birmingham, and several others: won in a canter. These were the whole of The Saddler's performances up to 1832. It is scarcely fair to go into The Saddler's performances after three years old, for perhaps no animal was more abused since racing has become fashionable. One race, however, I will just touch upon, and a memorable one too! A match was made for 500 sovs. each, *all the money*, between Mr. Wagstaff's The Saddler, 8st. 12lb., and Mr. Henry's Protocol, 8st. 1lb., A. F., Newmarket Craven Meeting 1832. The very excellent running of The Saddler at three years old induced the public to back him heavily in this match, and it was found advisable to "change tact" and play what is called a "safe game." On the morning of the race two or three of the speculators came out at 6 and 7 to 4 on Protocol, which they increased to 3 and 4 to 1 (!), much to the astonishment of The Saddler's country backers. When the horse

shewed, it was clear enough that he had been "ill-used," and almost any odds might have been obtained. Two *Legs*, now no more, put the steam on tremendously against The Saddler, who, thanks to Connelly's fine riding, and the honesty of the blood of Waverley, *won by a head*. Never were such faces seen before! Poor Bland looked as "sharp as a rat in vinegar;" Frank Richardson swore "great guns;" while Wagstaff, &c., were glad to hide their "*diminished heads*." It was a glorious triumph, and poor Connelly proved that he was not to be bought. The stock of The Saddler are amazingly racing-like, and the names of the following will prove him to be one of the best stallions of the day: The Provost, The Shadow, The Currier, The Squire, Currycomb, The Artful Dodger, The Duke of Wellington, The-Devil-among-the-Tailors, Lasso, &c. Mares, more remarkable for *speed* than *stoutness*, of the Velocipede, Sultan, or any other *dashing* blood, ought to be sent to The Saddler.

The article in your December Number on "Mr. Theobald's Stud at Stockwell" [see pp. 73-7 February Number of the "Turf Register"] makes it necessary only for me to observe that *Camel's* price of covering mares during the season is 25 gs., and one guinea to the groom; *Muley Moloch*, 15 gs., and one guinea; *Laurel*, 12 gs., and one guinea. These stallions are of our most approved blood.

The Marquis of Exeter has no fewer than four stallions standing at Burghley House; viz., Hetman Platoff, Troilus, Alemdar, and Galipoli.

Hetman Platoff, of course, is the *lion* of the lot; he is a bay horse, was foaled in 1836, got by Brutandorf, out of Don John's dam by Comus (see Don John's pedigree). When three years old Hetman Platoff, then the property of Mr. Bowes, won the St. Leger Stakes of 380 sovs. at the Liverpool July Meeting, and 130 sovs. at the York August Meeting. Owing to these victories (and he won with the greatest possible ease), Hetman Platoff became a prominent favorite in the betting for the Doncaster St. Leger, for which race the Scotts preferred standing upon Charles the Twelfth, who it will be remembered won by a head after a dead heat with Euclid—Hetman Platoff did not run; if he had, he must have won. At four years old, Hetman Platoff won as follows:—£95 at Ascot; the Northumberland Plate of £595 at Newcastle; the Wolverhampton Stakes of £640, and the Gold Cup, with 80 added, at Wolverhampton; and closed his racing career at the Warwick September Meeting, by breaking down in running a dead heat with Glenlivat for the Leamington Stakes; Hetman Platoff, 4 yrs., carrying 9st. 8lb., and Glenlivat, 4 yrs., 7st. !—That Hetman Platoff was the best four-year-old of 1840, few I fancy will be disposed to question, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Bowes should have run him, as he in truth did, to such great disadvantages as regarded *weight*. The Marquis of Exeter has acted wisely in hiring this valuable stallion, for he must improve the stock of the Burghley establishment, which has been of late sadly on the wane. The price of covering is 20 gs. each

mare, and one guinea to the groom. I am exceedingly partial to the Brutandorf blood.

Troilus is a well-bred stallion, being got by Priam (winner of the Derby 1830), out of Green Mantle (winner of the Oaks 1829). Green Mantle was one of the speediest two-year-olds known of late years; she was got by Sultan, out of Dulcinea by Cervantes, &c. *Troilus* by no means disgraced the aristocratic blood that flowed in his veins, for he ran exceedingly well at three years old, beating several of the "clippers," and running the best horses of the day "closely" home. It is recorded in the Racing Calendar that *Troilus* won as follows in 1837:—the Tuesday's Riddlesworth of £1300, the Column Stakes of £600, £525, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of £550, all at Newmarket. *Troilus* was bred by Lord Exeter in 1834, and the few of his stock that have met my eye induce me to suppose that he will become a leading stallion, the more so because old Priam is still in America. *Troilus* is a nice bay, and of goodly size.

Alemdar was bred by Lord Exeter in 1835, got by Sultan, out of Marinella by Soothsayer, &c. I cannot say anything in praise of this stallion as a racer; indeed his running was below mediocrity.

Galipoli was also bred by the Noble Marquis in 1836. He was got by Sultan, out of Velvet by Oiseau, &c. Like *Alemdar*, *Galipoli*'s character will not be improved by a reference to the Racing Calendar. The price of serving mares is arranged thus: *Troilus*, 15 gs., and one guinea to the groom; and *Alemdar* and *Galipoli*, 5 gs. each, with 10s. to the groom. I should heartily rejoice to see the Marquis of Exeter's delicate colors—"light blue, narrow white stripe, and black cap,"—once again in the ascendant; indeed it is painful to see so good and popular a Sportsman as the Noble Marquis with such wretched luck.

Beiram, the petted one of 1832, is at Newmarket, where he will serve mares at 10 gs. each, with one guinea to the groom. *Beiram* was foaled in 1829, got by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley by Stamford (Sister to Burleigh), out of a Mercury mare, her dam by Herod, out of Young Hag by Skim. *Beiram*'s first appearance was at Ascot Heath in 1831, on Tuesday, where he ran second to Colonel Peel's Archibald for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., beating Non Compos and five others. He also, at the same place, on the Thursday following, won a Stake of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., beating Non Compos, Archibald (3lb. extra), and five others. At the Newmarket July Meeting, *Beiram* won the July Stakes, beating Non Compos, Emiliana, Destiny, and three others; and concluded his two-year-old performances by winning the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., twenty-six subs., beating Lord Lowther's Scuffle and two others whose names I have forgotten: almost any odds on *Beiram*. With such a character for speed and stoutness, it is not to be wondered that *Beiram* became a rattling favorite for the Derby 1832, and perhaps more money was betted on that race than on any of its previous brethren. The Newmarket Spring Meetings of that eventful year told us that the

wiry little Beiram had not trained on well, and the poor figure he cut in the Derby race (St. Giles was the winner *easily*) sufficiently proved that he was dead amiss. I remember his race at Goodwood against the celebrated Priam for the Gold Cup in the same year, and I can safely say that I never saw a more beautiful contest, Priam winning in the end by a short head, Beiram second. From some cause or another the Beiram stock have not raced well, although many of the Duke of Portland's and the Marquis of Exeter's best mares have been sent to him. Beiram is a rich chesnut, with three white legs, and a very good specimen of an English thorough-bred stallion.

That superb stallion *Voltaire* will be "at home" during the season at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe, near York. *Voltaire*, a beautiful brown horse, was foaled in 1826, got by Blacklock, out of a Phantom mare. At two years old, *Voltaire* won all his races in prime style, beating most of the best youngsters in the North. At three years old he won the "Shorts" at the York Spring Meeting so cleverly, that John Day declared he was one of the most splendid *goers* he had ever ridden, and honest John is known to be a good judge. I am one of those—and I am only one in thousands—who firmly believe that *Voltaire* would have carried off the St. Leger at Doncaster in 1829, if he had been properly managed. Why Sam Chifney thought fit to lie so much out of his ground, during the early part of the race, has all along been out of the range of my ability to fathom: but that he lost the race by so doing is pretty generally admitted. Tommy Lye, on the Thursday, knew the capabilities of *Voltaire* better, and won the Cup in the easiest style conceivable, beating all the best horses of the year. Owing to an accident, *Voltaire* never ran after he was three years old. The price of covering mares is 15 gs. each, with one guinea to the groom; any nobleman or gentleman sending five mares will have one covered *gratis*. The stock of *Voltaire* are, with scarcely an exception, amazingly fine, and, from what I can learn at head quarters, there seems no doubt that this handsome descendant of the celebrated Blacklock will have a capital season. Among many others got by *Voltaire* that have proved themselves runners of note may be named the following: Henriade, Slashing Harry, Alzira, Conservative, The Cowboy, The Black Prince, The Dean, Harpurhey, Charles the Twelfth (winner of the St. Leger in 1839, also of many other important races), Viceroy, Fair Louisa, Thirsk, Yorkshire Lad (winner of the July Stakes at Newmarket 1840, and died shortly afterwards), Escort, Henri Quatre, Heslington, Jack Sheppard, and The Oneida Chief. I entertain the greatest respect for the blood of *Voltaire*.

That popular favorite *Sheet Anchor* is stationed at Rawcliffe, two miles and a half from York, where he will serve mares, thorough-bred at 10 gs.; half-bred at half-price. *Sheet Anchor*, a dark-brown horse, was foaled in 1832, got by the famous Lottery out of Morgiana by Muley—Miss Stephenson by Scud or Sorcerer—Sister to Petworth by Precipitate—Woodpecker—Siste

to Juniper by Snap—Young Marske's dam, &c. Sheet Anchor won the Colt Sapling Stakes in the York Spring Meeting 1835; ran well up in the St. Leger race, won by The Queen of Trumps, Hornsea second; and won the Gold Cup at Lincoln. In the following Spring he won the Portland Handicap at Newmarket in an Eclipse-like style, beating several known good runners. So easy indeed was this race won, that his owner, Mr. Cookes, made certain of winning the Ascot Cup, but somehow the horse went suddenly amiss the day before the meeting, and he could never be brought again in racing trim. Sheet Anchor's performances were confined to these four races, therefore his stay on the Turf was short indeed. He is the sire of Arcanus, Ben Brace, Flying Gib, Kedge (the best two-year-old of 1840), Sally, Timoleon, Cable, Egedia, Wee Pet (a good two-year-old runner of last season), Topsail, Tripoli, &c. Information may be derived by writing to J. Bateson, stud-groom, Rawcliffe, York.

Elis is, as usual, to be met with at Wilton House, Salisbury. *Elis* is a light chesnut horse of fine symmetry, was foaled in 1833, got by Langan out of Olympia, &c.—In 1835, *Elis*, then two years old, ridden by John Day, won the Chesterfield Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting, beating rather cleverly Mr. Chifney's Brother to Glaucus (nine pounds extra), Corunna, Tom Beazely, colt by Velocipede out of Dahlia, Alfred, Sister to Zulima, St. Luke, Kitty of Coleraine, Ethiopian, The Professor, El Pastor, and Mena: the betting was 4 to 1 agst. *Elis*.—At Goodwood, in the same year, he won the Molecombe Stakes, carrying 8st. 10lb. (Nat). beating Havildar, 8st. 5lb., and Skirmisher, 8st. 5lb.: won in a canter.—At the Second October Meeting in the same year, *Elis* (John Day) won the Clearwell Stakes in good style, beating Marmalade, Slane, Redshank, St. Luke, Alfred, and several others: 3 to 1 was laid agst. *Elis*.—Two days afterwards, he ran second to the Duke of Grafton's Alumnus for the Prendergast Stakes, beating three or four others; 5 to 4 on *Elis*.—In the Houghton Meeting, also in the same year, *Elis*, at 8st. 10lb. (John Day), won the Criterion Stakes, beating Slane, 8st. 3lb., Mr. Waggs, 8st. 3lb., and several others; and on the following Thursday he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., Ab. M., twenty subs.—The amount of *Elis*'s winnings at two years old was £3465.—In 1836, *Elis*, then three years old, ridden by John Day, ran Bay Middleton (Robinson) to a head in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, beating four others "clean off:" betting, 6 to 4 on Bay Middleton, and 5 to 2 agst. *Elis*; a prodigious betting race, and won with the greatest difficulty.—At Goodwood, *Elis* (J. Day) won the Drawing Room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, in a canter by three lengths, beating Magician, Esmeralda, Sepoy, Toga, Havildar, Helga, and The Drummer: betting, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on *Elis*.—At the same Meeting, he ran a capital second to Hornsea for the Goodwood Cup, beating Bamfylde, Rockingham, and six others: betting, 5 to 4 on Hornsea, 7 to 4 agst. *Elis* (taken), 6 to 1 agst. Rockingham, and very long odds agst. any other.—On the same day, *Elis*, at 8st. 13lb. (John Day), won the Racing Stakes of 50

sovs. each, p. p., beating The Drummer, 8st. 7lb., and Taglioni, 8st. 4lb.: almost any odds on Elis, who won as he pleased.—At Lewes, Elis, carrying 8st. 3lb. (John Day), won the Lewes Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 100 added, one mile and a half, forty-four subs., twenty-four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each, beating Hock, 3 yrs., 6st, 10lb; Olympic, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb.; Rockingham, 6 yrs., 9st. 11lb.; and five others: won very cleverly.—At Doncaster, Elis won the St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., seventy-five subs., beating Scroggins, Bee's-wing, Snyders, Locomotive, The Carpenter, Redshank, Wedge, Trapball, The Bard, Vulture, The Black Diamond, Carew, and Ebberston: John Day rode Elis, and won quite in a canter: a great betting race.—At the Newmarket First October Meeting, Elis was again beaten by Bay Middleton (Robinson) for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, p. p.; and in the Houghton Meeting he closed the year by running a dead heat with Mr. Waggs for the 200 sovs. each Sweepstakes, h. ft., A. F.: Elis, 8st. 7lb., was ridden by John Day; Mr. Waggs, 7st. 13lb., by A. Pavis; Muezzin, 7st. 9lb., was third; Elis the favorite at odds.—At four years old, Elis closed his racing career by beating Slane in a Match at the Newmarket Craven Meeting 1837: Elis carried John Day, 8st. 7lb.; Slane, Pavis, 8st.: Elis the favorite.—The price of covering is 20gs. each mare and one guinea to the groom: the number is limited to forty, exclusive of those of his owner, and subscribers names will be received at the office of Messrs. Weatherby, or through the stud-groom, Wilton House, Wilton, near Salisbury.—The stock of Elis strongly resemble their sire, and the following have run decently:—Passion, Eleus, Vitula, and Lucy Banks.—The Duke of Richmond has a smart Elis colt in the coming Derby named Cornopion, which has been heavily backed to win at odds varying from 50 to 66 to 1; this colt is in the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes.

Tamworth, by Outlaw (Son of Muley) out of Caution, The Dey of Algiers' dam, will serve mares this season at Mr. Snewing's, veterinary surgeon, Rugby; blood-mares 5gs. each, half-bred 2½gs., and 5s. to the groom. *Tamworth* was bred by Mr. E. Peel in 1831; he is a chesnut horse of great power and fine action, and as a racer *Tamworth* performed well.—I will take his *doings* in 1836, when five years old, as a criterion of his prowess on the turf:—at Chester, he won the Tradesmen's Plate of 530 sovs., beating a very large Field of respectable horses; at Wolverhampton, he won 355 sovs. and the Gold Cup, with 40 added; at Warwick, he won 60 sovs.; at Shrewsbury, he carried away the Gold Cup, with 30 added; and closed the year at Walsall by winning 70 sovs.—The lowness of the price is sure to get *Tamworth* a fairish supply of country-mares. Good accommodation for mares and foals at the usual prices.

Lanercost, by Liverpool out of Otis by Bustard, &c., may be seen at Mr Kirby's, Murton, near York, where he is advertised to serve mares at 15gs. each.—The deeds of this truly celebrated racer are so well known that it would appear tedious to the rea-

der to recapitulate the many splendid achievements gained by this noble animal. This being his first season, several influential breeders have been anxious to send mares to Lanercost, and the consequence is that Mr. Kirby will find this admirable stallion a profitable speculation. All I can say is, that the breeders of racing stock are deeply indebted to Mr. Kirby for the very liberal sums given for our most approved and fashionable blood, and also for the enterprise he has shown in furnishing the foreign market with our spare stock at very liberal figures.

The Prime Warden stands at Berry Hill Farm, also at the Penk Hall Farm, Stoke-upon-Trent, near Newcastle, Staffordshire, where he will "receive visits" from thorough-bred mares during the season at 10gs. each, 10s. the groom, and half-bred 3gs. and 5s. the groom. *The Prime Warden* is a beautiful bay with black legs, stands sixteen hands in height, was foaled in 1834, got by Cadland (winner of the Derby in 1828) out of Zarina by Morisco, grandam Ina by Smolensko, her dam Morgiano by Coriander out of Fanny by Highflyer, &c.—*The Prime Warden* ran thrice at two years old; viz. second to Chit-chat at Manchester: won at Wolverhampton, beating colt by Priam out of Idalia, Metal, and Subaltern, ran second to Obadiah at Warwick.—At three years old, he ran "excellently well;" to wit: won the St. Leger and St. Helen's Purse at Newton, and the St. Leger and Foal Stakes at Wolverhampton.—I remember backing *The Prime Warden* to some amount for the Doncaster St. Leger, and it is not *quite* clear to me that but for his leg giving way—I fancy occasioned by *Epirus's faux pas*—I should have won my money. As it was, *The Prime Warden* shewed great speed and gameness, by running *well up to the finish*.—The admirers of the blood of the justly celebrated Cadland, whose performances in 1828, and two following years, all racing men know, cannot do better than send a fashionable mare or two to his son, *The Prime Warden*, whose stock, the few that have crossed my eye, are exceedingly fine and racing-like. I have been told by an excellent judge that W. T. Copeland, Esq., M. P., has some splendid specimens of young blood stock by this valuable animal. Any other particulars may be gained by addressing Mr. G. Hemmings, Berry Hill Farm, Stoke-upon-Trent.

The horse that caused so much mischief in *The Prime Warden's* Leger race, *Epirus*, may be found at Mr. Potterton's Farm, Pitsford, four miles from Northampton. *Epirus*, a chesnut horse, was foaled in 1834, got by Langan out of Olympia, and is of course own Brother to Elis. I know a gentleman who commenced backing *Epirus*, and followed it up to a "pretty cost," for it was not until the Doncaster Meeting 1838, that *Epirus* threw off the *maiden*. Somehow or another every course seemed a little too long for him, or, in other words, he was at all times a bad *finisher*. When six years old, he seemed to have "brushed up" a little, for the Calendar informs us that he won as follows: the Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs., with 220 in specie, at Goodwood; the Copeland Stakes of 860 sovs. at the Pottery Meeting; Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs. and 65 sovs. at Lincoln; and Her Majesty's Plate of

100gs. at Nottingham. Of course every one would prefer sending a mare to Elis, notwithstanding the difference in the price of covering, one at 20gs., and the other at half that sum.

The Doctor, another of the 1837 Leger horses, is in the market as a stallion. He is at Manchester. The Doctor is a black horse, was foaled in 1834, got by Dr. Syntax, dam by Lottery, grandam Elizabeth by Walton, &c. The Doctor ran three races at two-years old, viz.: third to *Henriade* at Newcastle: won 60 sovs. at Richmond, beating Elizabeth, filly by *Actæon* out of *Giglet*, *Golden Drop*, and *Sadek*: also won 85 sovs. at Carlisle, beating Lord Kelbourne's colt by Albany and *Mirza*. The subsequent running of *The Doctor* was very good indeed.—The price of covering is 10gs. each mare, the groom's fee included. The blood of this fine horse is most fashionable, and I feel pretty certain that his stock will turn out to advantage.

Slane and *Ion* are quartered at Hampton Court, where they will remain during the season. *Slane* is a magnificent creature, in color a beautiful bay, was bred in 1833, got by Royal Oak out of Minister's dam by Orville, &c.—As a runner, *Slane's* performances are singularly unequal: in some instances he beat most of the best horses of the day, and in others he got defeated quite easy by inferior *tits*. The grand event of *Slane's* racing career was his winning the splendid Shield, given by Lord George Bentinck, at the Goodwood races in 1837; the race was won quite in a canter, and the Field was strong not only in point of number but also in quality. *Slane* was a rattling favorite for the Derby in 1836, and it was currently reported that he was the only animal in that race that poor old Edwards was afraid of: the fear was needless, for Bay Middleton won in a common canter; *Slane* was about fourth. All the young stock by this valuable stallion that have fallen under my observation are, without a single exception, remarkably fine, muscular, and racing-like animals. There are five colts by *Slane* in the next Derby, of which number *Murat*, *St. Valentine*, and *Captain Cook* have been extensively backed by different excellent judges. Colonel Peel, than whom no one is more *au fait* in turf matters, stands to win an immense Stake on *Murat*, and I am happy in saying that I have thrown my "feather" into the same boat.—*Slane's* price of covering is 15gs. each mare, and one sov. to the groom.

Ion is a smart brown stallion, was foaled in 1835, got by Cain out of Margaret by Edmund, &c.—*Ion* raced very tolerably at two years old: viz., was second to *Mecca* for the July Stakes; also second to *Anchorite* (carrying 4lb. extra) for the Chesterfield Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting: won the Clearwell Stakes of 850 sovs. in the Second October Meeting, beating the following *dons*—*Paganini* (in the same Stable), *Saintfoin*, *Mecca*, *Romania*, *Grey Momus*, *Bamboo*, and *Anchorite*: and finished the year (1837) by running a good third to *D'Egville*, giving him *seven pounds*; *Romania* was second.—At three years old, *Ion* was a great favorite with the Newmarket people for the Derby, but *Amato* proved one too many on the grand day: nevertheless Colonel Peel's

horse ran very well indeed. I have no doubt that Amato, notwithstanding what was held to the contrary at the time, was one of the best sons of Velocipede, and it is to be regretted that he did not run after his glorious Derby victory. There was always something singularly *spellish* about poor Arthur Pavis, for no jockey within my recollection ever came second in great races oftener than he. There he was again second to Don John for the St. Leger. It must be candidly confessed that Don John was a more speedy animal than Ion, but it is a fine feather in the cap of the gallant Colonel's horse to be recorded second in the fastest Leger ever run, and Lanercost in the field. I should imagine that Ion will get some of our best brood mares sent to him; his price, taking everything into consideration, may be considered low, namely 10 gs., with 10s. to the groom. I can particularly recommend any of our country breeders, when they pay the "little village" a visit, to "run down to Hampton Court" for half a day.

I have by no means exhausted my "note-book," but fearing to draw this article to an unseemly length, I intend to withdraw until next Spring, when I may once more offer some remarks on the Racing Stallions of the season 1844.

In bringing these observations to a conclusion, I cannot do better than furnish the reader with a list of the celebrated Racing Stallions which have emigrated to other lands during the last ten or a dozen years:—

Abbas Mirza, Augustus, Bizarre, Belshazzar, Beggarman, Coriolanus, Cadland, Chateau Margaux, Crutch (died on his passage to Germany), Cetus, Coronet, The Colonel, Dangerous (winner of the Derby 1833), Erymus, Emancipation, Exile, Glencoe, Helenus, Hokee-Pokee, Incubus, Louthembourg, Lottery, Lapdog, Luzborough, Middleton (winner of the Derby in 1825), Maresfield, Margrave (winner of the St. Leger in 1832), Mussulman, Nonplus, Priam (winner of the Derby in 1830), Physician, Revenge, Riddlesworth, Rubini (winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1833), Rockingham (winner of the St. Leger in 1833), Sarpedon, Sir Benjamin, St. Nicholas, Saracen, Tranby, Tarrare (winner of the St. Leger in 1826), Trustee, Vanish, Valparaiso, Vagabond, Windcliffe, and Zinganee.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1813.

HOW DOGS FOR THE GUN SHOULD BE TREATED.

BY AN A. M. OF CAMBRIDGE.

I HAVE almost invariably found that a gentleman who has several keepers and a kennel full of dogs, is more inefficiently served than one who can only keep a very limited number, and which are, perhaps, under the care of a strapper or stable-boy. There are sufficient reasons for this. In the one case the gentleman *trusts* to his orders being attended to, in the other he *sees* that they are obeyed. It is not necessary, however, for a gentleman, in order to have his dogs properly looked after, to superintend the drudgery of the kennel ; but when he orders his keeper (if he takes this trouble) to see that his dogs get fresh straw once a week—to put rock sulphur into their water-trough—to exercise them regularly for an hour or two daily—to have the potatoes or vegetables well mashed in their “sop”—to be careful that no raw vegetables, pieces of cork, refuse of artichokes, or, in short, anything that even the stomach of a dog will not digest, is put into it, he will find that unless he frequently goes himself to ascertain that everything in the kennel is in proper order, and occasionally superintends the feeding when he is least expected, that his orders will be very imperfectly attended to, and, consequently, that his dogs will be in a much worse condition than they otherwise might have been in.

Where there are a quantity of dogs, there is also, in all probability, less care taken about their selection, or crossing with the best breeds ; there is always less attention paid to the rearing and training of the puppies ; and there must be less work for the dogs, consequently they have less experience in the field.

Depend upon it, therefore, it is a very mistaken notion to suppose that you are more likely to ensure having good dogs by keeping a quantity ; and if a prize was given for the best pointer or setter in Great Britain, I am much mistaken if it would be gained by any of the large kennels ; but I think it would more probably be awarded to some gentleman of moderate means who kept but a few dogs, priding himself on their being right good ones, himself superintending their management, as he thoroughly appreciated their value.

The reduction of the kennel implying, of course, a reduction of “the allowance” for keep, will not be relished by the keeper, who generally calculates on making a nice little perquisite of it *in an honest way*. When the family are from home, it is customary for keepers to collect all the carcasses they can, of animals that have died—horses, cows, sheep, or lambs, in spring, &c., and appropriate “the allowance,” or the greater part of it, to their own use. If they do not give the dogs putrid, or too salt meat (which I have known done), the fare is not bad for them, and indeed improves their “sop.”

The requisite number of dogs (setters or pointers) *for one shooter* I should say, need never exceed two couple ; and, except at the very

commencement of the season, he will not find use in so many ; but he will then find the advantage of a fresh couple of dogs towards the end of the day, when his others are getting fagged.

You should always shoot over the same dogs, and on no account allow any one else to take them out. In this way, you and your dogs will very soon thoroughly understand one another.

The simplest, and I think the best, construction of a kennel is that like an inverted cart-shed :—the back part from four to five feet high, and the front from ten to twelve, so that there is no risk of crushing your hat every time you enter it. It may be divided into as many kennels as required, each with its separate court, and all opening into one another for convenience. I would recommend a brick *pavement*, rather than the common brick, for it fits better, looks better, is easier washed, and dries sooner from being so thin. They are generally got about a foot square, I think ; but I dare say they may be got any size, and an inch or two thick. If the kennel is necessarily in a damp situation (which should be avoided if possible), the court will be kept drier by building the wall in which the railing is fixed with bricks placed end to end, and thus leaving holes like pigeon-holes for the air to circulate. The court should always be kept nicely gravelled. The water-trough should never be without a piece of rock sulphur in it. Once a week the dogs should get fresh straw. In going into the kennel at any time, do not stand with the door partially open, as if you were just tempting the dogs to come out, but always throw it *wide open*, and, if the dogs make the attempt, tramp on their toes ; and if any one of them should pass you, don't fluster yourself about catching it, but coolly take it by the ear, when you can conveniently get hold of it, and throw it into the kennel with a crack of the whip at its tail. By this means the dogs will very soon not dare to venture out without permission, and you will not be plagued, every time you go into the kennel, to keep them in.

If salt was always put into the "sop," it would be found that the dogs would both thrive better on it, and be less infested with worms. Care should also be taken to keep out of it everything unwholesome, such as raw vegetables, the entrails of fowls, &c. ; and particular attention should be paid to washing the potatoes, otherwise they may be seen after passing through the animal's system quite indigested. The quantity of meat a dog should be allowed ought not to be measured by his voracity, but his condition. The best recipe for having any animal in good condition is "plenty of work." At feed, the dogs should always be drafted, as they draft hounds : by this means they both answer to their names more readily, and, by not being allowed to feed till called, they learn a lesson of obedience and self-control every day.

In summer, when the kennel is infested with fleas, the dogs are better without straw ; but if the bog-myrtle* grows within reach, a bedding of it will put these troublesome vermin to the rout. You may also get rid of them by smoking the kennel occasionally. Dogs at this season should be washed with soap and water every week, which will effectually kill every flea on their bodies. They should,

* Called, in Scotland, "gall"

also, in warm weather, be bathed regularly every day, getting a long swim, if near where there is plenty of water. They are naturally of a very hot temperament, as their skins are not porous, like most other animals, but they emit all this perspiration at the mouth. A swim, therefore, is the very life of them, only care should be taken not to put a dog into the kennel till quite dry ; for the consequences of not attending to this are frequently mange, or some other of those cutaneous diseases to which all dogs are so liable.

Too much care cannot be taken to prevent ticks getting a settlement in the kennel. If they once get fairly established, I know of no way of getting rid of them, and I have tried all sorts of plans—pouring boiling water over the kennel—washing it with unslaked lime, &c. &c., which, no doubt, kills those it comes over, but they get so insinuated into every chink and crevice of the wood or stone, that I believe the only cure is at once to pull down the kennel, and to be careful to *use none of the old materials for the new one.** Strict injunctions should be given to have every tick picked off the dogs as they appear, and they should be carefully examined when hunting in wood, and especially *heather*, otherwise the kennel may very soon be infected with them. When they are too numerous or small on a dog to be picked off, a rubbing of sweet oil will kill them.

Have always few, significant, and sounding calls for your dogs, such as “back !” “down !” “heed !” and do not confuse them by using other words for the same thing.

Don't accustom your dogs to require much speaking to. A dog may be taught to obey a whisper (all my retrievers do) ; but, if a man keeps hollowing or whistling to them as if he was scaring crows off a corn-field, they will never think it necessary to obey till they see him beginning to wax wrathful.

If there is occasion to whip a dog (and the less of the whip the better), always lay hold of it. There is nothing worse than aiming a random slash ; and it is from this cause, or from allowing the dog to run away before matters have been made up with him after chastisement, that many a good one contracts the abominable fault of keeping his distance when he behaves ill, one of those “*natural defects*” which the keeper, no doubt, will tell you *he has been at infinite pains to break him of*.

Dogs should be rubbed down with a wisp of straw after hunting, as horses are, and they would last as long again, and be in better condition, than when left with all the mud and dirt to harden on their bodies. Five minutes of a boy's time would suffice for this.

If a keeper is not well aware that he is looked after in such particulars, you may just as soon expect a covey of partridges, or a pack of grouse, to obey the dog-call, as that he will pay the slightest attention to your injunctions. And if such simple means

* I have heard of stables having to be pulled down on account of ticks, but I would advise any gentleman to think twice before he resorts to such an extremity. A friend of mine has a stable, which he erected at some thousand pounds' expense, which is quite infested with them ; and, whenever a horse is put into a fresh stall, it is very soon all overlumps (for they do not stick on a horse as they do on a dog), but after a week or a fortnight they never trouble it. The only reason I can give for this is, that the urine of the horse drives them off. But when the horse is removed, they are as thick as ever in the stall.

as these will prevent a dog from being subject to innumerable ailments, which, though not very perceptible to a casual observer, will still be found to be prejudicial both to its travel and scent, and more especially its lastingness, besides having it in working condition at an age when dogs have generally become unfit for work, no one who places any value on his dogs would neglect to pay this attention to them. There is no dog like a cunning old one for getting game, and every person who has shot much must have regretted that they generally "go" just when they are brought to perfection. Every year, therefore, which you can add to their lives, is well worth the care and attention which may have been bestowed in securing it.

As a thorough amateur of the trigger, I speak feelingly in behalf of my canine friends. Some of the pleasantest of my sporting rambles have been with my gun; and not the least agreeable of my companions have been—why should I be ashamed to own it?—my dogs. No one can have a just conception of the fine and varied scenery of Scotland, who has not diverged far from the public road. The Scottish tourist need not deviate from the common route to gratify his taste for scenery; but the choicest landscapes of lovely Caledonia seem as if they were set apart from the general show, to be inspected only by those who have taste or enterprise enough to visit them. When resting myself and my spaniels, during the heat of the day, on the brow of a hill overhanging one of those romantic glens peculiar to that part of Scotland where, during the grouse season, I had been accustomed to shoot—the base fringed, at intervals, with natural alder or birch—a stream meandering down the glen, the green spots of cultivation on either side of it contrasting with the deep hue of the purple, or, more advanced in the season, the brown heath on the hill's side, its broad gravel banks giving sufficient indication that the "wimplin' burn," though now decked in its summer dress, can, like many a ball-room Miss, assume, upon occasions, a very different aspect—the shepherd's hut in a secluded curve of the glen, and miles distant from any other human habitation, on one side, the rick of meadow hay, the winter's keep for a cow, on the other, the few peat stacks to cheer the lonely hearth—the outlet of the glen gradually widening to the entrance, till it opens on a fine expanse of water, with a back-ground of bold and rugged mountains, my very dogs seem pleased, because their master was. A taste for sport does not necessarily imply a distaste for books; but I could tell the pedant that, in scenes like these, "from Nature's page," he might learn as wholesome lessons as any that books can teach him.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

How sweet the lore which nature brings!—
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect."

SIR G. HEATHCOTE'S RACING ESTABLISHMENT.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

THE very popular name of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and those favorite colors, "crimson, and grey cap," are so associated with the *crack* Epsom events, that a few observations on the present Durdans Stud cannot fail to prove interesting. Every one remembers the glorious Derby of 1838, when Anato, at 30 to 1 against, "cut into ribands" a splendid-looking field of twenty-two, amongst them Ion, Grey Momus, Cobham, D'Egville, Phoenix, Albemarle, and Dormouse. If ever a place was "intoxicated with delight," it was Epsom in that eventful year. There was indeed a sort of "open house-keeping" to all comers during the week. Several sporting gentlemen on "Change" won large sums, and two or three of the Epsom tradesmen "threw in handsomely." The settling at the Corner was quite "as well as could be expected;" two or three, it is true, drew somewhat largely on our old enemy "Time," but eventually, I believe, everything turned out "quite correct." One or two of our large speculators entertained the awkward conceit that Sir Gilbert Heathcote "could never win a Derby," and paid dearly for their absurd temerity on the occasion. In 1840, Bokhara was a prime favorite with the Epsom division, as well as by many influential citizens, but he disappointed his backers by not winning: he, nevertheless, ran forward in one of the fastest "Derby's" within my recollection. Sir Gilbert Heathcote has not been recorded the winner of an Oaks, but I sincerely trust he has "got that pleasure to come." On three or four occasions the Epsom colors have been flying closely up at the finish of the "race for Ladies."

I was not prepared to give publicity to so valuable a stud as that which Sir Gilbert Heathcote possesses until very lately, being entirely ignorant of its vastness—*twenty* brood mares of the most fashionable blood; *two* stallions, also of high parentage; *thirteen* horses in active training: *seven* two-year-olds in active preparation; and *ten* yearlings!

Of the brood mares, the *petted* ones are, Jane Shore, Jane, Nannette, Lady Sarah (a regular *clipper* in her racing days), and Carolina.

Of the stallions, Samarcand's stock are very promising and racing-like; but I have not seen any of the get of Astracan, whose blood is undeniably good, being a son of the celebrated Chateau Margaux, out of Oleander by Sir David.

Of the horses in training, Valentissimo is a glorious exception to the general rule that the Velocipedes cannot *run on*; he is *eleven* years old, has been in training ever since he was a yearling, and his legs are now as fresh as the soundest two-year-old of the day. He has run in the best company, and if not always victo-

rious, his performances always proved him to be a good runner. There cannot be a doubt that Valentissimo will, *when* put to the Stud, become a leading stallion of the day. Bokhara is a nice looking animal of good speed, but unfortunately possesses an awkward will of his own. Hydaspes was backed rather freely to win the last Derby, but he did not show in the front at any period of the race—I fancy him to be but moderate.

Of the three-year-olds—five of which are in the Derby—there appears to be a somewhat strange difference of opinion amongst the regular supporters of this popular establishment. One very excellent judge informed me the other day that he had never seen a more promising Derby colt or a better goer than Amorino: another gentleman, whose opinion is held in high estimation at Tattersall's, tells me that Sirikol is *the horse*; whilst a third, also worth listening to, says if Sir Gilbert wins the Derby this year it will be with Khorassan! When we find "Doctors differ," it is indeed difficult to decide. *N'importe!* I have placed my "pony" on the *lot*, which, it must be admitted, is the safest way to guard against "accidents and offences."

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's two-year-olds, both in and out of training, are very promising, particularly the colt by Amato, out of Paradigm, in the Derby 1844, and the brown filly by Amato, out of Zenobia, in the Oaks 1844. Sherwood, the trainer, is a very civil and obliging person, and evidently wide-awake to his delicate and skilful duties. He is a great favorite with the Epsom folks.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's horses do not in general take a very large circuit, the places of sporting being almost yearly confined to Epsom, Ascot, Hampton, Egham, and Goodwood: but of course the worthy Baronet is most "at home" at his own Meeting, where he and his gallant friend, General Grosvenor, may be seen enjoying their favorite pursuit, with perchance a "ten-pound" or a "pony" bet depending upon a Derby or an Oaks, just to give a sort of zest to their pleasures.

The following list of the Durdans Racing Establishment will be read with delight by all racing men, inasmuch as it contains the blood of the most fashionable stallions and mares of the age:

STALLIONS.

Samarcan, ch. horse, foaled in 1820, got by Blacklock, out of Jane by Moses, &c.

Astracan, b. horse, foaled in 1830, got by Chateau Margaux, out of Oleander by Sir David, her dam the Whiskey mare, the grandam of those celebrated horses Emilius and Actæon.

BROOD MARES.

Jane Shore, by Woful, the dam of Amato and Amorino.

Jane, by Moses, the dam of Valentissimo, Samarcan, Lady Mary, &c.; in foal to Velocipede.

La Fille Malgardee, by Lottery, out of Sister to Sheet Anchor; in foal to Amato.

Nannette, by Partisan, out of Sister to Glaucus; in foal to Hetman Platoff.

Zenobia, by Whalebone, the dam of Bokhara, &c.; in foal to Samarcan.

Carolina, by Velocipede, out of Nannette; in foal to Liverpool.

Lady Sarah, by Tramp; in foal to Amato.

Miss Wilfred, by Lottery; in foal to Amato.

Lady Geraldine, by The Colonel; in foal to Glaucus.

Bertha, by Reveller; in foal to Hetman Platoff.

Emilius Mare, out of Nannette; in foal to Velocipede.
 Larnaca, by Chateau Margaux, out of Lyric; in foal to Velocipede.
 La Bellezza, by Emilius, out of Jane.
 Partisan Mare, out of Elizabeth by Orville.
 Cytherea, by Camel, out of Lady Slipper; in foal to Amato.
 Cantatrice, by Comus, out of Amato's dam; in foal to Samarcand.
 Gipsiana, by Tramp, dam by Cervantes; foal dead by Velocipede.
 Carnation, by Blacklock, out of Norna; foal dead by Liverpool.
 Countess, by The Colonel, out of Jane; in foal to Amato.
 Damascene, by Reveller, out of Oleander.

HORSES IN TRAINING UNDER THE CARE OF SHERWOOD.

Valentissimo, ch. h., aged, by Velocipede, out of Jane by Moses.
 Bokhara, b. h., 6 yrs., by Samarcand, out of Zenobia.
 Dark Susan, br. f., 4 yrs., by Glaucus, out of Lady Sarah by Tramp.
 Pannakeen, ch. f., 4 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Zenobia.
 Hydaspes, ch. c., 4 yrs., brother to Valentissimo, by Velocipede, out of Jane by Moses.
 Amorino, b. c., 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore; in the Derby.
 Sirikol, br. c., 3 yrs., by Sheet Anchor, out of Nannette; in the Derby.
 Khorassan, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Samarcand, out of Bokhara's dam; in the Derby.
 Moscow, b. c., 3 yrs., by Muley Moloch, out of Valentissimo's dam; in the Derby.
 Aurungzebe, b. c., 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Lady Slipper; in the Derby.
 La Stimata, ch. f., 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Lady Sarah by Tramp; in the Oaks.
 Br. f., 2 yrs., by Amato, out of Zenobia; in the Oaks 1844.
 Ch. f., 2 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Countess.

OTHER TWO-YEAR-OLDS NOT YET IN TRAINING.

Akbar, ch. c., by Rockingham, out of Stately; in the Derby 1844.
 Amantissimo, br. c., by Amato, out of Paradigm; in the Derby 1844.
 Ch. c., by Velocipede, out of Carolina.
 B. c., by Glaucus, out of Shirine by Blacklock.
 Ch. f., by Rockingham, out of Carolina; in the Oaks 1844.
 Ch. f., by Samarcand, out of Bertha by Reveller; in the Oaks 1844.
 Bl. f., by Velocipede, out of Miss Wilfred; in the Oaks 1844.

YEARLINGS.

Colt by Samarcand, out of Zenobia, Bokhara's dam.
 Colt by Liverpool, out of Canopy.
 Colt by Muley Moloch, out of Carolina by Velocipede.
 Colt by Rockingham, out of Jane by Moses.
 Colt by Mulatto, out of Bertha by Reveller.
 Colt by Muley Moloch, out of Shirine by Blacklock.
 Filly by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore, Sister to Amato.
 Filly by Velocipede, out of Nannette by Partisan.
 Filly by Liverpool, out of Cantatrice by Comus.
 Filly by Samarcand, out of La Fille Malgardee.

I think my readers will agree with me when I state that there are few, very few superior Racing Establishments in this country than that possessed by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. From the success of Amato in 1838, Sir Gilbert has continued, as will be seen by his list of young stock, to send some of his prime favorite mares to Velocipede, but, unlike Lord George Bentinck and others, he judiciously studies the different *crosses*, and to this alone may be attributed the present promising and valuable young stock at Durdans.

Formerly young Buckle used to ride very frequently for Sir Gilbert, but owing, I believe, to other engagements, we seldom now see him in the pig-skin of Sherwood. Chapple, than whom few jockies are *better* in a large field of horses, was the lucky rider

of Amato, and since then he has been constantly retained for the Stable.

There is one great advantage to the backers of the Durdans Stable for the Derby or Oaks race; namely, the horses are trained on the Downs, and can at any time "take measure" of the trying "one mile and a half, with a *hill*." 'Tis also no mean consideration to be able to continue on the exact "corn and water;" the changes in numberless instances have sent a first favorite *slick* out of the betting.

One other recommendation, and one indeed of moment, is, that the supporters of "Sir Gilbert's lot" are sure to have "every chance on the *cards*;" no selling a day or two before the event comes off, and no withdrawal at the eleventh hour—two circumstances of rather a deadly character to the betting ring, and always looked upon with suspicion.

I cannot conclude without returning my best thanks to Sir Gilbert Heathcote for his politeness in enabling me to present to the Sporting World a complete list of the valuable Stud at Durdans, and horses in training at Epsom.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1843.

SPORTING PASSAGES IN MY LIFE;

WITH DISCURSIVE REMARKS UPON MEN AND MANNERS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

SHORTLY after leaving my worthy tutor, at Donnington, I received the gratifying intelligence that the Duke of Wellington was appointed ambassador to the Court of France, and that I (owing to the kind regard he entertained for my family) was to accompany his grace to Paris, as an *attaché* to the embassy. I pass over my ecstasies at the thought of visiting "foreign parts" under such auspices; the whole spring was to me a season of joyful anticipation.

The spring of 1814 had commenced, and I, "a youth"—which is only a civilier word for hobbledohoy—of fourteen years of age, was about to set forth in the flowery path of the world; for at that time the blossoms of life had not shed one leaf, nor were the thorns which cluster around the stem of every destiny apparent to my sight. The season was one of the greatest gaiety. Napoleon had abdicated the throne of the world. The Bourbons had been restored. Louis XVIII. had quitted England, the warehouse for bonded sovereigns, "to relieve France," so said Berthier, "from the weight of misfortunes under which she had for five-and-twenty years been groaning."

Kings, emperors, princes, potentates, flocked to London, which was thronged with the votaries of fashion and pleasure. Everybody was driving out, dining out, supping out, hunting the royal and imperial lions; balls, *fêtes*, masquerades, illuminations, reviews, naval and military, plays, operas, formed the order of the day; as Byron wrote to his tried friend and biographer, "Thom" Moore:

"The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The *fêtes*, and the gapings to get at these *Russes*
Of his majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man."

On the 8th of August, the Duke of Wellington, who had been appointed ambassador to France, left town, and I had the good fortune to accompany him. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the great duke was received everywhere on his road to Dover, the gathering multitude pressing, clinging, struggling around the carriage at every stage: in the good language of Southey, "the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England." At Deal we embarked in a sloop of war, and after a long and unprosperous voyage, found ourselves compelled to land at Bergen-op-Zoom. And here we witnessed the scene of that fatal enterprise, wherein Skerrat, the intrepid defender of Tariffa, led the attack, and fell; where Gore, Mercer, Carleton, McDonald fell; where three hundred were killed and eighteen hundred wounded; and which attack, though it promised, at the onset, complete success, failed in the end from the loss of the principal officers of the right column, which occasioned it to fall into disorder, and from the left column being weakened by the loss of a detachment of the Guards, cut off by the enemy. The whole road, from Bergen-op-Zoom to Brussels, was the scene of the greatest gaiety; "the bees had expelled the bear that broke open their hive." "Orange Boven!" was shouted everywhere: the bluff burghers were puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes. At Brussels it was a gratifying sight to see the young and gallant Prince of Orange, now King of Holland, who had served in the Peninsula as aide-de-camp to the great duke, welcome his former chief to the country he had been so lately restored to. Dinners at court, parties *en petit comité* at the royal palace of Laaken, balls, "gentlemen riders" races, were the order of the day. After a most agreeable *séjour* in this capital, we left for Paris, accompanied by the Prince of Orange through the Netherlands, to examine the frontier fortresses. Taking leave of his royal highness, we entered France, and it was a goodly sight to see the warm welcome given to *Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur de la Terre*. Wellington was received every where as a conqueror, whose campaigns were sullied by no cruelties, no crimes, and through whose deeds of valor Louis XVIII. had been restored to the throne of his ancestors.

Arrived at Paris, the duke was presented, on the 24th, to Louis XVIII., and took possession of the Hotel Borgese, formerly the property of the beautiful princess of that name. The summer passed

delightfully. The rejoicings which followed the restoration of the Bourbons were in a style of which I had no previous conception ; there were reviews in the *Champ de Mars*, and public *fêtes* in the *Champs Elysées*, and Tivoli Gardens. I should tire my readers were I to dwell upon all the gaieties of that time. Let them picture to themselves an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris, in battalions and squadrons ; the bright cuirassiers ; the multitude of waving plumes and banners fluttering in the breeze ; the magnificence of the marshals and their staff ; the royal *cortége* ; these, set off by the glowing sun, produced an effect that cannot be described. Then the *Champs Elysées* on a gala day : the temporary stands from which all sorts of eatables were distributed to the populace : the fountains of wine playing into the jars, cups, and pails of all who chose to adventure getting near them ; the theatres, puppet-shows, jugglers, mountebanks, and games of every description, dispersed throughout the green ; the quadrilles and waltzes for those who liked to trip it "on the light fantastic toe." All species of music, from the wandering Italian and his hurdy-gurdy, to the *Jullien* of that day, with his splendid band ; these all formed an entertainment delightful to the multitude. The rejoicings usually concluded with a display of fireworks, commencing with a flight of 5000 rockets of various colors, at one *coup*, and terminating with the ascent of a balloon, loaded with every species of firework, which, bursting high in air, illuminated by their momentary blaze the whole atmosphere. No sooner had the winter set in, than the sports of the field commenced ; and generally twice a week, thanks to the kindness of my noble chief, who mounted me, I found myself with the royal hounds at Fontainebleau, Versailles, Compiègne, and Chantilly.

Upon one occasion we had a grand wild boar hunt, by some hounds belonging to a French gentleman, at no very great distance from Paris. The following is the manner in which the sport is carried on :—the *garde de chasse* goes out at daybreak, leading with him a *limier*, or finder. The dog generally used for this purpose is a small, ugly, wire-haired animal, not unlike the Scotch terrier. This species is remarkable for the acuteness of their sense of smell ; and it is a well-established fact, that they have been known to run the boar twenty-four hours after he has passed. When the *garde de chasse* has got to his ground, he begins by looking out for the print of the boar's feet, where they may have crossed the avenues during the night. In this he is assisted by his *limier*, who gives him immediate intimation upon crossing their track. As soon as he has found one, he proceeds all round the *enceinte* (so they term any particular part of the forest, which is generally surrounded on all sides by avenues) ; if it does not appear that the animal has quitted this spot, his labor is over for the present. If, on the contrary, he can trace him across any of the other avenues, he proceeds in the same manner until he has found the precise *enceinte* in which the boar has taken up his quarters, and which he very rarely gives up during the day, save and except from what the politicians call "a pressure from without." When the "field"

arrive, the *garde de chasse* is thus enabled to take them at once to their game. They generally attack with only two steady old hounds at first, as, if they were to lay on all the pack, some of them might break away after the roes or other deer, of which the forests are full. When the game is fairly on foot, and has *débouché de l'enceinte*, as it is termed, the pack are laid on.

The hounds used by the French are of the Norman breed, very large and powerful, with large heads, long ears, and dewlaps: they are marked similarly to foxhounds, have excellent noses, are very steady, and, from the depth of their cry, are particularly adapted to forest hunting.

But to return to our hunt. A goodly assemblage of foreign and English sportsmen were at the cover side, enjoying what, in our country, is called "the coffee-house part of hunting," when Roland and Neron, two celebrated boarhounds, gave tongue. "Have at 'em!" exclaims a young Englishman, preparing for a start. "Vive la chasse!" says a young Frenchman, accoutred in jack boots, green and gold coat, cocked hat and feather, *couteau de chasse*, velvet saddle, embroidered housings, and holsters.

"Vocat ingenti clamore cithæron
Taygetique canes"——

spouted a young Englishman just emancipated from Harrow. "If you are in luck, you are now in for a good thing of an hour or two!" cried the Duc de Guiche; and his grace was right, for in a few minutes the boar broke cover, and the country, except in respect of there being but few fences, was excellent. And now began the tug of war: many of the foreigners gave in, thinking it much too great a *bore* to follow. In those days hunting was in its infancy in France, and she could not boast, as she can at the present time, of such noble and gallant sportsmen as the Prince de Wagram, Comte de Plaisance, Marquis de la Ferté, Comtes Edmond de St. Aldegonde, Alheric de Bernis, Henry and Charles Greffulhe, Charles and Elzear de Vaque, Vassy, Lagrange, Beyenval, Marquis de Pracomtal, Macmation, Perthuis, Boisselin, Despailles, De Salures, De Croix, De Coislin, Prince de Chimay, Viscount de Merinville, Baron de la Rochette.

"The deep-mouthed bloodhounds' heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way;
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

And away went our islanders, followed by the master of the pack, the Duc de Guiche, and a few others, determined to witness the death of the boar.

Before I proceed any further with my own adventures, I shall here take the opportunity of laying before my readers a trait of my noble chief, which speaks volumes for the goodness of his heart and liberality of his nature. I have already stated that it was owing to his kindness that I so often found myself splendidly mounted with the staghounds. One day, upon my return from

hunting with the royal hounds at Versailles, I found the horse I was riding go suddenly lame. We had had a good thirty minutes' forest hunting, and about a quarter of an hour in the open, during which the said hunter, just imported from England, had carried me brilliantly. In a moment I was off his back, in the hopes that he had picked up a stone, but nothing of the sort was to be found; I then tried to console myself with the idea that the shoe pinched, and that the lameness would be but temporary. Not wishing to add to the misfortune, I led the horse ten miles through the mire to Paris: on arriving at the duke's stables, the shoe was removed, but that, alas! was not the cause of lameness, the veterinary surgeon having declared it to be an injury of the coffin-joint, and one that required immediate blistering, and rest for the remainder of the season. "Well, you have gone and done it," said a stout, burly-looking man, now entering the stable. "What will his grace say? 140 guineas in one day's hunting." "Accidents will happen, Mr. Turnham, in the best regulated families," responded the head groom, with whom I happened to be on most excellent terms. "There's no great deal of inflammation, and a little care will set it all right." Feeling dreadfully downcast with the accident, and somewhat crest-fallen at Mr. Turnham's remark, I was retiring from the stable, when that personage, who, at heart, was an excellent creature, followed me out. "You must not think any more of it," said he: "it wasn't your fault; Hervey told me all about it." (Mr. Turnham always dispensed with the rank title of the person he was talking about.) "He says you went like a bird over the plain. Elmore (so the hunter was called) must have pitched with his toe on a stone as you took the wall out of the farm-yard; a blister will soon cure him." I thanked Mr. Turnham for his sympathy, and retired to my own room to brood over the misfortune until dinner-time. Mr. Turnham, of whom I have made mention, was the duke's coachman, and a most excellent man he was, either on the box or across the country; though what looked well on the former did not suit the latter—viz., his heavy, robust figure. To use his own phraseology, "It's all very well for Leunox, and F —, and H —, and those light weights, to talk of getting over the country; what would they do if they were as heavy as —, and —, and myself?" mentioning, in the above, the names of some of the duke's aide-de-camps and friends, who, like myself, were rather of the lean kind, and others who were *vice versâ*. But to return to myself, as they say in Yorkshire: the dinner passed off to me flatly; the run was talked over, my prowess extolled, and we proceeded to the French Theatre. I, of course, had fully made up my mind to tell my chief of the accident, and only waited a favorable opportunity. None occurred during my drive to the play with the duke in his cabriolet. The performance—Talma in Oreste, and Mademoiselle Mars, the still evergreen, blooming Mars in the French version of our Charles II.—could not rouse me from my dull reverie, which was attributed to over fatigue. On leaving the box I half-summoned up resolution to begin, but, like Acres, my courage oozed out of my fingers' ends. At last I screwed it up to the sticking-

place, and gave an account of the whole transaction as it had occurred. "Well, well, it can't be helped," said the duke; "rather unlucky; good horse; hope it ain't so bad as you think." A weight of agony was removed from my mind, and yet the feeling of kindness nearly overpowered me. I could not reply. Reaching home, I hastened to bed, and dreamt all night of hunters, accidents, blisters, and Mr. Turnham. At daylight I was up, and in the stable. The horse was undergoing the operation of the blister, and the foot was unusually hot.

After breakfast my duty took me to the presence of the duke. After receiving his instructions, I was about to give a report of Elmore's lameness, when he good-humoredly stopped me. "Dead lame, I hear; bad job, but it was no fault of yours; in future the old brown horse and chestnut mare shall be kept for your riding; if you lame them you'll have no more hunting." I retired with the feeling that the hero of a hundred battles was as good as he was great.

The royal *chasse* of France has been so often and so ably described, that I shall pass it over with a very brief notice. The Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri were both very keen sportsmen, remarkably well mounted, and worthy of a better place than to follow "the calf" in the French fashion. Nor did their gallant bearing at all suit the show, tinsel, trapping, pomp and circumstance of *inglorious* chase. The mighty Nimrod—the *piqueur* in his gold-laced beadle-looking cocked hat, green and gold coat, jack boots, long chain spurs, French horn, and *couteau de chasse*, mounted on a thick stumpy horse, fat as a prize ox, caparisoned with velvet housings, gold embossed bridle and crupper, was not in keeping with the thorough-bred English horses of the royal dukes; nor were the cumbering *gens d'armes* at all in character with the sporting ideas those princes had imbibed in England during their youthful days.

Before the termination of the hunting season—viz., the 24th of January, 1815—the Duke of Wellington left Paris for the far-famed congress of Vienna, and I was fortunate enough to be one of the two *attachés* that accompanied him. Need I say that a journey with so great a man was deeply interesting to me? Anxious to lose no time upon the road, we dined in the carriage, and only stopped for four hours during the night, generally from two to six, and here his grace's powers of being able to fall at once into sleep came into effect. At the hour named for starting, the duke appeared quite refreshed, having slept, dressed, and breakfasted, while we looked tired and haggard, having supped, and lain down in our clothes before the stoves that are to be found in every German *hostellerie*. After a most agreeable journey we reached Vienna, and found a splendid mansion prepared for us in the *Mineritzin Platz*. The gay and busy appearance of this city, peopled with sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers and generals; its bustling activity; the streets crowded with people; groups of military parading about; the balconies filled with fair spectators; beating of drums, firing of cannon, ringing of bells; all were vivid and brilliant. The

days were passed in hunting, shooting, drives to the Prater and Aungarten; in the promenade of the Reimpart and Belvedere Gardens; in select dinners, evening assemblies, splendid balls, *petits soupers*, theatrical representations—private and public. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the *fête* given in honor of the victory of Leipsic. On this occasion 20,000 men were assembled in the Prater. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the allied sovereigns came upon the ground, with a very numerous and brilliant suite. The troops having formed an immense square the “*Te Deum*” was chanted by innumerable warrior voices, in a manner that would have done credit to the “music for the million” at Exeter Hall. The frost had now set in; and the moment that the ground was covered with snow, “sledging” commenced. At a party given by the emperor at one of his palaces, some distance from the city, no less than forty sledges, ornamented with gold and silver, and lined throughout with the richest velvets and most expensive furs, joined in procession. The horses, caparisoned in cloth of gold, with plumes and ribands upon their heads and necks, and the picturesque costumes of the servants, were strikingly effective.

Among other entertainments which had been provided for the amusement of royalty, was a stag-hunt *à l'Anglaise*; and on the 7th of March a numerous party of royal and noble sportsmen assembled at Eisenstadt, the magnificent residence of Prince Esterhazy, to enjoy this diversion, altogether novel in Hungary. The whole “turn-out” was English. The pack English (Lord Stewart’s—now the Marquis of Londonderry’s—foxhounds); the horses English; huntsmen and whippers-in English; all in English costume. This hunt, independent of the sport, was an eventful one; for, just as we had run down our game, information reached us that Buonaparte had escaped from the island of Elba, accompanied by all his civil and military officers, and 1200 troops. I rode home with Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, who was a thorough-bred sportsman, and had ridden forward during the day: but no attempt of mine or those who accompanied us, could get him upon the subject of the hunt, or raise him from the abstraction the event, fraught with so great an interest to the world at large, had thrown him into.

On the morning of the 29th of March we left Vienna, reaching Brussels upon the 5th of April; and, to show the rapidity of our journey, we passed at Cologne, on the 4th, the courier that had left Vienna on the evening of the 28th of March. And here, for a time, I took leave of my truly noble chief, the duke having called back to his staff officers, who had seen goodly service with him in his Spanish and Portuguese campaigns. Fortunately for me, General, now Sir Peregrine Maitland, who commanded a brigade of guards, had a vacancy, and I was appointed *extra* aide-de-camp to him, poor Hay, whom I had not seen since he left our tutor’s, being his aide-de-camp. Nothing could exceed the joy we both experienced at finding ourselves upon the same staff, especially on that of an officer who was beloved and respected as he is, to this day,

by all who know him. Our first day's sport was a *pompier chasse* after my brother aide-de-camp. His great delight was to lark over the hedge that surrounded the park at Brussels, and being contrary to orders, no sooner had he leaped in than a whole guard of *pompiers* turned out to catch the delinquent ; but that was no very easy task, for mounted on Abelard, a favorite hunter and charger, Hay gave these firemen such a run, that they soon cried—" Hold, enough."

This freak now becoming constant, a report was made to H. R. H. the Prince of Orange, now King of Holland, who good-humoredly told the incensed park-keepers that they had better allow the young officer to take his gallop through the hitherto forbidden country. My general was quartered at Enghein, some few leagues from Brussels, and there I shortly joined him. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the park, and we got up every sort of amusement—private races, pigeon-shooting, cricket matches. One day, when we were having a grand match, the first thirteen letters of the alphabet against the last eleven, and my side was out, a race was got up between a horse of St. John's and a Cossack horse. The distance once round a large lake in the park ; feather weights. I, being one of the lightest of the party, was asked to jockey the Cossack, which I accordingly did. " He pulls a little," said his owner, as I was preparing to mount. No sooner had we started than I found what "pulling a little" meant, for away he went like Mazeppa's desert-born steed,

" Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild—
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught ;"

and, bolting from the course, dashed through the surrounding thicket of trees, bringing me in contact with one, which, taking me by the arm, threw me with considerable force upon the ground. Upon my friends coming up, they found me lying prostrate, my arm broken in two places, and my head cut open by the branches of a huge elm.

The concussion was terrible ; a thousand bright sparks flashed from my eyes. I then lost all consciousness, even that of pain. For nearly three days I remained in a state of insensibility, and never shall I forget my sensations on returning to life. But to those who have not felt the same, they would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe. Suffice it to say I remained between life and death for more than a week ; but the unwearied care of my medical attendants, who employed every means that art could devise, and skill execute, added to youth and a good constitution, shortly restored me to health. The next event that "came off" was the battle of Waterloo ; but that has been so often, and so faithfully described, that it is needless to enter upon it, futher than to say poor Hay fell at Quatre Bras : he was shot by a French dragoon, while conveying an order from General Maitland, and in the act of leaping a ditch. Among the heroes who died upon the

field of glory, there was no more gallant spirit than that of my former schoolfellow, brother aide-de-camp, and friend.

Well might the poet say of him :—

“ For thee the Muse a wreath would twine,
Young scion of a noble line ! *
She weeps not those whose race is run,
Their glory full, their triumph done ;
Amid the blaze of honours won,
They brighten as they fall ;
But thou—thy course scarce yet begun,—
In death's dark night to set so soon !
No ! Pity's softer call,
If not the Muse, shall snatch thy name,
And give it to the rolls of Fame ! ! ”

“ * I hope I have not ventured too far in this stanza, in hazarding a few lines to the memory of an interesting young man who closed his military career on the plains of Fleurus, in the nineteenth year of his age—Lord Hay, Ensign in the First Foot Guards.”—From “ Waterloo,” a Poem, by Henry Davidson, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh, 1816.

London Sporting Review for April, 1843.

AN ENGLISH SPORTING CHARACTER AT HIS COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT.

Z. FARM.—A ride of an hour takes us into a fine undulating grass country ; this old fashioned, high-roofed, red brick house, with the large farm buildings attached to it, is the residence of Mr. Z.

There he is on the lawn before his door, attired in a spicy cut-away, playing with a charming little child—rather painfully overdressed to be sure ; but in these days Mrs. Z. is not the only lady who seems desirous of making her progeny look like young ropedancers. On seeing us, Mr. Z. hands his boy over to the care of a large rough deer-hound, and comes forward to greet us. Albert, who is with him, calls to the stable-man to come and take our horses.

Mr. Z. then says to him, “ Mr. V. is come to try Rococo. Let the Wave, Oliver Twist, and Scroggins be saddled, and tell Percy we shall want him. Meantime, gentlemen, perhaps you would like to walk through my stables.”

Whatever Mr. Z. takes in hand, he appears to do well. He is decidedly intended by nature to be an eminent man in his line. Had he taken orders, I have no doubt but that he would have eventually risen to the episcopal bench ; had he gone to the bar, he unquestionably would have arrived at the woolstack. As it is, he is “ *facile princeps* ” amongst his fellow horse-dealers.

During our stroll across the lawn to the stables, I observe that he possesses not only a strong zoological taste, but a good one. That noble Scotch hound, rolling over and over so good-naturedly on the grass with Master Dudley Z., is decidedly thorough-bred ; and I would back these perky little terriers, which follow us about,

scratching and snuffing at every cranny susceptible of a mouse, to seize and worry a red-hot poker if Mr. Z., to whom they seem much attached, were so unreasonable as to put their pluck to such a fiery ordeal. In one corner of the yard is a row of rabbit-hutches, in another is chained a fine, large, tame fox. A flight of rare pigeons, too, are seen wheeling in circles round the high chimneys of the dwelling-house.

The stables are not nearly so smart as those in the London establishment, and are chiefly divided into boxes. Each box is arranged in a manner calculated to delight any person who has an eye for the becoming. There is nothing fine or tawdry to be seen, but cleanliness, order, and good taste are evinced throughout.

Not a horse at the farm but has some anecdote, very well told by Mr. Z., connected with it; they all appear to have been purchased under "peculiar circumstances;" according to him, nothing short of the death, ruin, or mutilation of the former proprietors could have induced them to part with such perfect creatures. The failure of what are pleasantly termed "American securities," the new tariff, and the income tax, also serve to account for the appearance of a good many in the market. Mr. Z. states readily the price he has given for each, and corroborates his assertions by his receipt book, and by letters from his correspondents worded thus:—

"Market Harborough, Thursday.

"*Dear Z.:* After a good deal of trouble I have at last persuaded Lady K. to part with her ponies. I was obliged to give her her own price, for she knew you meant having them, and swore she would be — if she bated a farthing. You will agree with me that they are dirt cheap at two hundred.

"Yours, JOSEPH CURB."

Or thus:—

"Long's Hotel, Sunday.

"Mr. Z.: Scroggins is yours at £300. No other man in England should have him for double the money; but I am off in rather a hurry for Brussels this evening, and wish to get rid of him at once. You can send a check to me through lawyer F.

"SWISHTAIL."

Such epistles as these save Mr. Z. a world of trouble. After reading them we either buy Lady K.'s ponies, or Lord Swishtail's hunter, or we do not. But, if we do, there can be no question as to price. No man could have the face to offer less than fifty or sixty guineas profit on each transaction.

Mr. Z. certainly seems to have congregated in his stables such a lot of horses as were never before seen in one man's hands. There is a park hack, neater and handsomer than Lord Gardner's chesnut; a cab horse which can step up and go away in better style than D'Orsay's late brown; a lady's horse, more beautiful and docile than Massey Stanley's roan; weight carriers, with muscular names—Behemoth and Leviathan, to whom Sober Robin was but a slow weed; a trotter, the Bermondsey Pippin, whose speed no man can guess at—he never having been tried. There

are hunters for men of ten stone, twelve stone, and fourteen stone, that nobody can either catch, stop, or throw down; there are black chargers, with small heads and large tails, for the household brigade; confidential cobs, for wealthy welters from the city; cock-tails, for M.P.'s who are obliged to support county races; steeple chasers, for lads from college, who think it "fast" to have a nag entered in their names for the "grand national." Here are no young, raw brutes, to break customers' necks. They have one and all approved themselves, by their performances, worthy of a place in Mr. Z.'s collection.

"Gentlemen, the horses are ready—will you have the kindness to mount?"

I take Rococo; you, reader, whom I have ascertained during our ride down, to be a bit of a tailor, had better get upon the cob, and look at us. Mr. Z. backs the Wave, and Percy Z., a boy about ten, his fair hair in ringlets down his back, clad in a blouse, no breeches of any kind, with his naked legs crammed into a pair of jack boots, and without a hat, is tossed upon Scroggins, a tall, raking chesnut, at least seventeen hands high, and evidently a hot one. Albert rides Oliver Twist.

"Now, Percy, where shall we take the gentlemen?" Mr. Z. is obviously bent upon a lark, and I, feeling that I have a good horse under me, am not entirely averse to the project.

Albert, Mr. Z., and his son consult together, "the unbreeched one" taking the lead in the conversation in a remarkable manner, considering his tender years. He is a living proof of the adage,

"Qu' aux ames bien nées,
La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années."

He seems to know exactly who has, and who has not already "warned him off," whose gates are locked, whose people are likely to be on the look-out, and which of the neighbors are still good-natured enough to stand their fences being daily broken, and their ground galloped over by Master Z. and his followers.

We first try the horses over some wattles in Mr. Z.'s field, but they are too fresh, and too near home, to be induced to jump steadily; we, therefore, trot off down a lane, Percy and I in front. As we jog on together, I admire Scroggins' power and shape, but express my suspicion that he must be a puller.

The young innocent affirms, with an oath, "that a child may ride him."

I inquire why, if such be the case, he is equipped with a gag-snaffle?

Percy vows that it is owing to the stupidity of the groom, whom he considers to be "the stupidest beggar unhung." Finally he proposes that we should exchange horses, and offers, on his own responsibility, to give me Scroggins for nothing if he "does anything."

This liberal offer I decline, being well satisfied with Rococo.

Having proceeded about a mile, Percy suddenly pulls up, cries to Mr. Z., "Here we are, father," crams the spurs into Scroggins,

and, turning him half round, tips over a new, high, white five-barred gate, into a grass field, and gallops off, shouting to us to "come along."

Albert and Mr. Z. instantly follow him: one crashes through the hedge, the other pops over what appears to me to be a most infernally awkward stile. I get into the field also, but, being rather taken by surprise at the suddenness of the evolution, am not at this moment prepared to say how.

You, reader, hold hard your excited cob's reins, look over the fence with astonishment and terror, and suspect me of monomania.

Away we go, led by the infant phenomenon, straight across the country. The horses justify all that Mr. Z. has said in their favor. They are, indeed, hunters in the best sense of the word. Resolute yet tractable, they all jump timber, creep doubles, fly hedges and ditches, and go through dirt and across ridge and furrow as safely and easily as if we were taking a canter across Epsom Downs. At last, however, we came down upon a brook. Scroggins, who was leading, refuses; Albert gets over with a splash; Mr. Z. and I pull up.

The brook is not a wide one, but its banks are steep, and it is within twenty yards of a goodish hedge and ditch, which Scroggins has just cleared, so that he is now on a narrow strip of grass, the brook before him, and a deep ditch behind him. He turns restive. The place is an awkward one for a combat with a vicious horse; but still the gallant Percy flogs and spurs him furiously. Scroggins rears, kicks, and plunges as only a thorough-bred horse can when goaded to desperation. Albert, pleased at having "set" Percy, calls to him to "mind, or he will be hurt." Percy, indignant, retorts by telling Albert "to be d——d." Mr. Z. looks stoically on—the father is evidently merged in the horse-dealer.

At last Scroggins seems disposed to give in; he approaches the edge of the brook, he lowers his head, his fore legs quiver, he is preparing for his spring. "There he goes; he's over." Not he—the vicious brute has jumped deliberately in, and is now attempting to get out again on the wrong side. The bank is steep, the bottom sticky, it is a matter of uncertainty whether even Scroggins' powers will prevent him from falling back, and crushing the brave child, who, nothing daunted, is straining every nerve to extricate himself and his horse.

I, frightened out of my wits at the boy's danger, turn to Mr. Z. He is as cool as a cucumber, and merely mutters from time to time, as the horse is struggling in the slough—"You'll be under him, Percy—he'll fall back—no he won't—well done—serve him out—now you're off—no you ain't—give it him—well saved;" and other similar ejaculations *de circonstance*.

After a long tussle, Scroggins does fall back, but, luckily, Percy escapes with no further inconvenience than a very black and copious mud-bath; with some difficulty we get them both out, and return to the farm, poor Percy sadly crest-fallen, and Albert proportionably elated at his rival rider's mishap.

We dismount; the horses are led away reeking to their boxes by a crowd of helpers, and Mr. Z. invites us in to lunch. Percy sneaks into the kitchen to clean himself, and to escape the jokes of Albert and the stablemen.

We enter a cheerful room, hung round with pictures of celebrated horses, executed by Landseer, Grant, Hancock, and other well-known illustrators of the animal world; the gem of the collection being a likeness of Mr. Z., on his renowned steeple-chaser Aeronaut, for which he refused a thousand guineas. There are also some good water-colors by Alken, and some clever sporting sketches by Mr. Z. himself, who is no contemptible artist in his way. A book-case, at the end of the room, contains a small library of standard works, *all good editions*.

Mr. Z. does the honors to us with great propriety and hospitality. The luncheon is simple, but singularly well served. A whiter table-cloth, better cleaned plate, and more unexceptionable glass and china, I never saw anywhere. The bread and beer are home-made, the butter the produce of Z. Farm, the mutton chops and cold beef perfect.

During lunch not a word is uttered relative to business, save that Albert, when he comes in from the stables, mentions that the Wave (250 guineas worth) has got a bad cut on the back sinew. At this unwelcome intelligence Mr. Z. looks rather pleased than otherwise, and respectfully suggests to us a second glass of sherry.

We then light our cigars and adjourn to the garden, which is as neat and well kept as the rest of the establishment. I buy Rococo. Although I am extremely fond of both children and horses, I make it a rule never to talk to other people of my own brats and brutes (for such they are in their eyes, though I probably do not myself view them in that light), so I will not trouble my readers with the particulars of the deal, but will respectfully suggest to them that it would be a great relief to mankind in general if they would follow my example, and be less anecdotal on the subject of their stables and nurseries.

If Rococo happens to suit me in every respect—if I can ride him—if he don't catch the influenza and die, or turn roarer—and if I sell him, eventually, for double the sum I paid for him to Mr. Z., I shall probably be willing to admit that the said Mr. Z. is a tolerably fair fellow; but if, on the other hand, I don't like his color when he changes his coat—if he pulls an ounce too much for me—if he is not inaccessible to coughs and colds—if I find any difficulty in selling him the moment I don't want him any more, and if, when I do sell him, I lose twenty pounds by the transaction, I doubt whether the English language will furnish me with words adequate to express my sense of the disgraceful manner in which I shall conceive myself to have been "done" by Mr. Z. Poor Mr. Z.!

V.

SHOOTING IN GENERAL, AND REFUTATION OF THE CHARGE OF CRUELTY AS APPLIED TO BATTUEING IN PARTICULAR.

“And the poor beetle that we tread upon in corporal sufferance,” &c.—*Nonsense*.

IN taking up a Provincial Newspaper, it is no uncommon thing to observe, amongst the light paragraphs intended for the amusement of its readers, the performances of ten or a dozen jolly joskins in buff jerkins, who to celebrate some event of local notoriety, or for their own special amusement, are recorded to have pulled, or rang (the latter we presume is a more correct term), five thousand and odd changes with Bob Major, or Old Grandsire, or Oxford Triple Bob, upon the church bells of their native town or village in about three hours and six minutes (country time), which feat, amongst those deep in the practice and mysteries of bell-metal and hemp, is considered tightish work, aye and first-rate “sport” into the bargain. Laugh not, Sporting Reader: many an aged artisan and rustic laborer may be met with who will delight to talk of the comparative merits of the bell-ringers of former and of the present day, calling forth all the animation and gusto that would lighten up an old fox-hunter in recounting the brightest passages of a long sporting career: and, with stick in hand and decked in Sabbath attire, will trudge off a score miles to the opening of a new peal of bells, and where, stripped to their shirts, the performers delight in being *ringing* wet, and where to handle tenor or treble is an envied honor—the woosack of the profession—upon which every tyro in “tintinnabulary clatter” fixes his eye, and one day hopes to attain to. “Well, but what can such an exordium as this have to do with the subject proposed?” ejaculates some young one fond of the gun, and who delights at once to plunge in *medias res*. Nothing more, my dear boy, than offering a sort of apology for treating upon a subject that has been discussed continually by abler pens, and to show how much our gentle craft—*i. e.* writing upon sporting subjects—and bell-ringing are like the one to the other. Without the thousands and ten thousands of changes which we ring upon Hunting, our Bob Major; Shooting, our Grandsire Peal; Fishing, our Oxford Triple, and various other names adapted to our different sports or peals, what would have become of our Magazine long ago, *et id genus omne*? Othello’s occupation would be gone; and the facts of men and inferior animals, which are now constantly recorded and transmitted for instruction and amusement to the uttermost parts of the earth, would have to be found only (to use funny Mr. Hood’s words) amongst “the pastimes of past times;” nor should I now, who neither pull treble nor tenor, but content with being stationed at Nos. 2, 3, or 4, have ventured to join in another charge upon our Old Grandsire Peal, Shooting, that’s all. But the rope’s in hand, and here’s off.

For everything connected with the instrumental part of shooting *vide* Hawker. The unwearied and indefatigable industry of the Colonel, his recorded *proofs*, worth all the opinions of all the theorists and more practical men put together, leave nothing to be told of the comparative powers of guns, or the best method to obtain the *ne plus ultra* power of any particular fowling-piece; yet 'tis astonishing how few men in the great army of shooters have ever taken the trouble to peruse the work. Some I know have been frightened at what they call the coachmaker's patterns amongst the engravings; some at the bulk, some at the expense; but the multitude, as I take it, because it has through a series of years, without sound of trumpet or drum, quietly marched on in its silent route into the eighth edition. Was such a work now to come out in Numbers, there's not a man or boy who carries a gun but would read it. Who, therefore, would pretend to offer "Instructions" now? The only thing allowable may be to offer any little wrinkle or bit of advice which experience and observation may put us in possession of; and my hint to any young one who has not read Hawker is this—never buy a *new cheap gun*; always purchase the very best ammunition; and be sure, before you make choice of a gun that you intend should serve you for years, that you have most accurately proved the sort of gun which best suits you as to weight, length, and more particularly as regards the stock.

What a revolution has there been in guns and shooting within the last thirty-five or forty years! almost as much advancement as there was from the netting of our great grandfathers to shooting a bird flying with a single barrelled gun. When I was a boy, real good shots were rare; now, the difficulty is to find a very bad one. One instance, and one only, has come under my own observation, of a man who never could acquire the art of shooting flying, after years of practice, and with all "appliances and means to boot." He was the son of a wealthy yeoman, who was a good sportsman and one of the first shots of his day; and, very desirous that the young idea should shoot also, he was entered early to sparrow sitting. This lesson he got up, but never progressed one stage beyond it. His final break down and relinquishment of the gun, as it is somewhat humorous, I may be permitted to relate in his own words. Day after day it was the same story.

"*Father*: Well, Richard, what luck to day?

"*Son*: never touched a feather; 'tis no use, I must give it up.

"*Father*: Nonsense! I know that gun does not suit you, and you shall have another.

"Another gun was procured, and having greatly approved of its coming up to sight and all that, out I went the first fine morning afterwards for a trial, my father waiting at home, as he said he knew I should have a better chance by myself. Old Juno, as she always did, behaved admirably; nine beautiful shots in succession did I miss as usual, and in despair I put my gun upon my shoulder, and turned my head homewards. Sauntering down a sandy lane, I happened to look through a gap, and at the foot of an old oak, which grew upon a bank running at right angles with the one over which

I was peeping, I saw a covey of birds basking ; so laying my new gun, as I had formerly done at the sparrows on the dung-heap at the stable-door, I fired, and with the assistance of old Juno, eventually bagged seven birds, and home I went. The Governor met me at the gate, and saw by my countenance that I had done something, for he began rubbing his hands, and ejaculating, 'Aye, aye, I can see ; come, come, what have you done ? Out with it.'—'Why,' said I, affecting an air of indifference, 'pretty well, I think ; had ten shots, and bagged seven birds,' at the same time producing the vouchers.—'Huzza ! who's right now ? Didn't I always tell you that when you got a gun that suited you it would be all right ?' It was not till the evening of that day that I undeceived him, and from that hour have never made another attempt."

Now this young man was light and active, had the perfect use of his limbs, was remarkably good-tempered, and, what is more, so excessively fond of shooting, that for years after he gave up attempting to shoot, and after his father's death, he kept pointers for the benefit of those friends whom he invited to shoot over his lands, and for whom he carried the bag, and was one of the best markers I ever met with.

Another instance, more curious than the last, inasmuch as it approaches to idiosyncrasy, if such a term may be applied to shooting, and the truth of which is not at all called in question by the friends of the man to whom this tale belongs, and which from my own perfect and unqualified belief in I now venture to relate.

The person alluded to is a respectable gun-maker in a market town in Suffolk, who from his youth upwards has always been accustomed to the use as well as the mechanical knowledge of guns, and all that pertains to them. He is a very good pigeon and snipe-shot, and in fact, in the field, if not first-rate, is a highly respectable second—no mean performer, according to the manner in which in my own mind I class shooting-men. Now this man *never shot a woodcock in his life* ; and upon asking him a very pertinent question touching his singularity of the matter—*i. e.* whether he had ever fired at any ?—his answer was this, "Scores, and on several occasions had four or five chances in a morning:" and he moreover asserts the utter impossibility of his ever at any future time being able to perform such a feat. In the other shooting, he has quite as much confidence as his performances warrant ; therefore, how is this ? Let those deep in the mysteries of our animal mechanism solve it if they can.

And now, before I enter upon the different styles of shooters and shooting, and other matters *à propos*, in order to refute a charge of cruelty made against Sportsmen of the present day, I shall take the liberty of dissecting a paragraph which appeared in the *Britannia* newspaper of the 7th of January last, if only to show how little is known of sporting by many Metropolitan Journalists who profess to cater for the amusement and instruction of the public ; and what a craving there must be for tales of morbid sensibility amongst

a certain class of readers to induce any writer to set before them such a farrago of trash as that to which we are about to allude. Had this abusive paragraph issued from any of those vulgar weekly journals that rise and fall in proportion to the quantum of scurrility and filth periodically set forth, and which are patronised only by the vicious and the weak, it would have been unworthy of notice; but when we find the *Britannia* newspaper, "*haud illi secundus*," admitting into its columns a direct attack upon one of our national amusements—shooting in particular—weak and incorrect though it be both as to facts and arguments, and where metaphorically we may exclaim, touching the paragraph,

Where rattling *nonsense* in full volleys break ;"

yet we prefer the foeman worthy of our steel: and as an old subscriber to the *Britannia*, and a sincere well-wisher to its increasing circulation, we take the liberty of heartily petitioning the Editor, that, should he think fit upon any future occasion to allow the firing a little small shot at Country Gentlemen and their amusements, he will have the kindness to put the weapon into the hands of some one who knows how to use it.—And now for it.

It is headed "Field Sports."—The writer, whom we shall designate "The Gentleman" *par excellence*, gives us for his text, that he is "neither a Simon Pure nor a Joseph Surface."—This we readily believe, especially as regards the latter character, for Joseph, as far as we remember (particularly in the hands of Mr. Charles Young), was an exceedingly amusing personage, a cannie lad, as the Scotch have it, and was represented as knowing *something* of "the game" he endeavored to hunt down.—To proceed. Having ingeniously disclaimed all sympathy or similarity with the aforesaid personages, he thus proceeds:—"Yet it is difficult to reconcile our notions to the details of Field Sports, which we daily see in the papers." From the context, it would be curious if he could. But as it would be still more difficult to comment upon every blunder as fast as it arises, it would be better to transcribe the first sentence of "the Gentleman's" pasquinade, and dissect it afterwards. Following the word "papers" last quoted, it proceeds thus:—"It is perfectly true that the bird and beast of the field are put under the dominion of man, yet it is equally true that this dominion is for his use, not their misery. What can be easier than to draw the distinction? Man must have food, and he is undoubtedly entitled to make the lower creation supply him. But these *battues*, these daily 'baggings,' as they are called, of one or two hundred head of animals at a time, palpably only to give occupation to the idleness of a party of fine Gentlemen, or to administer to the amusement of any one fine Gentleman, we cannot help considering as *cruel*, absurd, and indefensible. In these *battues* even the very common and trivial excuse for *cruelty*, its adventure, or exercise, or difficulty, has no place. The game might nearly as well be shot at in a cage. They are nearly as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard; and the Sporting Gentleman who sends the account of his prowess to the Sporting Paper might just as well pride himself upon having pur-

chased his bag-full in Leadenhall Market." *Tot homines, tot sententiæ.*

Does "the Gentleman" know, that, by a recent Act of Parliament, game, like other food, is now a saleable commodity to all who choose to buy it, and that that Act was passed with a twofold object in view—in the first place, that the public might no longer complain that game was unattainable to the many excepting through illegal channels; and in the second place, that, by having the market well supplied through the legal producer, the poacher's profits might in time be so reduced that his desperate occupation would be rendered useless? This being the case, he who sends the greatest quantity of game into the market best carries out the intention of the Legislature, and so far does his duty as a good citizen. And as "man must have food, and is entitled to make the lower creation supply him," we perfectly agree with Mrs. Glasse, that 'tis necessary to have these creatures in our possession before we can convert them to our own purposes. Now it so happens that some of the lower creation have wings as well as legs, and will not "come to be killed" as Mrs. Bond's ducks were wont to do when charmed by her musical chanting of "Dilly, Dilly, Dilly." But possibly "the Gentleman" may still be under the harmless delusion that salt applied to the tails is the most approved method of bird-catching? If so, those who shoot them must stand convicted of prejudice, at least in his opinion, because he will venture to assert that not one of those who use a gun ever tried the more *simple* recipe.

But now we must parry the grand thrust made at us. "These *battues*, these daily baggings as they are called"—Pray by whom? *mais n'importe!*—"of one hundred or two hundred head of animals at a time, we cannot but consider as *cruel*, absurd, and indefensible," To attempt to grapple with all that this "Gentleman" may hold as absurd and indefensible would be too Quixotic for our taste; but the term "cruel," being sent point blank at us, is definite and straight-forward, and upon which we join issue, and unhesitatingly pitch our caster into the ring. It appears from the passage above quoted, that it is the great numbers killed at one time that constituted the cruelty. "The Gentleman" talks of one or two hundred in a day—(we plead guilty to having during this season been one of a party at a *battue* where more than twice that number were slain, but it was previous to the 7th of January, and therefore had not the fear of this champion of humanity before our eyes:—well, we will take him at his own round numbers of two hundred, and humbly submit that unless he is prepared to prove that the last bird or beast of the two hundred that falls feels one hundred and ninety-nine times more pain than the first, the case falls to the ground. Had "the Gentleman" favored us with his *ne plus ultra* of a day's shooting, the exact point at which sport must stop, and beyond which cruelty begins, we might possibly have been puzzled to find how Leadenhall and the other London markets would be supplied, so that game might be had at a fair price, and how the poacher might be driven out of the business. And as to his opinion,

that game "might nearly as well be shot at in a cage," any poulterer will convince him of his error; because, supposing the cage to be a wooden one, the animals therein slaughtered would be full of splinters; and as to cages of iron and brass, they are far too expensive for country gentlemen of the present day to indulge in. But our friend, being one of the Gilpin order, might be "in merry mood," and positively laughing at us: therefore it behoves us for a while to be serious, and once more to seize this bull—*cruelty*—by the horns. In *battue* shooting, nineteen shots out of every twenty may be rated as being under thirty yards: the guns which gentlemen of the present day make use of hit very hard, and the bird or beast so knocked over, if not quite dead, is quickly in the hands of those who know how to administer the *coup de grace instant*; and as for "the numbers" which, in the pathetic words of "the Gentleman," are "only wounded, and escape to linger under the tortures of their wounds, or, unable to find food, die in agonies and famine," he may have the soothing consolation offered from every-day experience, that so well do gamekeepers know their business, and to such perfection are retrievers now trained, that not two head out of one hundred wounded escape their vigilance for twenty-four hours, and not one in one thousand suffers the horrors which his raw-head-and-bloody-bones-imagination has conjured up. But "man must have food," and just at this season game is out and lamb is in. Does "the Gentleman" ever luxuriate upon a leg or a chop cut from one of those types of innocence that he must have heard from first-rate authority always

"Licks the hand just raised to shed its blood?"

or does he reflect, when rejoicing in ox-tail soup, that the late wearer of those glutinous tapering *vertebræ*, rolling and almost hissing over his palate, possibly received two or three ugly consecutive thumps on the skull from a pole-axe previous to his having his throat cut? As a winding up, did he ever eat crimped skate or cod? If so, in proportion as we admire his theory do we condemn his practice. But to proceed.

After assuring us that he desires not to use any affected appeals on the subject, he discourses on the anatomical mechanism of the forms, the habits, instincts, and pleasures of the birds and *beasteses* in language worthy of the days of Pidcock and redolent of the long pole and sawdust, and then pours the full tide of his "Lament" thus: "Why should all this purpose be counteracted in a moment, simply for the object of occupying the time of some clownish Squire, or infinitely yawning man of rank?" As to the clownish Squires (not happening in the present day to know any), we must leave them to the tender mercies of this severe censor: but as far as regards the infinitely yawning man of rank (to use a sporting phrase), we will back at long odds anything emanating from "the Gentleman's" pen upon Field Sports to induce the *malady* with which he has saddled the man of rank, much quicker and in a ten-fold degree stronger than four hours spent in the worst day's *batting* ever experienced since it became the fashion.

But *ira furor brevis est* ; and "the Gentleman" begins to relent a little. Philanthropy peeps forth at last, if only to shew us that he is not after all quite such a savage as he at first made us believe. He tells us, "we have a society for Preventing Cruelty to Donkeys, and why not try its influence on men of £10,000 or £30,000 a year, who from want of something rational to do, leave no record of their time to their country but that they slaughtered so many head of game?" Now this is both liberal and humane ; for, from the numberless personal favors he has deserved and undoubtedly received from the said Society, no one can be so fully competent to speak to its utility : but since, in spite of all, he does not appear to be exactly the sort of person country gentlemen would wish to imitate, in their name we will venture to reject the proffered assistance of himself and patrons, and at the same time laugh at the silly presumption that induced him to offer it.

The paragraph closes with a description of German *battueing*, and there can be no reason for believing that it is not quite equal in spirit and correctness to that given of our own. "Lazy and stupid Nimrods" are the terms applied to the Sportsman, and with an exquisite bit of morality of his own weaving, he brings our castigation to an end.

And now a few words at parting. If "the Gentleman" has now or ever should have the opportunity of inquiring amongst or witnessing that class of Her Majesty's lieges which hitherto appear to have been to him a sealed volume, he will be sure to find that the country gentleman of thirty, or ten, or one thousand a year in the present day are neither the lazy nor useless beings his ignorance has painted them : and that until much stronger arguments shall be brought to bear against their sports than any he has yet made use of, they will continue to amuse themselves, (in the few hours of relaxation from parliamentary, magisterial, and an hundred other duties unknown to the dwellers in Cockaine) in modes most agreeable to their own choice, leaving all such writers, and "the Gentleman" in particular, to the full and unenvied enjoyment of his own more genial pleasures, albeit they are comprised in a free admission to the "Pit of the Surrey," or the more quiet and innocent enjoyment of a pipe and pot in the classic arbors of Bagnigge Wells.

RINGWOOD.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1843.

Notes of the Month.

J U N E .

Havana Races.—One of our special correspondents writes under date of the 9th ultimo, from New Orleans, of the arrival of the steamer "Alabama," from Havana, on the day previous. He commences by stating that she "brings over most awful news in regard to racing in the Island," and indeed his whole letter is written in such desponding terms, that we prefer quoting the one furnished by our friend LUMSDEN of the "Picayune," which will be found on another page. There are a thousand unpleasant rumors in circulation with regard to the management of the Course, but we trust to hear more favorable reports ere long. The Captain of a vessel which arrived here this week from Havana, states that Mr. GARRISON had given up the Course to the committee of the Club, which had satisfactorily indemnified him; that a premium of \$10,000 was paid him beyond his expenses, and that he had accordingly paid his purses, and everything was going on swimmingly. At New Orleans, however, the general impression was that the speculation was a lamentable failure; it was confidently stated that the purses were unpaid, though seventy members of the Club were said to have paid their \$100 each subscription. As no one is allowed to leave the Island until satisfactory testimony can be adduced that they leave no debts unpaid, several individuals who went over from New Orleans, our correspondent writes, were "in durance vile" when the "Alabama" left. She brought back but four horses, viz., Creath, Sally Shannon, Lady Jane and Norma. Three or four horses had been sold to remain in the Island, including Sandy Young and Monkey Dick. LUMSDEN writes from Havana, by the "Empresario," under date of the 5th inst., that

"Although the races are over, there are several of the horses here still 'going.' You will have learned by the 'Alabama' that many of them did not go back. They are daily being sold at a sacrifice. I have just heard of six that have changed hands since the races, viz., *Sandy Young, Monkey Dick, Robert Rucker, Warwick, Benj. Basden and Lorenzo Dow*. None of these brought their value. Various uses will be made of them; some will be kept for the Turf, as I learn, while one or two may be intended for the saddle, and some for stock."

Our readers will deeply regret to hear that the renowned *George Martin*, the Champion of the South-west, met with an accident before the races, that will probably incapacitate him for the Turf. He received a kick from *Ran Peyton* in the shoulder while "walking."

Poor *LIN. COCH*, too, late owner of *Miss Foote*, met with a sad accident while starting *Joe Chalmers* in the second day's race. In turning his colt he was thrown down and run over by *Ran Peyton*, by which his collar bone was broken; he was also severely bruised in other parts of the body. We are glad to learn that when the *Alabama* left, he was gradually recovering. From "*Rover*" we shall doubtless receive a complete report in a day or two, by a vessel sailing direct to this port.

The fine *Club House* of the N. Y. Jockey Club, near the Union Course, L. I., was totally destroyed by fire, about noon on the 6th inst. It was occupied by Mr. REMSEN SNEDIKER as a hotel. The fire caught from a chimney, as we are informed. The policy of insurance upon the property expired a few weeks since and had not been renewed. The house was the property of Capt D. H. BRANCH, of Petersburg, Va.

Cricket.—The St. George Cricket Club of this city held two meetings lately at their grounds on the Bloomingdale road, at which several officers of the Warspite were in attendance. We see that the Canadian Clubs have already taken the field, and from a notice in the Toronto "*Herald*," should not be surprised if a match should be proposed "all in good time."

Col. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, it is *said*, has bought one half of *Ruffin*, at \$2,000, and *Arraline* (Jas CAGE's *Leviathan* filly), the winner of the three mile day at Nashville, last Fall, for \$1,000. These two, and Lucy Dashwood go to Kentucky in a few days, in charge of PRYOR, a correspondent writes. He adds, "Ruffin, you know, is engaged in the Gold Stake, at Louisville, and the Brennan Stake, at Lexington. He (R.) stands full 15½ hands high, with plenty of length and substance, is ill-tempered, and bad to start, but can both go the pace and stay the distance. In a word, he is the best colt of his age I ever saw. There is a ch. Medoc filly in these stakes that will be troublesome, or I am greatly misinformed."

"Capt. MINOR's (of Natchez) *Britannia* dropped a ch. c. foal to Imp. Belshazzar, on the 22d ult., when the snow was 15 inches deep; he was doing well on the 31st, and BERRY WILLIAMS says he must be called *Snow Storm*; the mare will be bred this season to Wagner,—pedigree or no pedigree. It will be found somewhat difficult to keep out of the way of his half sister, in the Peyton Stake, if she goes for it. Capt. M's *Fright* (bv Imp. *Leviathan*, out of *Diana* by *Mercury*) has dropped a fine b. c. foal to *Doncaster*, and will be bred to him again. Telie Doe dropped an uncommonly fine ch. f. to Imp. *Leviathan*, on the 16th of February, and has been stunted to *Doncaster*."

The Canada Turf.—At a meeting of the Quebec Turf Club, at Payne's Hotel, 4th April, 1843, held pursuant to the Rules, the following Officers and Stewards were chosen by ballot, and form the committee for the current year:

President—George B. Simes, Esq.

Vice-President—Captain Kennedy, 68th L. I.

Treasurer—Charles Gethings, Esq.

Secretary—J. C. Fisher, Esq.

Stewards—Hon. E. Caron, Mayor. Major Lord Wm. Paulet, 68th Regt., Hon. F. Saville, R. A., Lieutenant Reynolds, 70th Regt., G. H. Parke, Esq., Edward Burstall, Esquire, W. H. Anderson, Esq., and A. Joseph, Esq., appointed Assistant Secretary.

GILBERT R. KEITH, Esq., of Mobile, Ala. claims the name of *Margaret Marshall* for his chesnut filly foaled on 31st March, by Wagner out of Levine, by Imp. *Leviathan*, she out of *Parasol*, by Napoleon, out of Black Sophia, the dam of Birmingham, Bee's-wing, &c. Also the name of "*Havron*," for his chesnut colt, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pacific.

Col. C. F. M. NOLAND and Capt. TUNSTALL of "the Arks," claim the name of *Flood* for their half sister to *Freshet*—a yearling b. f. by Volcano, out of *Charline* by Pacific. *Freshet* is regarded as the most beautiful and promising filly west of the Mississippi. Capt. T. has her in training, and "N." thinks she is "one of 'em," and no mistake. She is now 3 yrs. old, and is engaged in a Stake at Fort Smith this Spring and in one at St. Louis in the Fall.

Mr. Editor.—For the information, and gratification of Rifle Shooters in general, I will give through the medium of your very valuable and interesting Magazine, the result of three trials with Rifles, manufactured by Wright & Co., Poughkeepsie, New York.

A gentleman of our city made five successive shots, distance 300 yards at rest, that measured in the aggregate 111-8 inches. He then shot, 40 successive shots off hand distance 180 yards, on a wager that he would not measure in the aggregate more than 160 inches, (4 inches each). He won by 9½ inches, averaging 3¾ inches a shot. He next shot 10 successive shots at rest, distance 180 yards, that measured in the aggregate 11¾ inches.

The three targets were made by three different Rifles. The last target was shot across a very strong wind driving the ball from 12 to 14 inches with three drachms of powder, long ball, 36 to the pound; length of barrel 33 inches, weight of barrel 9¾ pounds.

The cut of these Rifles, resembles the teeth of a coffee-mill.

New York, May 14th, 1843. Yours as ever, LEATHER STOCKING, JR.

The Racing Calendar.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 18, 1843—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$1000 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus.....	1	1
Otway P. Hare's br. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Mary Lea.....	2	2
Time, 1:54—1:57.		

WEDNESDAY, April 19—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. m. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Walden's bl. h. <i>Discon</i> , pedigree and age omitted.....	3	2
Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. <i>Keewana</i> , pedigree and age omitted.....	4	dist.
Thos. D. Watson's ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tubero-se by Arab, 5 y.....	2	dr
Time, 3:58—3:55.		

THURSDAY, April 20—J. C. Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. h. <i>Æsop</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.....	4	1	3	1
Geo. Walden's ch. c. <i>Prince Albert</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....	1	4	4	2
Wm. McCargo's br. h. <i>Eutaw</i> , by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Prince Albert's dam, 6 yrs.....	5	5	1	3
James Burney's br. m. <i>Duanna</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Washington, 5 yrs.....	2	3	2	r. o.
E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs.....	6	2	5	r. o.
Nath'l. Raine's ch. c. <i>Jack Walker</i> , by Cymon, d. by Imp. Luzborough, 4 yrs.....	3	dr		
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, 4 yrs.—(querer, "the Big Priam?").....				dist.
Time, 8:16—8:30—8:03—8:41.				

FRIDAY, April 21—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Goodrum, Jr.'s b. f. <i>Patsey Anthony</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus by Virginian.....	3	1	1
Dr. T. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Director.....	1	*	*
Nath'l. Raine's c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson.....	2	*	*
T. D. Watson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Tubero-se by Arab.....	4	*	*
Time, 1:58—1:54—1:59. * Placing not given.			

Patsey Anthony was the favorite at 100 to 80, and no takers. Dr. Payne's Leviathan filly won the first heat by a few inches only from Mr. Raine's Priam colt, Watson's filly not contending for it. The 2d and 3d heats were won cleverly by Patsey Anthony, who is a fine bay, 15 hands 1 inch, under the standard, well proportioned, and very handsome. It will be seen that she is out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 3, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>John Causin</i> , by Imp. Zinganee, out of Attaway by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	2	dr
Time, 4:11.		

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Plate of Alexandria, \$50, to which the Proprietor adds \$50, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Wm. Dorbaker's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Polly Strand, 4 yrs.....	3	1	1
Peyton R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Keewana</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs.....	1	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. f. by Ormond, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs.....	2	3	dr
Ignatius Semmes' b. c. by Imp. Margrave—Attaway by Sir James, 3 yrs.....	dist.		
Dr. David Crawford's b. f. by Imp. John Bull, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs.....	dist.		
Time, 2:02—2:02—2:02½.			

THURSDAY, May 4—Proprietor's Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. m. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. <i>Wilton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. h. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....	3	3
Time, 6:03—6:01½.		

FRIDAY, May 5—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kate Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Wilton Brown's dam, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
Maj. T. Doswell's br. f. <i>Emily Thomas</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Tom Tough, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Time, 1:53—1:52½—1:56½.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs, at \$50 each. P. P. Mile heats.

Mr. Linthicum's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliah.....	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. (G. W.) by Imp. John Bull, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler.....	2	2
Mr. Field's ch. c. (O. C.) by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Timoleon.....	pd.	ft.
Time, 1:59½—1:59.		

SATURDAY, May 6—Purse, \$150, ent. free, conditions as for yesterday's purse. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Kewana</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	2	1
Wm. H. Noland's b. f. <i>Sally Forbes</i> , by Ivanhoe, dam (own sister to Sarah Washington) by Garrison's Zingane, her dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2
Time, 2:04—2:02—1:59.			

Our correspondent "*D. P.*" gives us the annexed description of the race between "*Little Cass*" and *Wilton Brown* :—

WASHINGTON CITY, May 4th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I went over to Alexandria to-day to see the great race, that was to have been, between *Cassandra*, *Wilton Brown*, and *Sarah Washington*, at Three mile heats, for the snug little sum of \$600. As there had been no special announcement of the event in this morning's "*Intelligencer*," I took it almost for a certainty that there was "a screw loose" somewhere. After I got upon the ground the fact came out that *Sarah* was not to start, but that the two others named, with *Winchester*, would make up the field. *Sarah's* withdrawal reduced the affair to a mere match,—*Winchester* being regarded as of "no account," and *Wilton's* chance "was out," as his hope was to take the 2d and 3d heats, after a terrible struggle for the 1st by *Cassandra* and *Sarah*. Bets went a-begging at 5 to 3 and 2 to 1 on the little mare.

They went off at a slow pace, *Wilton* leading about a length, until entering upon the second quarter of the 2d mile,—*Cassandra* then pressed for the lead, and moved home, nose and tail with *Wilton*, whom she lapped when about one-third over the last mile, and made a spinning affair of it,—neck and neck, *all out*, until within a hundred yards of the distance stand, when *Cassandra* flew ahead, and *Wilton* pulled up—*Winchester* just within the distance flag. Time, 6:03.

In the 2d heat, *Winchester* took the track, and led for a mile and a quarter, as if he had been a fresh horse; *Cassandra* then made a rally, and after a clever brush with *Winchester*, placed herself about two lengths in front. *Wilton* made a run on entering the last quarter of the 2d mile, but the little mare kept him off in fine style until one third round upon the last mile, when *Wilton* let out "all he had," and looked like a winner, gaining upon *Cassandra* at every lick, and lapped her on entering the last half mile, and swung round to the distance stand with her, stride for stride, where she shook him off, and ran to the stand, nose and tail with *Wilton*, in 6:01½, both doing their best, and proving that there was not one second's superiority, to day, between them. *Winchester* filled the crowd with perfect amazement, in the last heat, making strong running from the score, leading for a considerable time, making a splendid brush when challenged by the mare, kept in the crowd all the while, and came home as strong, and as little distressed, as if he had been making only a half mile run. Any amount of money would have been bet that he would be badly distanced in that heat, and the people appeared to be unwilling to see him start at all. He was fat as a hog, and green at that—all the preparation he seemed to have had was his exercise in the 1st heat.

The track was not so wet as on the day before, but was stiff and sticky, and very unfavorable for good time. *Cassandra* was drawn a leetle too fine, to my eye; but *Brown* was, as you would say, "in condition to run for a man's life." I think if *Sarah* had started *Wilton* would have won in three heats—the two mares would have heard the secret in their run for the 1st heat. *Wilton* wants more speed. Had he have made the time as fast as possible, to-day, in the 1st heat, it is very likely he would have won the race.

If *Register* is decidedly superior to *Wilton Brown*, *Cassandra* had better let him alone, for he would beat her into fits.

Steel was brought upon the course to-day, and looked splendidly; he is

surely a magnificent stallion, and I hope will do well. Col. THOMPSON's favorite mares are with him, two of whom I saw 10-day with foals by their side, which, I am told, are the get of John Tyler, by Eclipse, who was out of a fine mare whose name I have forgotten.

There will be a "sensation" here next week, on the Four mile day;—Blue Dick and Register are likely to meet, with Sarah Washington, and two others.

Excuse this hurried and irregular note, which I have not time to correct.

D. P.

TRENTON, N J, EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 9, 1843—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Sub. \$200 each. Two mile heats.

David Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Busiris	<i>Sidney Smith</i> .	1	1
S. Laird's b. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by Eclipse		2	2
J. Hellings' b. c. <i>D. Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam Fairy		4	3
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. <i>Billet</i> , by Mingo, dam by Mambrino		3	dist.
J. K. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Revel</i> , by Mingo, dam by Eclipse		pd.	ft.

Time, 3:57½—3:50.

An easy race, Stanley not being headed throughout.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4. 104—5. 114—6. 121—7 and upwards. 126lbs., allowing 5lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse—Prospect's dam, 4 ys <i>P. Couvert</i> .	2	1	1
David Tom's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs	1	2	2
Mr. Carroll's ch. h. <i>John Rogers</i> , by Henry, dam by Shylock, aged	3	dist.	

Time, 1:59—1:54—1:55.

This was quite a betting affair. *Dungannon* made a better race than his friends could have anticipated, as he started a lame horse.

WEDNESDAY, May 10—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. K. Van Mater's br. c. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	2	1	
A. H. Conover's ch. m. <i>Fanny Dawson</i> , by Veto, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	dist.	
C. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Red Gauntlet</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 5 yrs	3	dr	

Time, 3:59—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

C. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Red Gauntlet</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	1	1	
D. Tom's ch. c. <i>Gloucester</i> , by Middlesex, dam by Valentine, 4 yrs	2	2	
J. K. Van Mater's c. <i>Revenge</i> , by Mingo, dam by Escape, 4 yrs	3	3	

Time, 1:56—1:55.

THURSDAY, May 11—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	1	1	
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Own brother to Hornblower</i> , 4 yrs	2	2	
D. Y. Jones' b. m. <i>Emily</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Princess, 5 yrs	dr		

Time, 6:03—6:13.

Here the people were agreeably disappointed; for although *Fashion* was evidently too high, they booked her to win without a struggle. But in the second heat the colt went off on the lead, and was not headed until within twenty yards of the stand, and was then beaten by a neck, the whip being called into requisition freely. The track was heavy, and the race run through a cold, drisy rain.

[There is a great discrepancy in the reports of this race. The Secretary of the N. Y. Jockey Club informs us that *Fashion* won without a struggle—that she could have run over the colt in any part of the race, and that she was untouched by whip or spur. Other spectators assure us that *Fashion* won at her ease, and Mr. T. speaks with the utmost confidence of the fact from his own observation.—Editor "Turf Register."]

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's br. h. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs	1	1	
A. H. Conover's h. <i>Tasso</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs	2	2	
J. K. Van Mater's b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs	3	3	
D. Y. Jones' b. m. <i>Emily</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	4	4	

Time, 1:57—1:51½.

This was a most interesting race. The weather cleared off, and there was a strong talk of the forties being marked out. The betting was in favor of the *Syntax* mare, but by being wary, a man could bet almost as he pleased. Lloyd's colt won in two heats, taking the lead, and keeping it throughout each heat.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 9, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 82lbs. Seven subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson	1	1	
Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Queen of Clubs	2	2	
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Ellen Lyon</i> , by Drone, out of Ecarte	3	dist.	

Time, 1:55—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$20 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

W. Holmead's (Peyton R. Johnson's) b. f. <i>Kewana</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus.....	1	1
J. B. Kendall's (H. Linthicum's) b. c. by Mazeppa.....	2	2
Time, 1:57½—2:10.		

THURSDAY, May 11—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 116—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 yrs.....	3	4	1	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zingabee, dam by Contention, 6 yrs.....	5	1	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Messrs. Townes') b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2	2	3	r. o.
Wm. Holmead's ch. h. <i>United</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 2 yrs.....	1	3	dist.	
Col. F. Thompson's b. h. <i>John Cousin</i> , by Imp. Zingabee, out of Attaway by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	4	5	dist.	
Time, 4:06—4:12—4:14—4:19.				

Had this race come off, with the same result, over a course in good order, it would have "removed many prejudices" and to mistake! More than all, it would have taken the conceit out of those who have fondly cherished the hope that in *Regent*, the Old Dominion had found another Henry. Sarah Washington makes a better show, but what a falling off for the Mountain Filly! But a race through deep mud is no more a test of the powers of a *race horse* than treading mortar in a brick-yard. We regard the race as no proof whatever of Hector Bell's superiority to Sarah and Regent, on a firm, smooth course, though he is a fine horse and a credit to his gallant sire and the best daughter of Gohanna. From the placing, we should judge that Sarah and United (the latter especially) were overworked at some point in their pace through the mud; turfsmen are aware how dangerous it is to press a horse over his rate for even twenty yards in deep mud; it so exhausts them that they rarely come again during the race.

FRIDAY, May 12—Ladies' Purse of \$250, ent. \$20, added, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. m. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	George.	1	2	1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Director, 5 yrs.....		2	1	dr
Time, 6:08—2d heat not reported.				

"Little Cass" won like open and shut; she threw away the second heat "just for a flyer" after Maria was dead heat, but the thing was to be seen "sticking out" so plainly that no betting could be had. Maria, very sensibly, was drawn.

SATURDAY, May 13—Jockey Club Purse \$500, entrance \$40 each, added, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs.....	Craig.	1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2	2	
Time, 7:59—8:16. Won handily.			

HAVANA RACES—VALDES COURSE.

JAMES S. GARRISON, OF NEW ORLEANS, PROPRIETOR.

An *Extra* from the office of the New Orleans "Picayune" furnishes the earliest report we have received of these races. It was furnished to that excellent journal by our friend F. A. LUMSDEN, Esq., one of its editors. We quote:—

HAVANA, 25th April, 1843.

By this you will perceive that I am amongst the gay *Habaneros*. The Alabama shot swiftly past the Moro Castle this morning, and entered this most beautiful harbor at half-past 6 o'clock, being precisely sixty hours from the time we left the Balize. A more delightful trip, and finer weather than we had all the way, could not be desired, the Gulf being almost as smooth as the Mississippi. Indeed, the trip was more like a pleasure excursion upon a broad and placid lake than going to sea. No one, not even Parson Miller himself, could have wished

for a more agreeable and balmy day than we found the *twenty-third* to be. How other mortals felt I cannot tell, but every soul on board our ship thought of anything else than a destruction of the world; and judging from the temperature of the water, which we dipped up occasionally, to see if it might not be actually boiling, I don't think there was much of a fire anywhere ashore.

To-morrow the races are to commence over the Valdes Course. *Creath*, *Sally Shannon* and *Borax* are to come together for a purse of \$1500, two mile heats. The former seems to be the favorite, decidedly, and as they are all doing well, and the course, which is a most beautiful one, is in good order, "quick time" is expected.

You will regret to learn that *George Martin*, the unrivalled Southern race horse, was very severely injured yesterday, by a kick from *Ran Peyton*. The two were walking in their exercise, and unfortunately came in too close proximity. When *George Martin* attacked *Ran Peyton*, and the latter kicked the other on the shoulder. The injury sustained by *George* was so severe, that he came near dying, and for several hours it was feared he could not recover. To-day, however, he is somewhat better; but there is not a chance of his running at this meeting—if, indeed, he ever starts again.

Wednesday evening 26th April.—I must commence my report of to-day's race by saying that the attendance was not so numerous as was anticipated by many, and consequently not so flattering to Mr. Garrison as I had hoped. The day was warm and clear, with but little wind; and the course, for a new one, in very good order. I will here mention that owing to the warmth of the weather, the races take place in the afternoon, at 4 and 5 o'clock, according to the distance to be run.

Racing is so great a novelty to these good people, that they do not comprehend why a horse after being entered, should be "drawn," nor do they think a start fair unless the contending nags get away "dead locked," no matter how many may run; hence, there were manifestations of dissatisfaction to-day on each of these points. After having been entered, *Borax* was found to be too much out of order to run, except at imminent risk; he was therefore drawn. In getting off, in both of the heats, too, *Creath* had a few feet—certainly not more in either heat than a length—the advantage of *Sally Shannon*. Over the New Orleans courses all would have declared them fair starts: but the Spaniards thought differently.

The Valdes Course has already been spoken of in the "Picayune" in terms of commendation, and I must say very justly. More it is unnecessary to add, except that Mr. Garrison has done himself great credit in the very excellent arrangement of the whole. A large number of soldiers, both mounted and on foot, are stationed around the course, inside and out, for the purpose of preserving order; but, judging from the quiet and decorous demeanor of the assemblage to-day, it seems a most useless provision. A full military band is also engaged, the excellent music from which greatly enhances the amusements.

I have only time to say that *Creath* was the winner of the purse in two straight heats; the time of the first, which was most gallantly contended for by *Sally Shannon*, was 3:40—that of the second was 3:45. *Monk* was upon *Creath*—*Sally Shannon* was ridden by *Andrew Jackson*.

WEDNESDAY, April 26, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs, with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

R. T. n Broeck, jun.'s (Fergus Duplantier's) b. c. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Big Archy, 4 yrs	<i>Monk</i> .	1	1
El Sr. Conde Canongre's (W. P. Greer's) b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs		2	2
El Sr. Conde Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Borax</i> , by Pacific, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs			dr

Time, 3:40—3:45.

Thursday Evening, April 27th.—The second day's race is just over. It was for a purse of \$1000—\$150 to go to the second best horse and \$50 to the third—mile heats. There were six entries, viz.: *Ran Peyton*, *Lady Jane*, *Joe Chalmers*, *Monkey Dick*, *Rob Rucker* and *Benjamin Basden*. All these came up at the summons and appeared to be in good condition. *Lady Jane* was the favorite, decidedly, against the field.

The weather was fine, as on the first day, and the course, as I said before,

in good order for a new one. I will here state that the whole extent of the track is sanded with a heavy coarse sand, of a light color, and somewhat resembling pulverized limestone; it lies loosely on the surface, and the horses appear to move over it with tolerable ease. The course is not perfectly level, but rises and falls slightly in some two or three places, so that in running, particularly at the turn of the quarter stretch, the horses are for a moment out of sight from the stands. About half way from the head of the stretch, it gradually but very slightly descends, which gives a fine effect to the "run home." So much for the course; I now proceed to the race of the day.

The attendance, though not so large as it was yesterday, was fair, and owing to the very exciting contest for the purse with a field of six horses, the greatest enthusiasm was excited amongst the spectators. I have seldom seen a better contested race; and when you are informed that three heats were run in 1:50—1:49, and 1:50, you may suppose how excellent the sport must have been. From the score in every heat, each nag went off at his best pace; it would be idle to attempt to give their positions as they alternately passed each other and then fell back through each mile, and you must therefore be content to know their places on coming out—for which I refer you to the summary below. Contrary to all expectation, Robert Rucker took the first heat, though many thought Ran Peyton was entitled to it, as the latter, who came out second and nearly up with Rucker, was much crowded by him in coming past the gates. Lady Jane, the favorite, was third.

The second heat was very fast, and intensely exciting. Rucker and Benjamin Basden, a light and fleet looking grey colt by Daniel O'Connell, "caught the flag in their faces." Chalmers won the heat, Lady Jane being second.

You should have heard the people talk Spanish after this heat! They could not understand why Rucker, who ran so forward in the first heat, was so far behind in this; they knew nothing of what was meant by being "distanced," and could make "neither head nor tail" of the whole affair. The "knowing ones" were rather "wild" themselves, and there was a good deal of "hedging" and manœuvring among them. Joe Chalmers won the third heat, strongly driven by the Lady and Monkey Dick. The latter made great running towards the close of the mile, and looked very like a winner, but Joe led past the stand in 1:50, amidst the loudest plaudits of the excited crowd. I annex a summary:—

THURSDAY, April 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, \$150 of which to go to second, and \$50 to third horse, weights as before. Mile heats.

R. Ten Broeck, jun.'s ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Rachel by Partisan, 3 yrs.	4	1	1
Gen. Robert B. Campbell's (J. McNicholl's) b. c. <i>Monkey Dick</i> , by Dick Singleton, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs.	5	4	2
El. Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Capt. Wm. J. Minor's) gr. f. <i>Lady Jane</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs.	3	2	3
El. Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (Col. Vance Johnston's) ch. c. <i>Ran Peyton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.	2	3	4
El Sr. Conde de Cassa Barreto's <i>Robert Rucker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	1	dist.	
Celzo Ferino's br. c. <i>Benj. Basden</i> , by Daniel O'Connell, d. by Virginian, 2 yrs	6	dist.	

Time, 1:50—1:49—1:50.

We have not room to-day for Mr. Lumsden's subsequent letters, but they shall soon see the light. As a curiosity we publish the entries of the first day's race as we find them in the official advertisement. The Havana printers have used our English orthography cruelly:—

Dia 26—Corrida de dos millas en que la distancia sera de ochenta y siete y cuarto varas castellanas y el premio que se ha de disputar de 1500 pesos.

CABALLOS INTRODUCIDOS.

El Sr. conde del Canongo ha hecho la entrada de la yegua Sally Phanno, hija del caballo Wood Picker y de una yegua del caballo Richard de color dorado de tres años de edad y de la propiedad de Mr. W. P. Green.—El ginete que lo ha de correr vestira de azul y blanco.

El Sr. conde de Casa Barreto ha introducido el caballo Borat de la propiedad de Mr. R. Smith, de color alazan y de tres años de edad, hijo del caballo Pacifico y de una yegua del caballo Bagdad.—El ginete vestira de amarillo y blanco.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck ha introducido un caballo de su propiedad nombrado Creath de color dorado y de cuatro años de edad cuyo jinete se distinguirá entre los demás, vistiendo todo de blanco.—Estos son los caballos que han de contender con el premio arriba mencionado y llevarán los pesos correspondientes a su edad con arreglo al artículo 32 del Reglamento de la Sociedad.—Los caballos concurrirán al pie del pabellón del Director cuando lo indique el sonido de la corneta, que será a las tres y media de la tarde. En seguida se abrirá la caja de las entradas y en el orden que las papeletas sean extraídas se determinará el puesto que cada uno deba ocupar al principio de la corrida, la cual rompera a las cuatro de la tarde en punto.

Friday Evening, April 28th.—The race to-day was for a purse of \$1,500—the second best horse to receive \$200 of it, and \$100 to go to the third, provided more than two started. The weather and course were the same as on the previous days. Indeed, unless it should rain—of which there is no earthly probability for some time—these things cannot well undergo any change. At this season of the year hot weather and no rain are the regular order of the day in Havana.

I am sorry to say that the first day's race here was decidedly more numerous attended than either the second or third. Owing to some cause incomprehensible to me, I must confess that a taste for racing does not prevail with these people; it forms no ingredient of their composition. To bull baits and cock fights they *swarm* in thousands. Besides, some of the papers here have "thrown cold water" on this sport, but from what cause I am again unable to conceive. The running has certainly been very excellent, and all those who have attended the course, with a few exceptions on the first day, have demonstrated their satisfaction with the sports in a manner not to be mistaken. Racing, however, is a complete novelty to the *Habaneros*; and possibly when they see and know more of it, they may show a proper appreciation of so manly and interesting an amusement. One of the papers of this morning thinks this will be the case, and most sincerely do I hope it may so prove. Mr. Garrison has been at great expense in getting up the *Valdes Course*, and without more liberal patronage he must incur a very considerable loss. But I am running from my subject—let me return to the race of the day.

Susan Hill, Sandy Young, and Boston were the entries, and all came to the post at the call. The betting between Susan and Sandy was very spirited, while Boston was not thought of at all. Two heats in 3:45 and 3:51 decided the question: these were taken handily by Susan Hill. Sandy Young made two or three very beautiful, though ineffectual, brushes; but he was not exactly in form to win. Here is the result:—

FRIDAY, April 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, \$200 of which to go to second, and \$100 to the third horse, weights as before. Two mile heats.

El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (Col. Vance Johnston's) ch. f. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hull by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	1
El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (W. P. Greer's) b. c. <i>Sandy Young</i> , by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	2	2
El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barrete's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Boston</i> , by Haywood, dam by Jackson, 3 yrs.	3	3

Time, 3:45—3:51.

Saturday Evening, April 29th—To-day came off the great three mile race for the purse of \$3 000, and I am pleased to say that the attendance was quite good, a very large assemblage of ladies being present.

The entries were, Warwick, Creath, Norma, and El Furioso, all of which came to the post. Creath was the favorite against the field, at 2 and 3 to 1, which was very freely taken before starting. I shall not detain you long with a description of the race; the favorite won at his ease in two heats: time, 5:44—5:53. Both heats were contested by Norma alone. At the end of the second mile of the first heat Warwick gave up the struggle, and El Furioso was distanced.

As you will remember, by the advertisement published in the "Picayune," the winner was to get \$2 400 of this purse; the second best nag \$400, and \$200 were to go to the third—but as there was no third, Mr. Garrison pocketed the \$200

SATURDAY, April 29—Jockey Club Purse \$3000, of which \$400 go to the second, and \$200 to the third best horse, weights as before. Three mile heats.

R. Ten Broeck, jun.'s (Fergus Duplantier's) b. c. <i>Creath</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs....	1	1
El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Capt. Wm. J. Minor's) ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 3 yrs.....	2	2
El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (J. G. Boswell's) b. c. <i>El Furioso</i> (late Headlong), by Imp. Hedgford, out of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, 3 yrs.....	dist.	
El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Warwick</i> , 3 yrs.....	dist.	

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	1:55
" " second mile.....	1:46
" " third mile.....	1:51

Second Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:01
" " second mile.....	1:49
" " third mile.....	1:51

Time of First Heat.....	5:41
Time of Second Heat.....	5:53

Sunday Evening, April 30th.—The race to-day was for a purse of \$1,500—best 3 in 5—mile heats. The entries for it were Susan Hill, Robert Rucker, Sally Shannon, and Joe Chalmers. They attracted quite a large assemblage of spectators. Susan and Chalmers were the favorites before starting; the two were frequently offered and taken against the field, and there was much even betting one against the other.

The first heat was a slow one and won handily by the Alabama filly, which you may recollect to have showed to advantage at the last meeting on the Louisiana Course. The backers of Chalmers were unable to account for his running and hedged their money with all possible rapidity.

The second heat did something to justify the confidence of his friends by driving Susan to the stand in 1:50—five seconds quicker than the previous heat; but at the end he showed evident signs of distress.

The money was now thought to be Susan's *sure*, and the only betting was between the other three; a good deal of "business" was done about them. All four came up at the tap of the drum and got off well together. Susan went to the front with a few strides and was never headed, running out this third mile in 1:48. Of the other three, all of whom made strong running from the start, Chalmers was the first to cry *peccavi*. There was a pretty contest between Rucker and Sally Shannon, the former beating her, however, and thus winning the second purse.

I have now to inform you of a sad accident by which the sports of the day were marred. In bringing up the horses for the second heat, Mr. Lunn Coch, who had Chalmers by the head to start him, was standing a little in advance of two others, when the drum was tapped and all let go. Each of the two struck Mr. Coch, the first jostling him severely, and the second knocking him down and striking him with his hoof. It was at first feared he was killed, but he was able to get up himself, and walk across to the stand without assistance. Shortly after, however, he suffered more severely, and a physician, who was fortunately at hand, was called to him. Upon examination it was found that his right collar bone was broken, and the breast much bruised. He was placed in a *rolante* and carried to his bed, when he was bled and received all proper medical aid. This accident, as you may imagine, interfered very much with the pleasures of the day, seriously diminishing the pleasure we should have derived from the race, which was in itself an interesting one. I annex the summary of

FIFTH DAY, April 30—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, of which \$200 to go to the second, and \$100 to the third best horse, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (Col. Vance Johnston's) ch. f. <i>Susan Hill</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	1	1	1
El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robt. Smith's) c. <i>Robert Rucker</i> ped above, 3 y	2	4	2
El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Wm. P. Greer's) b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	3	3	3
R. Ten Broeck's ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	4	2	4

Time, 1:55—1:50—1:48.

Monday Evening, May 1.—The sports over the Valdes Race Course closed to-day with another best 3 in 5 race, mile heats, for a purse of \$1,000 for beaten horses. It afforded unusual fun, and was one of those peculiar contests in which the "knowing ones" are "thrown," and the nag least thought of, or rather not thought of at all, turns out to be the winner. Originally there were five or six entries, but on calling up the horses but three made their appearance—Norma, Monkey Dick and Boston. Of these Norma was the favorite, while the Monkey was considered better than Boston.

Boston, who is a large, strong-looking chesnut, with a blaze face and three white feet, not unlike his distinguished namesake, in Virginia, won the first, third and fourth heats, contrary to the expectation even of his owner. After he had taken the first heat, bets were made that he would not win another, and after the second heat, which was the Monkey's, bets were offered that he would be distanced. Only think how the "knowing ones" were mistaken! The race was an exceedingly interesting one, *particularly for those who backed the field*. I subjoin a summary.

MONDAY, May 1—Purse \$1000, free for all losing horses which have run over the Valdes Course, the second best horse to receive from the purse \$200, the third best horse \$150, and the fourth best horse \$50, provided s.x horses start, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Boston</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	3	1	1
El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Capt. Wm. J. Minor's) ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	3	3
Gen. R. B. Campbell's (J. McNicholl's) b. c. <i>Monkey Duck</i> , ped. above, 3 yrs	3	1	2	2

Time, 1:50—1:52—1:53—1:55.

Thus has ended the first meeting over the Valdes Race Course. Mr. Garrison, though he has incurred considerable loss by his enterprise thus far, I am inclined to think has every reason to anticipate in future the fullest success with the Course. There are many reasons why the sports have not been well attended; it would be useless to name them all, did I know them; but one of the most prominent is the fact that horse-racing is so great a novelty to these people, who are as peculiar in their sports as in their other habits, and do not immediately yield themselves to any new species of amusement. By another season, the every-day sight of the race course, the creole races which will be run over it by the amateur racers in the interval, and other causes, will have removed much of the prejudice now existing against racing among the citizens. Besides, the Jockey Club is composed of liberal gentlemen, whose interest in this matter cannot but foster it; and I shall be greatly deceived if I do not see next year thousands of spectators at the races where there have been hundreds this.

Yours, &c.

F. A. L.

Another "Secret for Taming Vicious Horses."—The "Bostanico Medical Recorder" records the following experiment of *mesmerizing* a vicious horse:—

"On Saturday, as we were passing down Fourth street between Sycamore and Maine, we observed a horse. Three men were endeavoring to make the horse go, and one was pushing the dray towards him, but all in vain; he would not stir a peg, but backed against the pavement, and maintained his position with a firmness worthy of a better cause.

"We stepped up to him, saying that he was a good horse, and would pull if they treated him well, at the same time brushing away with our fingers the action from his combativeness, destructiveness, and firmness, which had been too highly excited. The driver said that it was not best to make him go by that means, for our fingers would not always be ready when he might refuse again to go. We then touched, for a few moments, his love of approbation, then taking hold of the bridle, we requested him to start. He walked off just as any horse would have done, that had never refused to go. We had tried two other cases with complete success.

"We have thought these cases worthy of record, because the common cry of collusion between the operator and the subject, could not be urged there as an objection to the truth of the science."

TURF REGISTER.

PEDIGREE OF CASPIAN,

The Property of SAMUEL G. WRIGHT, *of Monmouth Co., N. J.*

CASPIAN, a brown colt, was foaled (the property of Dr. GEORGE M'CLELLAN, of Philadelphia) in the Spring of 1833. He was got by Shark, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, grandam Weizel by Shyllock, g. g. dam by Imp. Dare Devil—Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's Imp. Fearnaught—Piccadilly by Mackin's Fearnaught (by Imp. Fearnaught out of an Imp. Mare)—Col. Baylor's Godolphin (by Imp. Fearnaught, out of Col. Baylor's Imp. mare Jenny Damsel)—Imp. Hob-or-Nob—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—Tryall by Imp. Morton's Traveller.

Shark, the sire of Caspian, is own brother to Bay and Black Maria, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot. Caspian, on his dam's side, is half brother to Frank, the sire of Jam and Josh Ball, also of Fanny Green by Imp. Trustee, who beat Laterville last Fall at Newmarket, Va. For Betsey Archer's Pedigree see "American Turf Register," vol. ii. page 461. For Eclipse's Pedigree, see "Register," vol. ii. page 298. For Lady Lightfoot's Pedigree, see "Turf Register," vol. ii. page 307.

HUGH ROGERS.

SAMUEL A. CHILDS.

PEDIGREE OF ESTRELLA.

ESTRELLA, b. f., now 2 yrs. old (the property of the undersigned), by Imp. Pnam, out of Dahlia by Timoleon (sire of Boston), grandam Florinda by Imp. Jack Andrews, g. g. dam Hurry'em by Imp. Precipitate, g. g. g. dam Pill Box, by Imp. Pantaloon, g. g. g. g. dam by Borwell's Traveller, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony (who was by Old Partner, out of Imp. Septima by Othello), g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Aristotle, g. g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Bonny Lass.

Dahlia, the dam of Estrella, broke her leg in her stable a short time since, and died in a few hours afterwards. She was in foal to Imp. Trustee.

St. Julien, near Fredericksburg, Va., Feb. 9, 1843.

F. E. BROOKS.

Irish Pedigree Wanted—A correspondent desires to obtain the pedigree of a light grey Irish horse, called *Talma*. He was bought at Waterford in 1838, at 3 yrs old, when in training, and the following account was furnished to the purchaser:—

"Mr. MILLS' stud charger *Talma* was got by Blue Bonnet (by old Eclipse) and dam by Prunella. Bred by T. Maher, Esq., M.P."

Can any one furnish the pedigree? The word "by," in the foregoing, as applied to Prunella, may be *de trop*: dam Prunella would seem to shew the account complete.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JULY, 1843.

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF WAGNER:

Engraved on Steel by HALBERT, from a Painting by TROTE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, 27th Sept.
 LEXINGTON, Ky. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
 MONTREAL, L. C. - St. Pierre Course, Turf Club Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Aug.
 NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.
 " " The Great Peyton Stake, and others, come off same week.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.

EPSOM RACES.

[Horses marked thus (||) are in the St. Leger.]

We can only find room this month for the bare result of the Derby and Oaks Stakes:—

THE RACE FOR THE DERRY STAKES.

The DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three year olds, colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 2lb; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs towards the expenses of the course; mile and a half; 156 subs.

Mr. Bowes's b. c. <i>Cotherstone</i> , by Touchstone.....	Scottt.....	1
Col. Charritie's b. c. <i>Gorhambury</i> , by Buzzard.....	Buckle.....	2
Sir. G. Heathcote's br. c. Siricol, by Sheet Anchor.....	G. Edwards.....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. Gaper, by Bay Middleton.....	Rogers.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Khorassan, by Samarcand.....	Chapple.....	0
Mr. Bateman's br. c. Chotornian, by Camel.....	Mann.....	0
Mr. Combe's b. c. Fakeaway, by Freney.....	Bartholomew.....	0
Mr. J. Brown ns. br. c. A British Yeoman, by Liverpool l.....	Templeman.....	0
Mr. T. Taylor's b. c. Gamecock, by Jereed.....	Nat.....	0
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Newcourt, by Sir Hercules.....	Whitehouse.....	0
Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. General Pollock, by Velocipede.....	Marlow.....	0
Maj. Yarburgh's b. c. Dumpling, by Muley Moloch.....	Holmes.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Parthian, by Jereed.....	F. Butler.....	0
Mr. Bell's ch. c. Winesour, by Velocipede.....	Hesseltine.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. by Touchstone, out of Languish.....	Darling.....	0
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Humbug, by Plenipo.....	Macdonald.....	0
Mr. Theobald's br. c. Highlander, by Rockingham.....	J. Day, jun.....	0
Mr. Baxter's b. c. Magna Charta, by Revolution.....	W. Boyce.....	0
Col. Wyndham's b. c. Merton Lordship, by Muley Moloch.....	Crouch.....	0
Lord Eglington's b. c. Aristides, by Bay Middleton.....	Robinson.....	0
Mr. Gratwicke's ch. c. Hopeful, by Elis.....	Bell.....	0
Lord Orford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Mercy.....	Wakefield.....	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Elixir, by Emilius.....	Chifney.....	0

THE RACE FOR THE OAKS.

The OAKS STAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three year old fillies, 8st 7lb each; the second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs towards the expenses; mile and a half; 91 subs.

Mr. Ford's ch. f. <i>Poison</i> , by Plenipo, out of Arsenic.....	F. Butler.....	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Extempore</i> , by Emilius.....	Chifney.....	2
Mr. Payne's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam.....	Nat.....	0
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Decisive, by Defence.....	J. Day, jun.....	0
Mr. Drake's b. f. Sister to Jeffy, by Jerry.....	G. Edwards.....	0
Mr. Newton's b. f. by Gladiator, out of Elegance.....	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Ferguson's ch. f. Fanny Callaghan, by Freney.....	Lye.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. Judith Hutter, by Colwick.....	Scott.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. f. Maria Day, by Physician.....	Templeman.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. f. by Touchstone, out of Laura.....	Neale.....	0
Gen. Sharpe's b. f. Messalina, by Bay Middleton.....	J. Marson.....	0
Mr. Batson's ch. f. Sister to Potentia, by Plenipo.....	Sly.....	0
Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. The Lily, by The Tulip.....	Cartwright.....	0
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Jerry, out of Macremma.....	Mann.....	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Beiram or Sultan—Fanny Davies.....	Darling.....	0
Lord Eglington's bl. f. Egidia, by Sheet Anchor.....	Holmes.....	0
Mr. S. Stanley's ch. f. Cowslip, by Bizarre.....	Robinson.....	0
Mr. M. Dilly's b. f. Temerity, by King of Clubs.....	Wakefield.....	0
Duke of Rutland's b. f. Allumette, by Taurus.....	W. Boyce.....	0
Duke of Graton's b. f. Utica, by Velocipede.....	J. Day.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. La Stimata, by Velocipede.....	Chapple.....	0
Mr. Milne's gr. f. by Rococo, out of Flirt.....	Buckle.....	0
Mr. Cooke's br. f. Carillon, by Sheet Anchor.....	Whitehouse.....	0



MEMOIR OF WAGNER,

WITH A PORTRAIT ON STEEL, BY HALBERT AFTER TROYE.

VERY few horses of late years have acquired a more brilliant and enviable reputation than the subject of this memoir. The Racing Calendar of 1838 and '39, especially, exhibits him as running over courses a thousand miles apart in the same season, and with a degree of speed and game, not only superior to his competitors, but in all respects equal to his contemporaries in any section of the Union. His turn of speed, though remarkable, was not more so than his powers of endurance, and his performances generally have been characterised by indomitable game and stoutness. In a majority of his races he was able to pull to the field and win cleverly upon the post, but when put up to the top of his rate, he still carried off the prize by outlasting his competitors, proving himself too fleet for the fast and too stout for the strong. Though his colts have not yet come out, we have great confidence they will do him no discredit. In Kentucky they are regarded as among the very best in the State.

It should be remarked that up to the close of the campaign of 1839, Wagner had lost *but two races in fourteen!* Of these, ten were at Four mile heats! Subsequently, however, he was most injudiciously managed, being travelled thousands of miles, and started when amiss. Indeed to this day it is believed that on two occasions he was drugged, and incapacitated from running.

Inasmuch as his performances have been reported in this magazine, and his pedigree has been the subject of considerable discussion, we shall merely glance at the most material points of his history.

Wagner was bred by the late DANIEL DUGGER, Esq., of Brunswick County, Virginia, and was foaled in 1834. He was got by the celebrated Sir Charles (probably the best son of the renowned Sir Archy), out of Maria West, a good performer at Four mile heats, and still more distinguished in the Breeding Stud, as the dam of Col. HAMPTON's *Fanny*, by Eclipse, *Trinket* by Andrew (in the Peyton Stake), and fillies by Imp. Shakspeare and Priam. Col. JOHNSON sold his interest of one half in *Fanny* for \$3,500, to Col. H., who owned the other half. The Shakspeare filly sold at the foot of her dam for \$1000, and Maria West herself was sold at auction in 1838, for \$1750. Mr. Dugger sold Wagner in his three-year-old form, to Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL, of Baltimore, his present owner, for \$5000. Maria West was bred in North Caro-

lina by Mr. Wm. M. West, who sold her to Virginia. She was got by Marion, out of Ella Crump (a brown mare, as certified by Mr. West, page 435, "Turf Register," vol. iv.) by Imp. Citizen, her dam by Huntsman, grandam by Wildair, g. g. dam by Fear-nought, g. g. g. dam by Janus, etc. Ella Crump was also the dam of Sir Peyton, Chimborazo, Leopoldstadt, Iphiclus, etc.

The following description of Wagner was written by the Editor of this magazine in 1840, since which his form has spread, and he has filled out surprisingly:—"In color, Wagner is a rich golden chesnut, with a roan stripe on the right side of his face, and white hind feet. He stands about fifteen and a half hands high—a light, wiry formed horse, showing considerable "daylight under him," as the term is. His head is remarkably small, clean and blood-like, and well set on to a light and graceful neck. His ears are exceedingly pretty, and his nostrils wide and thin; his eyes are undoubtedly brilliant, but are calculated to *extend the circle* of his acquaintance in a crowd; and Dick Christian would not venture to make his appearance on him at Melton Mowbray without the words, "*He Kicks!*" labelled on his back. We must not be understood from this that Wagner is unusually bad tempered or vicious, but that he permits no familiarities. His shoulder is immensely strong and muscular, running well back into a good, but rather light, middle-piece, which is well ribbed home. One of his best points is his chest, which is unusually deep and capacious, giving the utmost freedom to the respiratory organs; indeed, a better winded horse is not on the Turf. His arms, like his shoulders, are heavily muscled, and well forked, while his knees are broad and flat; his cannon bones, pasterns, and feet, are as clean and fine as a deer's. He has uncommonly strong and wide hips, arched loins, well braced by broad fillets, and a remarkably fine stifle and thigh, the latter being well let down into the gaskin. His hocks and legs are very near perfection, and when we saw him at the close of the campaign last autumn, they were still as sound and fine as a two-year-old's, notwithstanding he had been in training nearly three years, and travelled many thousand miles.

"Wagner runs well down to the ground, with a long rating stroke, and with the steadiness and precision of a machine. His appearance when stripped for a race does not indicate much spirit, but he goes off like a quarter horse at the tap of the drum, and runs on his courage. He starts well, and Kate was always able to place him exactly where he desired. We never saw a horse more prompt when called upon, and in his second race with that nonpareil, *Grey Eagle*, he ran the three last miles in the second heat under whip and spur. It was a terrible race; there was no flinching, no faltering, no clambering on the part of either; both jockies plied steel and catgut at every stroke, and no one of the thousands who saw the race ever saw one contested more honestly or gallantly. A better race was never run in America. The last three miles of a second heat, in a second four mile race the same week, were run in 5:35, and the sixteenth mile in 1:48!"

SUMMARY OF WAGNER'S PERFORMANCES.

1837. *Lawrenceville, Va.*, Saturday, April 8—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Daniel Dugger's ch. c. [<i>Wagner</i>] by Sir Charles, out of Maria West.....	2	1
Capt. Claiborne's ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Fancy.....	1	dist.
Time, 2:03—2:00. Course heavy.		

— *Petersburg, Va.*, Newmarket Course, Friday, April 28—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Twelve subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

J. Ridley's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Shylock.....	1	1
D. Dugger's ch. c. [<i>Wagner</i>] by Sir Charles, out of Maria West.....	2	2
G. W. Johnson's ch. c. by Lance, out of Charlotte Temple.....	3	*
W. McCargo's ch. c. by Lance, out of Eliza Clay's dam.....	4	*
O. P. Hare's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Imp. Merryfield.....	*	*
C. Stith's ch. c. by Imp. Pilot, dam by Shylock.....	*	*
E. Townes' gr. c. by Imp. Fyde, dam by Director.....	*	*
J. Mott's f. by Gohanna, out of Watkins Leigh's dam.....	*	*
H. Maclin's ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Peggy Madee.....	*	*
Time, 1:53—1:52. *Not placed.		

— *Mobile, Ala.*, Bascombe Course, Tuesday, Nov. 21—Poststake for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Four subs. at \$500 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Maria West..	1	1
Col. Vance Johnson's b. c. <i>Pilot Jr.</i> , by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon.....	2	2
Wm. Blevins' ch. f. <i>Louisa Bascombe</i> , by Star of the West, dam by Pacific.....	3	3
Mr. Stark's nomination paid forfeit.		
Time, 3:55—3:57. Course heavy.		

1838. *New Orleans, La.*, Eclipse Course, Tuesday, April 3—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subscribers at \$1000 each, \$250 forfeit. Two mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion.....	2	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. f. <i>Wren</i> (own sister to Linnet), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Object by Marshal Ney.....	1	2	dr
M. Wells' ch. f. <i>Taglioni</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Susan Hull by Timoleon.....	pd.	ft.	
Wm. J. Minor's Imp. br. f. <i>Britannia</i> , by Muley, out of Nancy Longwaist's dam...	pd.	ft.	
Col. A. L. Bingham's (Walker Thurston's) b. c. <i>Mad Anthony</i> (now Pressure), by Trumpator, dam by Jenkins' Sir William.....	pd.	ft.	
Time, 3:49—3:47.			

— *Same Course*, April 8—Jockey Club Purse \$3000, of which the 2d best horse received \$500. Entrance \$500 each—free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West, 3 yrs..	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' ch. m. <i>Ezio</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of White Feathers by Conqueror, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Y. N. Oliver's (Col. Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Pete Whetstone</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 2 yrs.....	3	3
Time, 7:44—7:57.		

— *Same Course*, Saturday, Dec. 8—Jockey Club Purse \$2500, of which the second best horse received \$500, if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000. Conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West, 4 yrs..	1	1
Col. A. L. Bingham's ch. f. <i>Sarah Bladen</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana by Pa-colet, 4 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 8:45—9:11. Track heavy.		

Just before this race, the following spirited challenge appeared, which was published on the 5th of January, 1839:—

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD FOR \$20,000.

I will run Mr. JOHN CAMPBELL's colt *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, now four years old, against any horse, mare, or gelding in the World, for *Twenty Thousand Dollars*, or as much more as the acceptor may please, a race of Four Mile Heats, over the Metairie Course, New Orleans, the fourth Monday in March, 1839. The forfeit to be one half of the stake, and the race to be run agreeably to the Rules of the Metairie Jockey Club. This challenge will remain open for acceptance until the 15th of January, 1839.

JAMES S. GARRISON.

New Orleans, Dec. 1, 1838.

— *New Orleans, La.*, Louisiana Course, Monday, Dec. 31—Jockey Club Purse \$2500, \$500 of which is to go to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive \$2000; conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. m. <i>Zelina</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs....	1	2	1
Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. <i>Wagner</i> , by Sir Charles—Maria West, 4 y.	2	1	2
Time, 8:13—8:10—8:10.			

1839. *New Orleans, La.*, Eclipse Course, Saturday, March 16—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles—Maria West, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs. 1 2 dr
Time, 7:56½—8:05. Track heavy.

— *New Orleans, La.*, Louisiana Course, Saturday, March 23—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles—Maria West, 4 yrs. 1
Thos. J. Wells' b. c. *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 4 yrs. dist.
John F. Miller's (Jas. Shy's) b. c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs. dr.
Time, 7:57½.

— *New Orleans, La.*, Metairie Course, Tuesday, April 2—Jockey Club Purse \$2000, ent. \$200, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs. walked over.
The Poney was entered, but withdrawn on account of lameness.

— *Natchez, Miss*, Pharsalia Course, April 26—Jockey Club Purse \$1200, ent. \$120, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs. walked over.

— *Louisville, Ky.*, Oakland Course, Monday, Sept. 30—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Ten subscribers at \$2000 each, h. ft. to which the Proprietor added the receipts of the Stands (say \$1000.) Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, 5 yrs. 1 1
Oliver & Dickey's (A. L. Shotwell's) gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs. *Stephen Welch*. 2 2
Willia Viley's ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 4 yrs. 3 3
Bradley & Steel's ch. c. *Hawk-Eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam by Jenkins' Sir William, 4 yrs. dist.
Time, 7:48—7:44.

— *Same Course*, Saturday, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 5 yrs. 3 1 1
A. L. Shotwell's gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs. *Stephen Welch*. 1 2 *
Willia Viley's b. f. *Emily Johnson*, (own sister to Singleton), by Bertrand, out of Black Eyed Susan by Tiger, 4 yrs. 2 dist.
Time, 7:51—7:43—3d heat, no time kept. *Grey Eagle gave way in 2d mile.

First heat.		Second heat.		Third heat.	
1st mile.....	2:05	1st mile.....	2:08	No time kept, as Grey	
2d mile.....	1:55	2d mile.....	1:52	Eagle gave way in running the second heat.	
3d mile.....	1:56	3d mile.....	1:55		
4th mile.....	1:55	4th mile.....	1:48		

7:51

7:43

— *Cincinnati, Ohio*, Buck-eye Course, Friday, Oct. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's (J. Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West, 5 yrs. walked over.

After this walk-over, Wagner crossed the river into Kentucky, and went into Goodwyn's hands, Messrs. Garrison & Campbell having dissolved their connection. "Old Charles" left Garrison the year previous, to engage with Mr. Hare, of Virginia. Wagner remained but a short time in Kentucky, having been taken to his old quarters at Mobile to be trained for the Spring campaign, commencing in March. While here, he met with an accident in his exercise, which caused his leg to swell when in work, and, in consequence, he was incapacitated from appearing on the Turf. A great desire on the part of the breeders of Kentucky to employ his services in the Stud induced Mr. Campbell to send him up the river to Louisville, where he was limited to fifty mares at \$150 each.

Wagner was again brought out in the Fall of 1840, and the following are his performances:—

1840. *Nashville, Tenn.*, Friday, Oct. 2—Jockey Club Purse \$800, ent. \$40, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Wm. G. Harding's gr. f. *Gamma*, by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs. 1 1
R. H. Long's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*,* by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 6 yrs. 2 2
Time, 8:15—8:21. *Wagner reported to be poisoned.

1841. *Mobile, Ala.*, Bascombe Course, Tuesday, Jan. 12—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Four subs. at \$1000 each, \$250 ft., to which the Proprietor added a Service of Plate, valued at \$500. Four mile heats.

Vance Johnston's (Gen. Thomas B. Scott's) br. c. *Westwind*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux
—Manbrina by Bertrand, and she out of Pocahontas, 4 yrs. *Bob Armstrong*. 1 1
John Goodwyn's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West
(Fanny's dam) by Marion, 6 yrs. *Kate*. 3 2
Thos. Watson's (Thos. Kirkman's) b. c. *Ruby* (late Riddlesworth), by Emilius, out
of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, 4 yrs. *Fayette*. 2 3
John J. Burton's ch. c. *Tom Leece*, own brother to Bee's-wing, by Imp. Leviathan, out
of Black Sophia by Toppallant, 4 yrs. p.ft.
Time, 8:20—8:21. Course excessively heavy.

— *Same Course*, Friday, Jan. 15—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thomas Watson's ch. f. *Mango*, own sister to Ruby, by Emilius, out of Imp. Pickle
by Rubens, 4 yrs. *Fayette*. 1 1
Camp & Blevins' b. c. *Baywood*, by Editor, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 2 2
D. Stephenson's b. f. *Fylde*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic, 5 yrs. 3 dist.
J. Campbell's ch. h. *Wagner*, pedigree above, 6 yrs., pulled up, and. dist.
Time, 8:36—8:31. Course nearly knee deep.

— *Louisville, Ky.*, Oakland Course, Saturday, Sept 16—Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

James K. Duke's b. h. *Blacknose*, by Medoc, dam by Orphan, 5 yrs. *Gil Patrick* 2 1 1
James Shy's b. h. *Robert Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. 1 3 2
Sidney Burbridge's br. f. *Anne Innis*, by Eclipse, out of Mary Morris' dam, 3 yrs. 4 2 dr
James Simpson's ch. c. *Leg Treasurer*, by Medoc, dam by Cumberland, 4 yrs. 3 dist.
Col. Watson's (John Campbell's) ch. h. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West,
7 yrs. 5 dist.

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Third Heat.

1st mile.....	2:03	1st mile.....	2:00	1st mile.....	2:03
2d ".....	2:00	2d ".....	1:55	2d ".....	1:53
3d ".....	1:53	3d ".....	1:55	3d ".....	1:59
4th ".....	2:00	4th ".....	2:02	4th ".....	2:07

1st heat..... 7:56 2d heat..... 7:52 3d heat..... 8:02

RECAPITULATION:

1. 1837. April 8....	Lawrenceville, Va.....	Sweepstakes....	Mile heats.....	won \$ 450
2. —. April 28....	Petersburg, Va.....	Sweepstakes....	Mile heats.....	lost
3. —. Nov. 21....	Mobile, Ala.....	Post Stake.....	Two mile heats....	won 1750
4. 1835. April 3....	New Orleans, La.....	Sweepstakes....	Two mile heats....	won 2750
5. —. April 8....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 2500
6. —. Dec. 8....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 2000
7. —. Dec. 31....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	lost
8. 1839. Mar. 16....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 2000
9. —. Mar. 23....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 2000
10. —. April 2....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 2000
11. —. April 26....	Natchez, Miss.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 1200
12. —. Sept. 20....	Louisville, Ky.....	Stake and Purse	Four mile heats....	won 15000
13. —. Oct. 5....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 1500
14. —. Oct. 18....	Cincinnati, Ohio....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	won 1000
15. 1840. Oct. 2....	Nashville, Tenn....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	lost
16. 1841. Jan. 12....	Mobile, Ala.....	Sweepstakes....	Four mile heats....	lost
17. —. Jan. 15....	" " ".....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	lost
18. —. Sept. 16....	Louisville, Ky.....	Purse.....	Four mile heats....	lost

Starting eighteen times, and winning twelve races—TEN of them at FOUR MILE HEATS—winning the enormous sum of.....\$34,150

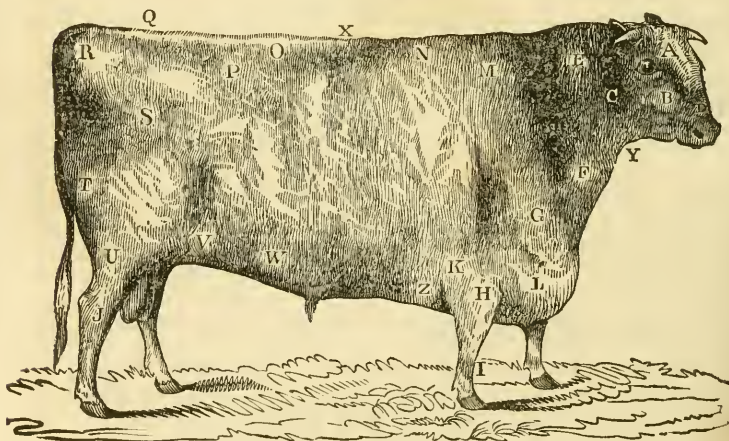
Wagner is now standing with great success in Tennessee, but at the solicitation of many Kentucky breeders, who own his stock, it is probable he will make his next season in that State. His colts are of the very highest promise, and bid fair to add new laurels to those acquired by his distinguished family.

THE POINTS OF A DURHAM BULL.

WE have the pleasure of herewith presenting to our readers the portrait of the celebrated prize bull, *Cleveland Lad*, the property of Thomas Bates, Esq., of England. We have his portrait in size to match the *Duke of Northumberland*, figured in the May number, which we shall give in our next, together with a brief description of him. For this reduced sketch, and the lettered points of the animal, we are indebted to the pencil of Francis Rotch, Esq., of Butternuts, Otsego County, in this State; quite life-like and finely it is done, too. We hope he may favor us hereafter with sketches of some of his own animals, a choice herd of which he has bred with much care and attention. In the mean while, the young breeder would do well to study this cut thoroughly, for the animal figured here excels in all essentials, and it is lettered and explained in such a manner as to give the reader a correct knowledge of the technical term of the outside parts which constitute horned cattle.

American Agriculturist.

CLEVELAND LAD.



THE PROPERTY OF THOMAS BATES, ESQ., OF ENGLAND.

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|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| A—Forehead. | N—Crops. |
| B—Face. | O—Loin. |
| C—Cheek. | P—Hip, hucks, hocks, or huckles. |
| D—Muzzle. | Q—Crupper bone, or sacrum. |
| E—Neck. | R—Rump, or pin bone. |
| F—Neck vein. | S—Round bone, thurl or whirl. |
| G—Shoulder point. | T—Buttock. |
| H—Arm. | U—Thigh, or gaskit. |
| I—Shank. | V—Flank. |
| J—Gambril, or hock. | W—Plates. |
| K—Elbow. | X—Back, or chine. |
| L—Brisket, bosom, or breast. | Y—Throat. |
| M—Shoulder. | Z—Chest. |

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the June Number of the "Turf Register," page 313.

ON RIDING A FLIGHTY HORSE IN HIS EXERCISE, AND SWEAT.

I HAVE described in the last two chapters how the boy should be ordered to ride a craving horse, and a free kind-going horse. Let us suppose the boy to have been riding different horses of the latter description, and that his temper is thereby so much improved, that he is become very cool and patient on horseback, and can ride well.

As there is another race-horse to be trained, differing in description from either of the last mentioned, and as he is to be very differently managed in his riding, I think it necessary, with a view further to instruct the boy, to point out here how such a horse should be rode.

The horse I now allude to is in every respect the very reverse of the craving one. He is delicate in his constitution, irritable and flighty in his temper, and easily alarmed, either in or out of the stables. There is nothing to be done with such a horse, but by the kindest and most gentle treatment, which I shall more accurately describe when on the subject of training such horses.

To bring the boy to ride a horse of the above description properly, the groom in giving his instructions seems to make a confidant of him, and commences his conversation in the plural number. He says—"We must mind, boy, what we are about with this horse, or we shall have him lose his temper, and if he does, neither you nor I will be able to do anything with him. You must, therefore, be very quiet on him, and go with him by yourself to such a part of the downs (naming a part well known to the boy). When you get there, let him do just what he likes, it being a strange place to him. If he chooses to stand and look about, let him do so; you can at the same time speak kindly to him, and make much of him by patting him on the neck until he moves on of his own accord. If you manage him in this way, he will not be frightened at you; but if you and he agree tolerably well, he may now and then be a little calfish: and if he should, you must not pull rashly at him, but only just sufficient to keep his head up. But whatever you do, never attempt to hit him; for if you do, it is all over, and we shall never after get any good of him."

Pursuing his remarks, the groom says—"You must not attempt to give him a gallop, until you know him well, and unless you think he is rather inclined of himself to go off into one; and even

then you had better not attempt to hold or take a pull at him. If you do, it will most likely alarm him. The best way at first will most likely be, for you to sit on him as you would on a hack, cantering along the road. In pulling him up, you must do it very gently. Having done it, let him stand to blow, till he chooses to walk away of himself; and in coming to the troughs with him, if he appears to notice them, do not force him up to them, but turn him away and walk him about until the other horses are coming up to water. He will most likely go with them to the troughs without being in the least alarmed."

The horse above described has generally good speed, but is a jade in a greater or less degree. If his temper can be preserved by gentle treatment, some little work may be got into him, which will bring him something stouter for the length he can come; or perhaps in his race he may be got to go his best pace a few strides further than usual. The groom, with a view to attain this point, will probably send him lightly clothed (or, perhaps, without any clothes at all,) over the sweating ground on the morning this is to happen. If the distance is not too far from the stables, it is very probable the groom will walk instead of riding to see the horse go over the ground. As the groom is going along, he enters into conversation with the boy, telling him how the horse is to be rode. He says,—“You must mind, boy; you know your horse is a flighty one; he may perchance make too free with himself in some part of the ground, which is what we do not want him to do. You must, therefore, let him go off his own way as quietly as possible; and if he settles at any thing like a gentle sweating pace, you must sit very still on him, drop your hands, and keep your temper; and do not, if you can any way avoid it, move your body from the first position you take. If he makes too free with the pace, do not pull at him, but be perfectly still, and let him rate himself for the length he chooses, unless you find the length he has gone is beginning to tell on him, and that he is decreasing his pace a little. If so, speak softly to him, and if you think that, without irritating him, you can get a gentle pull, try to do it so as to collect him a little, that he may finish the length (for it is hardly to be called a sweat) without being tired or flurried. If you think the pull will set him agoing again, you had better not attempt it. He must take his chance now, and, by and bye, we will try another method with him.” But, after the horse is pulled up, if the groom, on questioning the boy, finds that he and the horse have agreed tolerably well in coming so long a length, and that the horse is a good one (under the weights for his year) for the length he can come in his race, the boy must not on any account be taken from him.

ON THE PULL AND HUSTLE.

'The pull and hustle is better known to boys in racing stables who are perfect in their business, than I shall probably be able to describe it; but as it is a sort of thing (from the manner in which horses are taught and trained) that answers the purposes for which

it was intended, and as it requires to be thoroughly understood by all boys, riding gallops and sweats, I will, for the information of such of them as may be learning to ride, attempt to describe how and when this pull and hustle is to be put in practice, and how it is to be varied according to the effect which it is intended to produce on different horses. And to bring this matter more clearly before my readers, I shall again recur to some observations previously made in that part of this treatise which professes to teach a boy the art of riding.

The method adopted by a good riding boy, head lad, or jockey, in holding a horse after he has started in his gallop, is by putting his hands well down on each side of the horse's withers. By this firm purchase, he is mostly enabled to keep his horse's head up and in place; for if, in the start, the horse gets his head down, he will, if he feels inclined to do so, most probably break away or begin his gambols, and perhaps throw his rider. Yet it is not to be understood that the rider is at all times to retain this firm hold of his horse's head. When the rider finds that his horse is settled in his stride, and that he begins, as a horse sometimes will, to reach with his head for a little more liberty of rein, the rider should (to prevent the horse from changing his legs or altering his stride) gently raise his hands off his horse's withers or quietly let them slide along that part, and give him the necessary liberty without letting the reins quite loose. But if the horse makes too free with the pace, the rider is to bring his hands gradually back to their former position, and endeavor to keep the horse more collected in his stride, by now and then giving and taking in this way, as occasion may require.

As the horse is proceeding in his sweat or race, whether he reaches again with his head or not, it is necessary that the rider should occasionally have recourse to the same method of easing and pulling his horse, with a view (as has already been noticed) of keeping his mouth alive and sensible to the bit. I mean by this, that the rider is never to have what is called "a dead pull" on the animal's mouth, which, from this sort of thing, would soon become insensible to the pressure applied to it; the effect of which would be that the horse would have the pull upon the rider, and would, moreover, have the power of breaking away or bolting with the rider whenever he is so inclined. The horse, in doing this, might make too free with himself, both in the pace and length, from which he is likely to be overmarked, and get uncollected and quite abroad in his stride. In short, to use the common phrase of the stables, the horse becomes what is called a "spread eagle."

In my instructions given to the boy in riding, I have observed that although it may be necessary for him occasionally to make use of his legs and arms when riding a horse that may require his so doing, he must move his body as little as possible. But as this matter seems to call for some further explanation, it may not be out of place here to point out more fully what I mean relative to this subject.

There are a few instances in which the boy in riding is at times

necessitated to move his body from the upright position in which I have already directed he is generally to keep it; but this very much depends on the sort of horse he is riding.

The position a boy first puts himself into when he is endeavoring to set his horse on his legs to start him, either in the commencement of his gallop or sweat, is that of moving his body forward over the horse's withers or part of his neck. The horse, if he has been any time in training, knows, by this movement of his rider, that he is to get away in a gallop, which he does, if he is a kind free goer, without giving the boy the trouble of pressing his heels against his sides.

When the horse is settled in his stride, the manner of his pulling and going on with the pace will very much regulate an experienced riding boy as to the position he will keep his body in. With a horse that is not easily flurried, it becomes a matter of choice with the boy as to the position he will take: but if it be a light, flighty, irritable horse, that the boy is riding, placing his hands well down, he cannot be too still nor too long in the first position he takes, nor can he, when he has occasion to alter it, perhaps to a more upright one, be too quiet or too careful in so doing. For if a flighty horse feels any sudden alteration or movement of his rider, he either alters his stride, changes his legs, or becomes flurried, and then he begins pulling more determinedly. This must, if possible, be avoided, otherwise a flighty horse soon loses his temper, and is then of no use as a race-horse.

The horse that requires but little pulling or hustling in his exercise is the free, kind goer. He generally keeps his pace both in his gallop and sweat. It is in his race that he requires pulling or hustling, which is sometimes occasioned by his being challenged by any horse in the company he may be running in, or when the horse we are describing has arrived at that latter part of the race which is the length of rally in which he can live the whole of the way home. The jockey's orders (if the horse has not before been called upon) on arriving at this part of the course, are most likely to watch his opportunity, and to get the first effort. Having done this, with his hands raised off the horse's withers, he occasionally moves them gently up and down, and gives and takes with his reins (but they are not to be slack), pressing the horse's sides at the same time, as much as may be necessary, with the calves of his legs. Nor does a good jockey, in doing all this, ever forget to catch with his body and hands the stride of the horse. The jockey proceeds thus with his horse in the rally until he comes within a few strides of home, when, if he finds the race is rather too near to be pleasant, he gets more determinedly at his horse's head. If he is a game horse, he stabs him a few times with his spurs, then gets up his whip, and perhaps strikes the horse two or three times, if he sees occasion for it, in finishing the race, when within a stride or two of the winning-post.

The horse next to be noticed, and which is the one that requires the rider's exertions to get him along, more particularly in his sweats, is called the craving horse.

This appellation is applied to many of these horses from their being addicted to certain propensities, which are differently denominated by different training grooms, just according as they find such horses go in their gallops or sweats. They describe these by one or more of the following epithets:—a craving, idle, sluggish, sulky, heavy, hanging or lurching sort of horse. These horses seldom give themselves the trouble to swerve or go out; nor are they very apt to tire in their sweats; but some of them will shut up in them, that is, they will sulk and slacken their pace; nor can they at all times be got to struggle in a rally, unless they choose to come of themselves, however severely a rider may get at them. Whenever such horses are going to sweat, they require to be rode by boys that are in high practice in riding sweats, and that are very strong and determined on horseback.

To describe how this sort of horse is to be pulled and hustled, so as to get him along, let us suppose half a dozen horses sweating together, an idle, craving horse, with a good riding boy on him, being in front to lead them. The usual orders being given to the boy how he is to proceed with the pace as soon as the horses are got well away, the boy leading them with the craving horse soon finds he has to get at his horse's head by giving him a pull or two to get his head well up and in place, and to press him with his legs to keep him going. Thus the boy goes on until he comes to that part of the ground at which he is ordered to rate his horse a little faster, or to come home with him at the usual pace.

To assist in urging the craving horse on, it is likely that one or two of the boys have received orders to come with the horses they are riding in the sweat up to the craving horse's girths, and occasionally to challenge him; or the groom may have ordered a horse stripped to come with the craving one from this part of the ground home. Which ever of these orders is given is not very material. It is from this part of the ground to the end of the sweat, that this pull and hustle is often had recourse to, to keep a craving horse going. The boy, firm and well down in his saddle, his body upright, his feet rather forward, with his hands raised, and a fast hold of his reins, sits thus cool and determined, keeping his horse's head up and in place; and as occasion may require, he moves his hands quickly up and down, now and then giving and taking with his reins. If necessary, he twists or crosses his hands over to the right or left of the horse's withers, just as he finds him inclined to hang either to the one side or the other. In this way, the boy can mostly get the horse off his hanging, and when he has succeeded in getting him to go straight, he then pulls and hustles him along, and having thereby roused him into the pace he is ordered to go, keeps him at it.

The boy presses the horse with the calves of his legs, and now and then he throws his heels quickly back with all his force against the horse's sides; at the same time, he is very likely to get up his ash plant and flourish it near the horse's head or over his own; or, if necessary, he drops it smartly down upon his horse's shoulders or under his belly. The boy then gets again at

his horse's head, takes a pull, and gives him three or four good hustles. In this way, by pulling, hustling, and twisting, the boy, I may say, as it were, lifts the horse along at every stride. If the boy finds, that notwithstanding this exertion, which sometimes exhausts his patience and temper, he cannot succeed in sufficiently rousing his horse, he will then have recourse to some such rough expression as "Come," or "Go along, you brute," to intimidate and urge him on in finishing his sweat.

This is the manner in which a craving, idle, sulky horse is pulled or hustled, in order to get him at his best pace in concluding either his gallop, sweat, or race. In the language of the stable, this is called "getting at a horse, or setting-to with him for the rally he can live in;" and although the boy who has to ride a horse of this description must, in his exertions, use his hands, arms, legs, feet, and occasionally turn his head, with all his limbs in action at one and the same moment, yet he should be well down in his saddle, nor should his body move more than can possibly be avoided.

I am aware, from experience, that riding such craving horses in their sweats is much more easily talked about than done. Indeed it is very laborious to keep some of them going, and to rate them properly for the lengths they have to come on those occasions. Such horses require to have on them boys that are not only in high practice in riding, but strong and determined on horseback. It is by no means a difficult task to learn how to make the exertions I have here mentioned, and to which all good riding boys are obliged to have recourse in urging such idle horses on. The youngest boy in the stable, from the directions of the head lad or training groom, together with the observations he makes on what he sees good riding boys do, soon becomes acquainted with this pull and hustle, so much so that many of the boys are too apt, unless they are checked, to display their abilities in this way by practising this sort of riding in concluding the gallops and sweats, with horses which by no means require to be thus treated. These are precautions and instructions which I think it is necessary grooms should give their boys, with a view of bringing them to ride properly and agreeably to their orders. The directions I have here laid down, are such as I myself received when a boy. It is the different orders daily given by experienced training grooms how various horses are to be rode in their gallops and sweats, that instil into the minds of the boys who are riding them, the practical knowledge of good riding. It is not riding a race now and then that will make either a boy or a man a good jockey, or many gentlemen would become very excellent riders.

An exercise boy, when put up to ride in a race (unless the groom is a bad judge) is, in all probability, as good a rider as he ever will be: and for the horse he is going to ride, he may be, with very few exceptions, equal to any jockey in the race. I shall take a more favorable opportunity than is offered at the conclusion of the present chapter, of making some few remarks upon those who form these few exceptions.

TRAINING DOGS FOR THE GUN.

BY AN A. M. OF CAMBRIDGE.

THE old system of "dog breaking," according to which it was customary to sally forth with a prodigious whip, the check collar, the spiked collar, the puzzle-peg, or any of these *sine-quâ-nons* of the profession, is, I believe, very much exploded. Still, however, many good dogs are literally *broken* by those tyrants of the species, who seem to think that nothing can be made of them without the utmost severity, and the most unmerciful flagellation. Indeed, I know keepers, excellent in every other department of their calling, who are absolutely sorry when a puppy under their care is of such a timid disposition, though, in other respects, as regards nose, hunt, &c., most promising, that they dare not, as they say, lay a whip upon it.

How I hate to see the constrained manner of hunting of some of these "well broken" dogs! "Quartering" to perfection—"downing" at the least signal, for which they are always more on the outlook than to find game. This is just, however, what a keeper (no doubt in perfect keeping with his character as *preserver* of game), is most anxious about; for, if a dog is only "broken" to the usual points, however deficient in finding game, his reputation as a "breaker" is, at least, secure. But a dog may canter along at a very creditable pace, and set steady enough, too, on game, that, naturally having all the qualifications of a good dog and a keen hunter, may yet have been drubbed into having little real hunt in him; for there are many gradations in the scale of deterioration before a dog has been cowed into that last hopeless state of intimidation which produces "blinking."

The dog to find game, however, is he that will hunt freely in the field, and that is not petted and worried, hunting always under the dread of a persecuting master. Now, not only is this not incompatible with having dogs under the best subjection, but that it is the easiest method of training them I have abundantly proved from my own experience.

I was first induced to pay some attention to the training of dogs, from having had a very timid one which hunted with me uncommonly well after having been given over, as hopeless, by a first-rate "breaker." To do the keeper justice, if he could not *train*, he was determined, at least, not to *break* the dog, for he was returned to me completely untrained in every respect, except that he pointed steadily enough, which, I believe, he would naturally have done. As might have been expected, his style of hunting was never such as would have been generally approved of, or as I am convinced I could now make it if I had the same sort of dog to train, at the age when he was entrusted to the duke's keeper. However, he always found me abundance of game; by degrees we got thoroughly

to understand one another, and, taking him for everything, I never had, and I despair of ever having his like again. I feel a pleasure in paying this tribute to his memory, when there are no jealous ears to hear—none to say that it is partiality that sounds his praises. I was never satisfied with my shooting, if Don was not one of my companions; and, with him, seldom indeed I returned without a tolerably full bag. Well do I remember his ungainly, but peculiar point. Handsome it certainly could not be called, but for me there was more charm in it than the most picturesque point of any other dog. It never deceived; and, when watching his nose as he stood crouching, half curled round a bush of heather, I could generally tell the very spot where the birds would rise.

The few hints which I will now offer to the young sportsman (*"indocti discant et ament memenissee periti"*) I would premise with a single observation. It is only by the patient repetition of the same thing that a dog is confirmed in those habits which you wish him to retain; for the trainer must ever bear in mind (as the Highlander would say of his "colly") that a young dog cannot *speake* English. Whoever, in short, attempts the art who is totally devoid of all the properties of animal magnetism (not *mesmerism*!), however skilled he may be in the most approved method of training dogs, will undoubtedly be an unsuccessful trainer.

A dog, from his earliest years, should be taught obedience to the call, and there is only one other lesson—to "down"—which I would teach him, before commencing his regular training, to make him steady on game. He is taught to "down," of course, by means of the cord, in the usual way, which, I suppose, it is almost unnecessary to describe. The cord may be from fifteen to twenty yards long, with a peg at the end of it, which is driven into the ground, where the dog is made to lie down. As often as he moves, he must be led back, and "downed" at the peg till he will lie quite still, and let you go where you please without attempting to follow. All harshness must be avoided, and the whip discarded, in these initiatory lessons. When a puppy is nine or ten months old, it is quite soon enough to begin his regular training on game. I disapprove of the practice of taking an old dog out with young ones, as it is apt to make them trust to him, and not hunt independently. The trash cord, of from twenty to forty yards, as there may be occasion, should be put on at the very first; for if the puppy has been allowed to range at large till six or seven months old, there is no occasion to allow him to hunt at liberty for a while to confirm him in ranging, and I think it much better that a pointer or setter should never be allowed to chase from the time when one fairly sets about making him steady on game. If you perceive the dog winding game, lay hold of the end of the cord, and keep him steady for a while, calling "*soho*" in an underbreath, as if you were afraid of putting it up. When you have kept him long enough smelling it, lead him gently on, patting him, and calling "hold up," also in an underbreath, but when once in motion encourage him to proceed *without a stop*,* direct up to the birds.

*More shots are lost from dogs not going *smartly*, and *directly* up to the birds, than in any other way. This over steadiness is generally owing to the "breaking."

Put on an air of keenness yourself, and not of total indifference, as "breakers" generally do, when *there is no shooting going on*, and walk up to the game as if you were treading on egg-shells. The dog, by such means, will not only be confirmed in his keenness for birds, but will be doubly cautious not to put them up. There is a great deal of imitation in a dog; besides, he will look upon you more as an assistant in putting up the game, and will not have the same inclination to hunt away from you, which dogs generally have who experience nothing but ill-treatment when they find game. When the birds spring, the dog will probably pursue, at first. Let him run the length of the cord, and check him with a jerk, more or less severe, according to his disposition. Then bring him up to the place where he should have remained, and repeat just the lesson of "downing," at the same time calling out "war wing." If this discipline should not have the desired effect, after several repetitions (and I never found it to fail), you may give him a little of the whip, *but in moderation*. You must now pat the dog, and take him cautiously up to the place where the birds rose, and when you are satisfied that there are no more remaining, don't allow him to trifle on the old scent, but show him, *by your manner*, that the game is gone, and hunt him off again to seek for more. Every bird that springs, whether the dog points or not, he should be made to "down" instantly; and by so doing you will both make him steadier, and less apt to put up any birds that may be remaining.

The dog must be taught to quarter his ground. There is no difficulty in making him do this, though I have met with very few that do so properly. The great point is to keep him, at first, rather too near you, and if obedient to the call he will be easily waved backwards and forwards as you want. But always incline and walk a step or two in the direction you wish him to go. If the dog has a habit of turning inwards in quartering, you must advance a few paces quickly towards him, before you call to him to turn: and, on the contrary, if he goes too fast out, you must turn back a little when you call to him. But if he goes straight away, without quartering at all, you must "down" him; and if you cannot manage to keep him near you by waving him about, lay hold of the line, and try and teach him what he is to do. Of course you must always give a young dog the wind.*

Be very cautious not to call a dog, if you think he may be winding game, but, in that case, let him go out as far as he likes; it requires, however, a little discrimination, frequently, to know whether it is the scent of game that is leading him away, or not. If there is any chance of his having a scent of game, I would rather not insist on his obeying the call, and check him afterwards, if I found that it was only waywardness.

If a dog is not inclined to "back," you must take him to the place where he ought to have "backed," repeat the lesson of "downing," and then take him cautiously up to the game, or where it rose. The dog that gets the point should always take it up. If

* An old dog soon learns the method of hunting down wind—to go straight away and hunt back to you with the wind in his face.

a dog is given to false point, or set larks, try to ascertain if there is any difference in its point in such cases from its point on game. There generally is, either in a slight motion of the tail, or in the eagerness of the dog, or in something or other in its appearance that you may detect by observation. If you have reason to think that he has not got game, edge him on in a dissatisfied manner, calling to him—"hold up, stupid," or some such phrase. The general method of keepers is not to allow a dog to move when he once points, under any circumstances, till they have come forward in state with the other dog "backing," and then, if a lark gets up, to abuse the dog most lustily, or give him a kick or a cuff for his pains. The effect of such treatment is, obviously, to make a dog doubly steady on a lark the next time he falls in with one; and if, as is most likely, the keeper is doubly incensed at him, the consequence will certainly be that the dog will get a confirmed habit of false pointing or *pottering*, which the keeper will tell you is a "natural defect," that he has been at great pains to break him of.

Never fire over a young dog *before the shooting season*, without killing game, when it will be at your own risk if you kill an old cock bird to encourage him. If you wish to accustom him to the report of a gun, fire a shot occasionally over him at feed, which will have the desired effect.

To learn a young dog to "seek dead," take him to every bird you kill, calling "seek dead." If the bird falls at some distance from you, be sure to mark the *exact spot*, if you can, by some stick or stone, or bush of heather, or patch of rushes, or inequality of the ground, or any mark that you can know *accurately* the spot by when you approach it, for the appearance of the ground when near is very different from its appearance when viewed at a distance. Keep the dog in till pretty near the spot, and then be sure to give him the wind, keeping him within six or eight yards of you, and calling, as before, "seek dead." If a young dog gets restless or unwilling to work so near, you may put the line on till he gets to understand what you are about. A bird falling dead is much more difficult to find than a winged bird, or any other that you may have marked, which generally runs some distance after lighting, and so the dog comes more readily on the scent of it. You must, then, have patience with the puppy in such cases, and, if possible, contrive to get the first two or three dead birds for *the sake of your dog*. No doubt it is a great bore, on every account, to lose a bird (and I should be inclined to blame your own bad marking rather than the dog for the failure), yet always recollect that it is only making matters worse to *lose your temper*. Never be too severe on young dogs for running hares. Many people, who are not addicted to over severity, will lash them unmercifully for this practice. Independent of the risk of spoiling your dog, there is little use in doing so. If you are only in the habit of finding a hare occasionally, lash as you please the dog will chase, unless he is a "cowed" beast, and *without the whip* I would undertake to break any dog off them, where hares are plentiful. You have only to shoot other game to him, and never fire at a hare, but rate the dog if he offers

to chase or but looks at one, and he will very soon become quite as indifferent to them as you could wish. I have broken spaniels and terriers in this way, by shooting nothing but pheasants, woodcocks, and rabbits to them, that they might be taken through a preserve full of hares, and never look at one, though abundantly keen on rabbits. If you shoot hares to a pointer or setter, you should be cautious not to let them retrieve any broken-legged ones, or you will have all your work to begin again.

As an instance of what may be made of a couple of dogs, if constantly shot over by the same person, and taken proper care of, I have shot over a couple that would run a hare or not, as they were told, would beat a covert like cockers, would retrieve a winged pheasant or partridge, and at the same time be as steady on game as possible, and hunt as freely as dogs could do in open ground. They always looked for the signal to pursue, and never moved till permitted. This shows what perfection "dog-breaking" may be brought to, but in general I should rather advise the use of a proper dog for retrieving.

Never keep holloaing and whistling to your dog, as if you were scaring crows off a corn-field. If sure that he must have heard the call, don't repeat it, but, if he does not obey, bring him up as soon as you can, "down" him, whistle into his ear, and give it a slight admonitory tug or two, calling sharply, "come then when called." Experience will soon teach him that no act of disobedience is passed over, and you will thus be not only saved a great deal of unnecessary trouble, but will be also saved the mortification of seeing birds, which might otherwise have sat quite tame, frightened away by your own noise. The whistle will not alarm any animal nearly so much as the human voice, but I greatly prefer making a dog work as much as possible by signal, to calling to him in any way. Animals are astonishingly quick in comprehending signals. How is it that those "learned" pigs, horses, &c., which are exhibited to the public, perform such apparently surprising feats of intelligence, telling the hour on any one's watch, making wonderful calculations on cards, &c. There is no doubt that it is all done by signal; but the most extraordinary part of the performance is, that they alone should have the quickness to perceive a signal, when, by the strictest observation, no one of the company can detect the slightest motion of the showman by which the signal is conveyed. But signals can only be taught a dog (as I before observed) by the patient repetition of the same thing. If you were teaching a boy by signs, how apt would he be to forget them! But with a dog you have not the medium of language to assist you. Dogs, no doubt, soon learn the different expressions of the human face, will cower under a frown, or frisk about if they see you are pleased—but don't suppose that this has been picked up by intuition, for they probably have seen the same frown repeated a hundred times since they spoiled the first pair of white trousers by leaping up on them.

Cockers and retrievers are also trained by means of the cord, and the latter should be well taught to lie back, which is some-

times necessary in wildfowl shooting. The training of retrievers, as they are not allowed to range, is anything but calculated to encourage them to persevere on the track of wounded game. The only remedy for this is to lay the young retriever on the track of any game you may see, and encourage him to run it up. There is no better practice than an old cock pheasant; you hear, by his rising, if the dog has succeeded, when he should instantly return to heel, for it is quite inadmissible for a retriever to range.*

The best nosed dog is not always the cleverest in recovering a lost scent, or in tracking correctly over ground where the scent is necessarily very various. A cunning dog will pursue from a warmer to a colder scent freely, when another, with a superior nose, may be puzzled or thrown out altogether. Now a trainer may be of great assistance to a young retriever in this particular; for instance, in crossing a dry road, a young dog is very apt to be thrown out; he should, therefore, be practised with a trial over roads, till he will dash across, and use his diligence to pick up the scent on the other side. Crossing a stream is still more puzzling, from the scent being carried down with the water. I will only further observe, that the bungling trainer is always passing over petty faults, and thus encouraging a dog to commit them, but is every now and then unmercifully severe. For instance, a pointer or setter mouths twenty times without correction, but because he tears a bird on an occasion he is astonished by some unmerciful visitation; whereas, the great secret of having dogs under the best command is never to pass over a single fault, and never to chastise with severity or in anger.

* It is curious the aversion which some dogs have for woodcocks. The sportsman need not be disappointed if his young retriever will not mouth one at first, for no doubt he will soon get keen enough on them. Few dogs will eat either a woodcock or snipe, which is the more surprising, as reynard is particularly fond of such dainties, the remains of which I have found in abundance, when digging out his kennel.

London Sporting Review for May, 1843.

WOLF HUNTING IN ILLINOIS.

WE give the following extract of a letter from a sporting friend. It is very characteristic, and we doubt not will be read with relish:

"The recent snows have enabled us to walk into the wolves like showers in April. About twenty were killed in this neighborhood, though being absent most of the time, I enjoyed the pleasure of making only one bite the snow.

"Early one morning last week, from the top of my corn-crib, I saw an old fellow slyly making his way through a field not far distant. I hastily bestrode a stout carriage horse, and was in so much of a hurry, that I forgot to put on the saddle. The little greyhound pups, only six months old, thought something was in

the wind so early in the morning, and followed, floundering in the snow-drifts, with a right good will, but at a rather long distance. Mr. Wolf soon found that he must make tracks from the cornfield, and lose his breakfast or his bacon. He whisked his tail, bid me good morning in haste, and broke for all timber. I followed as fast as whipping and kicking and hallooing could make old Jack carry me over fences, through sloughs, up hills, and down snow-drifts. Wolf, finding he was to have close company, and thinking it too early in the day to be sociable, put through every cornfield, hollow, hill, and hazel patch that lay in his way, and when they were not in his way, he made way to them; but old Jack had, in the Fall, found out that a good staked and ridged fence could be leaped, when green corn was within it, and with a little persuasion soon took the fences like a trump, and the drifts and hazel thickets he cared not a scratch for.

"After a brisk chase of three miles, the wolf began to hang down his signal of distress, and soon surrendered in a snow-bank. A slight blow with the whip made him shut his shiners (wolves know well how to play "possum"), and I yelled over him in triumph for a quarter of an hour. The little pups, like game fellows, came howling along through the snow as if the devil was after them, or they after the devil; they pitched right into the wolf, who soon waked up, and such a fight as they had you seldom see. As fast as he would bite one pup, he would run off and bel-low like a coward, and another would take his place. By the aid of a butt-ender or two from my whip, they at last stretched him out; and, throwing him on the withers of my horse, I put for home in a very good humor with my morning's work. But the next day, a certain man's seat of honor—maybe it wasn't sore. Bless your heart, that "Withers' plaister" of yours, which would draw a blister on a mile stone, was no more to compare to it than a calomel to No. 6 of a steam doctor.

Yours truly, J. G.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE DERBY FAVORITES.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

It may be considered somewhat presumptuous in me at this remote period to direct especial attention to the coming Derby, but *custom* breaks through my diffidence, and I will a plain unvarnished statement make of my opinion respecting the different chances of the favorites for the Great Epsom Race. To judge at the moment I am writing, I should say that the field will be *numerically weak*; that the Newmarket horses, with scarcely an exception, are singularly moderate; and that the country trainers rarely have experienced a better chance of winning "the race of all races." Of course, I do not include the great Northern stable in the "country

lots;" that, to write geographically, is "a town and county of itself," and is always *well* represented.

Of Scott's lot, three now seem tolerably firm in the market; viz. Cotherstone, Parthian, and the Progress colt. I have often told my readers to be very cautious about being too sanguine in forming hasty opinions on the running of two-year-olds, and this season shows the necessity of adopting my suggestion; for last year *Cotherstone* could hardly make a race with the most moderate youngsters at Newmarket, whilst now, according to the calculation of a keen Newmarket *leg*, he is a *dozen pounds* better than anything at that grand emporium of racing. There is no doubt that the Riddlesworth and Column Stakes were won in the easiest style imaginable, and I cannot see what will prevent Mr. Bowes's *crack* from carrying off the 2000 guineas in a similar easy manner, for the field is miserably bad, to judge from the horses at all likely to start. Still, admitting all this, I must call to mind the vast difference between the short flat Newmarket courses and the dreadfully severe mile and a half at Epsom. Many of my readers may recollect Patron in 1829, who, after cutting down in the most superior manner all the best three-year-olds at Newmarket over the Mile courses, was beaten into fits by old Forth's two horses for the Derby—in fact, the hill beat him hollow. Then again we have examples in Riddlesworth, Ibrahim, Rat-trap, Ralph, *cum multis aliis*, to prove that the *crack* mile Newmarket horses are not always safe to be backed for the Derby. Of course there are exceptions, such as in the cases of Priam, Plenipotentiary, and Bay Middleton; but these proved themselves *afterwards* to be horses of a very high character. I merely mention these instances to attempt to prove the folly of taking 4 to 1 *a month before the day about any horse*, and the more particularly one from the numerous lot of Scott's. A very excellent Northern judge informed me the other day that *Parthian* was the most Derby-like horse of the Malton establishment. This horse has been backed in the Manchester market to win a very large Stake; as has also the *Progress colt*, one of the neatest goers ever seen. Subsequent events will prove, but for my part I do not think it wise to be too sweet about the 4 to 1 about Cotherstone.

A British Yeoman is unquestionably a Derby colt all over. His performances at two years proved him to be a good and honest creature, with great speed; but Report (sometimes a liar) says that he is very backward in training; if so, his chance at Epsom will be but a poor one, for condition is perhaps more required to run the Derby Course than on any other in the kingdom. A British Yeoman's splendid race with the celebrated Maria Day for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster will not be easily forgotten. All I can say is, if this colt comes to the post well on the day, I would as soon stand my money on him as on anything in the great race. There is one advantage: Sim Templeman is pretty certain to ride; and I know of few jocks whom I would rather have up in a race of moment than Sim; he is admirable in a crowd.

Notwithstanding what has occurred, I am by no means disposed to admit that Colonel Peel's chance *is quite out*. The fact is, the gallant Colonel, clever as he unquestionably is, thinks too much about speed, and consequently "short trials" are all the *go* in Cooper's stable. Every one must remember how Sea-Horse ran himself into fame last year when he had anything like a distance to go, much to the surprise of his immediate party. I feel pretty certain that the gallant Colonel will be in better odor on the day with his favorite than he stands at present. Slane was always an uncertain runner, and I fancy his son *Murat* takes after him. Depend upon it, this horse will see a better day.

I think Sir Gilbert Heathcote will not be a *very* long way in the rear on the great and important day, and *if Amorino be seven pounds better* than Sirikol, and if (if again?) Maccabeus's trials were of the superior order described by the Stockbridge people, then I say, what can beat Amorino for the Derby? People are too apt to try their youngsters *favorably*.

I do not think *Aristides'* chance to be a good one; his defeat at Doncaster by Napier more than set aside his victory at Goodwood. I am also strongly, and with reason too, prejudiced against his blood. If this horse should win the Derby, there will be the "Devil to pay," and no mistake. They tell me that Dawson is very *fond*; so he *was* of Pompey.

I have a great inclination to advise my readers to throw away a few *fives* and *tens* about *Newcourt*. He is the property of a Gentleman who runs more for fame than profit, is trained by Mr. Jones, a very skilful professor, and is one of the finest sons of the famed Sir Hercules. Newcourt's running last season was very good, although I have reason to know that at no period of the year was he quite up to the mark. His race at Chester (the only time he was beaten), when he ran second to Maria Day, beating Colin Clink and a large field, proved him to be a "top-sawyer" amongst the two-year-olds, and I certainly expect to see him *very forward* on the 31st.

Notwithstanding all the bearing up about *Maccabeus*, he can have little or no chance for the Derby. It is easy enough for an enterprising party with a little *tact* to force a horse upon a "good-natured public;" but making the animal *win* is another question. Sir Gilbert Heathcote's lot must make Maccabeus *safe*, or there's no truth in public running.

One of the most *dangerous* colts in the Stake to stand the shot against is Mr. Bell's *Winesour*. This colt ran amazingly well last season, although notoriously unfit. His beating A British Yeoman proved him to be a superior two-year-old. I may as well hint here that Mr. Bell has another Derby colt called *Blackdrop*, about whom report "tells a flattering tale;" therefore, to prevent *mistakes* and disappointments, I say, back them together. Heseltine's stable is always a bad one to be heavily against.

Kent's lot consists of *Caper* and *Cornopeon*. Of these I entertain but a mean opinion. Gaper's running for the Criterion tells us that he had a good turn of speed; and his two Spring New-

market races—the first particularly—proved him to be in high force. Of Cornopeon I can only say, that unless he be most wonderfully improved since last Goodwood Meeting, his chance is as remote as remote can be. The 2000 guineas Stakes will test the merits of his capabilities. Should he beat the Northern *crack*, oh crickey!

Two or three *real* knowing ones have put the pot on to some tune about *Gamecock*, the property of Mr. Taylor, of Bretby, and in consequence the said *Gamecock* figures now in the first class of the favorites. The Knight-of-the-Whistle (*Gamecock's* trial horse) winning so cleverly at Croxton Park was no doubt the actual cause of *Gamecock's* advancement; but it is always hazardous to be too nutty on horses about which you only know by report—the colt's blood is good enough to win.

The *Languish Colt* may run well, but his race at Chester will enable his backers to see which way the cat is likely to jump.

In conclusion, I must say, that I stand upon A British Yeoman (*if well*), Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Newcourt, and Winesour.

As Scott's lot is enveloped in so much darkness, it is impossible to say what changes may occur during the little month; but I should not be surprised to find Parthian a rattling favorite on the day.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for May, 1843.

HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE.

THE death of the Duke of Orleans was expected, not only by the English residents, but even by the sportsmen of France itself, to prove a most disastrous event to French sporting in general and to the breed of race-horses in particular: nay, it was even predicted that it would be the complete and irremediable overthrow of sport and of the Turf among our lively neighbors. But it seems, and we have pleasure in stating the fact, that this impression was too desponding; for although it is undeniable that the loss of the spirited and amiable Prince Royal was a heavy blow and a great discouragement to sport, and especially to racing in France, every thing is to be done that can be accomplished by the Government, the Duke de Nemours, the Jockey Club of Paris, and by the most distinguished of the French Sportsmen, not only to keep up but to extend the love of sport among the people, and, as a necessary consequence, to improve the breed of horses. For this purpose the prizes that are to be contended for at the Paris races on the Champ de Mars, at Chantilly, and at several of the provincial courses, are not only more numerous, but greater in amount (varying from one thousand to five thousand francs, with various contin-

gent advantages) than they have been in past years. Great attention is also to be paid to the breeding and training of horses; and hopes are entertained, from the prospects that are now and are yet to be held out, that some of the leading members of the Turf in this country will allow their horses to race in France, or even transfer their studs to that Kingdom. Perhaps these expectations are a little too sanguine: but the mere fact of their being entertained at all shows that the sportsmen of France are really in earnest in their efforts to establish a manly amusement in their country, and to obtain a valuable race of horses.

Undoubtedly sporting, and more especially horse-racing, will never be in France what it is in England, the tastes and habits of the people being fixed on matters of a different kind; but it may be made to approach to it, and the breed of horses in time may become *almost* equal to ours. Much, however, remains to be done before this desirable result can be attained. The measures in progress, chiefly under the control of the Government and the leading sportsmen, are good enough, being for the most part the purchase of thorough-bred horses, no matter at what expense.—(*Par parenthese*, the list of full-blooded stallions, English and Arabian, now scattered in the different dépôts in France, would, it is fancied, rather startle the English reader, it is so very long, and contains the names of such magnificent animals.)—But we repeat, more, much more must be undertaken before the Turf in France will stand very high in the estimation of English sportsmen; that is to say, in other words, before it will possess a tolerable degree of excellence. We have no inclination to occupy the pages of *Maga* by throwing out any of the hundred suggestions that crowd upon the mind; but we will just ask why, in the name of heaven, the Jockey Club of Paris permit the use of such a rascally course as that of the Champ de Mars? It is hard, stony, gravelly—ten times worse than a Macadamized road: there is no footing for the poor horses, and they slip about at an awful rate, whilst, if the weather be dry, they are half stifled with dust; if it be wet, they are almost knee-deep in mud. It is folly to expect good racing on such a ground as this—nay, it is more, for it is cruel and dangerous both to the horse and to the jockey.

An impression prevails, we hear, in some of the sporting circles in Paris, that the sportsmen of England are either jealous of or contemptuously indifferent to sporting matters in France. It is desirable that this notion, as it is a mistaken one, should be dissipated. Heaven knows, our sportsmen are not *jealous* of the doings of their brethren in France. Why should they be? And as to the charge of being contemptuously indifferent, it is sufficiently rebutted by the fact that frequent notices of French sport have appeared in good old *Maga*, and in some of her contemporaries. Besides, it is impossible that sportsmen can be indifferent to matters in which so many of their countrymen are engaged; and knowing, as we do, that *the Magazine* has a large circle of readers among our countrymen in France, and among French sportsmen

themselves, for their sakes alone we cannot feel indifferent to those sporting matters to which they devote their attention.

REDCOAT.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for May, 1843.

NOTES OF A SPORTING ADJUTANT.

“So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

“His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.”

COWPER.

THE world—the sporting world—if it knew me, would smile at my writing on fox-hunting. I, who am neither horseman, nor hunter; nevertheless, gentlemen, I *have* ridden, and I will relate an anecdote of my horsemanship. It was in the year 1837. On the 26th of November, as the poet says:—

“I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses——”

I was quartered in the Island of Barbadoes, in what are called the Brick Barracks, at St. Ann's. The Seringapatam, a large man of war, had anchored that very morning in Carlisle Bay, and this, as you may well imagine, caused some little more excitement there, than if the same ship had anchored at Spithead, or in Plymouth Sound. My Colonel proposed to me, that we should ride down to the beach—go on board—and ask the officers to dine with us. Accordingly I borrowed a black mare from a brother officer, and we started. To our right was a large parade ground, or savanna, at the further extremity of which was the main guard. It happened unfortunately for me, to flash across the mind of my Colonel, that he was the Field-Officer of the Day, and must needs visit this guard, so he dashed spurs into his horse, and galloped across the plain, with myself valiantly riding at the same rate by his side. The guard had turned out, and was presenting arms. The gallery of the large stone barracks on the left was crowded with officers of my own, and two other regiments then in the Island. Just at this moment, with my red jacket, my sword, and my forage cap, in all the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” with my chief at my side, “Earl Percy sees my fall;”—at this very moment, my black mare came to a full stop, lowered her head between her forelegs, and in a most unladylike manner, throwing her hind legs up to the skies, tumbled me over her head; where I

was awakened to consciousness by a grinning black rascal lifting me up, and asking if Massa was hurt, amid shouts of laughter from my unbrotherly brother officers. They would have it it was my bad horsemanship, though I tried hard to persuade them to the contrary. I said it was the mare, 'twas the corn, (or the corn-laws, I forget which), 'twas the climate, 'twas the saddle. Just as I have somewhere read, when a man has a headache in the morning after "potations pottle deep"—it is the oysters, it is the kidney, it is the grilled turkey, but it is never *the wine*.

Will you have another specimen of my riding? I think it was in the following year, that I was quartered at Fredericton, in Canada. I went out for a ride on a chesnut horse of my own, with a brother officer, Captain H——. We got on a long narrow bit of turf, with high fences on each side, and so for a gallop.

" Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind."

At the end of the turf was a fence which not England's boldest fox-hunter could get over, and which America alone, so abundant in timber, can produce. There was a sharp turning to the left, where we might, could, would, or should have gone, but our horses came from full speed to a dead halt, and over I went, I got on my legs, immediately, looking excessively sheepish, and was very much surprised to see that H—— had dismounted, and as I thought in a most incredibly short time. "Hollo! old fellow, you have got off devilish quick," I exclaimed, thinking he looked rather grave, when I expected to see him laughing at me. "Not faster than you, old chap," replied Captain H——. "Why, I fell," I rejoined; "and so did I," said the Captain. We had simultaneously come to the ground, and neither knew that the other had fallen, but thought he had dismounted, and expected to see him laughing at him. Of course this was a good joke for the mess, and there was a merry laugh at our expense that evening.

But still, Mr. Editor, you will say that being thrown over the head of an old horse, in Canada, and, as Sam Weller would have it, *making a picter card* of yourself in Barbadoes, though establishing the fact that you have been on a horse, does not make you a horseman. Nor has it anything to do with fox-hunting, nor does it entitle you to scribble in the N. S. M. Have patience, my dear fellow, and I will prove to you that I am actually a fox-hunter.

"When I was quartered at Plymouth, Devon, I used to hunt with Mr. Bulteel's hounds." This I say to my sporting acquaintance. And when I want to loom *very large*, I say, "When I was in Devonshire, I used to hunt with *Bulteel's* hounds." It sounds flash and familiar. But to thee, reader, who art a good fellow, I have no doubt—to thee I will tell the honest truth, and give the true history of my one day's hunting with Mr. Bulteel's hounds. It was in February 1841. I was Dept. Adjutant, and the Adjutant's charger doffed his trappings, and was turned into a hunter for the day. He had his saddle, and his bridle, and he was all

right. But how to equip *myself*! My poor father's old cords were too large for me, and his tops had long been eaten up by the mice. "So comment faire?" Your rich man is but a dull fellow; but let the same individual be deprived of his acres, or his gold, and you will see what a smart chap he will become. My eye caught sight of an old pea-jacket, hanging on a peg in my Barrack room. "The very thing," thinks I, "and a blue neckcloth will look superlative." This with a pair of long gaiters that came up to my thighs, and my Adjutant's spurs completed my sporting dress, and I started for the meet.

The hounds met at Meavy Bridge on that day. I fell in with a sportsman on the road, also bound for the cover side. We entered into conversation. He had a likely-looking horse, which he commenced praising, and then glanced at mine. "Irish," I said. "Ha!" he exclaimed. "The Devil over a stone wall, topping it, as he goes." "Hem!"

At last we reached the cover. There were the top sawyers, with their gallant nags, all in perfect fox-hunting costume. There was Major D—— of my own Regiment on his bay horse, tops, buckskins, and pink, looking as if he did not half like acknowledging such a snob as myself, and all eyeing me suspiciously. Thinks I to myself, "Never mind, *I ride* my own *hanimal*, there's no pride about me." The hounds were in cover but found no fox, so they *harked off*, or whatever the sporting expression is, to another in a deep valley. There stood the field, for an immense length of time, looking at a fox running from one earth to another, and then being unearthed by the terriers. It was very cold, and the pea-jacket told then.

We did at last get off with a fox, and I really thought my pluck and my steed were going to be put to the test. But reynard was not to be done. He got into another earth again, and the valley was abandoned, and they went away to try another cover. Here I lost my way for some time, or rather lost the hounds, for owing to my ignorance of the country, I did not know how to get across the valley, and I followed in the wake of a sporting-looking chap, who I found belonged to another country, and was as ignorant as myself. However we found them again, and I being looked shy upon, by the Dons, commenced talking to a groom, whom I found was Mr. Bulteel's.

The day wore on, cover after cover was tried in vain. Occasionally the beautiful note of some single fox-hound would gladden our hearts, and raise hopes which were not to be fulfilled. We had no run that day. Evening closed in, and found me a long way from, not home, for I have no home, but my barrack room, which did duty as such for want of a better. There was a vast moor before me, which I was rashly going to steer across alone, in search of Plymouth, when a pink-coat, who had waxed kind to pea-jacket, told me that if I did not know the country, the chances were I should never arrive that night, and recommended me to keep by some men who were going that way. I did, and at last reached Devonport with my jaded steed, between seven and eight o'clock.

All my comrades had dined early, and were gone to Charles Kean's benefit at the theatre, with the exception of a wild young Irish Ensign, who was sporting mad. Somewhere about that year, historians say—monomania first broke out in England. With him I sat down to dinner, discussed a bottle of humble port, and spun my yarn. And so ended my day's fox hunting.

When that merry fellow, Harry Lorrequer, was told he must have been in the army, to know and write so much about our pranks and vagabond life, he said, "No, I was not, but my father was in the North Cork Militia, and that is the same thing." If there be still any disaffected, who say I am no sportsman, no fox-hunter, I will silence them in like manner. "Sure and wasn't my father a master of fox-hounds? And doesn't *that* make me a fox-hunter?"

Now, Mr. Editor, I have in my mind's eye, a *sporting tour*, and it shall be *à pied* with my knapsack on my back, and my little terrier gambolling before me, a staff in my hand, and a soldier-like mustache on my upper lip. Tell it not to His Grace of Wellington. Tell it not to Sir John Macdonald—or I shall never obtain leave of absence again. And then what becomes of my scheme? My tales of old women in Normandy, and young women in Switzerland. My technical remarks on the armies of France, and the camp at Kalisch? I can tell you he is a rough customer to deal with, is the tough old Field Marshal. "May his shadow never be less."

It is my private opinion, nevertheless, that all soldiers ought to wear moustachios, in spite of the effusions of that self-sufficient gentleman, the author of "The World in London," now publishing in Blackwood, who has such a profound admiration for household cavalry and hussars. The other day I shook hands with an officer of the Life Guards, and I could not help thinking of what I had read in "The World of London." The *likes of me*, a lieutenant of *Fut*, to be shaking hands with a lieutenant of the 1st Life Guards!!! Like the old woman, in one of Scott's novels, that the Duke of Argyll shook hands with. I stood for some seconds rooted to the spot, looking with astonishment at the honored hand. This author (it must be the spirit of beau Brummell again on earth) has a supreme contempt for country clergymen and officers of marching regiments; and as for the Lord Chancellor and his Lady, they are voted low. A milk-and-water, unsocial, untalented, white-waistcoated being, sitting in idiotic simplicity in his arm chair in Grosvenor Street, with twenty guinea studs in his valuable shirt, wondering at the works of Providence, or watching his valet *seasoning his new hat* (I quote from the author) in a shower of rain. This automaton is the author's idea of an *English gentleman*. Heaven help me, rather than pass such a milky way, unmeaning existence, methinks I would prefer brushing through the world the veriest vulgarian that ever stepped, taking up the nice rich gravy with my knife, and putting the chair in its position against the wall when I have finished my meal, carrying a crust in my pocket, and my handkerchief in my hat.

This puts me in mind of what a Prussian Major of Lancers once said to a friend of mine, "You English are a curious set of people—I see a man sitting in a chair the whole evening, well bred, and well dressed, but not a word does he utter but 'yes' or 'no.' Well I say, Mon Dieu, what a stupid fellow!" "Oh!" say you English, '*he is a very gentlemanly man.*'"

With this anecdote I will conclude my yarn.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for May, 1843.

SUMMARY OF ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

From the London "Old Sporting Magazine" for May, 1843.

Racing Intelligence Extra.—On Wednesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, the Stewards of the Jockey Club gave their decision in the disputed Leicester Cup race 1842. The race was won by the Duke of Rutland's *Genius*, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb., Mr. Raworth's *Chance*, 5 yrs., 9st. 1lb., second; but *Genius* was declared distanced for carrying 5lb. less than his proper weight, the condition being that winners of £100 should carry 5lb. extra. Mr. Raworth then claimed the Stakes, which were withheld on the ground that *Chance* carried 3lb. *over weight* without declaring it. This Mr. Raworth denied on the following grounds:—The Cup, as advertised in the first instance, did not fill; accordingly, a short advertisement was inserted in No. 14 Calendar of the Cup Stakes "re-opened," and naming the conditions, as weight for age, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.; winners of £100, 5lb. extra; and 3lb. allowed for mares and geldings. Subsequently, in No. 18 Calendar, another advertisement appeared, giving particulars of all the Stakes in full, with their conditions, and the Cup Stakes thus worded—"weights for age; 5 yrs. old, 8st. 10lb.; winners of £100, 5lb. extra; and winner of the Handicap, 5lb. more." This last advertisement differed from the former in two particulars; viz., no mention was made of any allowance for mares or geldings, and 5lb. extra was put upon the winner of the Handicap. When the jockies were weighing for the race, Mr. Raworth asked the Clerk of the Course if there was any allowance for mares? The answer was, "I don't know; not without it is in the Calendar." The owner of *Chance* immediately referred to the Calendar kept in the weighing-house during the races for the guidance of all persons in the different races, which was No. 18, and, seeing no mention made of any allowance for mares, he put on the proper weight as those advertised, viz., 8st. 10lb. for 5 yrs. old, and 5lb. for winning £100, making 9st. 1lb. Mr. Raworth denied the possibility of the race being run by other advertisement than the one in No. 18 Calendar, for, supposing the mare to have won the Handicap

which she ran for, she would have been, by 14 Calendar, subject to no extra weight for so doing, but No. 18 would have put 5lb. extra upon her, which latter was brought into the weighing-house by the parties in authority there, and referred to on all occasions. Under these circumstances the owner of Chance insisted that it would be unjust to deprive him of the Stakes, because he did not avail himself of an advantage which the Clerk of the Course neglected to inform him he was entitled to.—The Stewards, having gone into the case, were unanimously of opinion that Mr. Raworth was entitled to the Stakes, and decided accordingly.

On Tuesday in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Mr. Newton's brood mares, horses in training, &c., were put up for sale, but the following only were sold:—Br. f. by Plenipotentiary, out of Fanchon, 3 yrs., 30 gs.; ch. f. by Economist, out of Fanchon, 2 yrs., 150 gs.; b. f. by Rococo, out of Retrospect, 2 yrs., 25 gs.; and Vicuna, by Camel, out of Codicil, 8 yrs., 140 gs. Ghuznee was bought in for 190 gs.; Ma Mie, 550 gs.; Jennet, in foal to Montreal, 235 gs.; Fanchon, in foal to The Saddler, 340 gs.; Retrospect, with a colt foal by The Saddler, and covered by him again, 300 gs.; a three-year-old filly by Rococo, out of Jennet, 180 gs.; and a yearling filly, Sister to Ma Mie, 145 gs.

On the Thursday, the property of the late Colonel Crawford, ch. f. by Velocipede, out of Ermine, 3 yrs., sold for 160 gs.; and a bay colt by Bay Middleton, out of Dolphin, 51 gs.

On the 14th, *Miss Tat*, by Grey Walton, the property of R. Hardwick, Esq., Brighall Park, near Pickering, dropped *two* remarkably fine colt foals to Rainbow.

The brood mare *Signorina* died recently at Middleham, after dropping a colt to Tomboy.

Lord Warwick's br. c. *Melodrame*, by Brutandorf, died on the 21st of March at Warwick Castle.

The Queen of Trumps, the property of the Hon. E. M. L. Moslyn, and winner of the Oaks and Great St. Leger in 1835, died at Mr. Kirby's stables, without Walmgate Bar, York, on the 28th, in giving birth to a filly foal. She was the dam of Prince Caradoc by The Colonel, the Earl of Richmond by Touchstone, 3 yrs., and a filly by Liverpool, 2 yrs.

Mr. Death's two-year-old filly *Ellen Glyn* was found dead on the 10th of April, in her stall at his training stables at Ascot.

The Chase.—The Earl of Chesterfield has been astonishing the natives at Rome, and the Campania, which erst resounded to the clang of arms and the tread of warriors, has now echoed to the melody of the fox-hound. On the 6th of March, all the *elite* of the capital assembled on the classic ground round the tomb of Cecilia Metalla, including the Grande Duchesse of Russia, the Countesses of Chesterfield and Granville, Lady Powerscourt, and Lady Leveson, the Borghesi, the Aldobrandi, the Chigi, the Salirati, and the Oldescalchi, and a numerous field of sportsmen, to witness a spectacle altogether new to Rome—a run with English fox-hounds. A fox was found amid the ruins of the last resting-

place of Marcus Servilius Quartus, and took straight for Madrian's Villa, but being headed by a procession of Carmelite Monks, he turned to the right, crossed the Via Latina, across the Campania, keeping Roma Vecchia to the left, ran about two miles along the Appian Way, and on to the Camp of the Horatii, where he went to ground, after a splendid burst of forty-two minutes, to Cichignola, the spot to which Leo XII. was wont to retire from the cares and state of the Monte Quirinal. Lord Chesterfield held his accustomed place—leading the field over hill and dale, through field and flood, followed by Lord Leveson, Lord Powerscourt, Lord Stanhope, Captain H. Forester, the Princes Aldobrandini, Odescalchi, &c. On the 3d, the hounds had a capital run of fifty minutes, with blood; on the 5th, one of fifteen minutes, when the varmint ran to earth, and another of thirty-two minutes, and killed. The Noble Earl has since presented the hounds to the Society at Rome, and a handsome subscription has been entered into for the maintenance of the pack.

Major Shirley's hunting-stud and well-known pack of harriers in Dorsetshire were sold at "the Corner" on the 27th of March. Sportsman was bought in at 200 gs.; Marigold fetched 90 gs.; Lady Hamilton, 60 gs.; Spicey, 55 gs., and the others at prices from 20 gs. to 51 gs. The first lot of harriers (five couple) were knocked down at 10 gs., and the other lots produced equally low prices. Several hunters belonging to the officers of the 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards, under orders for the Cape, were also sold; the well-known hunter Smuggler, 41 gs.; Cockswain, 60 gs.; Cock Robin, 71 gs.; and Wincher, 51 gs.

Steeple-Chase Casualties.—At the 'Cheltenham Steeple-chase on the 11th of April, Mr. Crawford's The Returned, in taking the last fence but one, jumped sideways, and his feet becoming entangled in the hedge, he turned over into the next field, with his legs in the air, his rider (Mr. Barker) under him; and when the horse rose, poor Barker lay in a state of insensibility, the blood streaming from his mouth. He was removed on a hurdle to Mr. Arkell's, at Whittington Court, where two surgeons were soon in attendance, and everything was done that skill or kindness could suggest. He spoke a few incoherent words after he was taken to the house, but it was evident he was suffering under a concussion of the brain, and his right jaw was broken. Great fears were entertained that he could not survive the accident, but the latest accounts received state that he was considerably better, and his medical attendants give hope of his ultimate recovery.

Mr. George Thompson, the celebrated steeple-chase rider, having rode the winning horse at Mullingar races on the 28th of March, left the town at half-past ten P. M. the same day, with Mr. Connolly, the owner of 'Tidings, and Mr. Abbott, who jock'd that horse. Owing to the darkness of the night, they took the Kilculen-road on the Downs instead of going to Kinnegad, when, perceiving their mistake, they changed their route by the Thomastown bog-road, where their vehicle was overturned in the gripe, and the

unfortunate gentleman, being under the wheel, was lost before assistance could be rendered him. Mr. Thompson had been conspicuous in many a well-fought field, and in private life he was greatly esteemed by all who knew him.

Angling.—On the 16th of March, W. Hoare, Esq., whilst trolling in a piece of water, the property of C. H. Turner, Esq., of Rooksnest, near Gedstone, Surrey, killed a jack upwards of four feet in length, 28 inches girth, and weighing 27lb. He was caught with spinning tackle, and a small roach as bait, and afforded half an hour's play before he was landed. It is admitted that there are few places to be found that can compete with the waters round Gedstone for the fine fish they have yielded, particularly pike, though they are equally rich in perch, tench, carp, roach, &c. Within the last three years, several very fine fish have been captured; among them, in the Town-pond, belonging to C. Newberry, Esq., a pike of 26lb., by Boyle Smith, Esq., of Wandsworth; one of 28lb., by Gerard Hoare, Esq.; and one of 29 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb., by Mr. Weller, of Croydon (where it may now be seen stuffed); one of 27lb., by Mr. G. Dewdney, in the large pond belonging to Mr. H. Rose, near the village, where a boat is kept for the accommodation of the public, on payment of a small gratuity; and a tench of 6lb., by Mr. H. Rose, in the same pond. In a word, no situation is better adapted for the "jolly angler;" all the waters are rich in game, and after the sports of the day, the respectable inns afford solid comforts, as old *Trapbois* would say, for a moderate con-si-de-ra-ti-on.

From the London (Old) Sporting Magazine for June, 1843.

Racing Intelligence Extra.—*Chester.*—The Racing Committee have determined that the Dee Stakes 1845 shall be called the Chester St. Leger, and the subscription be 25 sovs. each, p. p., instead of 50, h. ft. It was also resolved, that in future the Free Handicap shall be 10 sovs. each, p. p., instead of 20, h. ft., and a single race instead of heats; and that the Selling Stakes shall be run in heats, with a greater sum added.

By the death of R. O. Gascoigne, Esq., the following nominations become void:—Grace Darling, in the St. Leger and Park Hill Stakes at Doncaster; Great Yorkshire Stakes, at York; and a Produce Sweepstakes at Newcastle;—Christiana, in the Park Hill and Scarborough Stakes at Doncaster; Sweepstakes at York; and in the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes at Newcastle.

By the death of Mr. G. Blakelock, owner and breeder of A British Yeoman, which took place on the 21st at his residence, Hart, near Hartlepool, that horse is disqualified for the Doncaster St. Leger and the Newcastle Tyro Stakes, but *not* for the Derby, having been named by his nephew, Mr. Brown. Mr. Blakelock was the breeder of Fancy, Osmond, Commodore, Black Diamond, Yarico, and several other horses which have distinguished themselves on the British Turf.

The decision of the Stewards of the Jockey Club on the Leicester Cup Race (as noticed in our last number) was forwarded

per post the same night to the Clerk of the Course, and the amount of the Stake paid into the Leicester Bank forthwith. On the following day it stopped payment. Who is to be the sufferer?

Mr. Heseltine has purchased The Prior of Col. Cradock.

Mr. Shelley has sold his two-year-old filly Jill, Sister to Jack, by Touchstone, to Mr. Boyce, for £450.

The brood mare Progress, dam of Attila, died at Eaton Stud-house, the first week in May, of water in the chest.

Mr. Robinson's brood stallion William the Fourth fell and died on returning to his stable on the 29th of April.

The Chase.—We are sorry to state that the medical advisers of Lord Portman have urged him to give up the exertion of managing a pack of fox-hounds, and we understand that the Earl of Shannon has purchased the pack. The Houghton country reverts to Mr. Farquharson.

G. Moore, Esq., of Appleby Hall, Leicestershire, is about to proceed to Rome, to take the management next season of the pack of hounds presented by the Earl of Chesterfield to the Society there.

Steeple-Chase Casualties.—At the Osmond and King's County Steeple-chase on the 20th of April, when running for the Western Gold Cup, Mr. Moore's The Don, in taking a bank fenced with stones, having a wide ditch on the taking-off side, chested the bank, and fell back into the ditch, and, from the injuries received, died shortly afterwards.

At the Dundalk Steeple-chase on the 26th, in running for the Cup, Mr. White's Whitelegs was pulled up in the first round, one of the joints of the pastern in the off fore-leg appearing to be broken, and his owner ordered him to be shot, though it was subsequently, on examination, found to be only dislocated.

ON FISHING IN GENERAL, AND TROUT-FISHING IN PARTICULAR.

BY MAY-FLY.

WELCOME! thrice welcome, glorious jocund May! Of all the months in the year it is the one I affection the most; it is the harbinger of hay-making, love-making, merry-making, and, above all, it ushers in the season for the indulgence in that most innocent and delightful of recreations, fly-fishing. The "man-about-town," the *roué*, the gambler, the spendthrift, all in fact who turn night into day, and are whirling round in fashion's giddy vortex, and the summit of whose ambition is to be seen in St. James's Street and Pall Mall from February to July, wot not of the delights of the

month of May in our beautiful country. Your true angler is a lover of Nature, as well as the "gentle art," and that man must be an insensible phlegmatic being who can gaze upon the lovely scenery, and the rich and verdant foliage with which it is decked, as he pursues his favorite diversion, without feelings of gratitude as well as admiration for the bounteous gifts of an all-provident Creator. There is more of philosophy in fly-fishing than the unobservant in such matters are aware of, and this elegant amusement has been enthusiastically indulged in by many of the first men of the age. The caviller and the sceptic may smile at the assertion, but it is nevertheless strictly true; and in quoting the names of the late Sir Humphrey Davy, the present Professor Wilson, and his equally talented brother, who has written a clever and instructive treatise on this fascinating sport, I think it will be admitted that wiser or better heads could not have been devoted to the study of trout and salmon-fishing, the art and mystery of which were not deemed unworthy of notice by the greatest genius that ever adorned this or any other age, the immortal Walter Scott. With such bright examples we may fearlessly sally forth rod in hand, pursue our favorite pastime, and pity those who have not sufficient good taste to seek health and amusement at this most interesting season of the year.

There are certain epochs in our lives that bring with them pleasurable associations and reminiscences. With me the first of May is one of these; and well do I remember, some forty years back, being led by the discreetest of nursery-maids—a very dragon of virtue—round Portman Square, there to witness the interesting exhibition of seeing the chummies, young and old, devour the substantial fare provided for them by the charitable Mrs. Montague, in front of whose splendid mansion the tinselled and bedizened heroes and heroines of the day were regaled with roast-beef and plum-pudding even unto repletion! I very much question if I did not as heartily enjoy each anniversary of this festival as the objects of the munificent lady's bounty themselves. Alas, that I should live to write it! the race of the chummies is run, if not extinct: the sun has set upon their glory: Montague House no longer opens its hospitable portals to the sooty fraternity; Farewell, Jack-in-the-green! farewell the plump and juicy sirloin! farewell the ponderous and speckled pudding! farewell the foaming tankard! No more shall the clatter of shovel and broom resound through our Macadamized thoroughfares; no more shall the squeaking voice of the begrimed urchin disturb our slumbers as he emerges from the chimney-top!

But we will turn from the *dark* side of the picture, and proceed piscatorially to canvass the merits of the merry month of May. The angler is now in his element; all Nature rejoices, and the trout are in prime season. Some impatient followers of the gentle craft hurry to the streams as early as March: they may and indeed *must* fill their creels, for the fish are both lean and hungry, but they are at the same time uneatable: the flesh is flabby, tasteless, watery, and unwholesome, and I marvel much that men who

call themselves sportsmen and fishermen should, for the sake of being enabled to indulge in a little idle boasting, permit themselves to commit such unseasonable slaughter—and this is the mildest term I can apply to so wanton an act. I admit that some rivers are earlier than others; but in making this concession, I do not hesitate to affirm that the fish would be better in *all* if left undisturbed until the chimney-sweepers' holiday. Both animals and vegetables should not be eaten out of season; for which reason I make it a rule never to kill fish before the legitimate period; neither do I give a guinea a peck for peas, nor half a sovereign for a cucumber—for all these forced and premature productions lack flavor.

In early life it was my good fortune to be initiated into the art and mystery of fly-fishing by one of the most expert and practised amateurs who ever handled a rod or wetted a line, and to his bright example am I indebted for what little proficiency I may have attained in the craft. We all of us take kindly to that which we like, and having as a school-boy exhibited a strong predilection for bottom-fishing and trolling in the rivers and streams around Tonbridge, while under the roof of that beloved and revered Divine, the late Dr. Vicesimus Knox, it will be no matter of marvel, that on coming in juxtaposition with a first-rate fisherman after arriving at man's estate, I should have cultivated the growing taste for the art piscatorial. For thirty years (although with occasional interruptions) I have been an unworthy disciple of old Izaak Walton; and the result of my experience as a fly-fisher I have much pleasure in making known to the readers of *Maga*.

On every river in Ireland, Scotland, and England—and herein I include the prolific streams which flow through the Principality—anglers of high and low degrees are to be found, some of whom, never having travelled a dozen miles from their birth-places, are bigoted to the baits and flies used in their native districts, and which they have seen used successfully from their youth upwards, and, like all persons who have seen little and know less, are apt to run down any system or experiment which may happen to differ from their preconceived notions of perfection. There breathes not so prejudiced and self-opiniated a being as your *local* angler—he, I mean, whose knowledge is confined to one particular river or stream. It is true, that certain flies in some instances are peculiarly adapted to certain waters. This depends much upon the nature of the soil through which the river or stream may flow, and on which the insects are brought to life; but, on the other hand, there are particular flies appropriately termed *standards*, which will kill all over Europe; and under this class may be named the different sorts of Palmers—the wren-tail—the grouse-hackle—the sand-fly—the blue duns—and hare's flax. The Cumberland and Lancashire folks laugh at this doctrine, and doggedly maintain that none but their own flies will command success on their waters. They ought to know better by this time, for I could cite a hundred instances to prove the fallacy of their opinions.

As I am, at this time of writing, living on the borders of a river

where from time immemorial the amateurs of the fly-rod commence operations early in April, it was my intention to have furnished an account of the sport I had met with on the opening of the campaign ; but the weather has been singularly unpropitious to the fly-fisher, in my part of the country at least : indeed, I may with truth assert that from the first day I ever threw a fly on the water up to the present moment I never knew so bad or so unproductive a season. Therefore, having nothing to say on the score of success, I postponed my communication until the present month, in the hope that a full creel and an abundance as well as variety of sport would have enabled me to forward a favorable report and a bulletin worthy of perusal. The elements, however, have frustrated all my plans : hail, rain, snow, foul-water, and chilling wintry blasts have laid an embargo on the trout-rod : even salmon-roes and well-scoured worms have failed in their attractions. Strange to say, however, the good people in the North have been tolerably successful ; that is, if report speak truly. According to their own admission, the trout take their *fleas*, as they term the imitative ephemerae. Be this as it may, we unlucky wights in the South can do nothing with our *flies* ; and with us the case is reversed ; for the *fleas* bite (as we can vouch for) although the fish will not.

I have heard from various quarters that very indifferent sport has been met with in the river Axe. I know the water well, and have fished it many a time and oft ; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the most difficult (I do not mean in the way of obstruction from boughs and bushes) stream for the fly-fisher to command success in I ever met with ; and when I was last in that part of the country I heard one of their most experienced knights of the trout-rod declare, that “ the man who could catch fish in the Axe must succeed anywhere.” The truth is, this beautiful river was, “ whate’er it may be now,” most mercilessly poached : independently of night-lines, groping, tickling, and snaring, the wholesale slaughterers were in the habit of netting it with unlawful meshes night and day ; and being encouraged in this nefarious traffic by the surrounding gentry who purchase their ill-gotten fish both in and out of season, the shameful system was pursued to a frightful extent and with unblushing effrontery. No wonder the trout and salmon were scared, and that the fair fly-fisher had but little chance of filling his creel ! I shall hope to hear that this crying evil has been remedied, and that the gentlemen in the neighborhood—and there are some first-rate fishermen amongst them—have clubbed together to check the nuisance.

Independently of the Axe, there are two or three very pretty streams in the neighborhood, two of which are tributary to it—the Yarty and the Coly. The little Shute river, which runs through the property of Sir William Pole, is also a very prolific brook, and the trout in it of delicious flavor, but it is strictly preserved. The Coly is troublesome to fish in consequence of its banks being crowded with overhanging branches ; but there are some little curls, pools, and eddies about three or four miles from its mouth, which will yield excellent sport to the expert and patient angler. The worm, however, when the water is at all foul, will be found the most destruc-

tive method, as I have ever proved it to be in brooks and narrow streams. A long and light rod, a very short line, and well-scoured brandlings or blue-heads, will infallibly command success. For flies, the red Palmer, the blue dun, yellow upright, and partridge-hackle are the best for this little river, as they are indeed for most of the streams in Devonshire.

In Hampshire and Berkshire the sport has hitherto been below par. An old friend of mine has been thrashing most industriously the waters between Winchester and Southampton, but his return of killed has been a very small one. He is a capital fisherman; and from the samples of flies he has sent me, I should say he ought to have done great execution. He has fished a good deal in Ireland, and, like a great many of my acquaintances, is partial to the Limerick hook and the Irish method of tying flies. He tells me in his letter that Mr. Blacker of Dean Street, Soho, is his man; and if I may judge from the specimens enclosed to me by Major B—, I should say they are as near perfection as possible.

The Stockbridge Club have done but little as yet; and its formidable rival in Berkshire, the Newbury Club, are equally loud in their complaints of the indifferent sport they have met with. This latter is likely to turn out a very flourishing Association. They have a splendid run of water of nearly four miles, which is strictly preserved. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with the Secretary, as well as the Gentleman through whose property the river,

“The Kennett swift, for silver eels renowned,”

flows, and the members are some of the best fly-fishers in the kingdom. I was on a visit to the owner of this beautiful property two years ago, and being under his roof, I was considered *pro. tem.* an honorary member. The regulation at that period was that no fish should be taken out of the water under two pounds. I took but one above this weight, but a bushel of a pound and a half to three quarters. Last year the restriction was confined to one pound; but several fish was taken of four and five pounds. The most killing flies for the Kennett for the month of May—and a line is never thrown on the water until the 1st—are the red, the soldier, and grey Palmers—the wren-tail and grouse-hackle—the grey-drake, and stone-fly—the cinnamon—the caperer—the Hungerford brown—the hawthorn—and black gnat. The fishing all about Hungerford is excellent, and I can confidently recommend the fisher to take up his quarters at the Bear, where he will experience every attention and civility from the worthy hostess—the fare excellent and reasonable; in short, it is a most comfortable house, and every accommodation will be afforded to the amateur angler.

There is a great deal of preserved water between Hungerford and Marlborough; and should the angler have any acquaintances in that locality, he cannot do better than pack up his rod, and run down by the Great Western Railroad to the nearest station: and if he do not meet with capital sport I am no true prophet.

To the young beginner I would not recommend too great a variety of flies;—the following, for the months of June and July, he

will find sufficient; for the greatest error the tyro commits is changing his flies too frequently. It often happens that, from the temperature of the atmosphere, a previous glut of ground-bait, an easterly wind, a foreknowledge of rain, or the thousand concomitant disappointments that the brethren of the angle are subjected to, that the fish will not rise. There are but two remedies—patience and observation. The former virtue will lead the fly-fisher to wait with becoming grace the whims and caprices of the quarry, and the latter will prompt him to examine carefully the description of fly out upon the water and on the banks of the stream he is fishing, and not follow the reprehensible example of a naval acquaintance of an old friend of mine, who, after trying every fly in his collection without success, threw his hook, containing the whole, into the stream, with the following hasty exclamation—“There, you beggars! I can’t please you; *help yourselves.*”—But to resume.

In May and June; the red, soldier, and grey Palmers—the wren-tail—grouse-hackle—the stone-fly—black gnat—hare’s ear—haw-thorn, and grey-drake will be sufficient.

In July and August: the black and red ant—the *golden* Palmer—the cow-dung *on windy days*—the whirling dun, and whirling brown—the bee, and after sunset the moth and the Watford coachman: these will be found useful general flies; and if these will not succeed none will, although no necessity will be found to exist for throwing in the book after the fashion of the irascible sailor. The flies I have seen made by Mr. Blacker, I should say, would be found to answer for any water.

Mr. Bowness, of Bell Yard, knows the Hampshire and Berkshire waters well. I fished with some of his flies near Newbury two years ago, and did great execution with them: they are particularly well tied, but rather too large for the generality of rivers west of Southampton. The Gentlemen who fish in the Thames at Sunbury, Kingston, Walton, Hampton, all patronize Mr. Bowness, and find his flies more captivating than any others.

In our exclusive country, where the rivers as well as woods are owned by wealthy proprietors, good fishing as well as shooting is difficult to be procured, and I know not a greater affliction than being warned off any property through which a favorite stream might run: and, at the time, one is apt to be disgusted at the selfishness of the landlord, whose bailiff or keeper unceremoniously puts a stop to our amusement. Some one or two of my friends whom I could name have taken themselves off to the Continent on this very account. I would not go the length of self-expatriation; but for a change I know not a pleasanter trip for a peripatetic piscator than to start with his rod and creel from the Tower Stairs by one of the steam-boats for Calais. Let him proceed thence to St. Omer, in the neighborhood of which fortified and garrisoned town he will find some beautiful trout-streams, particularly near Blandecques and Esquerdes: and if he be a troller to boot, there is excellent pike-fishing in the moats around the fortress, and in some lakes about three miles from the town. From St. Omer, let him take

diligence to Abbeville, and from Abbeville walk through Blangy to Dieppe, and on his road he will fill his creel; for from Blangy to Dieppe he will find ample opportunity for the exercise of his skill. For miles around Dieppe the trout fishing is of the first-class of excellence, especially at Arques; and thence to Grand Torcy and Petit Torcy. Having thinned these prolific streams, let the rambling fly-fisher proceed to Rouen, and thence homewards towards Havre to Caudebec, which lies in a lovely valley on the Seine half-way between the two towns. In the St. Gertrude, a most romantic little stream, which takes its name from the valley, the trout will not only be found in abundance, but of exquisite flavor. The distance from Havre is but thirty odd miles, and the run home to Southampton across the Channel accomplished in a few hours. This will be found a pleasant and by no means an expensive excursion; and I can in all sincerity recommend it to all dispeptic followers of the gentle art.

In my next communication, I hope to show that I have done some execution with the fly and the worm-rod, for, lacking success with the one, it is my intention to try the other. I am about to set forth with a brother amateur on a pedestrian excursion, and the result of our joint labors in pursuit of our favorite diversion shall be made known to the Readers of *MAGA* with all possible despatch by the writer of this little paper, who has the honor of subscribing himself their very obedient servant,

MAY FLY.

P. S.—The flies I have mentioned will all answer for the French rivers, the grey drakes especially.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1843.

APPURTENANCES OF THE HORSE.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HAMILTON SMITH.

FROM the first moment that the wild horse was caught, with a view to render it serviceable to man, instruments of coercion must have been thought of. The pictured temples of Egypt, some of which are dated above three thousand years back, already show complicated bridles and harness, with adaptations and embellishments which attest the continued attention of a long period of time, being, in apparent fitness, little, if at all, inferior to the manufacture of the present age. As it is commonly admitted that the horse did not exist in Egypt when Abraham visited it, and was not yet often ridden at the time of the departure of Israel, we may point out the circumstance as a further proof that the animal came not originally from Africa; we have evidence that it was not wild, and, comparatively, but little used, in Arabia, ages later; therefore we may assent to the opinion that its native region was Upper

Asia. Indeed, the wars of Sesostris, as depicted on Egyptian walls, repeatedly show Asiatic nations riding and driving cars equally well constructed with those of Egypt; and there are scenes, where a nation, the *Rot : n : no*, supposed to be dwelling on the Caspian, or farther east on the Oxus, if not beyond the Indus, is represented as delivering tribute or presents, among which vessels of metal, highly wrought, together with chariots and horses, are enumerated.

These nations were evidently no less civilized than the Egyptians, and, moreover, were riders; but what appears singular respecting both, is that, for centuries after, even down to the bas-reliefs of Chehelminar, of the time of Darius, we find the representations of bridles, though perfect for chariot horses, seldom better than mere halters for a riding horse. The difference, no doubt, arose from the impossibility of driving a pair without proper apparatus, whereas a rider might compel his horse by means of the rudest substitute. In proof that the conjecture is not without foundation, we learn that Numidian horsemen, in later ages, rode without bridle; that Scythian and Parthian nations often used none; and, even at this day, Buckhart noticed Bedouens riding as they did in the age of Cesar, using, instead of bridle, only a slight wand, or pronouncing simple words of command. Perhaps the practice which we have often seen wild Irish lads resort to, of jumping on the back of any *baste*, and galloping it about under management of the *caubeen*, which they strike on the right eye and on the left, according as the animal is desired to turn, may derive from the oriental origin of the Milesians, and be a residue of primeval manners. In the late war of the revolution there were still horsemen among the Russian irregulars who did not hesitate to make a sheep's bone answer for the mouth-piece of a snaffle; although the snaffle is very ancient, and already well known to the Romans under the name of *lupus*.

But head-stalls, or collars of rope, or thongs to keep a horse fastened, were long used as bridles; and the Celtic peasantry of the continent still are in the habit, when they do ride, to twist a turn of the halter-rope in the animal's mouth, both to guide and hold it in, throwing the end, which then forms a single rein, over the ears, to the right or left, as best suits the purpose of the rider. Some kind of collar was, we take it, the most common mode of securing the horse; for heel-ropes are of Arabian invention, though now common throughout the East, excepting China. An ancient bas-relief shows the Romans, in their stables at least, fastened horses near the manger by means of a throat-band, with a rope passing up to a pulley in the ceiling, and a weight sufficiently heavy to keep it always free without incommoding the animal: the same representation shows also currycombs, brushes, pitchfork, rake, and broom, like a modern stable, and the horse is clothed as we now do in England.

Of the bit, the oldest representations are where the Egyptian chariot harness is shown: it occurs again in very ancient Etruscan paintings, on coins of Macedonian and Syrian kings, and bas-

reliefs of Persia ; but in none that we have examined could a curb-chain be detected. The horsemen of the Parthenon frieze ride in *bridons* or snaffles, which once were of iron, and had metal or leathern reins. The horses have no saddles : probably no nation of antiquity used more than a cloth or skin to sit upon, excepting when the riders were heavily armed, with a ponderous shield on one side, scarcely counterbalanced by a couple of javelins on the other, and, therefore, requiring more artificial support, which, it seems, was found in the flat seat obtained on a pod, or pillion-saddle, nearly resembling that which riders in the circus still use. Its breadth gave firmness to the seat, and the tree was soon additionally supplied with *arçons* or bows before, and backs with bolsters behind. We see Roman horses thus equipped and housed with skin, and splendid draperies ; but the fitness of the gear appears inferior to that of Persian kings and heroes, at least of the era when Parthian dominion had brought the more advanced caparisons of High Asia to Persia, which itself was indebted to Cyrus and Assyria for the acquisition of a genuine cavalry. So long, however, as stirrups were unknown, all military riding must have been wanting in firmness ; for, until they used them, the heavy-armed horsemen of Europe could never cope successfully against light-armed barbarian riders, unless they dismounted, or, in other words, ceased to be cavalry. It is likely that the Persian *cataphractæ* were the first who had the advantage of the invention, because, at the mediæval period, that people, excepting, perhaps, Byzantine Constantinople, was the most advanced in civilization, and had most use of the advantages it offered. It is true, the discovery of stirrups may be Chinese, and with oats, the natural food of horses, buckweed the common provision of nomads, and several other useful inventions, it may have been brought westward by the Tahtars ; certain it is, that, in the most ancient tumuli of Central Asia, in the vicinity of Tomsk, where the Russian government caused researches to be made, the skeletons, arms, and ornaments of chiefs and their wives have been found, and, together with the bones of their horses, the remnants of saddles and stirrups. As many of these monumental tumuli contain bronze idols of Chinese Budhda forms, it is not improbable that both the one and the other came from the same quarter ; whence also the Tahtar nations first obtained their flag standards. The evidence thus offered does not, however, give a very approximate date, and in the West the tenth century seems to be the period when stirrups first became generally known. Our Anglo-Saxon MSS. contain drawings of horsemen with and without this convenience ; and the same remark applies to those of Germany and France of the same period. If we examine the etymology of the names in the languages of Europe, we find, in French, *étrier* not to be an indigenous word of real Gallic source ; but, like almost all other terms relating to equitation, Frankish-German ; even for riding, there being no better expression than *monter à cheval*—mounting upon a horse ; and the old verb *chevaucher* is one so forced that it has fallen into disuse. But the German *steig bugel*, or mounting bow or strap, whence we may have made stirrup, seems to be

original and explicit of the object. It appears the instrument was chiefly meant to help the rider into his seat more conveniently than by the Greek and Roman cross-bar on the shaft of a spear, or the lifting of a leg, or the humiliating oriental practice of a servant, on his hands and knees, offering his back to the rider for a stepping-block—a ceremony till lately still performed by the grand vizier for the sultan, on state visits to the mosque, and once demanded of, and performed by, the Roman emperor, Valerian, as the captive of the Parthian king Sapor.

The stirrup, like so many inventions of paramount utility, had to struggle against the opposition of all the nations of Europe. For several generations men preferred, with their usual perversity, to get on a horse's back by all sorts of convulsive scrambling, and usually began their journeys like straw sacks lying across pillions, arguing that, if they used the new invention, horse-blocks would have been erected in vain, and what would become of the dignity of the petty nobles if they had no horse-block to sit upon when they held their courts of justice?

Few nations now despise stirrups, though in India the Mah-rattas, in Timor the Malays, in Arabia the Bedouens, and in Nubia even some of the chiefs, still adhere to the ancient Numidian custom, and are proud of the education of some of their fine chargers, who have been taught to kneel for the reception of their riders, often heavily armed. In America also, both Patagonians and Caumanches ordinarily ride without stirrups, but then, also, the horses are bare backed. The celebrated colossal statue of red sandstone in the plains of Agra, set up, we have been told, by Sultan Mahmoud of Ghisni, is adorned with a bridle and pillion, but no stirrups, which, if the date be correct, attests that the Moslem conquerors of India had not yet adopted the invention in the eighth century of our era.

In the eleventh century the use of them was general in Europe, though the token that the introduction was of recent date could frequently be detected, by the stirrup being merely a strap, buckled through, so as to leave a loop to place the foot in, without a stirrup-iron. Towards the end of the century it was used, as is shown in the Bayeux tapestry. Soon after, stirrups were formed broad and heavy, so as readily to allow the foot to slip out, in case of a fall. Since that time the changes have been merely fashions or adaptations to circumstances; but in the East, the long and loose dresses of men preventing the use of spurs, shovel-stirrups have been invented, and these have their after angles sufficiently sharp to serve as a stimulus to the horse. This was not always the practice, the Turk not having been in the habit of using them till within the last two centuries, when the wide trowsers became a general wear. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when high plated war saddles were used by the chivalry of Europe, and armor for the legs was often omitted, a large steel half shoe, of which our present lady's stirrup is a miniature, was introduced; but as the inefficiency of ponderous armor began to be more generally felt, both the shoe-stirrup and the steel saddle-bows were laid aside for the Spanish

sella, which was the pattern of the cavalier saddle all over Europe, excepting that the last had bolsters, which were copied from those of the pistoliers, likewise of Spanish origin. Until lately the Abyssinians used ring-stirrups, that is, instead of the broad iron instrument, they used one so narrow that the great toe alone could be inserted in it; but the most curious and certainly the most inconvenient, is the Japanese stirrup, made exactly like a canhook, such as are used in pairs secured to ropes, and applied to heavy weights and barrels of liquids to hoist them up into proper places: the foot is placed upon the anterior or edge of the hook, the toe touching the iron forward cannot advance sufficiently far for holding, and the pair we tried constantly slipped from under the sole of the boot.

In South America and Mexico they occasionally use, instead of stirrup-irons, clumsy blocks of wood, hollowed out to admit the fore-part of the foot, or, rather, the toes, which remain exposed where the national boot, consisting of the skin of a horse's hocks cut off at the gaskins half way down the canon-bones, and then drawn on fresh to dry in an accommodated form to the human leg and foot, remain open at the toes. The blocks are not perforated in front, but clumsily adorned with carved work. In the island of Jersey, some years ago, the country people still used the ancient Celtic saddle to ride to market: it was a round, very thick, and soft mat, composed of rushes or straw, with a breast-band and girth of the same. The saddle can be traced on Celtic bas-reliefs of a very remote age; but in the same island we also observed, at what we believe they call the annual *chevauchée*, or cavalcade of the authorities to examine the condition of the roads, a pair of stirrups made of wood, in the form of long shallow boxes, secured on each side to the saddle flaps, an old country jurat or magistrate, with worsted stockings, sitting in the saddle with a foot in each. This form of stirrup is, however, likewise found in the East, where a sort of step, sufficiently long and wide to rest the foot, is found secured to the plated sides of horse armor, as we find it painted in an Indo-Persian manuscript, *Shah Nameh*, at the India House.

The remarks here made on defensive armor worn by horses lead us to notice the use of barded horses in the Parthian wars against the Romans, which the sculptors in antique bas-reliefs have represented, poetically, as scaly and close fitted to the animal, the rider himself being similarly accoutred in such a manner that the swell of the muscles of the body appears as distinct as they would when naked.

But the horse and man in the colossal Persian alto-relievos of Tankt-y-Bostam, a work of the Parthian period, show the rider clad in a shirt of chain mail which even covers the whole of his face; he wears wide trowsers, whereon an embroidered pattern can be traced. The horse is only barded in front by means of small plates hinged together, but not overlapping like scales. Complete horse armor no doubt existed at an early period, for we find on coins of Seleucus I. Nicator (*vide* Havercamp), that his

charger's head had a horned masque or chaffron ; and ivory carvings represent Indian Rajahstan heroes mounted on horses entirely barded, one of which has an elephant masque for a similar purpose.

It was to horses entirely barded that Persia was indebted for most of the successes it obtained against the Byzantine emperors, and for a time against the enthusiasm of the Arabian invaders who attacked Yesdegerd soon after the Hegira. There was long exhibited a complete suit of this kind of armor in Piccadilly, and we believe the same is now in the Tower. In Europe barded horses began to be introduced early in the thirteenth century, Saer de Quincy, on his seal, 1207, being the first in England who appears mounted on a barded and *draped* horse. The draperies, trappings, or housings, were sometimes so long as to sweep the ground ; at others they did not extend much below the hocks ; and they were adorned with the blazon and the device of the rider at one period, and at others variously embroidered or made up of rich stuffs ; but there was always beneath the cloth a surface of chain mail or plates of boiled leather or of iron, a mainfere for the neck, and a poitrail, or patrel, for the breastplate. It was during the existence of these fashions that the high saddles with steel bows were most in use. The seat itself was high above the horse's back ; in front two plates of iron, sufficiently wide to conceal the leg and thigh of the rider, descended in the form of a chevron or letter A down to the instep, and ascended upwards so as to cover the whole seat as high as the hips ; behind, on each side, there was a full bolster, and a raised back, well plaited, encircled him in a kind of low arm-chair. At the steel bows there was a ring on each side, and two others at the after part ; to these were hung the mace and a second sword in front, and the others were appropriated to occasional uses.

The Polish chivalry, so late as the reign of John Sobieski, occasionally attached to the back part of their pauldrons (iron shoulder-pieces) a pair of expanded swan's wings, which, in a charge such as they gave the Turkish spahis at the relief of Vienna, must have been a grand spectacle ; but, at other times, a kind of wings formed of thin plates of metal were attached to the after part of the saddle, and emitted a most astounding noise when a body charged at full gallop. Yet, in general, their saddles were high before and behind, simply hollow in the seat, where there was a soft cushion, and the whole were girded upon thick folded horse-cloths, quite clear above the back. These saddles are still in use among the Cossacks, who have no holsters, but wisely carry their fire-arms in the waist-belt, where they are always ready when wanted ; whereas, in hussar saddles, and others, they cannot be drawn out without delay and trouble, and, consequently, without exposing the rider to considerable danger in action.

In Persia and India, particularly among the Sikhs, small, low saddles are in use, which seldom gall the horses ; and in Japan, those with the canhook stirrups are merely double pieces of wood obliquely united, with a cushion underneath. They are made as if it had been the fixed purpose of making all riding impossible.

The bit, as already noticed, is ancient, and clearly of Asiatic origin, and there, in all probability, the curb was likewise invented, for orientals alone make that powerful use of the instrument which ruins so many of their horses by throwing them from full speed suddenly upon their haunches. The bit and bridon used together are more likely European, where a more tender mouth, and altogether a more delicate hand, hold the reins: these have greatly varied in substance and shape; though usually of leather, the bit-reins have often been made of the richest stuffs, in broad bands, or they have had a succession of iron plates, or of chains, with or without leather. It was to the precaution of using the last-mentioned reins that, in 1600, a Spanish-Belgian party of twenty horsemen on each side successfully encountered a Wallon-Dutch of the same number, near Bois-le-duc. The combat took place in consequence of a national reflection made by a French captain, serving the republic: a challenge took place, and was accepted; but he perished, with nearly all his men, being discomfited chiefly by having their bridle reins cut. This singular combat, the last fought after the manner of chivalrous ages, is known in the Belgian annals by the name of Leckerbeetje (*i. e.* Bonne bouche!) a denomination of disputed origin, but usually asserted to have been taken from the *nom de guerre* of the French officer.*

* On the ground the captain came himself, the twenty-first, and, remonstrance being made about this unfair proceeding, he excused himself by asserting that he could not prevent one more coming than he wished. The Belgic Burgundians, then, were compelled to take the first bystander to make up their number; and it eventually turned out that this man was by far the most conspicuous for valor on his side. The loss was seventeen French and five Belgians.

London Sporting Review for June, 1843.

WINNERS ON THE LAST DERBY.

AMONG the great winners on the Derby, according to "Bell's Life," are Mr. Bowes, the immensely wealthy owner of Cotherstone, to the tune of \$60,000! Lord George Bentinck, \$35,000, at least, though he stood to win on his horse Gaper over \$600,000—a larger amount than was ever realized by any one owner of a race-horse in the world. His Lordship never ceased backing him from his yearling form up to the day of the race, during which period, having beaten Cotherstone in the latter's first race, he sprung up from 100 to 1 to only 10 to 1 against him. The race shows the shrewdness of the book-makers in England. Here Lord George stood to win no less than \$600,000 had his horse Gaper won the race, while he still won \$35,000, notwithstanding his horse was beaten. Lord Chesterfield, Col. Anson, Mr. Gully, Mr. O'Brien, and the Scotts (the trainer and the jockey), are also heavy winners. It is stated that John Day, the jockey, laid £30,000 to £40,000 against Gaper, but getting a little nervous, he hedged off a portion of it.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

ADOPTED BY

THE NEW YORK TROTTING CLUB,

FOR THE BEACON COURSE, SEPT. 1, 1841.

[At the request of several gentlemen we publish at length the *Rules of the Beacon Course*, having given those of the Centreville Course in a previous number.]

1. All Matches or Sweepstakes which shall come off over a Course, under the jurisdiction of this Club, will be governed by these Rules, unless the contrary is mutually agreed upon by the parties making such match or stake.

2. All Purses, Matches, or Sweepstakes to which the Club or Proprietors contribute, they shall have the power to postpone, should the weather prove unfavorable on the day previously named for the trotting of the same.

3. None but Members shall be allowed to trot a horse for any limited Purse given by this Association.

4. Horses trained in the same stable or owned in part by the same person shall not start for a Purse; and horses so entered shall forfeit their entrance. A horse starting alone shall receive but one-half the Purse. Horses deemed by the Judges not fair trotting horses, shall be ruled off previous to or distanced at the termination of a heat.

5. All Entries shall be made under a seal, enclosing the entrance money, (10 per ct. on the Purse) and addressed to the Secretary, at such time and place as may have been previously designated by advertisement.

6. Every Trotting horse starting for Match, Purse, or Stake, shall carry 145 lbs.; if in harness, the weight of the vehicle not to be considered.—Pacing horses to be allowed 5 lbs.; Wagons to weigh 250 lbs.

7. A distance for mile heats, best three in five, shall be one hundred yards; for one mile heats, eighty yards, and for every additional mile, an additional eighty yards.

8. The time between heats shall be—for one mile, twenty minutes, and for every additional mile, an additional five minutes.

9. There shall be chosen by the Proprietors of the Course, or Stewards, Three Judges, to preside over a race for Purses, and by them two additional Judges shall be appointed for the distance stand; they may also, during, or previous to a race, appoint Inspectors at any part of the Course, whose report shall be received of any foul riding or driving.

10. Should a difference of opinion exist between the Judges in the starting stand, on any question, a majority shall govern.

11. The Judges shall order the horses saddled or harnessed, five minutes previous to the time appointed for starting, or at the expiration of the time allowed between heats. Any rider or driver causing undue detention, after being called up, by making false starts or otherwise, the Judges may give the word to start, without reference to the situation of the horse so offending, unless convinced such delay is unavoidable on the part of the rider or driver; in which case not more than thirty minutes shall be consumed in attempts to start.

12. The Pole shall be drawn for by the Judges. The horse winning a heat, shall, for the succeeding heat, be entitled to a choice of the track. On coming out on the last stretch, each horse shall retain the track first selected; any horse deviating shall be distanced.

13. In all cases of dispute, and not provided for by these Rules, the Judges for the day will decide finally. In case of a race or match being proved to their satisfaction to have been made or conducted improperly and dishonestly, on the part of the principals, they shall have the power to declare all bets void. They shall also have power to mitigate the penalty of a rider or driver's disobeying these rules, by giving the next best horse a heat, instead of distancing the person so offending, should circumstances justify them in such mitigation.

14. Riders and Drivers shall not be permitted to start unless dressed in Jockey style.

15. Riders and Drivers shall weigh in the presence of one or more Judges, previous to starting; and after a heat, are to come up to the starting stand, and not to dismount until so ordered by the Judges. Any Rider or Driver disobeying, shall, on weighing, be precluded from the benefit of the weight of his saddle and whip—and if not full weight, shall be distanced.

16. A Rider or Driver committing any act which the Judges may deem foul riding or driving, shall be distanced.

17. Should any horse break from his trot or pace, and gain by such break, twice the distance so gained shall be taken from him on coming out. A horse breaking on the score shall not lose the heat by so doing.

18. A horse must win two heats to be entitled to the Purse—unless he distance all other horses in one heat.—A distanced horse in a dead heat shall not start again.

19. A horse not winning one heat in three, shall not start for a fourth heat, unless such horse shall have made a dead heat. When a dead heat is made between two horses, that if EITHER had won the heat, the race would have been decided, they two only shall start again. Such horses as are prevented from starting by the Rule, shall be considered DRAWN and not DISTANCED.

20. If two horses each win a heat, and neither are distanced in the race, they are equal; if neither win a heat, and neither distanced, they are equal; but if one wins a heat, and the other does not, the winner of a heat is best, unless he shall be distanced subsequently, in which case the other, if not distanced, shall be best. A horse that wins a heat and is distanced, is better than one not winning a heat and being distanced. A horse distanced the second heat, than one distanced the first heat, &c.

21. Horses drawn before the conclusion of a race, shall be considered distanced.

22. Horses that forfeit, are the beaten horses, when it is play or pay.

23. All bets are understood to relate to the Purse, Match, or Stake, if nothing is said to the contrary.

24. A confirmed bet cannot be let off without mutual consent. If either party be absent at the time of trotting, and the money be not staked, the party present may declare the bet void, in the presence of the Judges, unless some party will stake the money betted for the absentee.

25. A bet made on a heat to come, is no bet, if ALL the horses qualified to start, do not; unless the bet be between such horses as do start. A bet made after the heat is over, is void, if the horse bet upon does not start.

26. The person who bets the odds, has a right to choose the horse or the field. When he has chosen his horse, the field is what starts against him; but there is no field unless one starts with him. If odds are bet without naming the horses before the trot is over, it must be determined as the odds were at the time of making it. Bets made in trotting are not determined till the Purse is won, if the heat is not specified at the time of betting. Bets made between particular horses are void, if neither of them be winner, unless specified to the contrary.

27. All bets made on horses precluded from starting, by (Rule No. 19,) being distanced in the race, or on such horses against each other, shall be drawn.

28. All engagements are void upon the decease of either party, before being determined.

WINNERS OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS STAKES.

<i>Yrs.</i>	<i>Horse.</i>	<i>Owner.</i>	<i>Rider.</i>
1809	Wizard.....	Mr. Wilson.....	W. Clift
1810	Hephestion.....	Lord Grosvenor.....	F. Buckle
1811	Trophonius*.....	Mr. Andrew.....	S. Barnard
1812	Cwrw.....	Lord Darlington.....	S. Chifney
1813	Smolensko.....	Sir C. Bunbury.....	H. Miller
1814	Olive.....	Mr. Wyndham.....	W. Arnall
1815	Tigris.....	Lord Rous.....	W. Arnall
1816	Nectar.....	Lord Cavendish.....	W. Arnall
1817	Manfred.....	Mr. Stonehewer.....	Wheatley
1818	Interpreter.....	Lord Foley.....	W. Clift
1819	Antar.....	Sir J. Shelley.....	W. Edwards
1820	Pindarrie.....	Duke of Grafton.....	F. Buckle
1821	Reginald.....	Duke of Grafton.....	F. Buckle
1822	Pastille.....	Duke of Grafton.....	F. Buckle
1823	Nicolo.....	Mr. Rogers.....	Wheatley
1824	Schahrier.....	Mr. Haffenden.....	Wheatley
1825	Enamel.....	Lord Exeter.....	J. Robinson
1826	Dervise.....	Duke of Grafton.....	J. Day
1827	Turcoman.....	Duke of Grafton.....	F. Buckle
1828	Cadland.....	Duke of Rutland.....	J. Robinson
1829	Patron.....	Lord Exeter.....	F. Boyce
1830	Augustus.....	Lord Exeter.....	Connelly
1831	Riddlesworth.....	Lord Jersey.....	J. Robinson
1832	Archibald.....	Col. Peel.....	A. Pavis
1833	Clearwell.....	Lord Orford.....	J. Robinson
1834	Glencoe.....	Lord Jersey.....	J. Robinson
1835	Ibrahim.....	Lord Jersey.....	J. Robinson
1836	Bay Middleton.....	Lord Jersey.....	J. Robinson
1837	Achmet.....	Lord Jersey.....	E. Edwards
1838	Grey Momus.....	Lord G. Bentinck.....	J. Day
1839	The Corsair.....	Lord Lichfield.....	Wakefield
1840	Crucifix†.....	Lord G. Bentick.....	J. Day
1841	Ralph.....	Lord Albemarle.....	J. Day
1842	Meteor.....	Mr. Bowes.....	W. Scott
1843	Cotherstone.....	Mr. Bowes.....	W. Scott

* It was at the commencement of "The First Spring Meeting" in this year that some arsenic was put into the troughs at Newmarket, and that Pirouette, Spaniard, The Dandy, and Sir F. Standish's Eagle colt died, in consequence of having drunk some of the poisoned water. Reveller and Celebs also drank out of the same troughs, but they fortunately recovered. In the following year at the spring assizes for the county Cambridge, Daniel Dawson was tried for the offence, but he was acquitted on the ground that the law did not recognise him as a principal, as charged in the indictment. He was, however, held in gaol for trial at the autumn assizes, on another indictment charging him with poisoning, at Newmarket, in 1809 and 1810, two brood mares, the property of Mr. Northey, and a hack, belonging to Mr. Adams of Royston. On the evidence of Cecil Bishop, his accomplice in crime, he was found guilty, and executed on Cambridge Castle, Saturday, August the 8th, 1812.

† Crucifix also won the One Thousand Guineas Stakes of £1,500, and The Oaks Stakes of £2,700.

Shooting.

MR. ALVAN CLARK'S NEW RIFLE.

CHARLESTON, S. C. 26th May, 1843.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times;" Dear Sir.—A few days since Mr. ALVAN CLARK gave a public invitation to all amateurs in gunnery, to witness the qualities of his "*Patent False Muzzled Rifle*" for distance and precision, and owning one of the guns myself, I attended at the place named—the Washington Course. The greatest distance was *one fourth of a mile*, the target 28 by 36 inches, which was hit a number of times, and with sufficient force and *precision* to have killed a man. An account of which I think was published in the "*Charleston Courier*," of the 19th inst.

The distance was then altered to 200 yards, measured, not steps. On the same board Mr. Clark was shooting at, I placed a target for myself, at which I fired 11 times, hitting each time, and making an average of 2 85-100. My target was 10 inches diameter, of which I annex a rough sketch to show the relative position of each shot. Should you deem this worthy a place in your paper, please insert it, and oblige
Very Respectfully, W. M. M.

The paragraphs in the Charleston "*Courier*," referred to by W. M. M. are annexed :—

Rifle Shooting.—An exhibition of the power and accuracy of Mr. Alvan Clark's Patent Muzzled Rifles took place on Tuesday afternoon last, on the Washington Race Course, which resulted, as has all previous experiments, in testing the superiority of rifles of this construction over those of any other for precision, at long distances.

A target 28 by 36 inches, was placed at a distance of ONE QUARTER OF A MILE from the stand, and received twenty-six shots, fourteen of which were within twelve inches of the centre—and three of them, in succession, within eight inches of the centre. The average of the whole could not be obtained, as a number of the first shots missed the target, it requiring some practice to adjust the sight at such an unusual distance.

After the above experiments, a target was placed at 200 yards distance. Mr. Happoldt placed fourteen out of fifteen shots in a twelve inch target at this position, with a rifle—and Mr. Clark, with a twelve inch barrel rifle pistol, placed fifteen out of twenty-four shots within six inches of the centre.

The target can be seen at our office, where it has been placed for the inspection of amateurs.

ACCEPTANCE OF MR. CASWELL'S RIFLE CHALLENGE.

Charleston, S. C., May 29th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I shall return to Boston sometime in June, when I will appoint a day, and meet Mr. CASWELL, if agreeable to him, in Springfield, Mass. Mr. Caswell in his acceptance of my challenge, offers to double the bet; but I should rather confine myself to my original proposition, which fully answers the object in view, on my part.
Respectfully yours, ALVAN CLARK.

THE NORTH AGAINST THE SOUTH.

PHILIPSVILLE, N. Y., May, 1843.

To the Editors of the Buffalo Daily Gazette: Gentlemen,—In the Gazette, of April 13th, I observe that a Mr. Van Valkenburg, of South-Carolina, recently made fifteen successive shots, at a distance of 220 yards, averaging two inches and three-eighths from the centre, and said to be the best shooting upon record.

Enclosed you will find a target of 12 inches in diameter, at which Mr. Martin Ruggles, of this place, recently made sixteen successive shots, at a distance of 220 yards, with a small rifle of his own manufacture, the lead of which is 120 to the pound, and the average distance from the centre is but one inch and

seven-eighths. South Carolina must try again before she can compete with New York in skill with the rifle.

E. H. WILLARD.

Note by the Editor.—This is, in truth, good shooting. Ten of the shots are extraordinary—to wit : 1 ball-hole is precisely in the centre, and the other 9 are the following distances from the centre : 1— $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch ; 2— $1\frac{1}{2}$; 1— $1\frac{3}{8}$; 1—2 ; 1— $1\frac{3}{4}$; 1— $5\frac{1}{8}$; 1— $1\frac{1}{4}$; and 1—7-8.

☐ The original target may be seen at the Seneca Street House, where we have deposited it, that being the place where it will be most likely to be appreciated.

Buffalo Daily Gazette.

Notes of the Month.

J U L Y .

THE MATCH BETWEEN FASHION AND CASSANDRA.

☞ Our readers will recollect that during the late meeting of the N. Y. Jockey Club, at the Club Dinner on the Four-Mile-Day, Mr LONG offered to run his mare *Cassandra*, two mile heats, against *Fashion*, for \$5,000 or \$10,000 ! This challenge was instantly accepted by several friends of the Northern Champion, on condition of their being able to secure her services. Indeed they were willing to match her for any amount, and for any distance, if they could induce her owner to loan her for the purpose. In reply to the applications made him we grieve to say that her owner declines any engagements made for her by her friends save at *Four mile heats* ; it is understood, however, that his sanction will be given to any match made for that distance. Of course the “spin” at two mile heats, falls through—else, over a course in good order, we should probably have had the pleasure of recording two heats of two miles run in better time than has ever been made in the United States.

Herald and *Trinket*, Col. HAMPTON's nominations in the great Peyton Stake, we are glad to ascertain have arrived safely at Nashville, with *Hero*, their stable companion. Some friend, through the “Banner,” of that city, has been kind enough to correct an error of one of our South Carolina correspondents, in these terms :—

Mr. Editor,—I see in the last “Spirit of the Times,” a letter from South Carolina stating that only one of Col. Hampton's entries in the Peyton Stake would be brought here, which I am happy to state is a mistake. His stable arrived here this evening, in charge of his gentlemanly trainer, Mr. STEWART, consisting of Col. Hampton's entry in the Peyton Stake, *Herald*, by Plenipotentiary, out of Delphine (Monarch's dam) by Whisker ; John C. Rogers' entry, *Trinket*, by Andrew, out of Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion. Also John C. Rogers' entry in the Trial Stake, by Imp. Priam, out of Maria West by Marion ; and one other, not in any engagement, to wit : *Hero*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Imp. Maria,—all of which look in fine health and condition.

Nashville, June 8th, 1843.

Ten Broeck, like *Zenith* and *Magnate*, two other fine sons of *Eclipse* in Kentucky, has been thrown out of training. We learn this with no slight regret, having been prepared to expect great things of *Ten Broeck* ; he was in the hands of Mr. Shy, and was regarded about Lexington as one of the most promising horses in the State.

Return of George Martin.—The steamer “Alabama,” which arrived at New Orleans from Havana on the 27th ult., brought *George Martin* and *Joe Chalmers* (late *Jem Valentine*) taken over by Mr. TEN BROECK. *Martin* is stated

to have recovered from the effects of the kick inflicted by Ran Peyton, and promises to resume his place on the Louisiana Turf. We are still in the dark as to Mr. GARRISON's settlement of his difficulties with the Jockey Club in the Island.

The Fall meeting at Lexington, Ky., is announced to commence on the third Tuesday, 19th Sept. On the first day will come off the race for the Great Gold Stake of *seventy-five* subscribers at \$500 each, \$100 ft., to which the proprietor adds a Gold Cup of \$500 value—two mile heats. No stake comparable with this has ever been made up west of the Alleghanies. P. S.—Mr. MEGOWAN, the Secretary, is apprised that we have not received his official report of the late Spring Meeting.

Ruffin, the Hedgeford colt out of Luda's dam (the Duchess of Marlborough) is esteemed by "Old Nap." as the most promising race horse he saw during his tour through the West and South. He was also much struck with Miss Foote—the more perhaps from her resemblance to Trifle.

Extraordinary Feat.—On the 15th ult., a most remarkable match *vs.* Time, came off over the Beacon Course. Mr. WILLIAM WOODRUFF (a younger brother of Hiram) undertook to carry a trotting sulky on his shoulders *three miles without a rest!* He accomplished it in forty-nine minutes, and offered to take 3 to 1 that he carried it another mile! The sulky weighed ninety-four pounds. The gentleman who lost the match now offers to lay \$250 that Woodruff can carry the same sulky *five miles*, without resting!

Havana Race Course.—A recent letter states that Mr. R. TEN BROECK, in connection with Count SANTA VENIA, were expected to become the purchasers of Mr. GARRISON's "Valdes Course," which was to be sold at auction. Mr. T. wrote here lately that he intended to sail directly for this port, where he is daily expected.

A letter from Hamburg, S. C., states that Mr. SMITH's Mary Frances (the dam of Gov. Butler) has dropped a colt by Monarch, that is said to be the finest colt imaginable; if he has no bad luck his friends look for a flyer. Gov. Butler is now standing in Laurens District, S. C., and has had already upwards of fifty mares.

Exportation of Foxes to England!—Mr. BACHE, of this city, sent out in the packet ship "George Washington," lately, a number of red Foxes to Mr. JOSEPH WOOD, the vocalist. Another lot is to be sent to the Duke of Richmond. The *varmint* were caught in the Highlands of the Hudson, and are of an unusually large and stout breed—capable of standing up before hounds for forty miles.

"*Talking of guns!*"—We see that the American Wild Turkey has been introduced into Scotland. A paper states that:

"Within the last summer the wild turkey of America has been introduced, by Charles Edward Stuart, into the romantic island of Aigis, near the falls of Kilmorack. The island being covered by wood and abounding in seeds and wild herbage, offers them a locality entirely conformable to their natural habits, and they have already become perfectly naturalized, and produced two broods of young. In a few years more it may not be uncommon to see the American forest sports of wild turkey shooting added to the already splendid covers of Beaufort Castle.

Rothschild, the colt which acquired such great, and as we learn, deserved celebrity, this Spring in Kentucky, was not bred by the Hon. Mr. CLAY, as stated in the Lexington papers. He was bred by the Hon. Judge PORTER, of Louisiana, and by him presented to his friend Dr. MERCER. Rothschild is by Imp. Zinganeer out of Kate by Tiger, and won the Brennan Stakes for 3 yr. olds, and another race on the following day, at the late Lexington races. The error in the Kentucky papers we apprehend, arose from the fact that Rothschild's dam was purchased by Judge Porter from Mr. Clay several years since.

We are desired to state that Mr. WILLIAM FIELDS, of Baltimore, will open a Public Training Stable at the National Course, Washington, on the 10th of July next. Those wishing to employ his services will address him at Baltimore until the 10th, after which time, at Washington City. Mr. F. trained Mr. Boyce's colt *O. Sec* (at Alexandria this spring) the winner of the Washington Stakes and the great Ladies Stakes, on the Kendall Course. He is also well known as the trainer of Lady Clifden, Westwind, etc.

Montreal Races commence on Tuesday, 15th Aug., and continue three days. The Queen's Plate is to be run for on the first day. The following gentlemen are the Officers of the Club:—COL. THE HON. C. GORE, C. B. *President*; CHARLES PENNER, Esq., *Vice President*. The Hon. C. C. S. De Bleury, Lieut. Col. Ermatinger, George W. Aubrey, Esq., F. A. Campbell, R. A., Lord Tullamore, 43d Lt. Inf., Hon. J. Pangman, Capt. T. W. Jones, Q. L. D., *Stewards*. George D. Gibb, Esq., *Treasurer*. Samuel David, *Secretary*.

Mr. JAMES B. KENDALL, of Baltimore, has disposed of the lease of his fine course near that city, to Mr. PEYTON R. JOHNSON, of Caroline County, Va., for \$4,500. Mr. J. has a fine stable, and will use every exertion to maintain the enviable standing of the Kendall Course.

"*Countess Plater*," the dam of Altorf and other good ones, has been stunted the present season to "Seagrave," a private stallion, the property of J. J. AMBLER, Esq., by Imp. Margrave, out of "Spangle," by "Orphan Boy," out of "Multiflora" by Sir Archy; Multiflora's dam "Weazle," by Shylock, being also the dam of "Betsy Archer," &c.

Reel.—This superb mare, which broke down in her race with George Martin, after having acquired the highest reputation in Louisiana, is to be bred to Imp. Leviathan this season. Her case forcibly illustrates the danger of starting a horse in a long race when not up to the mark in condition. She was confessedly amiss—not in order to run over two mile heats, yet a majority of those best informed, think she would have won if she had not given way. When "fit," as they express it abroad, it is believed that she could have run a Four mile heat at New Orleans, with their weight, in 7:28. We hope her high spirited owner, Mr. WELLS, will be able to bring out something from his fine stud next season to supply her place.

Latest "Sporting Intelligence" from Havana.—The New Orleans "Bee," of the 27th May, states that

"Mr. LIN. COCH, one of the prominent Southern sportsmen, who took Creath, George Martin, &c., over to the Havana Races, and who met with so serious an accident on the course, has recovered, and returned in the "Alabama" steamer. We understand that Mr. GARRISON has surrendered the Valdes Course to his creditors, and that it is the intention of Count Santa Venia to purchase it and continue the races in conjunction with Mr. R. Ten Broeck. If this arrangement takes effect, the Valdes Course may yet succeed, as the Count is said to be one of the wealthiest men in the island, and will doubtless pay all purses advertised."

RODERICK MCGREGOR, Esq., of Upper Marlboro', Md., claims the name of *Marietta*, for a yearling filly by Imp. Priam, out of Mary Willett; [this pedigree is recorded in the "Turf Register," and "Spirit of the Times," in 1840.] Also that of *Cambridge*, for a colt, 12 months old, the 8th of June, 1843, by Prince George, out of Fanny Frolic, out of the above mare.

Racing in China.—We lately announced the opening of a theatre in the immediate vicinity of Canton, and we see, by the arrival here of the ship *Ann M'Kim*, direct from Canton, after a short passage of 95 days from Macao, that no less than fifteen Arab horses, besides ponies of numberless sizes and descriptions, were entered for the races which were to come off there on the 20th Feb. If our contemporary of the Canton "Register" with whom we have exchanged for many years, neglects to send us "a slap up" report, he will miss it—that's all.

The Racing Calendar.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., OAKLAND COURSE.

From our Special Correspondent.

TUESDAY, June 6, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Eight subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. by Birmingham, dam by Cumberland	1	1
W. W. Bacon's ch. c. by Medoc, own brother to Charley Naylor	2	2
W. P. Greer's b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by C. Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle	3	3
Jas. Sly's (S. T. Drane's) b. c. by Medoc, dam by Tiger	dist.	

Time, 1:49—1:51.

The winner was decidedly the favorite, and won both heats cleverly.

WEDNESDAY, June 7—Proprietor's Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Hatched August 23. Two millie heats.				
Jos. G. Boswell's (Col. A. L. Bingaman's) ch. m. <i>Arraline</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.	2	4	1	1
W. S. Buford's (Col. W. Buford's) b. h. <i>Tom Marshall</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumter, 5 yrs	4	1	4	2
D. Heinsohn's (P. Connelly's) ch. c. <i>Red Oak</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	2	3	3
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s br. m. <i>Tranby Anna</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Motto's d., 5 ys ..	5	3	2	r. o.
H. W. Farris's b. f. <i>Camilla</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's d., 4 yrs ..	3	5	dist.	
M. M. Rawling's Imp. bl. f. <i>Miss Rockingham</i> , by Rockingham, dam by Don Cossac, 4 yrs	dist.			

Time, 3:44½—3:49—3:49—3:50.

Betting, *Arraline* against the field—scarcely anything else was mentioned. After a false start or two, they got off together, the Imported filly going it with a perfect streak for the first round, when she gave it up; time 1:50 *Red Oak* now took up the running, *Arraline* lying second; at the gate the two were lapped, nothing else interfering with them, both doing their best to the distance stand, where the mare pulled up, allowing *Red Oak* to come in an easy winner.

2d heat.—No change in the betting. *Arraline* and *Red Oak* made play together to the second turn, where the *Tranby* mare and *Tom Marshall* joined them, when *Arraline* drew back; *Red Oak* still leading, his rider apparently having no control over him. *Tom* challenged at the head of the quarter stretch, and after a short run was a clear length ahead, just doing as he pleased until coming to the last quarter, when the colt rallied and collared *Tom*, who won by a head only, after a most punishing contest.

3d heat—*Arraline* had still the call, though *Tranby Anna* had some pretensions; as for the other two, it was evident that their flint was fixed in the last heat. The *Tranby* mare led off for a short distance, when the favorite took up the running and carried it on to the finish, winning the heat with great ease—running the 1st mile in 1:53, and the 2d in 1:56.

In the fourth heat any sort of odds on the mare, who won the race without any difficulty—1st mile, 1:52, 2d mile, 1:58.

Since the race, J. B. PRYOR, of Miss., has bought *Red Oak*.—Price, \$350.

THURSDAY, June 8—*Gold Stake* for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-three subs. \$500 each, \$100 ft., to which the proprietor will add a gold cup, value \$500. Two mile heats.

D. Heinsohn's br. c. <i>Consol Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of The Nunn's Daughter by Filho da Puta	1	3	1
Jos. G. Boswell's b. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of the Duchess of Marlborough (Luda's dam)	3	2	2
John C. Guild's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine	2	1	dist.

Time, 3:46—3:53—3:47.

The beauty of the weather, and the great interest excited by the magnitude of the stake, and the reputation of the colts, attracted a full and fashionable company, and I am happy to add that their anticipations of an exciting contest were realized to the fullest extent. The betting was very heavy,

and in favor of Ruffin at 2 to 1 vs. the field. He jumped off with the lead, going at a steady pace, Consol Jr. lying next; no change in the 1st mile, which was run in 1:53. On making the second turn, Consol made a dash and caught him, and after a pretty brush to the half mile post, headed him; henceforth he had no trouble whatever in taking the heat, Ruffin allowing the filly to take the second place. Time, 3:46.

2d heat—Ruffin was now completely thrown in the back ground. Not much betting. The filly led off at a slow pace, the others watching each other during the 1st mile, which was run in 2:02; on rounding the first turn Ruffin pushed forward, Monk, upon Consol, keeping him company till he got him plainly in the snap with the filly, and then dropped astern. The filly now crowded all sail, Ruffin lying on her haunches, going at a severe pace; they ran abreast to the distance stand, when the colt gave it up, and the filly took the heat, Consol Jr. dropping within his distance.

3d heat—The Consol had the call at 2 and 3 to 1, and came to the post in fine plight. The filly looked very much distressed, and Ruffin appeared as though he had got his *quantum suff.*; he however ran a game and gallant race. Consol Jr., after standing several brushes, wearied out his competitors, and finished the race an easy winner.

The winner was bred and entered by the Messrs. BOARDMAN, of Alabama, and was one of a lot sold to Mr. LIN. COCH, and subsequently was purchased by his present owner, Mr. D. HEINSOHN. The Cup given by Col. OLIVER weighs 23 oz., and was manufactured by Messrs. HAGEN & Co., of Cincinnati. It is a beautiful specimen of art, chaste and brilliant.

I am happy to state that there is every appearance of quite a revival in Turf matters in this State. At least, if this meeting depended on the nature of the sport to-day, there is nothing to fear, and I can further state, for the comfort of those who find enjoyment in "the good things of this life," that the catering of Capt. METCALFE, the worthy landlord of the Oakland House, comprehended all that the most fastidious could desire.

FRIDAY, June 9—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as on Wednesday. Three mile heats.

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. *Motto*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by

Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	<i>Milton Dent</i> .	1	3	1
T. Kirkman's br. g. <i>Saartin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	<i>Monk</i>	3	1	2
H. W. Farris's br. c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Aratus, 4 yrs.....		2	4	3
W. S. Buford's b. h. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs.....		4	2	dr
W. W. Bacon's b. m. <i>Lavolta</i> , by Medoc, dam by Buzzard, 5 yrs.....				dr

Time, 6:04—6:05—6:05.

The entries for the Purse at three mile heats, were *Motto*, *Saartin*, *Denmark*, *Bob Letcher*, and *Lavolta*; the latter was withdrawn on the morning of the race, being complaining in her left fore leg. The betting was in favor of *Saartin* at 2 and 3 to 1. It is something singular, but is generally the case, that a strange nag is the favorite here. About an hour previous to the race, a very heavy shower of rain fell, the Course in consequence was rather muddy, and the weather during the day was threatening and gloomy; in spite of this, however, the attendance was numerous. On starting, *Denmark* went ahead and maintained his lead for upwards of two miles, with *Motto* lying close to him; at the gate she collared the Dane; they carried it on together at a lively pace, and down the last quarter, it was "go along," every stroke; they were both "out," *Milton* enacted wonders upon *Motto*, and *Denmark* did not lack persuasion. The heat was won in the last two or three strides, *Motto* managing to struggle through half a neck ahead only. Time, 1st mile 2:05, 2d 2:02, 3d 1:57—6:04.

Second heat—*Saartin* yet the favorite, made a dash and obtained the lead, *Bob Letcher* keeping him company to the gate, and then gave him the go by, *Saartin* sticking close to him; indeed, it was a repetition of passing and re-passing between the two, to the last quarter home keeping up a constant interest, both evidently doing their best, the gelding however fairly tired *Bob* out, and finished the heat in gallant style, under a pull. Time, 1st mile 1:56, 2d 2:00, 3d 2:09—6:05.

Third heat. The betting now was any sort of odds on the Tennessee gelding—4 to 1 was very current. *Saartin* again cut out the work, and led for three quarters of a mile, when the other two closed in, and they were all in a ruck; on passing the stand the gelding drew clear and resumed his lead; at the

gate another challenge was made, all in a cluster again; away they rattled in the back part of the Course, and down the home stretch to the end of the second mile; here Motto went out ahead. The betters of the odds now began to look rather blue at their chances. From henceforth the filly had no difficulty and won in gallant style by two lengths. Before the race, Motto was considered one of the best in Kentucky, and this race has added something to her former reputation, while that of her antagonist Saartin has suffered no diminution.

SATURDAY, June 10—Parse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jos. G. Boswell's (Col. A. L. Bingham's) ch. f. *Sunbeam*, (own sister to John R. Grymes), by Imp. Leviathan—Alice Grey by Mercury, 4 yrs. 4 3 1 1 1
 W. S. Buford's b. f. by Medoc, own sister to Minstrel, 4 yrs. 2 2 4 3 2
 A. Hikes' b. f. *Mary Churchill*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs 1 1 2 4 dist.
 F. Herr's ch. h. *Nick Davis*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Delight, 5 yrs 3 4 3 2 dr
 Time, 2:01—1:59—1:54—2:01—1:54.

The first two heats were taken very handily by Mary Churchill. The last three were taken by Sunbeam, the favorite, after some pretty severe running, Mary Churchill was distanced in the last from having a bad start. The rain fell in torrents throughout the day.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

From the "Intelligencer" and the "Observer," we derive the following information of the Spring meeting. In our next we expect to publish the official report.

TUESDAY, May 23, 1843—The *Brennon Stake* for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Eighteen subs. at \$100 each, h. ft., to which JOHN BRENNAN, Esq., of the Phoenix Hotel, added his annual gift of a Silver Pitcher, of \$100 value. Mile heats.
 Jas. Shy's b. c. *R. Rothschild*, by Imp. Zingane, dam by Tiger 1 1
 Jas. H. Clay's ch. f. *Moth*, by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Velocipede 3 2
 C. D. Morris' ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Sumter 4 3
 Col. Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. by Birmingham, dam out of Charlie Naylor's dam 2 4
 W. S. Buford's (J. Keith's) ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kavanagh's dam 5 dist.
 Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Snow Storm dist.
 Time, 1:51½—1:52. Course heavy from rain the evening previous.

Wednesday's race was also won by Mr. Shy's Rothschild, beating 7 others, in 1:52—1:49½.

Thursday's race was won by F. G. Murphy & Co.'s *Tranbyana*, by Imp. Tranby, in three heats, beating H. W. Farris' *Denmark*, by Imp. Hedgford; J. K. Duke's *Langham*, by Medoc; Chas. Buford's *Argea*, by Imp. Zingane; G. E. Blackburn's *Little Trick*, by Imp. Tranby; Col. Wm. Buford's *Tom Marshall*, by Medoc; E. Warfield's *Alice Carnal*, by Imp. Sarpedon; H. Daniel's *Pan*, by Imp. Envoy. Tom Marshall took the first heat. Time, 3:46½—3:47—3:52½.

We have not been able to give a fuller account of these two races, as we were not present at either of them, and no report has been furnished us.

The colt Rothschild, that won the first and second days, beating each day a field of fine horses, was bred by the Hon Judge Porter, of La, and is now owned by W. N. Mercer, Esq, of Laurel Hill, Mississippi. In the entry he is called Rothchilds, but his true cognomen is Senator.

SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE.

A report of one day only has reached us, to the following effect:—

THURSDAY, May 18, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
 T. De Mambrea's (Robt. Mathews') *St. Cloud*, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by old Partner, \$9lbs 1 1
 Messrs. Gordons' (of Giles Co.) ch. c. *Belgium*, by Imp. Belshazzar, out of Lady Jackson by Putaski 3 2
 Huffman & Doak's br. c. by Stockholder, out of Old Kate 2 3
 Terry & Reeve's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy pd. ft.
 Time very good for the course, which was heavy.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The Spring Meeting over the St. Louis Course commenced on Monday, May 29^h, and continued six days. The meeting was thinly attended, with the exception of the four mile day, when there was a very respectable assemblage present. Subjoined is a report of each day's running.

MONDAY, May 29, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts \$6lbs., fillies \$3lbs. Sub. \$25 each, to which the proprietors will add a saddle. Mile heats.

R. Shacklett's b. c. <i>Illinois</i> , by Medoc, dam by Bertrand.....	3	1	1
Col. J. P. White's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee, out of Highland Mary by Eclipse....	1	2	2
Robins & Dickson's b. f. by Masaniello, dam by Waxy	2	dist.	

Time, 2:07—2:05—2:13.

TUESDAY, May 30—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds to carry 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

T. G. Moore's gr. f. <i>Cherokee Maid</i> , by Marmion, dam by Tecumseh, 4 yrs	1	1	
J. C. Frost's ch. c. <i>Tom Benton</i> , by Imp. Barefoot—Die Vernon by Florizel, 4 yrs ..	3	2	
H. Rider's ch. c. <i>Powell</i> , by Medoc, dam by Virginian, aged.....	2	3	

Time, 1:53—1:58.

WEDNESDAY, May 31—Purse \$200, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

T. G. Moore's gr. h. <i>Tom Marshall</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of John R. Grymes' dam, 5 yrs	1	1	
H. Rider's (G. Coffeen's) b. m. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Lady Talleyrand by Bertrand, 6 yrs.....	3	2	
W. W. Bacon's cu. h. <i>Dan McIntyre</i> , by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 5 yrs.....	2	3	

Time, 3:52—3:54½.

THURSDAY, June 1—Purse \$300, ent. \$30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

T. G. Moore's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	1	
W. W. Bacon's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 6:12.

FRIDAY, June 2—Purse \$400, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's b. m. <i>Lavolta</i> , by Medoc, dam by Blackburne's Buzzard, 5 yrs.....	1	1	
T. G. Moore's ch. h. <i>Wattlehook</i> , by Reveille, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs	2	2	
H. Rider's (Geo. Coffeen's) b. m. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	3	3	
J. C. Frost's ch. h. <i>Statesman</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs dist.			

Time, 8:02—8:05.

Lavolta was the favorite, who won with perfect ease. Statesman was distanced in consequence of his rider pulling him up in the third mile, thinking the heat was concluded.

SATURDAY, June 3—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

W. W. Bacon's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Henry, 4 yrs	1	2	1
R. Shacklett's (Mr. Scruggs') b. f. <i>Miss Bailey</i> , by Imp. Mernian, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs.....	2	1	2
T. G. Moore's ch. m. <i>Red Morocco</i> , dam by Tiger, aged	4	4	3
Col. J. P. White's b. m. <i>Black Morocco</i> , by John Richards, d. by Sumpter, 5 y.	3	3	dist.
Robins & Dickson's gr. f. by Jerseyman, dam by Royalist, 4 yrs	5	dist.	

Time, 3:53—4:03—3:54.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

The second Spring Meeting over Col. MERSHON'S new course commenced on the 2d instant. A gentleman, who was present, gives us the particulars annexed:—

FRIDAY, June 2, 1843—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry \$6lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. c. <i>Billy Bowie</i> , by Drone—Agility by Sir James, 4 yrs ...	3	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. <i>Wilten Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Nison de l'Enclos by Rattler, 3 yrs	1	2	2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Director, 5 yrs ..	2	3	3

Time, 3:51—3:51—3:59.

The betting was 2 to 1 on Maria and considerable business done, too. Wilton Brown is a long way from being "a sucker horse" but he couldn't shine. Of course Kendall quits racing just at the time when he finds he has got "a bully race horse;" "some pork will boil that way" though!

SATURDAY, June 3—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zingane, dam by Contention, 6 yrs	1	1	
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph, 6 yrs	2	2	
Col. F. Thompson's b. h. <i>Prior</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs, 5 yrs	3	3	

Time, 6:04—5:53.

A capital race for the mare, who pulled up so lame after the 1st heat, that 2 to 1 was offered on Hector Bell.

A Saddle Race—one mile—concluded the meeting. Six started, and after a sharp burst Mr. T. G. BANKS' b. f. *Fanny Jackson* took the lead, made all the running and won cleverly in 2:01.

SHAWNEETOWN, ILLINOIS.

The "Republican" gives us the annexed report of a stake race which came off there on

MONDAY, May 15, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. — subs, at \$— each. Mile heats.
Col. Aaron R. Stout's ch. f. *Sarah Chance*, by Lafayette, dam by Sir Archy..... 1 1
Wm. H. Stoop's ch. f. *Polly Ann*, by Duke of York, dam unknown..... 2 dist.
Time, 2:04—2:04.

At an early hour in the morning, which was one of the loveliest that spring could produce, hundreds of persons assembled on the ground anxiously awaiting the event. About 12 o'clock the colts were brought out, and showed by their appearance, the skill of their trainers, who had but four weeks to prepare them for the turf. At the tap of the drum, away they went, Sally leading, which position she maintained throughout, coming home in 2:04. The second heat was won easily by Sarah Chance in 2:04, distancing Polly Ann. Inasmuch as the track was very heavy and the time occupied in training green colts very brief, we cannot but think that the running was done in pretty fair time.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., TRIAL RACES.

LOUISVILLE, May 15, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I send you a report of the "County Races," which commenced on the 10th inst. over the Oakland Course, for liberal purses given by the enterprising proprietor of the "Oakland House," Mr. JOSEPH METCALFE. We had a tolerable "all sprinkling" of rain for two days previous to the races, which made the course very heavy. The following gentlemen officiated as Judges:—S. HASKELL, A. P. CHURCHILL, and F. A. KAYE, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, May 10, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$25 each, to which the proprietor added a Silver Cup. Mile heats.

F. G. Brengman's (Y. N. Oliver's) ch. f. *Miss Clash*, by Birmingham..... 1 1
L. Geiger's (F. Herr's) br f. by Imp. Merman..... 2 2
N. P. Morgan's b. f. by Imp. Merman..... 3 dist.
S. Churchill's b. f. by Imp. Merman..... dist.

Time, 2:01—1:59. Track very heavy.

THURSDAY, May 11—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$— each. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. Hikes' b. f. *Mary Churchill*, by Imp. Barefoot 1 1 1
Ben. Maloney's ch. c. *Hemlock*, by Medoc 3 3 2
Joseph Metcalfe's (N. P. Morgan's) f. *Sally Brown*, by Giles Scroggins..... 2 2 3
Time, 1:59—1:56—1:53. Track still heavy.

FRIDAY, May 12—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$— each. Two mile heats.

L. Geiger's (F. Herr's) ch. c. *Nick Davis*, by Imp. Glencoe 1 1
F. G. Brengman's b. c. *Ecliptic*, by Critic..... 2 2
A. Hikes' b. f. *Ringdove*, by Imp. Merman..... 3 3

Time, 4:08—3:50.

First heat.—They all ran together for a mile and a half, when Nick Davis took up the running, closely followed by Ecliptic; when inside the drawgate, while winning in hand, the rider of Nick was told to hold up, when John Ford, on Ecliptic, kept his horse at his speed, and came near winning the heat.

Second heat.—The betting now was 100 to 25 on Nick Davis. They all got off at the tap of the drum, Ecliptic drawing in front on the first turn, and continued to lead past the stand, running the mile in 1:50. On the rise of the hill Nick Davis took the lead, and was never headed, winning by three lengths. It may be as well to state that Ecliptic had been complaining for a week past.

I am truly yours,

SPECTATOR.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

We are indebted to the Secretary, our friend HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., for the official report annexed. He writes us that above eighty horses were in attendance, and believes that the number there this Fall will reach *One Hundred and Fifty*! These races—when the great Peyton Stake will come off—commence on the 2d Monday, 9th Oct. It will afford us the utmost gratification to accept of Mr. K.'s cordial invitation to attend this meeting, which no doubt will be the most brilliant ever convened in Tennessee. If possible, we shall be there, and in the meantime all parties interested in the races have our best wishes.

It will be seen that the get of Imp. Leviathan and Eclipse especially distinguished themselves at the meeting, and also that Van Leer has brought out a

colt of Mr. THOMAS KIRKMAN's, that for the first time in Nashville has "jerked" three mile heats "into the forties," thereby distancing the field!

MONDAY, May 15, 1843—*The Williamson Stake*, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.

Seven subscribers at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.	
J. Puryear's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Luzborough.....	1 1
Reese & Degraftenreid's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Virginian.....	2 2
Jas. H. Wilson's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar.....	3 dist.
W. McDowell's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Sir Charles.....	4 dist.
J. B. Carter's b. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pacific.....	dist.
Time, 1:56—1:55.	

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

G. Berry Williams' ro. f. ty Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon.....	1 2 1
H. L. French's b. c. <i>Michael Doyle</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Anne Page.....	4 1 2
Henry Dickinson's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.....	3 3 3
T. J. Munford's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	2 dist.
Time, 1:53—1:53½—1:59.	

TUESDAY, May 16—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, weights as before. Eleven subs. at \$200 each, \$75 ft. Three mile heats.

Thos. Kirkman's br. c. <i>Sartin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Julia Fisher's dam.....	3 1
Geo. W. Cheatham's b. f. by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella.....	1 dist.
T. K. Handy's b. f. <i>Birthday</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Conqueror.....	2 dist.
Hon. Balie Peyton's ch. c. by Rattler, out of Imp. Anna Maria.....	4 dist.
J. B. Carter's b. c. <i>Berry Williams</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Martha Carter's dam.....	5 dist.
Guild & Lewis' ch. f. <i>Patty Lauderdale</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard.....	blt.
W. McCrory's b. c. <i>Hazzard</i> , by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster.....	fell
Time, 5:56½—5:49	

* At the start, Patty Lauderdale ran against the picketing and threw her jockey.

† Hazzard fell 200 yards from the start, and threw his.

WEDNESDAY, May 17—*The Derby Stakes*, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Twelve subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Mile heats.

J. C. Guild's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine.....	1 1
H. L. French's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacific.....	2 2
Time, 1:53—2:00.	

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as above. Eight subs. at \$150 each, \$59 ft. Mile heats.

Whitesides & Nicholl's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	2 1 1
B. Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	1 2 dr
Time, 1:54—1:56.	

THURSDAY, May 18—Subscription Purse of \$150, given by the owners of stallions, ent. \$5 each, added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Henry M. Clay's (Chas. McLaren's) b. f. <i>Miss Bell</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Amanda, 4 yrs.....	2 2 1 1
R. M. Ewing's (Col. Pillow's) b. m. <i>Theodora</i> , by O'Kelly, d. by Cadmus, 5 ys.....	3 1 2 2
Thos. Alderson's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	1 3 dist.
J. R. Carter's b. m. <i>Fanny McGuire</i> , by Bertrand, out of Sally Naylor, 5 yrs.....	dr
Geo. Elliott's (Wynn & Wilson's) b. c. <i>Hazzard</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	dr
Time, 4:12—4:09—4:17—4:24. Track heavy from rain the previous night.	

FRIDAY, May 19—Subscription Purse of \$250, given by the owners of stallions, ent. \$5 each, added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Cage & Williamson's b. m. <i>Princess Anne</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.....	1 1
H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Flozinella</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, dam by Stockholder, 6 yrs.....	2 2
J. B. Carter's b. c. <i>Berry Williams</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	3 3
Time, 6:10—6:14. Track tough.	

SATURDAY, May 20—Proprietor's Purse \$150, ent. \$5 each, added, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

H. M. Clay's (W. K. Murphy's) ch. c. <i>Silk Worm</i> , by Marion, d. by Jerry, 4 yrs.....	1 4 1
Cage & Williamson's blue f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.....	3 1 2
R. M. Ewing's b. c. <i>Hazzard</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	2 3 3
J. B. Carter's b. m. <i>Fanny McGuire</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.....	4 5 4
L. P. Cheatham's (Geo. Cheatham's) b. c. <i>Michael Doyle</i> , pedigree above, 4 ys.....	5 2 dist.
Time, 3:57—4:04—3:55.	

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Ten subs. at \$50 each. Mile heats.

J. H. Webster's b. c. by Eclipse, dam by Bertrand.....	6 4 1 1
A. V. Long's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder.....	2 1 2 2
H. & J. Kirkman's br. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker.....	1 2 3 dist.
R. Hay's b. c. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Eclipse.....	3 3 4
J. F. Duke's ch. f. by Jim Jackson, dam by Rattler.....	5 6 dist.
R. R. Rice's b. c. by Jefferson, dam by Timoleon.....	7 7 dist.
Ragland & Davis' ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Count Badger.....	4 5 dr
Time, 1:55—1:56—1:58—2:00.	

H. KIRKMAN, Secretary.

BALTIMORE, MD, KENDALL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 16, 1843—Ladies' Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Forty-five subs. at \$— each. Mile heats.

T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c. by Foreigner, dam by Lafayette.....	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Medora by John Richards.....	3	2
W. H. E. Merritt & Brother's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Bashful.....	2	dist.
M. Duval's br. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Louisa Lee.....	4	dist.

Time, 1:49½—1:49.

WEDNESDAY, May 17—Purse \$300, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. <i>Wilton Brown</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 yrs..	2	2

Time, 5:58—5:52.

A beautiful race—the 2d heat closely contested.

THURSDAY, May 18—Jockey Club Purse \$600, ent. \$40, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. c. <i>Register</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm R. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs..	2	2

Time, 7:50—7:49.

This race created a good deal of excitement, and some money was laid out on Blue Dick at 2 to 1, in consequence of the condition of Register, who had not had a run for some four or five weeks previous, and was evidently soft for want of work. The two got off well together, Register taking the lead round the first turn, closely pressed by Dick, until running three-quarters of a mile, when the latter gave back a little, and his rider (Craig) shewed his experience as a jockey by immediately taking him in hand. The rider of Register followed his example, and pulled back to Dick. They ran in this way the balance of the heat, Craig making a desperate effort for the lead every 200 yards to the termination of the heat, which was won by Register in 7:50.

The 2d heat was a repetition of the 1st, with the exception of Blue Dick holding on rather better in the latter than in the former. The third mile was one of great interest, but Dick could never get his head in front, and lost the heat in 7:49. It is admitted on all sides that Register made a most extraordinary race for a horse in his condition; and also that Blue Dick was not up to the mark, not shewing any speed in either heat.

FRIDAY, May 19—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. <i>Billy Bowie</i> , by Drone, out of Agility by Sir James, 4 yrs.	3	1	1
Win. Dorbaker's ch. c. <i>United</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Polly Stran, 4 yrs.....	2	2	2
Peyton R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Kewana</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs.....	1	3	3

Time, 3:53—3:53—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Sub. \$50 each. Mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam—Imp. My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs.....	2	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's br. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Medora by John Richards, 3 yrs.....	1	3	2
John Ridgely's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Maryland Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	4	2	3
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Nancy Blunt, 3 yrs.....	3	4	4
Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Laura, 3 yrs.....	5	5	dr

Time, 1:50—1:49½—1:49.

For the \$100 stake, Mile heats, Jas. B. Kendall's br. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Medora, received forfeit from Col. Francis Thompson's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, and Dr Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, they being amiss and turned out.

PHILADELPHIA AND CAMDEN RACES,

CAMDEN COURSE, N. J

TUESDAY, May 23, 1843—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Sam'l. Laird's (H. K. Toler's) ch. b. <i>Red Gauntlet</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 5 yrs.....	2	1	1
T. Ridge's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs.....	1	2	3
D. Tom's ch. c. <i>Gloucester</i> , by Middlesex, dam by Valentine, 4 yrs.....	4	3	2
T. W. Dorbaker's ch. c. <i>United</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	5	4	dr
Jos. H. Hellings' b. c. <i>D. Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy, 4 yrs.....	3	dist.	

Time, 1:52—1:55—1:56.

This was a well contested race, and, for the course, a good one, the track being heavy.

WEDNESDAY, May 24—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 Samuel Laird's b. c. *Delaware*, by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
 Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. *Wilton Brown*, by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 5 yrs. 1 2 2
 Time, 3:58—4:01—4.08.

The odds were 100 to 10 on Wilton Brown, and very few takers at that. In the 2d heat "his bottom dropt out," and he was, most essentially, "a case!"

THURSDAY, May 25—Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Messrs. Townes') b. c. *Regent*, by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs. *George*. 1 1
 Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. *Pryor*, by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 2 2
 Time, 6:04—6:09½.

FRIDAY, May 26—Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 Saml. Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. *Joseph Laird*. 1 1
 Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. John P. White's) gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs. 3 2
 Col. F. Thompson's (Mr. Green's) gr. c. *Register*, by Imp. Priam, out of Maria Louisa by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs. 2 dist.
 Time, 7:59—7:53. Course heavy.

The betting in Philadelphia on Thursday night was \$1000 to 250 on Fashion vs. the field; considerable amounts were laid out between Blue Dick and Register, the latter having the call; the following morning Blue Dick's friends rallied, and the odds turned in his favor. A report got abroad that Fashion entertained certain notions of her own that were not calculated to "set her forward any," and in consequence some of the outsiders, who "sleep under the stables," were offering to take extravagant odds that she would be distanced! When stripped she appeared to great advantage; she was somewhat high in flesh, but in the finest health. Her form has undergone a surprising change since last fall; she has spread and filled out immensely, and from being a plain mare has become quite handsome. Blue Dick was in superb condition; such was not Register's case. Battle (his excellent trainer) had indulged him too much since his race with Blue Dick last week at Baltimore, and indeed no horse in Col. THOMPSON'S stable, was fit to run mile heats. Register in color, is a red roan grey, hardly 15 1-2 hands under the standard, we should imagine. He has very fine quarters, and like most of Priam's get is remarkably fine forehanded. When "at himself" his action is first-rate, but yesterday he was stale as a town tap.

Unfortunately the course was quite heavy, so that it was nearly even betting that no heat was run under 7:53. HELLINGS scraped the track and had it in as good order as possible, under the circumstances. There was a sprinkling of rain in the morning, and the atmosphere was anything but bracing when the race commenced, at 2 o'clock. Notwithstanding the weather was unpromising, a vast crowd of spectators were in attendance. Hundreds were obliged to "foot it" from the Camden ferries to the Course, everything in the shape of a carriage, though it bore, perhaps, no more aristocratic appellation than a coal-cart or clam-box, being put in requisition and crammed. We saw a dozen of them "stalled," and there were more break-downs than we remember ever to have seen. The day having turned out fine, the prospect of a capital race put every one in good humor; the "exception which proved the rule" was considerable whipping, accompanied by some very tall swearing.

Of the race itself we have little to say; indeed it was "a soft snap" for the Jersey mare. She drew the track, but Register bounced off with the lead. Blue Dick did not run for the 1st heat, save when he run away with CRAIG, which he did twice, being rode with a plain snaffle-bit. [He has been trained this season with a curb-bit, which has taken away much of his foot.] Register maintained his lead, with Fashion just lapped on him for nearly three miles and a half, when he cried "enough," and the race was over all but the shouting. Fashion pulled to him on the turns, and drove him up to the top of his rate wherever the track was favorable to herself. She could have outfooted him at any moment, and indeed, when she shot past him, Joe Laird had no idea of taking the track; her stride killed him, and he at length came back to her. She won by several lengths at her ease, in 7:59, Craig having hard work to restrain Blue Dick from running over Register.

As Blue Dick had not run a yard, better time was expected in the 2d heat. Col. Thompson was persuaded, much against his will, to start Register again, notwithstanding the exhibition he had made; the colt had no earthly chance as it seemed, and as it eventuated; in the Club stand odds were laid that he would "catch the red flag."

Second Heat: Fashion led off, with Blue Dick on her quarter, at a racing pace, that soon told on Register, as he was nearly out of his distance before the close of the mile. Blue Dick locked the mare nearly all the way, the difference between their rate being this, that while she was going along sweetly in hand, he was doing about all he knew. The first mile was run in 1:54½, the 2d in 1:59, the 3d in 2:01½, and the 4th in 1:58. Dick got enough in the first two miles and a half, so that Craig very judiciously bottled him up for a final brush on the last quarter of the heat. He set to work before reaching the head of the quarter stretch, and brought up his horse in slashing style, under whip and spur. The effort was a gallant one, but never for an instant did he get Fashion's measure. She maintained her place half a length in front, and came through clear of him with her ears playing as if simply taking some sharp work in her exercise. She was not once extended during the race. The heat was closed in 7:53.

NEW YORK SPRING RACES,

Union Course, Long Island.

Owing to Cassandra's accident, and the general want of condition of the Southern horses at Camden, our Spring Meeting "went halting off." The attendance was most insignificant; very few of the veterans of the time-honored New York Club were in attendance—not even Maj. Jones, who for *Fifty Years* has never been without a race horse in his stable, and has never, in all that period, failed to attend the meetings of the Club! He made his debut on the Turf at the age of sixteen—before the Revolution! The storm on Monday rendered it necessary to postpone the meeting to Wednesday, and three or four horses in the Northern stables having been lamed in trials, it was determined to confine the meeting to two days. The course, for the reason mentioned, was heavy, and the attendance shy beyond precedent. We subjoin the results:—

WEDNESDAY, May 31, 1843—*Criterion Stakes*, for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs.

Two subs. at \$200 each. \$50 ft. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's (Henry K. Toler's) ch. c. <i>Niagara</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsey (own sister to Medoc) by Eclipse.....	<i>Peter Couvert</i> .	0	1	1
Thos. Shillingford's ch. c. <i>Commodore Stewart</i> , by Bloody Nathan out of Lady Anderson		0	2	2

Time, 2:05—1:57—1:59. Course heavy.

Stewart was the favorite, and would have won the 1st heat had not little Pete Couvert plied steel and catgut for the last 200 yards with might and main. The 2d heat was won cleverly by a length, while 4 to 1 was offered on *Niagara*.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$250, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) br. c. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	<i>Sydney Smith</i> .	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Fiddler</i> (own brother to Hornblower), by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs.....		2	2
F. T. Porter's b. m. <i>Prima Donna</i> , by Imp. Priam—Lady Rowland by Tarriff, 5 yrs - dist.			

Time, 3:53—3:59.

Fiddler was the favorite, the Priam mare being in as high flesh as a saddle horse. The Mercer colt won cleverly, and is the best one Capt Stockton has bred for many years. He will be heard of again.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

Fashion, in much higher form than when she met Boston last year, galloped for the Club Purse. Joe Laird brushed her up the quarter stretch, and we never saw her evince greater speed or power. Her stride was subsequently measured, and found to be *twenty-three feet*, though she was not going at any time at the top of her rate. But for Cassandra's accident at Washington, she would have met *the Phenomenon* on this occasion, having been trained expressly with the view of such a meeting. At the Club Dinner, after the races, Mr. Long renewed his former offer to run her a match against Fashion, over the

Union Course, for Five or Ten Thousand Dollars, Two mile heats, which we hope will be accepted.

Diana Syntax and Red-Gauntlet were the only entries for the Three mile purse; the former was the favorite, made all the play, and won handily. In the second race Mr LLOYD's Monmouth Eclipse colt won cleverly, after a sharp brush with Princess, who was quite low in flesh. Recapitulation:—

THURSDAY, June 1—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats. Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 6 yrs. galloped

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats. Jas. K. Van Mater's (Capt. R. F. Stockton's) b. m. *Diana Syntax*, by Doctor Syntax, out of Imp. Diana, 5 yrs. *Sydney Smith*. 1 1
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. h. *Red Gauntlet*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 5 yrs. 2 2
Time, 6:00—6:06.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, ent. \$10, added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's b. h. by Monmouth Eclipse, d. by John Richards, 5 ys *Joe Laird*. 1 1
F. T. Porter's ch. f. *Princess*, by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope, 4 yrs. 3 2
N. Seaman's ch. m. *Polly Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Polly Jones, 6 yrs. 2 dist.
Time, 1:52½—1:55.

CLINTON, LOUISIANA.

We expected, and, indeed, were half promised a report of these races—the first held on this new course—by our old correspondent "B.," which, however, may be on its way to us. "An Officer of the Club," (either Col. NEWSOM or Mr. CHRISTMAS, we presume,) furnishes the one annexed.

MONDAY, March 27, 1843—Selling Stake for all ages, 2 yrs. 70lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at \$40 each, P. P.—the winner to be sold for \$200 if claimed. Mile heats.

Col. S. W. McNeely's b. h. *Brown Elk*, by Buck Elk, dam by Whip, 5 yrs. 1 1
J. Vance's ch. g. *Crowder*, by Pirate, dam by St. Tammany, aged. 2 2
J. Morgan's ch. h., pedigree unknown, aged. 3 dist.
Time, 2:03—2:00.

[Our correspondent does not say whether the winner was claimed. *Crowder* promises to outlast *Clodhopper*, Dr. GUIGNARD's famous South Carolina gelding, that was purchased out of a drove of Kentucky horses without a pedigree, though quite as well bred, probably, as many others of Bertrand's get. *Crowder* has run over about every course in "PHILO BUSH's circuit"—that is from the shore of Seneca Lake, in the western part of this State, to Louisiana. He ought now to go to Texas and thence to Havana to finish his career. He is now eleven years old, and during his career has been a winner at all distances from 100 yards to four mile heats.]

TUESDAY, March 28—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each, P. P. Mile heats.

Jas. F. Jackson's gr. f. *Mary Douglas*, by Jerry, dam by Stockholder. 1 1
David Field's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder. 2 2
Time, 2:04—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, March 29—Creole Purse \$100, free only for horses bred in Louisiana; weights as on Monday. Mile heats.

Daniel Field's b. f. *Esmeralda*, by Pressure, dam by Murat, 2 yrs. 1 1
John Rist's b. f. *Irene*, by Conflict, dam by Murat, 2 yrs. 2 2
Time, 2:10—2:10.

[We are glad to see Pressure's stock coming out, and trust that Mr. BARROW's Josh Bell will also show something worthy of himself ere long. Under the name of Mad Anthony, in Col. BINGAMAN's stable, Pressure made several fine races. His Kentucky name, and subsequently his re-assumption of it in Louisiana was unfortunate. Though a fine horse we should prefer Josh Bell for his great bone, length, size and family. Had old Charles managed him for Mr. GARRISON, instead of Wagner, no horse then in the South-west could have taken his measure. Mr. SHY esteems him as highly as he does his brother Jem, but the latter certainly has more finish, and his performances in public are quite superior. Conflict, the sire of Irene, is a Kentucky bred horse—one of Walker Thurston's speculations.]

THURSDAY, March 30—Purse \$200, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

G. Coffeen's ch. m. *Buckeye Belle*, by Medoc, dam by Sumter, 5 yrs. 1 1
Lane & Farley's b. f. *Liz Long*, by Imp. Merman, dam by Alpheus, 4 yrs. 2 2
Time, 4:14—4:08½.

Owing to a tremendous storm of rain, the races for Friday and Saturday were postponed until the following

MONDAY, April 3—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.		
Lane & Farley's ch. m. <i>Jane Rogers</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	1	1
G. Coffeen's b. m. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Lady Talleyrand by Bertrand, 6 yrs	2	2
Dan. Field's ch. m. <i>Triplitz</i> , by Sparrowhawk, dam by Consul, 5 yrs	3	3
Time, 6:32—6:08. Course heavy		

The second heat was a remarkable one for the state of the course, which was deluged with water.

TUESDAY, April 4—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.		
Col. A. B. Newson's ch. c. <i>Long Tom</i> , by Pacific, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs	1	1
G. Coffeen's b. m. <i>Mary Ann Furman</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	3	2
Lane & Farley's b. f. <i>Liz Long</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	3
John Rist's gr. m. <i>Jane Greer</i> , by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs	4	4
Time, 1:55—1:53.		

Long Tom is the best colt of Pacific's that has lately come out. If he can stay the distance, he may rival yet Gen. HARDING's Gamma. [We wish he may; whether it is that Pacific has had but few good mares, or from some other cause, we do not know, but he has not done justice of late to his own renown as a first-rate performer, and his relationship to Fairy and Gallatin. His blood nicks so well with Mr. SUMNER's celebrated Matilda, that we are surprised the owners of other Florizel mares do not try him.]

PEORIA, ILL., RACES.

Omitted in the Calendar for 1842.

PEORIA (ILL.) March 6th, 1843.

Sir,—Having recently come into possession of the records of the Peoria (Ill.) Jockey Club, as Secretary, I avail myself of the earliest opportunity of sending you a full report of the last Fall Races over the Peoria Course, (*i. e.* as far as the placing of the horses goes), the one published in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 3d of Dec. last not being complete. They commenced on Monday, Oct. 24th, but there is no record of the first day's racing.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25, 1843—Purse \$100, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Wm. Brewer's ch. g. <i>Capt. Tyler</i> , by Ocean, dam unknown	2	2	1	1
T. B. Scruggs' b. c. <i>Burdock</i> , by Wade Hampton, out of Byronette	3	1	2	2
John Kimball's ch. f. <i>Cranberry</i> , by Henry Archy, out of Florizel	1	3	*	
Geo. Glascock's b. f. <i>Trick</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Woodbine	bolted.			
Time, 1:57—1:59—2:03—2:08. * Bolted and threw her rider.				

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 26—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

A. O. Garret's (Mr. Marshall's) b. f. <i>Patsey Buford</i> , by Mazeppa, d. by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	1
T. B. Scruggs' b. f. <i>Miss Bailey</i> , by Imp. Merinan, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	2	2
Geo. Glascock's b. f. <i>Trick</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	dr	
Time, 3:49—3:59.		

Trick was entered to make up a field of three, but did not start.

THURSDAY, Oct. 27—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. One mile.

A. Music's (Mr. —)'s ch. f. <i>Lady Flatfoot</i> , pedigree unknown, 3 yrs	1
James Simpson's ch. f. <i>Lizzy Key</i> , by Brown Sumpter, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	2
H. Cleveland's d. m. <i>Hazarach</i> , pedigree unknown, 5 yrs	3
Wm. Brewer's b. g. <i>Bill Crowder</i> , pedigree and age unknown	4
Time, 1:50½.	

FRIDAY, Oct. 28—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Geo. Glascock's b. f. <i>Liz Hewitt</i> , by Ivanhoe, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 yrs	1
A. Music's ch. g. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by Redbird, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	dist.
John Kimball's b. h. <i>Boo Letcher</i> , by Henry Archy, dam by Winter's Arabian, 4 yrs	dist.
John Killgore's ch. h. <i>Joe Gales</i> , by Marlboro', out of Young Duchess, aged	dist.
Time, 5:44½.	

SATURDAY, Oct. 29—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Geo. Glascock's ch. c. <i>Mountaineer</i> , by Yorkshire, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs	3	3	1	3	1	1
F. Vore's ch. f. <i>Mary Spatts</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Muley, 3 yrs	0	1	4	1	3	2
A. Music's ch. g. <i>Kangaroo</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs	4	5	3	2	2	3
W. Shelton's b. f. <i>Lady Harrison</i> , by Sir Henry, d. by Mucklejohn, 4 y.	0	2	2	5	4	4
Wm. Brewer's b. g. <i>Bill Crowder</i> , pedigree unknown, 4 yrs	5	4	5	4	5	dr
Time, 1:50—1:50—1:50—1:53—1:53—1:53.						

Yours respectfully,

RALPH HAMLIN, Secretary.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

A U G U S T , 1 8 4 3 .

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF ARGYLE:

Engraved on Steel by GIMBREDE, from a Painting by TROYE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

THE PUBLISHER TO HIS SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIBERS who have not paid in advance for the present volume of the "Register," will find their bills enclosed in this number. Some of the amounts are considerable, and should be at once paid. But large or small, the Publisher must impress on all alike, the necessity of a prompt remittance. He feels that he is entitled to do so, by the heavy expense he has incurred in furnishing the numerous highly finished Engravings on Steel, and other costly embellishments that have appeared in this Periodical since it came into his possession, as also to enable him to continue its publication in the splendid style that has made it, confessedly, the most elegant and useful, as it is the oldest, Magazine in the United States.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A List of the Blood Stock of F. G. BRENGMAN, Esq., was received too late for the present number.

A report of the Epsom Races will be given in our next, accompanied by an Outline Portrait of Cotherstone—the half brother to Imp. Trustee—with his pedigree and performances.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, 27th Sept.

LEXINGTON, Ky. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.

MONTREAL, L. C. - St. Pierre Course, Turf Club Meeting, 15th, 16th, and 18th Aug.

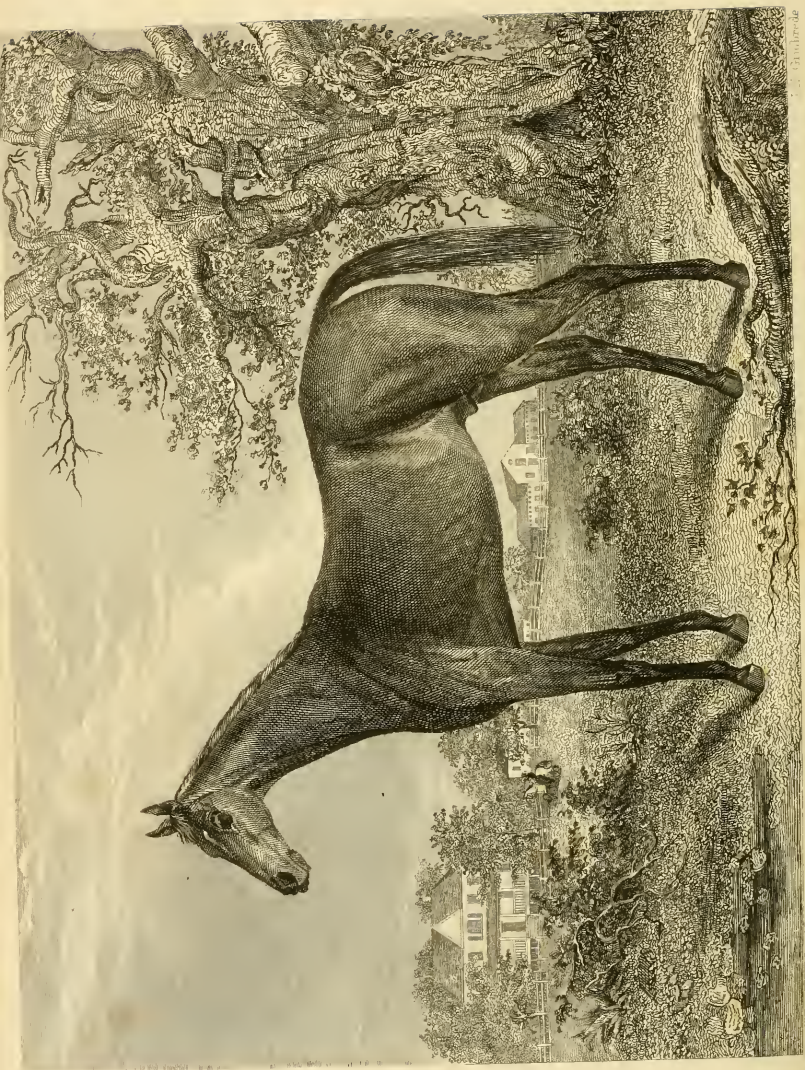
NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.

" " The Great Peyton Stake, and others, come off same week.

QUEBEC, L. C. - - - The Races will commence on the 5th Sept.

RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.





MEMOIR OF ARGYLE,

WITH A PORTRAIT ON STEEL, BY GIMBREDE AFTER TROYE.

THE subject of this memoir was no less distinguished for his extraordinary turn of speed than for training on until after his get had become winners. He has now been withdrawn from the Turf for three years, since which he has been placed in the Stud in South Carolina; last season he stood at the stable of Dr. James B. Davis, near Monticello, Fairfield District, at \$30 and \$50. His limbs, we hear, are now quite sound, and but for the fact that he was complaining of tender feet for several seasons, it is thought he might have won as many races as almost any horse of his day.

Argyle is a rich nut brown, with no other white than a slight star. He rises so high over the withers as to measure nearly fifteen hands three inches, under the standard, but to the eye seems hardly fifteen and a half hands high. His head and neck are very pretty, and his limbs are remarkably clean and bloodlike. Few horses can compare with him in depth of girth; indeed, he cannot, fore-handed, be readily matched. His barrel is comparatively light, but well ribbed home, and we have never seen him more cut up in the flank than he is represented to be in his portrait. His loins are arched and well braced, and his thigh falls down into the caskin so as to combine beauty with power in an eminent degree. His feet are well shaped, and when we last saw him (in November, 1840,) were perfectly recovered. For a year or two, during his racing career, they were so tender, from local causes, as to prevent his extending himself. "Nothing but his bad feet," remarked Col. Johnson to us at that period, "prevented his being one of the most distinguished racers of his day."

Argyle was bred by the late lamented Col. Edmund B. Duvall, of Marietta, near Goodluck, Prince George's County, Md., upon a portion of the estate at present occupied by his father, the Hon. Judge Duvall. Argyle and his dam, Thistle, and two other colts from her (Tecumseh and Napoleon), were bred on the same estate. Argyle was foaled on the 11th of April, 1830. As administrator on his son's estate, Judge Duvall sold Argyle to Maj. Pierce M. Butler, of Columbia, S. C. (subsequently the Governor of that State), in the autumn of 1831, for \$500, the price asked for him, and he was immediately taken to Carolina by Maj. B.'s servant. Application was made on behalf of Maj. B. to purchase his dam, but she was already disposed of to George W. Duvall, Esq. For the above facts we are indebted to the characteristic kindness and courtesy of Judge Duvall, who has also furnished us with the following interesting particulars relative to the family of the subject of this memoir.

"Tecumseh was foaled in 1826, and was got by Mr. Lufborough's Rob Roy. He was purchased by Mr. Dixon, of Washington. He was small; with light

weights, few horses were superior to him; he ran well at all distances, and was frequently a winner.

"Napoleon was got by Dr. Thornton's Marylander, and was foaled in 1838. He was in training at 3 yrs. old, and promised well, but fell lame. Although the lameness was afterwards cured, his leg was so much injured that it was thought best to take him from the course. Dr. Charles Duvall, brother of George, owned one half of him by contract with his breeder.

"Prince George (foaled in 1832) was got by Industry, whose character as a racer and a stallion is well known. He was out of Thistle, and bred by George Duvall. He won several purses, and among other good races, he beat Atalanta without difficulty at Upper Marlborough.

"The last of Thistle's progeny is a filly, in her third year, got by the imported horse Apparition. She is large, handsome, and promising. [Thistle was also the dam of Childe Harold, a b. c. foaled 10th April, 1834, by Johnson's Medley.—*Editor.*]

"Thistle's dam was got by Dr. Thornton's imported horse Clifden. She was bred by Mr. Thomas Duckett. All the information which I possessed of the pedigree of Thistle's dam was communicated to Gen. Callender Irvine, who purchased her of James Wilson, to whom she was sold by my son. I kept no copy of the information which I obtained for Gen. Irvine, and at this time cannot trust my recollection to say more. Without doubt he would furnish it if it should be thought necessary to be more particular. Thistle's dam, it is believed, was grandam to his famous horse Mingo."

The information alluded to as having been furnished to Gen. Irvine, was published at length in the "Spirit of the Times" of Feb. 18th, 1837. We therefore merely give the following extract from the record of Argyle's pedigree:—

"Argyle, a brown colt, foaled 11th April, 1830, was got by the celebrated Monsieur Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, her dam the Clifden mare bred by Mr. Thomas Duckett, of Md., in 1809, and got by Thornton's Imp. Clifden—g. g. dam by Hall's Spot (a son of Imp. Eclipse, who was got by the famous English Eclipse), out of Hall's thorough-bred imported mare—g. g. g. dam by Hyder Ali, and he by Lyndsay's Arabian, etc. etc."

Owing to the remissness which then existed relative to reporting races, it is possible that some of Argyle's earliest performances are not on record. We hear of him first at Orangeburgh, S. C., on the 3d of January, 1834. As horses in that State date their ages from the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of January, he is of course set down as a three-year-old. Record:—

1834. *Orangeburg, S. C., Friday, Jan. 3*—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4. 102—5. 112—6. 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. P. M. Butler's br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Capt. Augustus Flud's ch. m. <i>Fanny</i> , by Reliance, dam not given, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 4:12—4:16.		

Won cleverly, and in the best time made during the meeting.

We next hear of him in Georgia, where he was started by our friend JOHN McLEAN, Esq., of Columbia, for the Club Purse. Record:—

— *Augusta, Ga., Lafayette Course, Thursday, March 19*—Jockey Club Purse \$600, free for all ages. Four mile heats.

John McLean's (Maj Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Jam s Lyndsay's b f. <i>Rattlesnake</i> , by Bertrand, dam by West's Paragon, 4 yrs.....	4	2
J. J. Harrison's b. m. <i>Jane Bertrand</i> by Bertrand, out of Arrakrookress, 5 yrs.....	2	3
Col. P. Fitzsimon's ch. m. <i>Betsey Hare</i> , by Contention, dam by Merryfield, 5 yrs.....	3	dr
Time, 8:10½—8:11. Course 114 feet over a mile.		

We are not aware of the scale of weights adopted by the Augusta Club at this time, but presume it was that of Virginia; within a few years the Carolina scale has been adopted, and the course has been shortened eighty-one feet, leaving it still thirty-three feet over a mile.

1835. *Columbia, S. C.*, Tuesday, Jan. 14—Jockey Club Purse \$800, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Geo. Walden's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. J. R. Spann's ch. h. <i>Bertrand Junior</i> , by Bertrand, out of Transport, 7 yrs.	3	2
Col. McCargo's ch. f. <i>Lucy Ashton</i> , by Gohanna, dam unknown, 4 yrs.	2	3
John Singleton's b. g. <i>Conrad</i> , by Kosciusko, out of "the Duck filly," 7 yrs.	4	dr

Time, 8:04—8:16. Track heavy.

George Walden was Argyle's trainer at this time, and entered him for most of his races. It is our impression that Gov. Butler did not dispose of any portion of his interest in him, until after this campaign.

— *Charleston, S. C.*, Monday, Feb. 9—Citizen's Purse \$1000, conditions as at Columbia. Three mile heats.

Mr. Walden's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 4 yrs.	1	1
Mr. Haun's b. m. <i>Rattlesnake</i> , by Bertrand, dam by West's Paragon, 5 yrs.	2	2
Mr. Montmollin's br. m. <i>Alborak</i> , by Sumter, dam by Imp. Bedford, 5 yrs.	3	3
Col. Fitzsimon's ch. f. <i>Rushlight</i> , by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs.	4	dr

Time, 5:46—5:51.

If we are not greatly mistaken this is the best time ever made over the Washington Course, at that period.

— *Same Course*, Wednesday, Feb. 18—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Mr. Walden's (Maj. Butler's) br. c. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 4 yrs.	1	1
Col. Spann's ch. h. <i>Bertrand Jr.</i> , by Bertrand, out of Transport, 7 yrs.	2	2

Time, 8:05—8:08.

In the autumn of 1834, the late John C. Craig, Esq., of Philadelphia, purchased Shark for \$17,500, of Capt. Stockton, U. S. N., and soon after offered a challenge to the following effect:—

"I will run my horse Shark next Spring over the Union Course, Long Island, or the Central Course, at Baltimore, Four mile heats, for \$10,000, against any horse on the continent. If not accepted by the 1st of Jan. next, Shark will cover at Bristol, Pa., limited to twenty mares at one hundred dollars each."

To this high-spirited challenge no response was received until after Shark had commenced his season. The following proposition, however, was soon after made by the owner of Argyle:—

"COLUMBIA, S. C., March 19, 1835.

"The friends of Argyle having seen the late challenge of Shark, which expired on the 1st of January last, "if it will not be out of order," now offer to accept it with a slight variation of the terms. The Northern laurels of this distinguished racer cannot be much endangered by the genial climate of the South, especially when they will be plentifully watered by the warm streams of Carolina hospitality. Bating any fears of frosts beyond the Potomac, it will be extremely inconvenient for the friends of Argyle, (mere amateurs on the turf,) to run him beyond the limits of this State, but having beaten off the land snakes, they feel willing, and desirous, if practicable, to test their Highlander with this celebrated water "varment." They, therefore, propose to run at Columbia or Charleston, on the day before the next annual races, Four mile heats, for \$5,000 or \$10,000, half forfeit, at the rate of ten to nine upon Argyle; to be governed by the rules of the Course on which the race may be run. This odds is by no means offered to disparage Shark, or to vaunt the prowess of Argyle; but to cover the expenses of a Southern trip, and in some sort make a guest of our noble antagonist, whom we will treat with marked deference on every day save one, and then with the utmost fairness and civility.

"An answer will be expected from Shark by the 10th of May next.

"Argyle will be five years old next June, and covers by subscription twenty-five mares this season, which has already commenced. "P. M. BUTLER."

It was a matter of great regret at the time that the match fell through. However, the get of Argyle which came upon the Turf in 1839, won enough to satisfy his friends that he was quite as well employed in the Stud in 1835, as if he had accepted Shark's challenge and beaten him. About this time, it was said that an offer of \$15,000 was made for Argyle by two persons, and refused; we must premise that previous to this offer Major Butler had disposed of a portion of his interest in him to Col. James H. Hammond, of Columbia.

— *Columbia, S. C.*, Tuesday, Dec. 22—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Jas. H. Hammond's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 5 yrs.	1	1
Capt. D. Rowe's b. c. <i>Vertumnus</i> , by Eclipse, out of Princess, 4 yrs.	2	dr

Time, 8:18. No contest.

Soon after this race Messrs. Butler and Hammond disposed of an interest of two-thirds in Argyle to Col. W. Hampton, of South Carolina, and Col. Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia, for \$10,000. In the month of Jan. following a very heavy match was made on Argyle vs. the choice of four horses in Col. John Crowell's stable, to be named at the post, comprising *Bill Austin*, and *John Bascombe* by Bertrand, both 4 yrs., *Lady Nashville* by Stockholder, 5 yrs., and *Bolivia* by Bo-

livar, 4 yrs. The match, Four mile heats, was made to come off over the Lafayette Course at Augusta, Geo., on the ensuing 12th of April, the friends of Argyle laying \$17,000 on him vs. \$15,000 on Col. Crowell's choice. When Col. C. made the match Bill Austin was his main reliance, but in a trial with Bascombe he gave way, previous to which Bolivia also broke down; Lady Nashville was not able to stride with Bascombe, and on him, at length, Col. C. was obliged to fix his choice. Accident certainly gave him the best selection, as was the case with the friends of Henry in the match against Eclipse, when that nonpareil was selected from a stable containing John and Betsey Richards, Flying Childers, and Washington. Two days before the match came off, an accident occurred to Argyle which placed him *hors de combat*. He ran an end of the cheek of his bit into the roof of his mouth and bled from a quart to half a gallon—as if he had been struck by a phlema. Of course, scouring ensued, and the horse lost his strength and foot as well as his spirit. Notwithstanding all this, and the fact of Argyle's complaining in his feet, his friends backed him at 7 to 5; up to this time he had never lost a heat, while Bascombe was comparatively unknown.—The result may be anticipated:—

1836. *Augusta, Ga.*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, April 12—Match for \$17,000 on Argyle vs. \$15,000 on the nomination of Col. Crowell. Club weights. Four mile heats.
Col. John Crowell's ch. c. *John Bascombe*, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 102lbs..... 1
Col. W. Hampton's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs. 112lbs..... dist.
Time of 1st mile, 1:57—2d mile, 1:53—3d mile, 1:56—4th mile, 1:58. Time of the heat, 7:44.

Argyle did not perfectly recover from the effects of this race for many months. This circumstance, as well as his performances before and since, prove conclusively that he was in no sort of condition. If we recollect aright, he was immediately sent to Virginia, where he went into the stable of Col. Johnson, who could not bring him quite round until the following Spring. He was started but once more only during the year 1836. Record:—

— *Broad Rock, Va.*, Thursday, Sept. 30—Jockey Club Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yrs. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. f. *Catherine Davis*, by Mons. Tonson d. by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.. 1 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 6 yrs..... 2 2
J. P. Corbin's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam not given, 5 yrs..... 3 3
Time, 5:55—6:10½.

In his *seventh year* Argyle seemed to have come into the possession of a new lease of life, and from that time forth, notwithstanding his "aged" weight, he appeared to improve up to the time of his splendid race, in 1839, over the Kendall Course, where he won a second heat of three miles in 5:40!

1837. *Broad Rock, Va.*, Thursday, April 20—Jockey Club Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs..... 1 1
Col. John Heth's b. m. *Margaret Armistead*, by Imp. Apparition, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs.. 2 2
Time, 5:53—6:03½.

E. B. Settle's Nickohock, by Marion, bolted in the first heat of this race, and threw his rider. Argyle won cleverly, and in better time than Catherine Davis made when she beat him over the same course the Sept. previous.

— *Petersburg, Va.*, Newmarket Course, Thursday, April 27—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs..... 1 1
Wm. McCargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks*, by Roanoke, dam by Constitution, 5 yrs..... 3 2
Col. J. Heth's ch. h. *Marshall*, by Timoleon, dam by Thunderclap, 5 yrs..... 4 3
W. H. E. Merritt's ch. f. *Sophia*, by Redgauntlet, out of Clara Fisher, 4 yrs..... 5 4
O. P. Hare's b. h. *Spartacus*, by Sir Charles, dam by Arab, 5 yrs..... 2 dr
Time, 8:05—8:09.

Spartacus was the favorite vs. the field; in running the last mile of the first heat, he failed slightly in the right fore leg. Argyle won the first heat by half a length, and the second by six inches, after a desperately contested race.

— *Baltimore, Md.*, Central Course, Thursday, May 18—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.
Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. *Camsdell*, by Industry, out of Arethusa, 6 yrs..... 2 3 1 1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs.. 4 1 2 2
J. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, d. by Imp. Magic, 4 yrs.. 1 4 4 3
Maj. Jas. M. Selden's b. f. *Miss Phillips*, by Sussex, out of Brunette, 4 yrs.. 5 2 3 r.o.
A. L. Botts' ch. h. *Veto*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs..... 3 dr.
Time, 5:56—5:55—6:01—6:25.

Argyle threw away the 1st heat so plainly that he was backed against the field.

He won the 2d from Miss Phillips by a length after a very spirited brush. In the 3d heat Argyle led for two miles and a half when Camisidell "stole a march" on him and after a desperate contest won the heat. The mare won the 4th heat by a few feet only. The Baltimore editors declared this the best contested race which ever took place over the Central Course, which was never a fast one by any means, and the time made on this occasion was considered remarkably good.

— *Broad Rock, Va.*, Tree Hill Course, Thursday, Sept. 23—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs..	7	2	1	1
Col. Edmund Townes' bl. m. <i>Black Bird</i> , by Arab, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs....	6	1	4	2
Col. John Heth's ch. h. <i>Ormond</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 5 yrs.....	1	4	5	3
Wm. McCargo's b. c. <i>Charles Carter</i> , by Lance, d. by Clay's Sir William, 4 yrs	2	6	2	r. o.
Wm. H. Minge's ch. c. <i>Aaron</i> , by Sir Charles, dam not given, 4 yrs.....	4	5	3	r. o.
Gen. Harvie's br. h. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs.....	5	3	6	r. o.
John M. Botts' b. f. <i>Spindle</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 3 yrs.....	3	dr.		
Branch Cheatham's br. m. by Gohanna, 5 yrs.....	dist.			
Isham Puckett's ch. f. by Carolinian, 4 yrs.....	dist.			

Time, 3:55—3:56—4:05—4:08.

A very game race in which Argyle beat a field of eight; it included among other good ones, Charles Carter, who the following Spring broke down in a four mile race with Boston, after leading him the first three miles, which were run in the unprecedented time of 5:36½, and the 1st and 3d miles in 3:42½.

— *Fairfield, Va.*, Friday, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$600, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. J. Heth's (S. M. Neill's) ch. c. <i>Decatur</i> , by Henry, out of Ostrich (the dam of Tarquin and Suffolk) by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 7 yrs.....	1	2	3
Wm. H. Minge's b. h. <i>Nick Biddle</i> , by Timoleon, out of Jas. Cropper's dam, 5 yrs..	3	3	2
John S. Corbin's bl. g. <i>Black Rabbit</i> , by Engineer, dam by Imp. Eagle, 5 yrs.....	br. down		

Time, 8:01—8:05—8:24.

Decatur at this time was considered by very many, with the exception of Boston, the best four mile horse in the Union. After this race a match for \$10,000 a side, Four mile heats, was made on him against Fanny Wyatt, which came off over the National Course at Washington, the following May. Decatur distanced her the first heat, in 7:45. After his race with Decatur recorded above, Argyle was withdrawn from the Turf for a whole year, so that he never started in 1838.

1839. *Petersburg, Va.*, Newmarket Course, Friday, April 19—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	3	1	1
Wm. Burton's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , own sister to Veto, 5 yrs.....	1	3	2
Ed. J. Wilson's b. h. <i>Sligo</i> , by Timoleon, out of Clubfoot, 5 yrs.....	2	4	3
O. P. Hare's gr. f. <i>Andrewetta</i> , by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	4	2	4

Time, 3:56—4:01—3:54.

— *Baltimore, Md.*, Kendall Course, Thursday, May 16—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

J. B. Kendall's b. h. <i>Master Henry</i> , by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam, 6 yrs	5	3	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	2	1	2	3
Jos. N. Burch's b. c. <i>Wonder</i> , by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro', 4 yrs.....	1	2	3	2
Col. Bryan's b. g. <i>Sam Johnson</i> , by Giles Scroggins, Jr., out of Betsey Baker, 5 y.	3	dist.		
C. S. W. Dorsey's b. c. <i>Hoosier</i> , by Critic, out of Ann Page's dam, 4 yrs.....	4	dist.		

Time, 5:47½—5:40—5:56—6:01.

For a wonder, "the old Napoleon" made a capital mistake in the management of this race, or Argyle could have won the race cleverly in two heats.—Single handed he could have beaten the party with comparative ease and the winner into fits. His second heat was run in the best time ever made in America at this distance. Had he been in equally good order when started in the match against John Bascombe, the "Alabama Phenomenon" would have caught a Tartar. In the first heat Gil. Patrick rode Argyle without a whip, and he was dead to the effect of spurs; Gil. scored him savagely all the way home from the head of the quarter stretch, but it was of no use; the old horse would not extend himself. From the first Argyle was the favorite at odds against the field. Wonder, a colt of very fine speed, won the 1st heat in 5:47½, by a scant length only, but Argyle beat him the second in splendid style, in 5:40—Master Henry dropping just within his distance. In the last mile of the 3d heat Argyle and Wonder had another bout in which the gallant veteran "gave him goss" a second time. Taking into consideration the fact of Argyle's being nine years old, and the sire of a gallant winner on the same course, but two days before, it must be confessed that his performance on this occasion was unparalleled in the annals of the Turf. The day was excessively warm, and age and weight at length told. Had a proper estimate before the race been made of Wonder's speed, Argyle would have taken the purse at two heats beyond a doubt.

— *Broad Rock, Va*, Fairfield Course, Thursday, Oct. 3—Purse \$250, conditions as before.

Two mile heats.

Col. Wm R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	3	1	1
Capt. W. Burton's ch. m. <i>Julia Burton</i> , by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs.....	1	2	dr
Capt. S. W. Morgan's b. f. <i>Virginia Robinson</i> , by Imp. Luzboro', out of Target's dam, 4 yrs.....	2	dr.	

Argyle was the favorite at odds, and won handily. Time, 3:55—3:54.

— *Camden, N. J.*, Friday, Oct. 9—Purse \$500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs. —4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; with the usual allowance to mares and geldings. Three mile heats.

S. Laird's (Mr. Longstreet's) ch. c. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	2	1	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	1	2	3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. m. <i>Mary Selden</i> , by Sussex, out of Glorvina's dam, 6 yrs.....	3	3	2

Time, 5:48—5:56—5:54.

This was a capital race. Clarion was then decidedly at the head of the Northern Turf and the betting between him and Argyle was very heavy; not a shilling was offered for choice, both parties being sanguine. Clarion, in the first heat, made play from the score, and led to the last quarter of the second mile, where Argyle challenged him and they ran locked the entire third mile coming home under whip and spur, Argyle winning the heat by a neck in 5:48. In the 2d heat the two cracks led alternately; it was a contest from the start to the end, but Clarion won it by a neck only. The 3d heat he won handily.

— *Trenton, N. J.*, Eagle Course, Friday, Oct. 25—Purse \$600, of which the 2d best horse received \$200, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Capt. J. S. Corbin's b. c. <i>Passenger</i> , by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus, 3 yrs.....	1	4	1
Col. W. R. Johnson's br. h. <i>Argyle</i> , by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle, 9 yrs.....	2	1	3
S. Laird's (Mr. Bathgate's) b. c. <i>Waterloo</i> , by Imp. Victory, out of Maid of the Mill, 4 yrs.....	4	3	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Stanhope</i> , by Eclipse, out of Bonny Black's dam, 4 y.....	3	2	dist.

Time, 4:10—3:53—3:44.

Argyle was the favorite against the field, but Passenger, was comparatively a fresh horse.

The above race was Argyle's last appearance on the Turf. He was immediately after sent home to Columbia, S. C. with *Fanny*, in charge of Willis.

RECAPITULATION.

1. 1834. Jan. 3....	Orangeburg, S. C.....	Purse....	Two mile heats....	won....	\$ 150
2. —. March 19....	Augusta, Ga.....	Purse....	Four mile heats....	won....	600
3. 1835. Jan. 14....	Columbia, S. C.....	Purse....	Four mile heats....	won....	800
4. —. Feb. 9....	Charleston, S. C.....	Purse....	Three mile heats....	won....	1000
5. —. Feb. 18....	Charleston, S. C.....	Purse....	Four mile heats....	won....	1000
6. —. Dec. 22....	Columbia, S. C.....	Purse....	Four mile heats....	won....	700
7. 1836. April 12....	Augusta, Ga.....	Match....	Four mile heats....	lost....	
8. —. Sept. 30....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse....	Three mile heats....	lost....	
9. 1837. April 20....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse....	Three mile heats....	won....	500
10. —. April 27....	Petersburg, Va.....	Purse....	Four mile heats....	won....	700
11. —. May 18....	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse....	Three mile heats....	lost....	
12. —. Sept. 28....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse....	Two mile heats....	won....	250
13. —. Oct. 20....	Fairfield, Va.....	Purse....	Four mile heats....	lost....	
1838. He was not started during this year.					
14. 1839. April 19....	Petersburg, Va.....	Purse....	Two mile heats....	won....	200
15. —. May 16....	Baltimore, Md.....	Purse....	Three mile heats....	lost....	
16. —. Oct. 3....	Broad Rock, Va.....	Purse....	Two mile heats....	won....	250
17. —. Oct. 9....	Camden, N. J.....	Purse....	Three mile heats....	lost....	
18. —. Oct. 25....	Trenton, N. J.....	Purse....	Two mile heats....	lost....	
Argyle received from a Club Purse as second best horse.....					200
Also for his services as a stallion in 1835.....					2500

Starting eighteen times and winning eleven races—five of them at four mile heats, and two at three mile heats—making in all..... \$8850

Argyle's first colts came out in 1839, and greatly distinguished themselves. But a very limited number of mares were bred to him the first season he stood in Carolina; of their produce only four were started in '39. Of these, Mr. Smith's *Gov. Butler* won at three, at two, and at mile heats, running the latter distance in 1:49—1:50. Col. Hampton's *Kate Seyton*, also, was twice a winner, as was Capt. Maxwell's *Alatoona*. Gov. Butler, the only colt of Argyle's we have seen, has immense size and substance; he is at least sixteen hands high, and very well proportioned. *Kate Seyton*'s form is one of great symmetry and beauty; the only fault about her is, that there is not enough of her. She was a filly of very fine speed, and but for her lameness would have shown to great advantage last Fall. As the sire of winners, aside from his own brilliant and extended career on the Turf, Argyle, is richly entitled to the patronage of the breeders of Carolina and we trust his claims will not be overlooked.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the July Number of the "Turf Register," page 378.

ON THE DUTIES OF THE HEAD LAD.

By a head lad is understood a young man, or rather one who, when promoted, is fast approaching to man's estate. He is generally one who has been for some years previously brought up under the tuition of the groom, who is induced to select him for the situation from his general good conduct, and from his having a thorough knowledge of his business, both in the training as well as the riding of the horses, his private character having always been distinguished by a regard for secrecy, sobriety, and honesty—three very essential qualifications for either a training groom, jockey, head lad, or stable-boy, to possess. Such a head lad, under the groom, has full authority over all the boys and horses both in and out of the stables. He instructs and directs the boys in every part of their duty, particularly that of riding. He rides any difficult horse, as occasion may require, in their gallops or sweats. During the absence of the groom, who may be attending with some of his horses at any particular meeting, the head lad, having previously received the groom's orders, feeds and works such horses as may be left in the home stables, and when he is thus employed he should be allowed the use of a hack. He is sometimes sent with a horse or two to a country meeting, and is occasionally entrusted to train and ride such horses. When the groom is otherwise employed, he is also entrusted with horses of value and in high repute that may be going to travel to any of the great meetings. There is one principle to which a head lad should strictly adhere, and that is, secrecy relative to any horse's being amiss. He must not on any account communicate his thoughts or suspicions upon such a point in any way or to any person except to the training groom under whom he is serving. It may be necessary to caution a young beginner previous to his entering on a situation as a training groom or jockey, how he is to act towards his employer; and this shall form the subject of the next chapter.

ON THE DUTIES OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE TRAINING GROOMS AND JOCKIES.

It is almost unnecessary to observe here, that a man who is a training groom, either public or private, should be a sober, honest, attentive, and intelligent man. He must be perfectly well ac-

quainted with every individual thing relating to a race-horse. With a clear head, his thoughts should be almost incessantly occupied in studying the different tempers and constitutions of such horses as may be placed under his care to train. He should minutely calculate every point, both for and against each horse, so that he may be able properly to arrange the feeding and working of the horses under his care. He must have a quick eye, to observe in due time the changes his horses may be likely to make. It is by strictly observing all such things, that he is able to bring each horse to post in such form as will enable him to come the length he may be engaged to run at his best pace, and without the risk of injuring his constitution.

Besides a clear head and a quick eye, there is one more essential that a groom should possess, and that is a still tongue. For as a public trainer, he is very likely to have a large establishment of horses standing in his yard, many of which, if not all of them, are under his direction. Being thus engaged to train for different noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf, he must learn to be silent in order to give general satisfaction to every one of his employers, but more particularly if any of the horses belonging to different owners should be matched against each other, or engaged together in the same stakes or plates. It is true that it does not often happen that horses so matched stand together, and it is a sort of thing which should at all times be avoided by the owners of such horses as are training in the same yard, for it must necessarily be unpleasant to the trainer (there being but one horse that can win); and although he may endeavor to serve all his employers with equal integrity, yet from the opinions formed by inexperienced sportsmen of the properties of their horses, disappointments in the result of a race will sometimes occasion jealousy to arise in the minds of the most liberal of those whose horses may have been beaten. Noblemen and gentlemen who employ a public training groom will of course at times require of him how their horses may be going on in their work, and they will, not unfrequently, request his individual opinion of them. He should always reply cautiously. I do not mean to say that he should prevaricate, but the less he says to a young sportsman the better, unless he has anything to communicate that, without an accident, would be highly advantageous. Advice, though well intended, given unasked to a young nobleman or gentleman, may be displeasing to the employer, and will probably prove injurious to the groom, by such nobleman or gentleman ordering their horses to be removed from his stables. But to an old experienced sportsman, whom the groom knows has confidence in him, he may open his mind rather freely, and may even go so far as to recommend him in due time to draw his horse, if he thinks there is no chance of his winning. He may thereby save the horse from being abused, and if the thing be well managed, it may perhaps save the payment of forfeit or entrance money. But under all circumstances, I cannot help again remarking, that a public training groom, in giving his advice on such occasions, should be very cautious indeed. The

most proper channel of communicating all such advice is through that which of all others is likely to be most satisfactory to all parties—the private trials or public running of the horses.

The private training groom should, in every respect, be equal to the public training groom, in regard to the knowledge of his business. This man has a much less difficult game to play than the public trainer. It is not unfrequent for the private training groom to reside on the premises of the nobleman or gentleman in whose employ he may be, and to be training the horses entrusted to his care, in his master's park, and perhaps not in a racing neighborhood; as, for example, at the Earl of Egremont's, at Petworth. He has therefore an opportunity of keeping his horses' properties secret, confiding them to his master only, and he can enter freely and without fear into conversation with his employer, upon the qualifications of the horses. This retired situation, removed from the public eye of curiosity, enables them, both before Christmas and in the Spring, to make the necessary trials of the various powers of their horses, and to form in a quiet way a correct judgment, under what weight and what length each horse will run to the greatest advantage. By comparing the results of these trials with the measurement which they may have had an opportunity of making, in public running, of the powers of other horses, the owner will be in a situation of entering or matching his horse in public running, to a decided advantage.

It is by training-grooms that race-horses are brought to post in the highest possible state of condition. Such horses are trained by these men, according to their ages, tempers, constitutions, and the running properties each may possess, in the length he can best run, under certain weights. These points can only be known to the trainers who direct and superintend the feeding, watering, and working of the race-horses entrusted to their care, and who should consequently be the only persons to give orders, how such horses are to be rode in their different races. Trainers also know best how to select those jockies who are in high practice, and whose skill, and coolness, combined with judgment and a quick decision, enable them to make the most of every fair advantage that may offer in the running in favor of the horses they ride.

Such men as I have been describing are invaluable to their employers. It is on the sound judgment, integrity, and honesty of men of the above description that many, many thousand pounds are often depending. I, therefore, strongly recommend to the notice of both trainers and jockies, at all times and on all occasions, to adhere strictly to the old proverb, that "honesty is the best policy," which principle in the character of man, Shakspeare has so finely exemplified in the following lines:—

"This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

It is generally understood, that until horses are brought into a stable, their feet require but very little attention. While roving about in a state of nature, they are generally sound and healthy. But it is to be observed, that when a horse is taken up from grass and brought into the stable to be got into condition, a very great change is produced in his constitution by the dry food on which he then almost solely subsists : but the change will, in a great measure, be corrected by the horse himself ; and he will assist (if allowed to do so) the digestion of the dry food he eats, by the quantity of water he chooses to drink at different intervals during the day. But he has no power to meet or counteract the very great change which is at the same time taking place in his feet. This must be left partly to the care of the groom who looks after him, and partly to the smith. They should direct their attention to this point immediately on the horse's coming into the stable, and while his feet are yet in a perfect state ; for if they once become diseased, it is difficult to get them sound : at least, I have found this to be the case.

Hunters and horses in common use are not so much exposed, nor for so long a time, to the same causes which injure their feet, as race-horses are. The former are only working through the winter, and then mostly on soft or moist ground. In the summer these horses rest, and if their feet are properly attended to during that season, there is time for them to recover any common injury they may have sustained in the course of their winter's work. Similar precautions may be adopted with respect to carriage-horses or hacks, by turning them out of work for a sufficient period ; but the race-horse cannot be so conveniently put out of work as either of these.

A race-horse, unless an accident happens to him, is kept up longer and more constantly in an artificial state, than any other horse.

Two and three-year-old colts which are bred for the Turf, and are engaged early in great stakes, are often in training as yearlings, in the winter as well as in the summer ; and when they come to a more advanced age as country platers, some of them have to come to post early in Spring, and run at different meetings until late in the autumn.

Although these horses may not be actually abused by a summer's running, yet many of them will become very stale from it ; and for such strong horses, there is not much more than three months in winter allowed for them to rest, to put up flesh, and to get fresh, before they must again commence training. During the time they are laying by, they must have bedding to lay on by day as well as by night.

It is almost unnecessary for me to observe here, that the bedding of a race-horse cannot well be dispensed with at any time, as horses in strong work require to rest by day as well as by night, and many of them do lay by day, stretching and resting their limbs and muscles ; so that they are, for sixteen or eighteen hours out of the four-and-twenty, standing or laying with their hoofs con

stantly covered up with the warm bedding. This keeps their feet very hot and dry, and is one of the principal causes which occasions them to contract; nor has the horse the same power within himself of remedying this change produced in his feet, as he has of counteracting the change which takes place in his constitution, on his being brought from a state of nature into an artificial one.

All grooms should endeavor to make themselves acquainted with the nature of different horses' feet, more particularly such training grooms as may be travelling with country plate-horses—as a preventative is better than a cure. They should not only see that their boys are attentive in the common care of their horses' feet—such as picking them out and washing them—but grooms should endeavor to obtain a thorough knowledge of such treatment as may be necessary to preserve their horses' feet in as healthy a state as possible. They should endeavor also to make themselves acquainted with such remedies as may be most advantageously applied to give relief when their horses' feet are somewhat diseased or out of order from being repeatedly shod and plated. For race-horses can no more work, travel, or run with bad feet than with bad legs. Grooms were formerly particularly attentive to the latter, but I have known them neglect the former, unless when their horses' shoes or plates were put on by a strange smith. This is very improper. They should, on all occasions, pay the strictest attention to their horses' feet, as Veterinary Surgeons in high practice are not to be met with in every town, neither are good shoeing or plating smiths to be found at every racing meeting.

The feet of race-horses are mostly small and strong, with a deep or high crust. Their heels are also high and strong, and their soles concave. Horses with such very strong feet have been known to work for years without shoes, but then this has been under peculiar circumstances.

The feet of all horses are liable to contraction. This is easily to be observed, particularly in old horses which have been kept in an artificial state; their feet become long and narrow, and their heels contracted. Yet many horses with their feet in this state may be observed to go perfectly sound.

The reason Professor Coleman gives why horses with such feet are not lame, is, that Nature sometimes accommodates herself to the slow progress of the disease, and as the foot contracts in breadth, so it increases in length. The professor is of opinion, that by these means lameness is often obviated in such horses.

But when contraction is sudden, lameness is more frequently produced. This shows how necessary it is to pay the strictest attention to horses' feet when they first come into the stables, at which time they are in a sound and perfect state, as the feet of racing colts invariably are, if they have received proper attention while in their paddocks. In such situations their feet are almost constantly moist; even in the summer, their feet are moistened by the dew of the grass, twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty. And while they are in their paddocks, they are almost always in

action; their feet are exposed to the air on a soft, cool surface; and as colts are generally at this time pretty lusty, there is a good deal of weight on their feet, which may much assist in keeping them expanded while in the natural moist state in which they are so long as they continue in their paddocks.

Before I proceed to speak of the remedies necessary to be applied to horses' feet with a view to keep them sound and healthy, I shall give a description of the external horny covering of the horse's foot, and how it is divided. I shall compress and simplify the matter as much as I can. For to enter minutely into the anatomical structure of the sensible parts of the foot would probably be more curious than useful to either grooms or smiths; but it may be advantageous to both to give a plain description of the external covering.

The whole of the upper part of the crust, which is connected or joined with the skin at the lower part of the pastern, is termed the coronet; the sides of the foot are called the quarters; and the quarters terminate in the heels. The front and lower part is the toe of the hoof; this latter is the term sometimes given to the external covering of the foot. The sole is of the form of an arch, and situated round the bottom or under-part of the foot, and has a certain limited motion whenever the foot is in action. The bars are a continuation of the crust—they are convex, and extend along the sides of the frog. The frog is composed of soft, elastic horn, is convex, of a wedge-like form, and is situated in the middle of the sole, is pointed towards the toe, and spreads as it advances to the heel. In the centre of the broad part there is a fissure, which, when diseased, is termed a thrush. It is almost unnecessary for me to remark that the horny parts composing the hoof, are for the defence and protection of the sensible or internal parts of the foot, and should therefore, for this purpose, be left of a certain substance.

Authors, who have published on the Veterinary art, have given various opinions with regard to the uses of the frog of the horse's foot. Whatever may be the functions that Nature intended it should perform, it appears to me to be highly necessary that grooms and others, who have the care of horses, as well as the smith who shoes them, should become well acquainted with this part of the foot, as also with all other external parts of it. I shall therefore give my opinion, though briefly, on this matter, as far as I am capable of judging from the practical knowledge I have been able to derive from directing and superintending the shoeing of horses for the last eighteen years, in the regiment in which I have now the honor to serve. From this practice, I am induced to coincide with the opinion of Professor Coleman, and to think with him, that this part of the foot (the frog), from its elastic and wedge-like form, is intended to receive pressure—but certainly, not constant, artificial pressure, to the extent and for the length of time it has often been applied. I think that wearing the iron frog in the stables, and also wearing bar shoes, if continued for several shoeings, generally bring on diseased frogs—that is to say, if these

are applied for the purposes for which such shoes are usually intended ; which is to take the pressure off the heels of such horses' feet as may have them diseased from corns or any other cause. Under these circumstances, it is, of course, necessary to apply bar shoes, having previously removed a certain portion of horn from the parts diseased, to prevent, as much as possible, such parts coming in contact with pressure ; which being effectually done, the bar shoe is applied, and the frog, if sound and of sufficient substance, now receives a great portion of pressure, which I consider to be artificial, and which, if continued for a long time, generally produces diseased frogs. This may be obviated by making the bar part of the shoe unreasonably wide ; which, however, is rather objectionable for pleasure horses—as racers, hunters, and hacks. Yet these bar shoes, properly made, are very useful for draught horses, and indeed for any horses whose feet may be so diseased as not to go sound without them.

From the manner in which cart horses working in London and in many of our provincial mercantile towns are shod, the frogs of their feet are seldom or ever in contact with the ground, in consequence of the very high caulking of their shoes, which are necessary to prevent their slipping when exerting themselves in the drawing of heavy loads.

Now it is horses of the above description that are, perhaps, more subject to that obstinate disease “canker,” than many of our pleasure horses are ; the cause of which, I am of opinion, is the want of pressure on the frog. Be this as it may ; whether draught horses' feet become affected with the disease just mentioned from the want of pressure, or whether it proceeds from the want of proper attention being paid to their feet in the stables, or from their feet not being properly cleaned out at the smith's shop prior to their being shod—or whether it results from a running thrush having been long neglected, or from the discharge proceeding from the grease penetrating through the clefts of the frog, and thereby occasioning the disease—or whether a horse becomes affected with it from any hereditary cause, as that of being bred from either a horse or mare which may have long been subject to the disease—it matters not. From whatever cause the disease may proceed, whenever it does make its appearance, it mostly makes the frog its place of preference : and, if neglected it spreads to the other parts of the foot. Now, the frog being thus affected with canker, is in a highly diseased state ; yet notwithstanding this, one of the first steps towards the cure of the disease is to lower the horse's heels, so as immediately to throw as much pressure as possible upon the frog, even in its diseased state. So necessary is pressure to the frog in forwarding the cure, that if it cannot be obtained by the above means, a bar shoe is put on ; and after the dressing has been applied, the foot is stopped up with tow as tight as it can well be done, so as to throw all the pressure possible upon the frog, with a view to keep down the fungous parts which are much inclined to rise on its surface. So that even in a diseased state, this part of the foot (the frog) will not only bear

pressure, but, that pressure being applied to it, becomes one of the principal remedies for bringing it again to its former healthy state.

From this it appears necessary that the frog of the horse's foot should receive natural pressure, by being allowed to come fully in contact with the ground.

The wall or crust of many of our large horses' feet (such as heavy coach and draught horses) is much too oblique, with low weak heels and convex soles. These diseases, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, the ill-formation of many such horses' feet, more frequently proceeds from their being bred (as most horses of this description are) in low, wet, moist situations, as in the fens of Lincolnshire, than, as is often supposed, from hereditary causes.

The horn of horses' feet which are bred in such swampy places, being rapidly forced in its growth by the constant moisture, becomes thin and weak, and is soft and elastic from its being almost constantly exposed to wet; so that the wall or crust of the fore-foot is scarcely ever equal to support the weight of such heavy draught horses when bred in such situations. From this cause, the feet of many such horses expand to an unreasonable size, and the soles of their feet are to be seen protruding more or less.

It is a pity that all such horses are not bred in drier situations; if they were, their feet would be good, and strong in proportion to their weight and size, and they could be continued more constantly than they are at present at the work to which they are accustomed. Their feet being strong and in good form, they could be shod with much greater ease, and could wear plain instead of enormously heavy bar shoes. I dislike such ill-formed large-footed horses, as much as coarse large-headed ones; for both these defects (as they may be correctly termed) are much more likely to retard than to increase the speed of the horse; nor would I breed from either stallions or mares with such imperfections.

When race-horses, hunters, or hacks, have such feet as I have just described (which I allow is not frequently the case, more particularly with race-horses)—when, I say, it does happen that these horses have convex feet, it is customary not to make their shoes of more substance or of greater breadth than can possibly be avoided, according to the size of the foot and the weight of the horse, as these horses have to go a more rapid pace than heavy horses of slower movements—such, for instance, as those which work in harness. Neither race-horses nor hacks have occasion for caulking to their shoes. The same may be said with respect to hunters, unless when hunting. In shoeing such of these horses as have convex feet, it is not an easy matter for the smith to prevent the frogs from coming somewhat in contact with the ground, in consequence, as I have already observed, of the quarters and heels of such feet being so very low and weak; from which circumstance the frogs are invariably large, and in a most sound, healthy, and elastic state. This arises from their being, almost constantly, in contact with the ground. Whether such horses are

standing in the stables, or are in action, their frogs are exposed to what may be called natural pressure, which I conceive to be absolutely necessary; and I recommend that it should at all times be allowed to take place when it can conveniently be done, by the heels of strong feet being kept moderately low, and the frog pared as little as possible.

The horses belonging to the regiment in which I am now serving are light, with some little breeding; consequently there are but few with feet of the above description. But when any of their feet are in such a state, they are not so much deformed, nor at all times so deficient of horn, as many of the draught horses I have mentioned. However, all such feet generally require to be well furnished with iron. The breadth and substance of the shoes must be regulated according to the size and weight of the horse, and to the sort of work in which he is engaged. And unless such horses are shod under the superintendence of an experienced veterinary surgeon, or by a good shoeing smith in high practice, their feet soon get out of order.

My method of having cavalry horses shod that have convex feet, is, to shoe them often; but I never allow the soles of their feet to be pared to a greater extent than is absolutely necessary, until the crust or wall of the foot has grown down. This is to prevent their soles from further protruding, which has been brought on by their being kept too weak. To give strength to the heels, I have the toes kept short: and if I see it necessary, I order bar shoes to be applied on one or two occasions, or until the wall or crust has grown and become sufficiently strong. When that is accomplished, I order plain shoes of a substance and breadth equal to the weight of the horse.

Such feet seldom require to be moistened by the application of water, but for the purpose of promoting the growth of the horn and keeping it tough. 'Tar ointment is the best application I am acquainted with; it is composed of equal parts of tar and mutton suet, or lard. This ointment, as well as the yellow basilicon ointment, have been long in use with grooms and farriers, and most excellent applications they are for keeping the horn of horses' feet tough and elastic. 'The application is to be used twice or thrice a week, and to be well rubbed round the hoof. In applying it to the soles, it should be spread on pledgets of tow, covering the whole surface of the sole, and to be sufficient in quantity or substance to give some degree of pressure to the sole, whereby the crust or wall of the foot will be relieved of a certain portion of its weight; and the edges of the tow should be pressed under the shoe, so as to give pressure to those parts in a similar way.

By the method of shoeing and the treatment here recommended, I have not only kept horses in work that have been at head quarters, but their feet have so much grown, and become so strong, as to admit of their being almost constantly shod in plain shoes.

I have thus far given my opinion with regard to the application of pressure on the frog, and also such instructions for the shoeing

and treatment of such feet as the practice I have had authorizes me to give ; and which I hope will be sufficient for the guidance of grooms and smiths who have the care and shoeing of race-horses, subject to such imperfections.

With regard to the feet of thorough-bred horses generally, I would observe, that these horses, having their origin in a hot climate, and being bred on a dry soil, their feet are, as I have before noticed, almost invariably found to be strong, upright, and small, with the soles concave. This description is applicable to the majority of the race-horses now bred in this country, which are subject, either from accident, inattention, or other causes, to most of the diseases met with in the feet of horses employed in common use. But the diseases to which all horses with strong feet are principally subject, are bad thrushes, contraction, and, not unfrequently, that which is termed the navicular disease ; which latter was formerly better understood by describing the horse as being foundered, or groggy.

The locality of this disease is between the navicular bone and the flexor tendon, which latter passes over the former in its way to be inserted into the coffin bone—this is the seat of the disease. The surface of the navicular bone, and that part of the tendon immediately over it, become heated and inflamed when diseased ; which is occasioned by the concussion produced in the rapid pace horses are at times obliged to go over hard ground. From a frequent repetition of these causes, the inflammation increases to such an extent as to terminate in an ossification of the parts, which are thereby deprived of their natural action, and indeed, of all action whatsoever ; and horses which are severely affected with the complaint, may be seen going as much as they possibly can on their hind quarters.

Race-horses are occasionally subject to the above disease ; but there are some among them—such as the craving ones, which are more liable to become affected with the complaint than the light ones, in consequence of their having not only to go long lengths in their gallops and sweats, but occasionally to sweat three times a fortnight, and not unfrequently, in the height of summer—in the months of July and August—when most of our training and running grounds in the South may be said to be very little better (in regard to the hardness of their surfaces) than turnpike roads. From the unavoidable necessity there is for keeping these horses almost constantly in strong work on such hard ground, the feet of some of them become heated and inflamed—so much so, that it is not uncommon for the groom now and then to observe a horse in the string, when walking away first from the stable (perhaps the morning after sweating) to go a little stiff and feeling in his fore feet. The groom (if he is competent) on observing this, takes the earliest opportunity of recommending the owner to put the horse out of work for a short time, and by bleeding and giving him physic and rest, the inflammation in his feet subsides ; and to any but a very accurate observer he will then appear to go sound. The owner, acting upon the hint given him by the training groom, will

probably sell the horse. Should he not be disposed of, he is, of course, again put into training; and the same cause (strong work) very soon produces the same effect, and the horse at last becomes permanently diseased in his fore feet. He is seen by the groom to go very feeling in them in his walk; and in his gallops and sweats, he goes stiff and short in his stride.

The groom, now finding that he cannot get the length into the horse at the usual pace, recommends the owner to put the horse out of training; and perhaps at an age when there might have been a great deal of good running left in him; and in all probability, he might have continued in training for two or three years longer, had proper attention been paid to his feet while he yet continued a young one.

To make further comment on the navicular disease would be useless, as I am totally unacquainted with any remedy by which it may be cured. Attention should principally be directed to prevent, as much as possible, this disease, or any other, from taking place; for when horses fall lame in their feet, it is often difficult to get them sound again, unless the lameness proceeds from a mechanical injury. I think of the number of horses that become progressively lame from strong and rapid work, not more than half are again brought permanently sound, unless their work is stopped, and early means resorted to for their relief.

CANADA RACES AND YANKEE JOCKIES.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

EARLY in August the Quebec garrison races took place on the plains of Abraham, the spot where the gallant Wolf so dearly purchased his renown. The arrival of the new governor-general, with a numerous staff, all well mounted, gave additional life to the meeting, and we had two excellent days' racing. Mounted upon Wellington and Douro (conquering names!) two thorough-bred English horses, I carried off four prizes: I mention this, not from vanity, but as an opening to a story I am about to relate. On the evening of the first day's races, I was returning to Quebec, when a small, thin, shrivelled sort of a man, with hollow cheeks, black twinkling eyes, and long, lanky hair, mounted on a good bay horse, somewhat out of condition, overtook me, and, drawing up, said—

"I guess, mister, you're one of the Britishers that have been racing on them there plains."

"I am, sir," I replied, somewhat surprised at the tone of the new comer.

"Now, I guess," he continued, "that you know as much about racin' as a Chippewa Indian does of a pair of dancing pumps."

But to the point; I've a four-year-old colt, which I raised, half-blood, though a perfect pictur' of a horse, which, if you'll give me a little start, I'll run any horse in Quebec, winner to be sold for 300 dollars."

I replied that I would at once accommodate him, with one slight alteration in his proposal, that, instead of a little start, I would make him a handsome allowance for age and breed. After some little demur, the Yankee agreed to run his four-year-old American colt Eagle, 8st., against my thorough-bred English mare Camilla, aged, 11st., best of heats, the first a mile, the second two miles, and the third three miles, for \$200, P.P., stakes to be made that evening at the Union Hotel. As my friend rode off, I fancied I heard him say,—

"I guess I'll slip into them Britishers afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I calculate I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on 'em."

The stakes were duly made, and the following morning I was proceeding to the race-course, when I heard a clatter behind me, and, on looking round, saw my unknown friend of the day before. Anxious not to have any further communication with him for the present, I pushed my hack on faster and faster to his best trot.

"I guess that is a pretty considerable smart horse, legs all under him—gathers all up snug—no rollin', or wabblin', all steady," said the stranger, as he came beside me, and apparently reined in to prevent his horse passing me.

I felt humbled; my favorite trotting hack, Spring, was beaten. This might be ominous of the fate that was hanging over me. To continue this trotting contest was humiliating; I yielded, therefore, before the victory was palpable, and pulled up.

"Yes," continued he, "a horse of pretty considerable good action, and a pretty fair trotter, too, I guess."

These words cut me to the quick; Spring, the observed of all observers, to be pronounced by a Yankee dealer to be merely "a pretty fair trotter." Anxious to change the conversation, I made the usual commonplace English remark upon the weather, and deservedly was I punished for this piece of nationality.

"It's generally allowed," said he, "our climate in America can't be no better. It stumps the whole univarsal world. It whips English weather by a long chalk—none of your hangin', shootin', drownin', throat-cuttin' weather, but a clear sky, rael cheerful-some."

We reached the race-course, and my "little unknown" weighed and mounted. Eagle was a thin, leggy animal, very unlike the Yankee's description—"a real daisy, a perfect doll—dreadful pretty—a genuine clipper—could gallop like the wind, beating a flash of lightning by a neck or so; had an eye like a weasel, and nostril like Commodore Rodgers's speaking trumpet." The jockey was equipped in an old pair of dark-colored corduroy unmentionables, shoes and gaiters, a waistcoat that once had been yellow, and a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head. No sooner

was this American Robinson, as he thought himself, in his seat, than the brute upon which he was mounted began rearing, kicking, and plunging. After one or two false starts we both got away, the Eagle making tremendous running; before we had gone half a mile, however, he put his foot upon a stone, fell, and the rider pitched over his head. As the Eagle had flown across the plain, I, of course, pulled up, and expressed a hope that the jockey was not hurt.

"Don't stand starin' and jawin' there," said the prostrate man, "but help me up; I'm proper tired; I blow like a horse that has got the heaves, and I guess I had better wash my face, for I've ploughed up the ground with my nose the matter of a foot or two."

I was too wary to dismount, which I afterwards found was the Yankee's object, but, calling to some soldiers of the artillery to help Jonathan to the weighing-stand, walked over the course. No sooner was his trick seen through, than up he jumped, and, mounting his horse, which had now been caught and brought to him, tried to overtake me, but that was not to be done; I had passed the winning-post ere he had arrived at the distance-flag, and he was declared distanced. A wrangle now ensued, the American loudly declaring that no distance had been mentioned, and that we must run the race out. The Stewards were appealed to, and of course decided that all matches run on the Garrison race-course, were subject to the usual laws of racing. The bets were now all paid, and the stakes to be given up, upon my horse walking over, when, anxious to give the Eagle a chance, I consented to run one heat, either of one, two, or three miles, for the stakes, provided an additional hundred dollars were posted on each side. This was agreed to, and the last race of the day was to decide the bottom of the English and American horses, for the three mile course had been accepted. The event came off as I expected; the Eagle went again on the "go ahead" system, and at the end of two miles completely shut up; I made a race of it, winning by a neck. Camilla was claimed. I regretted her loss; but consoled myself with having received, including the stakes, six hundred dollars for her. The loser bore his disappointment with the greatest good humor, declaring that his horse was "clear grit—ginger to the backbone, and actilly equal to cash"—adding "that he had purchased Camilla for a friend, as he had no likin' for the critter." Pleased with the manner in which the Yankee had borne his defeat, I presented him with a small gratuity, and he took his departure.

On the following day I discovered the cause of his good humor, which did not in the slightest degree add to mine. A few weeks previous to the races I had given a friend of mine a commission to purchase an American horse, which, according to common report, had been winning everything in the States. Unfortunately my friend fell in with a 'cute Yankee horse-dealer, who agreed to purchase the horse for him for 300 dollars. Being at that time rather green in the ways of the world, I had written to an agent

at Montreal to pay that sum, as soon as the horse arrived there. This was accordingly done; but, instead of remaining in that town with the new purchase, and which I was anxious should be the case, as the races were shortly to commence there, and there was a large allowance for American-bred horses in the great sweepstakes, the dealer proceeded to Quebec in the steamboat, horse and all. No sooner had he arrived, than he sought me out in the way I have described to my readers, without of course telling me that he had brought my steed with him; nor until the day after the races did I discover that I had been not only running for my own money, which the artful dealer had staked instead of paying to the man from whom the horse was purchased, but that I had beaten my own newly-bought flyer, Eagle, as the sailors say, "on every point" of running, and had parted with Camilla for 300 dollars. To sum up all, I had presented the rogue with a gratuity, and had to refund nearly £15 to my Montreal agent for money advanced to the dealer for his expenses, independent of 300 dollars, the price I had consented to give for this miserable specimen of Yankee horseflesh, which, as a matter of course—I mean no pun—was beaten at Montreal by the very animal I had sold—Camilla. In the following winter the high-mettled racer, Eagle, was reduced to the situation of *wheeler* in my sledge, if such a term (as appropriate as the common mistake of asking the *Christian* name of a Jew) can be used where wheels are dispensed with.

London Sporting Review for June, 1843.

SCROPE'S DAYS OF SALMON FISHING.

BY THE ORGANIST.

MR. SCROPE is decidedly one of the notable characters of the day. It is no rare thing to find an individual pre-eminent for the possession of one coveted talent, by the constant exercise and cultivation of which he may become a man of mark and likelihood, quoted beyond his own particular circle, and on the highway of achieving such fame as the bent of his inclination will allow. In these days—Heaven help us!—every man sets up for a sort of genius, has a special science in which he vouchsafes to dabble, and is little short of a monomaniacal professor. But show us the man like Mr. Scrope, who is not only an accomplished gentleman, but a refined and elegant scholar, an artist, a musician, a linguist, and, above all, a thorough sportsman in every branch of the craft—at home alike upon the mountain or by the pool—and we regard him with admiration, and perhaps a touch of envy, as one of Nature's prime favorites, who knows and feels the value of the manifold blessings he has received. That our author is all this and

more, the works which he has given to the public do most abundantly testify ; and we rise from the perusal of this his last Treatise with even a fuller appreciation of his extensive acquirements, rich comic humor, and felicitous style of illustration than we conceived or expressed before.

"What on earth has made the old *Organist* so eulogistic to-day ? That was not his wont." Listen, gentle, or rather ungentle reader—for bile is written on your face—and we will tell you why. For two springs have we been debarred our usual pleasant pastime by the river side. Unthinned by us for long have been the pools of the silver Tweed, untrodden her pebbly fords. Last year we gave the salmon a jubilee. Long we waited for the first rains to fall—not that they might refresh the earth and awaken the herbage, for we care as little about agriculture as Mr. Colden or a Bedouin Arab—but that the mosses might be soaked, the galleys filled, the burns red, and the Great River sent roaring to the sea, to summon from its mighty bosom the noblest of the finny tribes. Long we waited with the sickness of hope deferred, looping up our tackle at times in a kind of austere desperation, and impiously railing in our hearts at the cold dry winds and nipping atmosphere of a belated Scottish spring. When rain came, it was in dribblets, scarcely enough to allay the dust, and never enough to furnish a gush for a moderate-minded gutter. Meanwhile the earth became green, and not the earth only, but the waters also. Hushed was the brawling of the brook and the gentle rippling of the rapid. Clear shining stones no longer lay at the bottom, for a kind of cozy scurf grew up and covered them, and slimy even to sickliness was the surface of the stagnant pool. Where then were the salmon ? Of a truth we know not ; but in our fancy's eye we saw them clustered and swarming in the salt water over against the mouth of the river in great multitudes, waiting for the welcome spate, just as the old frequenters of Drury Lane used to wait for the opening of the pit-door. Indeed they were much better there than in the fresh. Even trouts, "native, and to the custom born," began to loathe their lukewarm shallow element, and might be seen of an evening coming in to rub their snouts against the sand. The only gentlemen who seemed to enjoy the thing were the eels, who wriggled comfortably in the mud, and sucked in garbage by the yard. It was a season to break the heart of the most frigid and philosophic fisherman ; or, at all events, to tempt him to break his rod, and abjure his craft for ever.

They told us afterwards that the spate did come, but on the whole it must have been a sorry affair, and we question if any one was inclined to cry with the buskined Bucolic,

"Claudite jam rivos, pueri ; sat prata biberunt."

At any rate we were far away, and derived no profit from it. This year a medical friend has strongly advised us to make colchicum a material article of our diet, and as some antipathy is understood to exist between the consumers of that valuable herb

and cold water, more especially when applied to the feet, we have not yet ventured to the Tweed. But we have done what was next best. We have lain all day upon the sofa, with Mr. Scrope's volume in our hands, and resolutely shutting our ears to the plaintive wailings of two hurdiegurdies and a bagpipe, have allowed ourself to wander with him, in fancy, by the side of our beloved river, have heard the cry of the cuckoo and the hum of the early bee, have inhaled the sweet scent of the violet, primrose, and brier, and have watched below the hollow of the Trows the plunge of the silver salmon. Sweet streams below Makerstoun—Rutherford, Mertoun waters—how well we know you all! How changed is the world with us since the fair-haired blooming boy, strong in hope and in limb, supple as the tiger-cat, and eager as the otter, bounded over the furze and green sward to throw his fly into your whirling eddies! How sharp was his delight, when the bell and wave of the salmon told that the prey was hooked! and how keenly bounded his heart to the merry music of the reel, as yard after yard of the line went spinning out, and the strong rod bent almost double, and at last, with a desperate spring, the glorious creature leaped right out of the glancing element, displaying his magnificent bulk in the clearer element of the air! And then the thrill of anxiety as we went down the water, the fish fighting like a chained gladiator, hard of head and most unwilling to die! These rocks that jut into the water, how are we to get past them? Why take the water to be sure; it cannot be more than waist-deep; and if it were, rather swim for it than lose such a prime fresh-run miracle as that. In we go. Fortunately our fifth button-hole floats, and half wading, half scrambling, half floundering, we carry on till at last we emerge upon the sward; and, lo! there is a bank of gravel whereon a fish might be proud to lie. We gave him the butt, and in he comes, rather upon his side than otherwise, but still with determination in the twitches of his tail. He touches the stones, and, as if a serpent had stung him, back he starts with a twist, dashes up the stream as strong as ever, and sends the line whistling through the rings. 'Tis but for a moment, however. Gentle force compelling him, again he comes floating downwards, again with sweet semicircle he steers gracefully towards the shore. We have no gaff nor attendant—a boy needs none—but we *pirn* up with what speed we may, and an ingenious manœuvre brings us to the side of our gasping and exhausted prey. Aha! Master Salmon! we have you by the tail over the gravel, and up upon the mossy bank. Die! fit sacrifice for the gods. *Moritur*, and—weighs sixteen pounds to a hair.

Ah, me! these were pleasant times; but we are old now—and so is Christopher North—and so we fear is Mr. Scrope. Yet what of that? Our green old age is vigorous—confound that twinge!—and we flatter ourselves that we three could yet maintain unsullied our ancient reputation upon the waters. Would not that be a glorious trial—the three veterans upon the Tweed against all Britain! How say you, Gentlemen of the English Angling and Original Waltonian Clubs—are you ready to stake your money?

We will do it for a thousand a side, and give you a fourteen-pounder to begin with.

Singularly enough, we never saw Mr Scrope save once, and that was near Meilkleour. We were not fishing that day, but walking on the opposite side of the river in rather a pensive mood, reflecting on the propriety of drawing our purse-strings to relieve the necessities of a scape-grace nephew, and thinking how hard a thing it was that we should have lived to have a sister's son entered in the Guards. We will not say that we were not swearing a little—but that must have been slightly—when we heard the plunge of a fish in the water, and, lifting up our eyes, beheld a Gentleman in a boat working away for dear life with a salmon half as big as a sow, and ten times more obstinate. We saw at a glance that the rod was grasped in a masterhand, so we quietly seated ourselves on the bank, and lighted our cheroot to enjoy the scene at leisure. I never saw a thing done more prettily. The salmon sulked, and evidently shewed a predisposition for the bottom, and a strong hankering for various sharp-cornered rocks, which thereabouts are rather plentiful; but it was of no use. The angler kept up his head as steadily as an experienced serjeant imparting the positions to a raw recruit, and the fish presently seemed convinced that it was folly to adopt the tactics of his fourteenth cousin, the barbel. Away then he went like an arrow, squattering in most extraordinary fashion near the surface—a very dangerous mode of progression by the way, which we have seen sulky salmon more than once adopt—and varying his rectilinear course by a succession of short curvettes, such as Perrot may be supposed to practise behind the scenes ere he darts forth upon the boards the actual incarnation of caoutchouc. Cannily then ran the line, and beautifully worked the reel. We could hear its whirr—whirr—whirr distinctly, as the salmon drew out the lengths, and we saw that it was a real trial of skill, a contest between the man and the fish, not so much of strength as of artifice. Meanwhile the salmon had worked his way down towards the bottom of the pool, whence issued a stream impetuous as a mill-race, and broken by enormous stones. If the fish once entered *that*, we would not have given the butt-end of our Manilla for his reversion, and it appeared to us that the chance of stopping him was at least extremely problematical. “We would give him the butts,” said we to ourself in the plenitude of our wisdom, and next moment we felt a blush of shame suffuse our visage, for it was evident that to practise that manœuvre with a salmon struggling near the surface was nothing short of perdition. The stranger was wiser than we, for he gave him *line*, and although the fish and boat were rapidly nearing the stream, the success of the artifice was perfect. Whether the fish imagined from the cessation of the check that he was free, or suspected some other dodge, it is of course impossible for us, who have never undergone a piscine metempsychosis, to divine, but certain it is that he instantly swam deep, and turned his head up the water. In doing so he neared the bank. Then was the moment. The angler leaped ashore, rapidly reeled up, gave his adversary

the butt direct, and never more permitted him to run. An athletic assistant plunged into the water, and gave Master Salmon the gaff by implication. We looked on approvingly as the noble creature was hauled up on the bank, felt something like a spasm of hunger pass through our vitals, consulted our watch as to the approximation of dinner-time, and wandered homewards, wondering who the stranger might be. On the road we met Rory Anderson, the crack fisherman of Dunkeld, who informed us that it was Mr. Scrope. We would have gone back to make a personal acquaintance on the spot, had we not feared, with gentle King Jamie, that the cock-a-leekie might be getting cold, and knowing that three or four-straping Athole lads, who were to dine with us that day, would be waxing fearfully impatient, and probably execrating our memory in varieties of barbarous Erse. We accordingly delayed our visit, and next week, to our infinite sorrow, we found that the bird was flown. Somehow or another, Mr. Scrope seems to us as inscrutable and ubiquitous a personage as Mr. Borrow, the Spanish traveller, whom nobody ever saw. We have heard of him on the Tay, the Tummel, and the Tweed—above the Pass of Killiecrankie, and below the bridge of Melrose—and yet, save for that fitful apparition, we have never beheld him; and even that glimpse rests upon the authority of Rory Anderson, whose constant maxim it is never to profess ignorance on any subject whatever. We fear, therefore, that we shall never meet: but one valuable memento we have, in the shape of Mr. Scrope's autograph on the fly-leaf of a presentation copy of his "Days of Deer-stalking," which is one of the most esteemed, as it is one of the most elegant ornaments of our drawing-room table.

We are glad to find that Mr. Scrope entertains the same opinion with regard to the identity of the parr and the samlet which we maintained years ago in the pages of *MAGA*, before the ingenious and conclusive experiments of Mr. Shaw were laid before the public. We are a good deal surprised, however, to find him assert that the late James Hogg, the renowned Ettrick Shepherd, was a partisan of the opposite faction. We first became acquainted with the said James about thirteen years since, and know that *then* he maintained the theory of identity with much perseverance. He was, in fact, the first man in Scotland who adduced positive proof to that effect, by marking in the spring of every year a large number of parr, many of which were afterwards retaken in their enlarged character of salmon, and although, at the time, his asseverations upon the subject might have been deemed a little miraculous, he is entitled to his fair share of credit now, when the possibility of recapture has been placed beyond all doubt by the experiences of Messrs. Shaw and Young. Probably Mr. Scrope points at an earlier period of time.

We do wish that Mr. Scrope had given the aid of his excellent pen to put our Legislators right in their bungling Salmon-fishing Bills, to advocate a later close-time, an earlier withdrawal of the nets, and a rigorous and extended Sunday-slap. We have written upon this subject until we were sick and tired of the theme, and

possess as much red-taped correspondence from sapient senators as would fill an ordinary portmanteau. No one should be allowed to sit in Committee on that point, unless he can produce satisfactory testimonials of having slaughtered at least fifty fish in one season, and then we should hold him to be a competent judge. On the last Committee, we aver, with confidence, that half of the Honorable Members—we hope it is no breach of privilege to say so—were innocent of the blood of a gudgeon, and knew no more about the natural history of a salmon than they did about the habits of the sea-serpent. Now that sort of thing is perfectly preposterous. The owners of fisheries, knowing whom they had to deal with, assorted their testimony accordingly; and evidence, which was only drawn from the observation of an early river, was held equally to apply to the latest. The difference of rivers in this respect is so great, that one might with equal wisdom regulate the growth of peas in Scotland by assuming an equality with Portugal. It would be well to keep in mind, that, legislate as you please about Nature, you can never control her operations. Some people, if we may judge from their sentiments and speeches, appear to think differently, and to hold that the omnipotence of Parliament extends so far as to compel the fish to run up the river at a given day. If so, what is the penalty of disobedience? To be sold and eaten as Tariff salmon? In that case we would rather trust to Mr. Scrope's angling-rod for enforcing it than to the awful powers of the Speaker's warrant.

Scrope wades, and shews himself thereby to be a sensible man. In salmon-fishing, and indeed in fishing of any kind, it will not do to trip along the bank in French boots, as if you were going to execute a mazourka. Not only do you lose the best casts by so doing, but there is something ineffably contemptible and missyish in the caution of avoiding wet feet, save always when the gout compels. Let us suppose, however, friend of Hobby, that you have contrived by accident to twitch your Kerby firmly into the jaw of a twenty-pounder, and tell us how you intend to secure him. You are, we observe, upon a bank, with the clear water running about three feet deep beneath you, and there is a rapid a little way below, where you may contrive to cross by immersing yourself about as far as the middle. Have the kindness to look down the water to the right. The stream runs boiling against a wall of solid rock about fifty feet high, on the face of which there is not a ledge broad enough for a mouse to creep, and that way you are convinced, we presume, that progress is effectually barred. Now favor yourself with an observation upwards. You see that the bank grows steeper and steeper, and that a clump of trees comes down to the water's edge, and in fact overhangs the stream, so there also there is no egress. Nay, if you ventured it, and did it too, we would not give a sixpence for your anatomy; for the Laird of Mellerstain's old brindled bull, the most vicious tosser in the parish, has twigged you for this last half-hour, and is now quietly watching behind the fence, preparing for a start the instant that your elegant proportions shall appear within the verge of his sanctuary.

Now, Sir, will you oblige us with your intentions regarding the killing of that fish?

"O dear! O dear! do you think he will run away from me?"

To us, deeply pondering, our excellent Sir, the question appears to be, not whether he will run away *from* you, but whether he will not run away *with* you altogether. Meanwhile he has been amusing himself with taking a turn or two in the stream preliminary to a start. Now he goes with a whirr, and—as I thought—*down*. For Heaven's sake, keep your hand from the reel, or you will be broken to splinters! Never mind though the line cuts your fingers. D—n it, man! don't stand there staring like a stuck pig! Do something!

"O dear! I wish that horrid brute hadn't taken hold of my hook! What am I to do?"

Why, tumble into the water to be sure, scramble across the ford: on the opposite side you have a clear channel and an open bank for a couple of miles. Keep his head down and your line tight, and in an hour or so he'll be walloping in your creel. Quick, man!—in—in!

"O but I shall spoil my watch!"

Confound your watch! Would you set a flat Geneva affair against a fresh-run salmon? Get in with you, we say. Well behaved! There you go, plunging through like an ancient Trojan, staggering a little, it is true, but that's natural, for the stream is strong, and on the whole you are shewing fight for it. Don't attempt to get upon that stone, or you are a gone 'coon! What? you would, would you? Very well.—Squash! In he goes, heels over head, the rod flies out of his hand, and the current whirls him down, like an overgrown cork, into the pool. By Jove, this grows serious! Halloo, you Sir! can you swim? No more than the new aerial-machine can fly! Tam Richardson! as you hope to taste whisky more, wade in and gaff him. Out he comes—hardly more senseless, but decidedly less sentient than before, his muscles in a state of collapse, and his face as blue as a baboon's. Ay! you see the boots have done it—not a nail in them, and the soles as slippery as ice. Pretty papooshes these for the feet of a fisherman upon the Tweed! Lay him on the bank, Tam, and rub the water out of him, whilst we look after his rod. There it is; and by Saint Anthony, the fish is still on the line. We plunge in, recuperate the lost chevalier, and in about half an hour land as fine a kipper as ever glided beneath a scaur. On returning, we find our spruce acquaintance restored to partial animation, and in a fit of generosity persuade him that he slew the fish in the paroxysm of his own mortal struggles.

Mr. Scrope's ideas on the subject of flies correspond entirely with our own. Of the six which figure in the plate, the *Tobby* is decidedly our favorite, and next to it *Sir Michael Scott*. This plate alone is more valuable to a fisherman than the whole contents of many treatises. We are glad also to observe that Mr. Scrope adheres to the ancient and beautiful practice of fishing with single gut. The true Sportsman does not relish your twisted cable; and

we really think that over-confidence in your tackle robs the sport of half its charm.

There are two inimitable chapters upon the peculiar methods of capture called Sunning and Burning the Water, on the latter of which we shall only remark—and it is no slight praise—that we think Mr. Scrope's descriptions, whilst more minute, are equally picturesque with the account of this sport given by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of "Guy Mannering." The *leister*, however, is a dangerous implement for the angler. After one or two successful trials, he is apt to become, like an opium or lotos-eater, disgusted with the lesser sport. Wholesale slaughter—for a hundred fish and more may be speared in the course of such an expedition—takes off the edge of one's appetite for the *monomachia* of the rod. But human flesh and blood cannot resist the allurements. The fantastic beauty of the scene—the red lights streaming on the surface of the water, and rendering visible every minute pebble in the deep recesses of the pool—the dart of the silvery salmon, with the flashing streak which he leaves behind him in his wake—the phantasmagoria of the trees as they seem to flit past you, their great stems and dark foliage made apparent for an instant by the reflection of the blazing torch—all these are things which, once seen, can never be forgotten, and which no description can convey or art imitate, unless some future Rembrandt should arise to wield at once the *leister* and the brush. Even Mr. Scrope seems conscious that these methods of fishing are a little *de trop*, and accordingly excuses himself in the following manner:—

"All this to the Southern ear sounds like poaching of the most flagitious description; but a salmon is a fish of passage, and if you do not get him to-day, he will be gone to-morrow. The Tweed used to let for above £12,000 a year; judge, then, in what a wholesale manner these fish are caught by long nets and other sweeping modes; yet in what profusion they continue to be found! You may just as well think of preserving herrings or mackerel as these delicious creatures; and there would be no objection to your taking 3378 salmon at one haul, if fortune would so favor you, as Commander Ross did at Boothia Felix."

Liberal ideas certainly! but we are in too good humor just now to join issue upon such a point. We shall only remark, that, if such be Mr. Scrope's sentiments he might have exercised a little more lenity towards the unfortunate Souter of Selkirk, whom he captured with a salmon in his possession. We do not understand, from his account, that it was in close-time, but if it was, it may be worth consideration, whether, in possessing himself of the fish for the avowed purpose of consumption, Mr. S. was not equally liable to a penalty under the existing Act. The humor of the fellow should have saved him, and we cannot approve of the confiscation of his flies.

To conclude our remarks upon this beautiful and fascinating volume, from the perusal of which we promise an ample treat both to the mind and eye of the reader, we select the following angling anecdote, given on the authority of the renowned John Crerar.

We reserve our opinion as to its credibility, and shall merely give it the title of

THE JONAH MOUSE.

"The Tay trout," says John Crerar, "lives in that river all the year round. It is a large and yellow fish with a great mouth, and feeds chiefly on salmon spawn, moles, mice, frogs, &c. A curious circumstance one happened to me at Pulney Loch: one of my sons threw a live mouse into it, when a large trout took the mouse down immediately. The boy told me what had happened; so I took my fishing-rod, which was leaning against my house close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the very first throw I hooked a large trout, landed it, and laid it on the walk: in two seconds the mouse ran out of its mouth, and got into a hole in the wall before I could catch it."!!!

After this, we place implicit confidence in the statement of the Souter, who averred that the salmon leaped of its own accord into his pocket, whilst he was in the act of fording the stream.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1843.

MY FIRST POINTER,

AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY A VOYAGER.

I DECLARE solemnly that I think one of the most unalloyed of mundane pleasures is the coming into possession of one's *first pointer*. It is a pleasure in fruition, yet supercharged, at the same time, with pleasures in prospect; so that, unlike most other gratifications, enjoyment does *not* bring to it extinction.

Well do I remember the receipt of my first pointer—a puppy just weaned from its mother. I was in the heyday of youth, and there was the promise attached to the suckling that so soon as I had broken him in thoroughly I was to have my first game certificate—was to be enrolled among the legitimates:

————— "Joy was with the gift,
Yet 'twas a herald joy, telling of others coming."

If it were of importance, I could describe the very basket in which the pup was conveyed to me, then a denizen in "my father's halls;" but that may be left to slumber in my own memory, and I will make my commencement of these "Reminiscences" of my pointer's pupilage, a description of his personal appearance, for "there's matter in it."

The aphorism that "a good horse is never of an ugly color,"

necessarily applies to all animals, for it is merely a version of a still more comprehensive adage—"handsome is that handsome does;" but I think the converse of the aforesaid aphorism does not hold good if applied to the pointer, for I never knew a dingy "ugly colored" one of the breed worth shooting to; and in nine cases out of ten the sleekest coated, brightest colored pups of a litter will prove the best dogs. The hair of that puppy of which I am to offer some reminiscences, was soft and glistening as that of the mole, and no jet ever exceeded in intensity the black spread in broad patches over his ears and back—the rest of his coat was equally glossy and purely white. The beauty and excellence of this animal has, perhaps, created within my mind a prejudice in favor of pointers of these contrasted colors; but certain it is I prefer the white and black pointer—I put the white first because that should be largely in excess. And, let me add, there is this utility in having a dog with white predominating—he is much more easily seen at periods of the day, and in situations where a dark-coated dog is lost in the shadows; but independent of this, I prefer a pointer whose coat armor is *guttés de poix* on a field *argent*.

The bitch from which my puppy was bred was one of the smallest that ever quartered over a stubble, whilst his sire was as extremely the contrary; and as this and all the other offsprings of the union were very large-sized dogs, they afforded another illustration of that result of experience, so equivocally expressed by the ancient, "the sire overcometh the dam quite."

To facilitate reference I had better state at once, that my puppy was baptized *Sancho*, being a name never found wanting in our kennels, perhaps, since falconry gave way to gunnery in the art of fowling, and certainly in no time to which the memory of man runneth; and never will I have a dog for the gun without an *o* final to his name, if that name exceeds one syllable. For this resolve no sportsman will desire a better reason than that names so terminating can be loudly uttered with less exertion than any other.

Sancho, having a liberal allowance from the dairy, suffered no check to his early growth, and liberal diet never resulted in a more copious development of parts than on this occasion. His carcase became so large that his limbs could not sustain its weight, and for some months he scrambled about during the chief part of each day on the knees of his fore legs. Gamekeepers pronounced this a fatal failure, but I used to laugh at their prognostics, and thought the dairy-woman's dictum much more consonant with reason, "La! sir, he is but a puppy; he'll be stronger when he's older." So Sancho was left to her nursing; and, as in many other instances, those who should know better were demonstrated to be in the wrong, for her dietry soon put Sancho "upon his legs."

No dog so frequently as the pointer transmits to his progeny the regulated propensities with which it is endowed. I have heard it gravely asserted, that a breed of shepherd's dogs in the Lothians had been so systematically and invariably docked, or *cur-tailed*, as a punster would have it, that whole litters were frequently laid

down with tails of the required brevity. Whether this strong evidence in support of Lord Monboddo's theory be correct or false, I leave to the physiologist; but it is quite certain that there are many pointers, the whelps of which instinctively, and without instruction, will point and back. To use the gamekeeper's phrase, they are *self-broken*. Sancho was one of these self-educated dogs, at least, so far as standing and backing.

I hold it as a practice to be followed invariably when breaking in a puppy required for pointing game, to take him in the first instance to a place where he will be certain to find game, with so much cover that the game will as certainly lie close, and on a day when the scent will be strong. These concurrent circumstances will prevent the dog being rendered lavish by long and unsuccessful hunting, or cowed by being frequently checked; and many puppies will at once point of their own accord, if first introduced into the field with these contingencies in their favor.

So soon as Sancho was six months old, in a warm July day, succeeding to one which had been wet, and with a gentle wind from the south, I took him to the north side of a field of tares standing for seed, and hied him forwards. He went off freely; the wind was in his nose, and a covey of partridges had been seen to drop in this field an hour before. The tares prevented him going very fast, and before he had quartered the field a second time, he came to a dead point. He stood firm until I came up to him; the scent was so strong that he required encouragement to induce him to advance even a single step; the birds were very young, and "lying like stones." He found them almost singly, without making a blunder, and I forthwith took him home, gave him an extra meal, and, need I add, showed my approbation in every mode that maketh glad the hearts of dogs. I actually shot to him that season, not regularly, but for an hour or two on several different days; and in the season following he proved as good a dog as was ever shot over. He was timid, and if flogged for a fault did not recover confidence for hours. Indeed, I never knew but one dog which was not better educated by a system of rewards and gentle corrections than of severe punishments. The extreme of punishment should be administered with a light whip which will induce smarting, but nothing approaching to a bruise. Kicks and hedgestakes are never bestowed upon a dog by any one deserving the name of a sportsman, and if he cannot restrain his passion so far as to refrain from their employment, he ought to be avoided like a certain gouty captain in Berkshire. This martyr of the gout and of his own ill-temper, used to be so furious with any dog that might happen to be disobedient, and the punishments he inflicted (he called them *founcings*) so atrociously severe, that when his voice and rage rose together, I have seen every one of his dogs (two pointers and a retriever) flee home in dismay, and their speed hastened by every attempt at recal.

One of the most important circumstances to be secured for a pointer on first entering him, is to have him shot to by one who can kill, at least, twice out of three chances. The dog is rejoiced

and encouraged by such success as much as his master ; and a young pointer who finds his efforts thus rewarded will go through his work with a proportionate spirit and carefulness. It will confirm him in the habits of ready obedience which have been instilled, and will be a much better finishing to his education than is the college to the scholastic tyro.

I presume that no experienced sportsman among your readers will refrain his assent from the assertion that the pointer exults in the death of game ; observation will have taught him that every sporting dog, from the foxhound to the spaniel and rat-terrier, hunt in the hope of killing the quarry they may find. If any doubt upon the point should exist, it will be dispelled by the practice of a pointer formerly belonging to Mr. Quihampton, residing near Malden in Essex. This gentleman had frequent visits from cockney friends, who

Kill'd by chance, and wonder'd at success.

And if one of these terrifiers of partridges missed three or four times successively, no inducement held out by the unlucky wight could make the disgusted pointer hunt, or even stay with him, and away the dog trudged, "on homeward thoughts intent." No whistling or calls could induce him so much as to look back ; and I have been told tales most ludicrous of the effects upon different temperaments of this dogged superciliousness. It was a silent declaration that reasoning had brought conviction to the dog that it was useless for him to tire himself in finding game for such an incompetent.

That pointers do reason I have a further instance from another gentleman, who, shooting in the same vicinity, hit a partridge hard, but the bird crossed a creek of the Maldon bay, and then towering, fell upon one of the little islands or saltans, as they are locally called, left by the tide's receding. This was no uncommon event, but his attention was called to his pointer, who kept his eye intently fixed upon the wounded bird, and never altered his gaze until he had well marked the spot where it fell. He then, unbidden, descended to the water, swam across to the island, found the dead partridge, and returned with it to his master.

London Sportsman for June, 1843.

EXTROARDINARY FEAT.

On the 15th of August, 1792, to decide a wager of £50, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer, of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse (Laborer) ran twenty times round the race-ground (which was exactly one mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

A SUMMER'S DAY AMONG THE TROUTS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

THE START.

GLORIOUS, beautiful June! to our mind there is no word in the language so full of melody as that sweet name of *June*. March—April—there is a harshness in the sound of these that seems to speak of blustering winds and chilling showers; but June—June is all softness, all mellowness, a word of flowers, a breathing like that of “the sweet south, upon a bank of violets.” And if the *name* of June is beautiful, how much more so is its essence—its meadows, its forests, its flowers upon the wild heath, its rivers glistening in the green vallies, its sunshine gladdening the blue heavens; its long days, where you may ramble away into all manner of distant villages and odd unexplored woods on the horizon, without fear of being intercepted on your return by bandit or catarrh; its warm luxurious nights, where you may lie with blankets off and windows open, without danger of cramp in your leg, or rheumatism in your shoulder.

But June is a misused month. May—mind! we have no quarrel with May: on the contrary, it is a very pet month of ours; but what we are going to say is this—May has its feasts and its festivals, its games and its sports, its May garlands, its May dances, its May-queen, its May-day, its May-pole, its Jack-in-the-Green; why should not June have the like? If we thus honor the *promise* of bounty that May offers, should we not equally honor the *fruition* that June brings? But this is like mankind: always agog for something to be gained, listless enough when the fulfilment is enjoyed. Why should not June have its “day” (red-letter or black, I care not which)? why should we not have June garlands (its flowers are finer than those of May)? why not a queen of the June (we know a dozen that would play the character admirably)? why not a pole (the earth has its two poles, why not the year)? why do not climbing boys dance on the first of this month, as well as on the first of *that*? but, the young rascals! we forgot—they have had their punishment—and they richly deserved it—an Act of Parliament has come with its anti-climb-ax, and put an end to their *Rights of Sooty* for ever.

June has its lovers, however; we ourselves are among the warmest of the number. And who that has not a heart of stone, and veins of flint, could resist the sweet influences? A ramble now into the wild world of hill and valley, forest and streamside, what a glorious thing! Every nook and cranny is covered with green; you cannot stick a pin but it penetrates a green leaf. A while ago, there were patches to be seen here and there in the landscape, where the farmer had turned up the brown soil to the

sun; but none such are visible now; what Agricola has left bare, Nature has filled in. All is green; the very milestones and heaps of Macadamized pebbles by the way-side have little crops of fescue, and foxtail, and other grasses growing in their chinks and crannies; walls, roofs, and chimnies, all are seen waving with some little green bough of their own. Where foliage is naturally to be looked for, as in the woods, the orchards, the hedgerows—there it is found in such upheaped abundance that one wonders how in the world the stems and branches can stand up against the weight of it. The seeming paradox, that “you cannot see wood for trees,” is cleared up now: for I defy you to catch a glimpse of two consecutive inches of timber, unless you lie down on your back, and run your eye up the trunk. The great characteristic of a feast, some one has said, is having *more than enough*: so the great characteristic of a June landscape is the possession of what Charles at Simpson’s would call, foliage for three.

If the upper stratum of landscape, the boughs and the branches, are loaded with luxuriance, not less so is the beautiful deposit of flowers and plants below. Supereminent among these—for the old wood is full of them—are the crimson bells of the fox-glove, dappling every bank where the sun comes, and shining out when a ray of light catches them, like so many rubies and carnelions—only ten thousand times more beautiful. Deeper in the forest, for they are of a coyer disposition, are the pretty blue bells of the orchis, so abundant where the situation is shady and moist, that the banks are perfectly blue over with them; and when seen between the trunks of the trees, with the green underwood beyond and about them, and a ray of sun-light dipping in among them here and there, they make one of the pleasantest pictures that poet, painter, or piscator could wish to look upon. Where the blue bells of the orchis are not, the pale stars of the wood-anemone are sweetly dividing the empire of the banks and slopes with their azure brethren—with them, and that other pretty white star-flower on a slender stem, whose name how am I to give if Mrs. Loudon *will* not publish her book of English wild-flowers for the edification of us poor ignoramuses?

Out of the wood—out on the heath, that crowns the hill top and runs away over valley and upland as far as eye can reach, is the most glorious exhibition of furze blossoms that mortal florist ever beheld. Luckily ours is no prize show; we have no premiums allotted to first gorsebush, and second gorsebush; and happy is it that such awards are not in vogue amongst us, for who could pretend to give judgment on a garden seven miles long? who could venture to name the winner in a field of twenty thousand acres? If we have no prizes, however, we have no blanks; for every step on this beautiful wild heath brings us in good fellowship with some pleasing sight or sound—now a bright flower, bright as heaven, and unseen by all the world except the honey-bees and us—now a merry bird, plover or king-fisher, lark or goldfinch, twittering by as if in astonishment at our intrusion—now a brilliant insect, moth or dragonfly, beetle or butterfly, darting to and fro

across our path, and seemingly taking a pleasure in conducting us through the sinuosities of the heath—now a group of gypsies squatted under a clump of hawthorns (with clothes hanging out to dry overhead, of course)—now a bevy of ling cutters, with their donkies laden to such an upheaped excess, that you can only just catch a glimpse of the tips of their ears—now a knot of little rosy children, wending their way through furze and fern to the village school in the distance, fully persuaded that there is not such a being as Mrs. Birch, their “guv’ness,” in the whole universal world; nor so learned a volume extant, either in the Index Expurgatorius or out of it, as *Mavor’s Spelling Book*. Coming up the hedge side, where the plantation is, on the edge of the heath, appears Plush, the squire’s keeper, great in the dignity of green and gold, but greater still in the delegated authority of manorial rights. As the devil will have it, we have just hopped over the gate into the ride as Plush comes in view; not with any malicious intentions against the game, but simply to listen to the nightingales, with which this wood abounds.* We had some hopes that Gold-and-green would go by without seeing us, but on he comes lib-lobbing up the hill straight to the spot where we stand. Your gamekeeper never hails you at a distance, like a sea-captain or an hotel touter. He always “reserves his fire.” Like a Bengal tiger or a common house spider, he crawls close up to his victim before he attempts any overt act. This being the case, I always take advantage of the circumstance to break first ground; a plan that answers wonderfully well in many cases—giving a man in charge to a policeman, for instance.

“By Jove, keeper, you’ve a prime lot of nightingales here!” (*in the blandest imaginable tone.*)

“Do you know this is no public road?”

“Public road! oh, yes!—oh, aye! I’ve known this wood many and many a good year, and remember Sir George planting those fir trees on the slope yonder—and, st! there’s a nightingale! don’t speak!”

“Are you aware—”

“What a delicious warble!”

“Are you aware that you’re liable to fine and imprisonment for trespassing in this here preserve?”

“‘And that low, piping note, sweetest of all,’ as Coleridge has it; how delightful!”

“Perhaps you’d favor me with *your* name. I just wanted to catch some o’ you chaps as breaks all these hedges down.”

“Me break hedges down! Me! I protest—”

“Oh, yes, in course, you’ll all *pertest*: but you’ll have an opportunity of pertesting before the magistrate on Thursday next; so please to give me your right name and address, and then make yourself scarce out of this here plantation as quick as you can.”

Keepers are certainly most intractable brutes.

Cotton-velvet fairly out of sight (with one of Mechi the razor-

* It is an altogether-cockney notion to suppose that nightingales sing only in the evening. They pipe away all day long when it suits ’em.

strop man's cards in his pocket instead of our own), we again take our fling on the glorious old common. What a view there is from where we now stand! two, four, six, eight, ten churches, all in one sweep of the eye—and as many windmills, working away like semaphores, telegraphing signs of peace and plenty to all the neighborhood—and twice as many farm-houses, lying like nests in the midst of their fields and orchards, and setting one longing every time one looks down upon them, to sell out all the 3's and $3\frac{1}{2}$'s one has in the world, and take the first hundred acres that offer—and, linking all these together in a beautiful band of foliage, our old friends the hedges, where the woodbine, the wild rose, and the hawthorn-blossom contend for mastery, filling the air with fragrance, the eye with delight, and the heart with piety. In the valley yonder, where the brook runs (at which we hope to arrive, in time), there is such a dense mass of green that one feels almost afraid of the earth's giving way under it. Every cow, sheep, and horse in every meadow on either bank looks so fat and lazy that it seems a perfect waste of herbage to let them feed any longer; nay, the cows have carried their idleness to such an extent that they are actually *lying down to eat*.

Nearer home—here under the windmill bank, are the cottages. Yes, "the cottages;" for there are not enough of them yet to be called a village, or even a hamlet. They have neither lawyer nor doctor, post-office nor publican, pound nor pillory. They are too poor to offer a booty to chicanery, too simple to desire to prey upon others. They may well afford to carry on their drama of life "with the part of Hamlet omitted:" the moment they aspire to the dignity of a village, their fate is sealed; the moment their stocks rise, their fortunes must fall. At present they are the most-to-be-envied set of beings on the whole wapentake. Indeed we know nothing more interesting than such a cluster of humanity. It is Adam and Eve in Paradise without their loneliness; it is Noah's Ark, without the excessive cold water applications; it is Robinson Crusoe's island, with a man Friday, and a man Saturday, and Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday to boot. Its inhabitants are less a community than a family; for there is a Cupid of the Windmill Bankites, as there is a Diana of the Ephesians, whose bow carrieth not beyond the precincts of the rurality. 'Thus, red-cottage goes a-courting to white-cottage, rough-cast keeps company with parget, thatched roof casts sheeps' eyes at tiled-roof, and so on to the end of the chapter. Such a thing as a lover coming awooing into our little Atlantis from any neighboring village or hamlet, I believe, was never heard of in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant—and they all live to be a hundred. I have no doubt that should any such victim of amative-ness venture on any such project, he would be tossed in Dame Gubbins's blanket, or ducked in Gaffor Dobson's horsepond. As we have before hinted, the *liberal professions* have no representatives here, which is no small blessing: for if a man has a little quiet squabble with his neighbor, it is too far to go to a lawyer about it, and so the feud dies a natural death: and again, suppose

a fellow feels himself ill (as the best of us may at one period or other of our existence), by the time he has got to the doctor's, the walk has done him so much good, that he feels himself no longer in want of physic, but walks by the "*Night Bell*," and calls for a jorum of ale at the *Blue Bell* instead. The only public building of our rurality (such we love to call it) is the windmill. We wish every public building in every public place in the land could be shown to dispense as much benefit and originate as little evil as our dusty round-tower. The miller himself is perhaps as near an approach to a public character as is known in the locality; but his pretensions in that line are in fact very humble. He once indeed *did* serve the office of overseer of the roads—only the bye roads though—and on one memorable occasion was delegated by the whole body of Windmill Bankites in common council assembled (at the corner of Dame Wilkins's duck-pond), to remonstrate at a turnpike meeting against the erection of a side-bar at the end of Quagmire Lane; an occasion on which he would no doubt have signally carried the day, if he had not been overawed by the presence of a county magistrate, and outbullied by the opposing tollgate-man. But in fact there are no public characters at "The Bank:" the whole place might be marked, like one's letters to one's mother for money, "strictly private." The very name of Ambition is unknown here, and I'll be bound to say, if you'd ask the first native you met, "Is Ambition to be found among you?" he'd answer, "No, Sir, the gentleman don't live anywhere's here-about."

Yes, there *is* one little ambition—no, there ain't—you can't call it an ambition—say emulation—yes, that's a prettier word—emulation be it. Our worthy Arcadians have an emulation of outgrowing each other in the flower line—the fine-flower line, as the miller would call it; a strange notion for such an outlandish nook, where you would fancy a thistle was looked upon as a choice nosegay, and a dandelion as a blossom of first-rate respectability. But no; our friends are a flight above *Dens leonis* or *Nemo me impune lacessit*: nothing less than auriculas and polyantheses, carnations and piccotees, tulips and anemones, dahlias and chrysanthemums (6 to 1 we've spelt it wrong), grandifloras and grandifolias, will serve their turns. The men would rather go without their meals than without their Clarkias: the women would rather sacrifice their peace of mind than their heart's ease. If there ever *is* anything like bickering in the community, it is when some more enterprising individual than the rest brings in some new plant or flower. Then the whole region is in an uproar: the importer immediately finds himself in a glorious minority of one, all the rest being banded against him in an overwhelming eyes-have-it-of-envy: evil eyes are cast upon his annuals; ill luck is imprecated upon his perennials; creepers, standards, pipings, and suckers, are all wished at the bottom of the Red Sea—and that when it is bone-dry, so that not a drop of water may be found to vitalize their roots. I remember when John Hopkins introduced the black hollyhock. *There* was a commotion! The bringing in of the

Sycee Silver from China did not create half the excitement that honest John's importation of the hitherto-unheard-of-and-till-then-not-to-be-believed-in blossom produced. Some thought it had been dyed; others suggested that it had been watered with log-wood; many declared it was "a vegetable monster;" and some even went the length of saying that it was the devil's flower, and heaven forbid it from blooming in *their* garden. In process of time, however, the black hollyhock, struggling from cottage to cottage, was seen flourishing all the way up *The Bank*, and now is as great a favorite among the rustic florists as if Beelzebub had had no claw in its production.

But, odds hooks and flies! we mustn't stop dawdling here, as if we were out merely to kill time, or "taking a walk." By-the-bye, what a perfect perversion of human intelligence is that same "taking a walk!"—moving right leg before left leg from the fourth milestone to the 6th milestone and back again, without even the ordinary pedestrian feat of picking up a stone at every twenty yards, or jumping over a hurdle at every sixty. We consider it one of the proudest things we have to say of ourselves—that we never were guilty of "taking a walk" in the whole course of our life. We have always had some motive for locomotion; we never stept ten paces without an object; in our youth as well as our maturer years; to carry a message, to get a bird's nest, or to rob an orchard. No matter what—whether good, bad, or indifferent—always something. At present it is to catch a fish, to try a sample of oats, or to drive a contraband bargain with a poacher. Sometimes we are impelled by even smaller motives: we have done ten miles out and ten miles in, to pick acorns for a young lady who wanted to grow an avenue of oaks in hyacinth glasses on the mantel shelf, and no longer since than last We'nsday we travelled three leagues on a dusty turnpike road, to hope the pikeman hadn't taken cold in getting up to let us thro' at half-past three o'clock the preceding morning. All this, of course, is put down to our gallantry and philanthropy, but in fact it's nothing more than our hatred of "taking a walk."

Well, of course, we are not taking a walk to-day? Of course not. We are *going a-fishing*.

Whether we shall ever arrive at the stream side is one thing: whether, if we do get there, we shall wet a line or moisten a fly, is another: and whether we shall wind up by winding up a trout or grayling with this patent multiplying-wheeled-winch of ours is a third: none of which are we able to solve at this moment for the contentment of our dear lector and companion. All that we can say is, we are full of malice prepense, and if any one were to ask us what we were going to do, we should decidedly say, to kill a trout. But it is a good mile yet from where we now stand to the stream in the valley yonder, and, as the Irishman says,

There's many a slip
'Tween the cup and the bottom o' the hill.

We are open to all manner of fascinations: a bird in a bush, a

hive of bees being rung, a child being dragged out of a well, an old cottager sitting out at a gate, a gypsey telling fortunes, a clump of forget-me-nots looking as if they wanted a sonnet written to them, a horse wanting bleeding, an effect of light wanting sketching, a rainbow spanning the immensity of the heavens, a couple of ants lifting a barley-corn over a straw—in short, a thousand and one things may happen to prevent our ever unravelling an inch of horse-hair ; but if nothing *does* come to cross us, and we get fairly to the bottom of the hill, we promise the trouts in yonder green meadow that before the day's out we will not leave them—no, not so much as a leg to stand upon.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for June, 1843.

MY FIRST TIGER.

To the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine.

THINKING that an account of tiger shooting from michans (platforms), may be interesting to some of your readers, I send you a few extracts from my journal, which, if you deem them worthy, you are at liberty to publish.

The orthodox way of hunting the tiger (generally found in a cover of long grass, about six feet high) is from the backs of elephants, and although many shoot at him as soon as he is seen, the best plan is to drive and to follow him, and when he is blown (which is soon the case) he turns, charges the elephant, and shows stout fight.

In the Mirzapoor district there are none of these grass plains to give cover to the tigers, but they confine their ramblings to small pieces of jungle on the borders of cultivation, from whence they commit their raids on the cows or buffaloes. These patches of jungle are almost always close to rocky hills, about six hundred feet high, which are almost inaccessible to man, and here the tiger, if hunted, immediately takes refuge and is no more seen ; the following plan is therefore adopted. When the depredations of a tiger are complained of by the villagers, two or three small buffaloes are tied up to near the place where the tiger is supposed to be, and the chances are, that one is killed during the night. This fact being ascertained, the shikaries (game keepers) reconnoitre, and having decided on the proper way to beat, build michans near the place, where the beast is likely to pass when driven ; the tiger, after killing the buffalo, being almost certain to remain near the spot for the next twenty-four hours. These michans, or platforms, are constructed by the buhaliyas, or woodmen, in among the trees, varying according to circumstances from twelve to twenty feet in height. The sportsmen, (dressed in green, the color of the leaves, in order to conceal themselves as much as possible from observa-

tion,) having taken their stations, the parties are placed at the different outsets to turn the tiger, should he attempt to break at any point away from the guns. All being finally arranged, the hawk-wars (beaters) commence driving, shouting, and beating tom-toms. The number of men employed for this purpose varies from twenty or thirty to two or three hundred, according to the extent of the cover. The tiger, frightened by the uproar, comes creeping on, and when he gets within range of one of the platforms, is fired at. The jungle to be beaten is sometimes a mile in length, and when the beaters come very close, the excitement grows intense. The object is always to kill the tiger at once, or he may escape to some of his retreats and baffle every attempt to find him again.

When I killed my first tiger, I was alone; soon after the beaters had commenced, I heard a low sulky growl—my excitement was, as you may suppose, intense. The beaters were gradually approaching, but no appearance of the beast. The buhaliya who was with me declared that he had gone out, when I heard his heavy tread in the nullah over which my michan was fixed; and in a moment afterwards he came in view not twenty yards from me, advancing a step or two with his head up, and looking exactly like an immense cat. I had determined not to fire until he either came close to me or began to sheer off; another step and a bound and he was on the top of the bank. I fired just as he reached it, and with a growl he rolled back again into the nullah. My first ball went to his heart, my second, after he had dropped into the ravine, into his head; I emptied my other two barrels into his chest, and he ceased to move. He was a fine male tiger, and measured twelve feet eight inches in length. On the next day I met the party appointed to assemble, not a little proud of my success, but I experienced even greater delight in the fall of my second, which took place a week afterwards.

This tiger was reported to be very savage, and when the drivers came near him, he gave a roar, and tried to break, but the people placed for that purpose, and pretending to be very busy cutting wood, headed him back, and he came, as was expected, towards the platforms. On arriving at Captain Stewart's station the war began, he gave him a good ball behind the shoulder and turned him; he did not however dare to face the beaters, who made an awful noise with their voices and drums, but returned towards our line of michans, where he got another shot or two, which rolled him over; however, he got up again and went off. We then mounted our elephants, most of which run away when they smell a tiger, and all of them when he charges. By chance I was on the best, and taking Stewart up with me, we followed the tracks of the tiger along the dry bed of the nullah, to a second, where we lost all traces of him. Another elephant went along the opposite side of the stream, to see if he was sneaking along under the bank by which we had come; meanwhile, we retraced our steps, intending to make another cast from the spot where we had last seen blood. We had got about half way back, when we heard the other elephant's trumpet, and the tiger's roar on the other side the stream;

well knowing that their elephant would not face a tiger, we hastened back, and crossed over to the other side, where from the indications of the natives perched on the trees, we could perceive plainly enough the whereabouts of our enemy. On arriving, we found the elephant in a great fright, and the men in the howdah highly disgusted, for whilst they were quietly beating, the tiger charged, and the elephant bolted at the same moment, so that they could not possibly get a shot. We put our elephant into the jungle, and after a short beat, heard a rustling in the brushwood, succeeded by a noise between a bark and a roar, and the tiger rushed at us. We each gave him a ball, which turned him, but our elephant, bad luck to her, turned and ran away in the opposite direction. The mahout at length succeeded in stopping her, but not until she had got into the plain. Having re-loaded we re-entered the jungle. Again the tiger charged us, we both fired, and as he rolled fairly over again, our elephant again turned tail. After about eight charges, in one of which he received a knock down blow, the elephant running away after each charge, she evidently wished to rush in, and kneel on the tiger. This we were very anxious to avoid, lest the howdah, an old fashioned rotten thing, should break, and we be thrown in upon the enemy. The mahout for some time succeeded in restraining her, but at last she got off, and ran down a small ravine in which the tiger was concealed; he bolted, and she followed him as quick as thought. We got a snap shot, when the elephant, frightened at her own boldness, took to her heels once more in the opposite direction, and the tiger, thinking it was now his turn to give chase, followed us out into the plain, gaining on us at every stride. His jaws wide open, his mouth bloody from wounds, his tail on end, and his eyes flaring with rage, formed parts of a picture, the grandeur of which I must fail in describing, but which I shall not fail to remember for many a long day.

When fairly out on the plain, he found himself too weak to make good his charge, and retreated to the nullah, from which he stirred not again alive. He made one more attempt to charge, but his old wounds (those first given, about four hours before) were stiffening, and crippled the movements of his powerful limbs, and going in as close as we could without allowing the elephant to rush in, we gave him two more balls: he moved no more; and a shikarry pronounced him dead. It was a joyful moment. I had seen a fighting tiger die, and can fancy no excitement but that of the battle field equal to it. The first shot was fired at one o'clock, and we pulled him out dead at a little before six. This is sport well worth the labor: the excitement is very grand. I have the skins of both, and if they are good ones shall send them home. I have been at the death of two or three tigers since, but have seen none so grand, as the one here described—though I have much wished for so gallant an antagonist as the Nowguith tiger. WILDMAN.

Camp, near Chunar, Jan. 9, 1843.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF FISHING.

YOUR Philosophic Angler is as amusing a rogue as you shall find in a summer day's ramble. He does nothing like another man, but dignifies small things with such great names, and has such a round-about way of telling you that two and two make four, that you begin to doubt within yourself whether Cocker is not wrong in giving so small an amount. He is a great hand at experiments (Bacon, he says, was so before him), and you shall see him, on a mild evening in May, with his head half under water, trying how far he can hear a bell ring or pistol explode beneath the surface of the stream. How he deduces from this, what kind of bait will be most palatable to the fish, is rather more than we can understand—but we are no philosopher. He has constructed an almanac, full of matters concerning fishes, fishing flies, and such-like; where he makes greater note of the arrival of the Lady Fly than he does of Lady Day, and where Easter comes in with much less *éclat* than the Little March Dun.

The longevity of the finny tribe is a subject about which he has taken great pains (in the head and shoulders particularly). The other day we saw him cutting button-holes in a lot of carps' tails, and then turning them afloat again, "to be re-examined at the end of the next hundred years. Who is to live to such a remote *carpe diem* we did not stay to inquire.

To see our philosopher and Horsebean the miller, is one of the richest things on this side the equinoctial line. Horsebean is a plain, simple, matter-o'-fact fellow, who believes in church, king, constitution, and brooks being made for the express purpose of turning over-shot water-wheels; and to see the learned pundit trying to instil his dogmas into poor Farina's unsophisticated mind is as good as Eau-de-Cologne itself. The chief point of their disagreement is, that the miller will have it the fishes *breathe water*, which the philosopher utterly denies. In vain does the latter point out the apparatus of gills, especially constructed for supplying the animal with the element "without which we die;" for, as the miller very naturally (and rather provokingly) observes, "If air's what the fish live upon, why don't they live better on dry land, *where there's plenty of it*?" To this the philosopher has no reply ready, (which is a pity,) but generally falls back upon ichthyological acoustics, another very favorite subject of his. Here, however, he has not much better luck than before; for, when he has gone thro' a long rigmarole about *membrana tympani* and goodness knows what besides, to which Horsebean offers no particular objection, for the simple reason that he does not understand a word about it—when he has done all this, I say, and begins to lay down in plain English that "fishes have ears," the miller fairly loses all patience and all respect for his character, bursts into a violent guffaw, and declares that "whether fishes have got ears or not,

donkeys have—and pretty long 'uns too ;” on which Doctissimus tells him, that’s an *argumentum ad hominem*, when Horsebean tells him “ he’s another,” and so the two disputants go each on his way, and the discussion (like many another) remains just where it was.

Another favorite doctrine of our Philosopher, with which he loves to flabbergaster us poor unsophisticated simpletonies, is, that fishes have little or no feeling—a proposition that might be enunciated with rather more propriety against fishermen than the fishes themselves. He undertakes, however, to prove his dogma by a regular sillygism (we beg pardon, syllogism—these steel pens are so very horrid for spelling Greek); and this is the way he does it : fishes, he says, are cold-blooded animals ; men are hot : hot blood is the opposite of cold blood ; *therefore*, men feel pain when they are stuck thro’ with a sharp piece of steel, (Lovell’s New Pattern Rifle Sword Bayonet, for instance,) but fishes like it. This, in the language of the schools, is called *ergo sequitur*—in the language of the scholars, it is called an out-and-out flam.

Our hero (for, though we are too delicate to mention names, we have a particular hero in view all the while) is of course above following the sport according to the old-fashioned rules ; indeed, he has a thorough contempt for Izaak Walton, and looks upon *The Complete Angler* as little more respectable than one of Mother Bunch’s fairy tales.

All new-fangled notions are his delight, and he himself has originated many. For instance, he shows you a collection of what you would take for the fingers of a lot of old gloves—when *puff!* pull the string, and you have his newly-invented Macintosh float. Then there’s his mathematical plan of weighing fish : take the depth of the water in inches, the height of the thermometer in degrees, multiply them together, divide by the day of the month, subtract 4 29-20ths for the variation of the compass, and there you have it. We won’t be quite sure that we have quoted the exact words, (for we are shocking bad mathematicians,) but it’s near enough for commercial purposes.

Again : it is well known that fish will bite capitally after a shower of rain. On this interesting fishiological fact, our Socrates has engrafted a most ingenious artifice—that of simulating a shower of rain, previous to his commencing operations, by means of a Dutch pump. It was he too who invented the now-well-known device, of oaks-ing the fish, by having a dress made of bark, so as to give him the appearance of an old tree standing thinking of nothing by the water side. He exhibited himself with great pride in this costume for some time, till one day an unfortunate rook came and perched upon one of his branches, when two boys tending corn in the next field with a horse-pistol, let fly at the rook and lodged two-penn’orth of shot in his trunk ; which naturally made him swear a good deal at the lads, and determine to be a blasted oak no longer.

Our philosopher is a great entomologist, among the rest of his accomplishments, and when he is out in the fields collecting speci-

mens to make his artificial flies by, the country yokels, who see him at a distance, apparently running after nothing, and throwing his arms and legs into all manner of queer contortions, set him down as a regular madman, or at least some superannuated old fellow in a state of second childishness.

The honest farmers who fall in with him on these occasions are not much less surprised, to see a man of such reputed wisdom dodging beetles about by the hour together; and when he tells them in great glee that he has taken a most magnificent specimen of the *Staphylinida Hookeywalkeriana*, and then shows them a nasty little "creeping thing," about the size of a pin's head, don't they open the eyes of astonishment and scratch the head of mystification! These long names are in especial favor with our Aristotle; and even we ourselves have sometimes been puzzled by their learnedness: for who the deuce would think, when told of the capture of a brace of *gasterosteus trachurus*, that the fellow had caught a couple of sticklebacks! or, on being desired to look into the basket at those fine specimens of *gobio fluviatilis*, would expect to find only a huddle of gudgeons! By the same token, when he began to talk of his *salmo ferox*, we naturally enough looked for a "ferocious salmon" or something of that sort, but were put off with a pitiful dish of miserable trout.

Our Pliny-the-elder has of course a plan of fishing peculiar to himself: he acts from the metaphysical principles of things, and looks upon all the practices of Walton and his compeers as at best but a kind of blind hookey. It so happens, however, that in spite of his sagacity, the little boy on the other side of the river bags more game with his twopenny line and fourteenpenny rod, then he with all his philosophical devices and complicated paraphernalia. But, as he says, principles *are* principles: what's true in the abstract nature of things cannot be false when applied to the test of tangible existencies: there is no rule without an exception: the exception *forms* the rule: the boy, in this case, is the exception; *he* is the rule: in all which, no doubt, the weight of the argument is in favor of the sage, but the weight of the fish is in favor of the lad; or in other words, the youngster shows most jack and the philosopher most soul.

We once, and *only* once, accompanied our hero on a piscatorial expedition. He had promised to provide all necessities, and we of course trusted everything to him. Fishing, as everybody knows, is the hungriest thing in the world; and our appetite, to use a histrionic phrase, was quite in the style of keen.

"Come then," said Xenophones, "we'll sit down under this beech tree (we both, of course, quoted *Tityre tu patula recubans*, &c. passim) and have a little refreshment."

Little refreshment he might well call it! I never tasted such a meal in my life. I'm no epicure—not I—but really! However, I'll say nothing—but the man who invented that portable kitchen shutting up in a kaleidoscope case, with spirits for fuel instead of Wall's End, deserves to be confined to the bottom of a coal-pit for the rest of his unnatural life. A good appetite is not to be had

every day, and when a man's heart is set upon a nice pigeon pie, to be put off with portable soup flavored with naphtha is no joke, I can tell you. The drinking was about a match to the eating: we had scarcely bolted down half a dozen spoonfuls of the *potage à la naphtha*, when old Wigsby pulled out another kaleidoscope..

"You like water? *aqua sana, vinum naturæ*, as Virgil calls it?"

"Why, to say I like it—that is—considering—I mean—as Virgil says—considered as a healthful beverage—oh, of course I like it." (Of course I *hate* it.)

"I thought you did: I knew you would: as Horace remarks, *Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est*: (the old fellow knows I've forgotten all my Latin, and I fancy quotes a good deal at haphazard with me :) but you don't know what water is at present: (no, nor I "don't want to," as a cockney would say :) not till you've tried it thro' my newly-invented portable hydropercolator." And with that, our Pythagoras goes to the nearest ditch, stirs up the mud with the staff of his landing-net, and brings forth such a sample of water as one only sees in filtering-machine shops and hydro-oxygen microscopes.

"You see that?"

"I do (and beastly stuff it is—to *myself*.)"

"Now this is a most beautiful experiment; an experiment that will delight you as a philosopher. An ignoramus would be disgusted at it; but you—

"Oh! pardon me—"

"You will be delighted; and after you've tasted it—"

"You said *after*, old fellow (*to myself*)—"

"After it has passed through my Portable Hydropercolator, and I have discharged it of all that mud, and clay, and toad spawn, and decomposed vegetable matter, and noxious gases stirred up out of the mud, and such-like matters, you shall say, sir, that you never tasted a more delicious beverage in the whole course of your existence. As Virgil beautifully remarks, 'Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!'"

(*Five minutes elapse.*)

"There! now what do you say?"

"By Jove!"

"Aye, you may well say, by Jove. But did you ever see such water in your life? Talk of your nectar! But taste it: take the glass: drink it all: never mind me: I can make some more."

"Oh! I couldn't think—after you—I can wait."

"No, no: you're the guest: I'll wait."

"Why, the fact is, I never drink till I've done eating; it's most wholesome, you know."

"Yes, but you *have* done eating—this quarter of an hour ago—if you can call that eating, which is not enough to make a meal for a sparrow."

"Besides, cold water never agrees with me: I am rather subject to spasmodic affections, and cold water—"

"Oh! don't mention it! I can fit you to a T. This it is to be a philosopher (*smiling.*) Two minutes over the naphtha—"

This was a settler. My stomach, already nauseated with the idea of toads, mud, duckweed, dead rats, and foul air in agglomeration, could not stand the additional disgust of the burnt naphtha, so turning away from our Xenophanes, &c. &c. &c.

"Aye, aye," said he (and they were the last words I heard him utter) "the exertion has been too much for you. As Ovid eloquently observes, 'Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.'"

The COCKNEY ANGLER is a prime sample of the genus. His motives for pursuing the pastime are chiefly two: his love of "hair and hexercise," and his desire that he should be looked upon in his neighborhood (Little St. Thomas Apostle) as an inveterate sportsman. His principal scenes of action are the Docks and the neighbourhood of Richmond; though sometimes, through the intercession of a friend in the Ordnance, he gets a day at Enfield or Waltham Abbey. These latter occasions, however, are rare; and he does not much regret the circumstance; for the distance from town is so great, that he cannot very well get home again before dark, by which means he loses one of the chief pleasures of the excursion, viz., the being seen to return through the regions of Little Saint Thomas Apostle in his sporting toggery. The Docks, as we said before, is his favorite *locus in quo*; and commonly, to assure himself of a pleasant day in one shape or other, he provides himself with a tasting order, for, as he facetiously (and very frequently) remarks, when you're "at sea," in the fishing line, there's nothing like making for the Port of London.

We have said that our hero makes a great point of astonishing the natives in his locality. To this end he decks himself out in all the piscatory figzigs he can muster together, and carries over his shoulder, under his arm, round his waist, and in the innumerable pockets of his Doudney, as many rods, landing nets, creels, flybooks, multiplying-reels, spare tops, bait-cans, and the rest, as would set up any moderately-sized fishing-tackle establishment between this and the Land's End. When he arrives at the docks in his wading boots—which he does in a stand-up carriage of the Blackwall Railway, for the reason that said wading boots will not permit him to sit down, or, as he calls it, "set himself down"—when he thus arrives at the West India Docks, you may fancy that, standing as he does high and dry on the jetty, under cover of the great crane, he is an object of no little wonderment to the jack tars, landing waiters, tobacco merchants, carters, coopers, dock laborers, and others frequenting those busy premises, some of whom even go the length of asking him "vot he'll take for his pumps," or "vether he's got any smuggled goods in his ankle jacks;" others recommend him to go down into the vaults, where they assure him he'll find plenty of cock-roaches; and one of the dock clerks, an inveterate punster, catching a glimpse of him when in a state of locomotion with all his hooks about him, declares himself to be "blow'd if it ain't Hookey Walker." When he catches a fish, which is about as often as the (Hickory Dickory) Dock clock strikes the hour, he is in a great

state of flustration, and calls to the man in the boat to keep back and leave off getting the Indiaman under weigh till he has landed his gudgeon.

If he has had good sport, towards the end of the day he gets so elated that he cannot resist putting his tasting order into execution ; and tasting orders on an empty stomach, with the addition of an open-air train to London Street, and a ditto promenade to Little St. Thomas Apostle, are not the things to make a man in wading boots, hung about with belts and nets, pass in strict incognito through the thoroughfares of the metropolis. The result is that our gentle piscator either gets into a row with the police, and spends his night in the station-house, or gathers about his heels such a troop of little ragged urchins in his own neighborhood, that he seems rather to have got into Lad Lane than Little St. Thomas Apostle.

For the most part, however, our Dock fisherman takes nothing by his motion but the appetite it gives him, and in that case he is not in good spirits enough to descend among the sawdust, but goes straight home viâ Billingsgate and purchases a good day's sport from the market folks. Our readers, we believe, have heard of Jonathan Crane ; they may have forgotten him, for he lived in the day of Jorrocks, and Nim South, and the Yorkshireman, and the rest (our Magazine is really growing very old !)—but in fine, they *must* have heard of him. Jonathan was a great Docks-ologist, and his "Commercial" experience was very extensive. Jonathan's wife, like Mrs. Jorrocks, was very jealous ; nay, she carried her green-eyed monstrosity to much greater lengths than that respected lady. She even went the length of searching her hubby's pockets for stray billets-doux and cards that were not honors ; and they *do* say, actually bribed the policemen all the way between the mansion and his "place of business," to give the earliest intelligence of any little gallantries that might take place during the transit from the one spot to the other. Poor Jonathan ! one day he had been pursuing his contemplative recreation at the West India Import Dock, without being able to *import* anything into his new fourteen-and-sixpenny pannier, and on his return had made some purchases at Mr. Lucy's well-known fish shop at the corner of Darkhouse Lane, Billingsgate. So far, so good : but, as the devil would have it, some fortnight or three weeks afterwards, Mrs. Jonathan took it into her head to search dear hubby's pockets, and there, in a neat female hand on a highly glazed card, she read these horrifying words :—

Lucy

Darkhouse Lane

"Oh, oh ! Miss Lucy !" cried the utterly-taken-aback Mrs. Jona-

than Crane; "Oh, oh, *Madam!*"—and *didn't* she lay an emphasis on the "*Madam!*" "this is the way I'm used, is it? Jonathan!!—do you hear?—you brute! come here and let me tear your eyes out."

With this pleasing invitation, Jonathan arrived. "There!" resumed his lady, thrusting the distressing card into his hand, "deny *that* if you can (another emphasis upon the "*that*") hope your dear *Lucy* is well, and that the air of *Darkhouse Lane* agrees with her." *Darkhouse Lane*, to be sure, is a cut-throat-sounding name, to a person unaccustomed to associate it with barrelled oysters and Yarmouth bloaters, and Mrs. J. C. might well be excused taking alarm at such a concatenation of appellations. It never rains but it pours, either in meteorology or "physiology," and as Beelzebub again would have it, poor Jonathan had as completely forgotten the all-about-it of the card as if he had never clapt eyes upon it before. As for *Darkhouse Lane*, he knew nothing at all about that, nor of the name of *Lucy* either; for both were known to him only as the fishmonger at the corner of Billingsgate. Here was then no clue, and Crane was in a dead lock. "Who is this *Lucy*?" exclaimed the indignant wife: but Jonathan could not e-*Lucy*-date. "Who is she? who is this *madam*?" repeated the lady. And echo answered "Who?" To make short of a long tale, the offended spouse went into a succession of hysterics, wrote to her mother, took to her bed, called in at Doctors' Commons, introduced the silent system at breakfast, had the best bed made up, wasn't at home to Jonathan's visitors, became subject to palpitations at the heart, in short, was bringing things to a most heart-rending crisis, when Jonathan, standing talking one day with a friend at the Coal Exchange, happened to cast his eye across the street, and there, to his immense surprise and delight, he saw written up "*Darkhouse Lane*," and underneath, the words "*Lucy, Fishmonger: The trade supplied.*" Jonathan immediately countermanded the order for coals, rushed over to *Lucy's*, bought one of his biggest salmon, a keg of Yarmouth bloaters, and a double barrel of oysters, begged one of his printed cards, called a cab, dashed off to his *dulce domum*, enunciated a rapid *éclaircissement*, rushed into his beloved Belinda's arms, felt he didn't know how, set Belinda a-crying, cried himself, told the lad that came bolting into the room with the dinner-tray to go to the devil, and all ended happily.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1843.

B L O O D - L E T T I N G , AS A REMEDY FOR THE DISEASES OF THE HORSE, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

BY HUGH FERGUSON. LONGMANS, LONDON: CURRY AND CO., DUBLIN.

PROBABLY on account of some secret sympathy between cause and effect, diseases and their remedies are epidemic. Some years ago, when the cholera was giving the blues to society in general, and to large towns in particular, as many specifics were announced for it as would have turned Cape Coast Castle into a temple for Hygeia. Just now hippopathology is all the rage; horse leeches and farriers have vanished from the face of the earth: the act of putting a twitch on the nose of a Smithfield sixteen and sixpenny confers the title of veterinarian; and Giles Jolter, while the village professor is subjecting Dobbin to the process of "arterial and venous depletion," mutters to himself, in the language of Peter Pindar's ostler—

" Until this blessed day
I thought a hoss was bled in that e'en way."

We mean, however, anything herein seemingly urged to the contrary notwithstanding, no disrespect to the gentlemen who so philanthropically, or, more properly to speak, philhippohically, employ themselves. Our only cause for regret, when we see tome after tome issuing from the press, with recipes for every ill that horseflesh is heir to, is, unless your groom were to eschew the operative department of his stable, and consume the midnight oil in study, that he never could read a tittle of them. That this difficulty may be partially provided for, we are in the habit of extracting from every veterinary work as it appears, such portions as seem to us the most generally applicable, and if gentlemen do not "buy our book," and put it into the hands of their servants, the fault is not ours. We proceed to treat the volume before us in the same way, first bearing testimony to the very masterly manner in which the author has taken up his subject, recording our opinion of his fitness to do service to the cause in which he has embarked; in the words of the proverb—"You mustn't stop *there*, Mr. Ferguson."

—————

Topical Bleeding—Cupping—Leeches—Impropriety of the general practice of Bleeding from the toe of the Horse.

The local abstraction of blood from the seat of disease, or from those vessels as near it as possible, has been termed "topical bleeding," in contra-distinction to "general blood-letting," or the detraction of blood from those vessels near the central pump of the circulation, or any others of sufficient magnitude to enable a general impression to be produced on the system by their puncture. The value of topical bleeding is not as yet sufficiently ap-

preciated by veterinary surgeons. Where there is local inflammatory action of an acute character, the relief obtained by the detraction of a small quantity of the blood circulating throughout the part by bleeding from some of the numerous vessels permeating it, or in the immediate vicinity, is considerably more than that produced by the loss of ten times as much when the jugular vein is selected for the purpose. This difference between the effects of general and topical blood-letting is very remarkable in inflammation resulting from accident, whether the seat of it be muscular, ligamentous, tendinous, or articular. Cupping and leeches may be regarded as the principal and best means of topical bleeding. Opening with a lancet the small veins coming from the inflamed part, dividing the arteries going to it, or scarifying, are the means often had recourse to. Leeches, when the surface is properly prepared for them, are extremely valuable in articular inflammation. It, however, requires that the patient should be one of considerable value to justify the use of leeches, the expense of purchasing so great a number as is generally required being very great.

In cases of acute pleurisy, cupping on the sides is a most valuable adjunct to general blood-letting. Cupping is particularly applicable to muscular injuries. I frequently have recourse to this mode of extracting blood in injuries of the hip-joint, muscles of the thigh and haunch, and also in that muscular lesion called "*l'ecarte*." In those cases of derangement which I have described as "sympathetic irritation," local or topical bleeding will be found very beneficial. Local bleeding is sometimes found necessary in cases of extraordinary reaction from general depletion where the head is much affected. In topical blood-letting the incision or puncture should, if possible, be made in such a manner as not to interfere with the inflamed part being placed by the animal in a state of quiescence.

It appears extraordinary that any person of reflection could reconcile the propriety of bleeding horses in the toe, when affected with a disease situated at the back part of the foot, which is certainly the case in the navicular disease. Here, by bleeding at the toe, the animal is obliged, from the soreness of the wound, to throw additional weight on the heel before the loss of blood can have time to reduce the inflammation; the increasing of which, from the navicular bone being brought into such sudden action, far more than counterbalances the effect of the blood-letting. I am well aware that the majority of veterinarians recommend bleeding at the toe for navicular disease; but this treatment, being so general, by no means diminishes the absurdity of such an irrational practice. In cases of laminitis, bleeding from the toe is still more reprehensible than in the navicular disease, it being a frequent cause of the animal's losing his hoofs, and oftentimes his life.

Improprity, as a general practice, of blood-letting, to prevent the accession of inflammation, or as a preventive measure against its recurrence—Concussion—Fractures—Distinctions necessary to be made between general and reparative inflammation.

Blood-letting is strenuously advocated by a great number of

veterinarians and practitioners of human medicine as a preventive measure against the setting in of primary inflammation, or its recurrence when it has been once successfully subdued. It is possible that the loss of blood may, in some instances, prevent the accession of inflammation; but, taken in the light of general practice, it is reprehensible. Where bleeding is had recourse to as a precaution against the accession of inflammatory action, it is generally in consequence of serious accidents. A horse, while out with hounds, or running a steeple-chase, gets a severe fall or stake; the owner bleeds him immediately, without considering that as yet there is no accession of inflammation. The consequence of which is, that, if the accidental lesion be of that serious nature which will decidedly induce inflammation as a reparative process, the blood which was drawn from the animal immediately on the occurrence of the accident has no other effect but that of diminishing the vital powers, and rendering his system more subject, from its weakened state, to the effects of sympathetic irritation, or generally increased vascular action, constituting inflammation.

In all cases of concussion, bleeding, before some reaction takes place, is most injudicious, especially if the part affected be the brain. The principle also relates to fractures, and indeed all breaches of continuity. If, however, there is an accession of inflammation sufficiently great to produce vascular action with augmented tolerance, then bleeding is indicated; but distinctions ought to be made between cases of general inflammation and those where, although there is general derangement, it is merely consequent upon local reparative inflammation, which, although it augments the degree of tolerance, cannot itself be removed by general depletion.

The distinction, in some instances, is a matter of great nicety. The inflammation from a fracture will cause much constitutional derangement. We, however, should not dream of being able to subdue entirely the local inflammation resulting from the lesion by constitutional blood-letting; neither would it be desirable to do so.

Periodical blood-letting, and its injurious consequences.

From time immemorial it has been the habit of those connected with horses to advise the practice of periodical blood-letting at certain seasons of the year, and also under certain circumstances, as a means of either ensuring a continuance of health to the animal, preparing him for training, or as an indispensable precaution before either turning him to grass or taking him into the stable. Such a system is neither admissible by any known principle nor by any recognised medical practice relating to the animal economy. Unfortunately, the injurious consequences of bleeding horses periodically is but a remote effect. From the system being inured to it by habit, periodical blood-letting becomes at last indispensable as a sanatory measure.

This fact has been the means of giving the advocates of periodical blood-letting a rather strong argument in its favor. If an

animal, accustomed to have a quantity of blood taken from him twice or three times a year at certain periods, is, from some accidental circumstance, neglected to be bled at the usual time, plethora will be the consequence, nature having provided for the repetition of the blood-letting; which, not being performed, the animal becomes indisposed. The groom attributes the indisposition to the fact of his not being permitted to bleed when he deemed it advisable to do so; and therefore states his opinion rather consequentially to the master, who, perhaps, has been the means of not allowing his horse to be bled, but who now readily gives his sanction to the operation. The animal is then bled, and recovers, the groom demanding, with the most self-satisfied air imaginable, if *he* was not right, and the master wrong. The latter assents, thinks he has got an amazing treasure in the shape of a most intelligent groom, and the periodical bleedings go on as usual.

There are few grooms who do not boast of putting their masters' horses through their "three doses of physic," and bleeding them besides, and all "without the advice of any d——d vet."

The absurdity of taking away the nutrient fluid from an animal to put him in condition for hard work, or to prepare him for grass or for the stable, must appear obvious to every man of enlightened mind who gives the matter anything like consideration and reflection. It is quite time enough to extract blood when it is absolutely necessary to do so from the presence of inflammatory disease. Taking it away from the system under other circumstances is worse than useless. Although, generally speaking, it may not produce any other immediate consequence than debility, from which the animal rapidly recovers, yet, when blood-letting becomes really indicated by the accession of inflammation, the effects of the measure, as a curative means, are greatly diminished by its having been so frequently had recourse to when the same animal was in a state of perfect convalescence.

London Sporting Review for June, 1843.

HOW TO KEEP UP A GOOD BREED OF DOGS FOR THE GUN.

BY AN A. M. OF CAMBRIDGE.

A good breed can only be kept up by judicious crossing, for, as every sportsman knows, what is technically called "breeding in and in" invariably degenerates, and, of course, it is of prime importance to select for a cross the best animal that can be procured. But particular attention should also be paid to the temper, and disposition, and make of the respective dogs to be bred from. If

the dog or bitch is of a shy temper, or timid, the cross must be of an opposite disposition, and *vice versâ* if headstrong. In like manner, if clumsy or sluggish, the cross must be the very reverse. In short, whatever is faulty in the one, it must be the endeavor to correct by judicious crossing with the other; and thus, I believe, it is in any one's power to cross even an inferior breed, *in time*, into a first-rate one.

But there are several points to be attended to, especially in breeding dogs for the gun, which can only be discovered by experience. In the first place, a good bitch does not always throw good puppies. More time than enough is often wasted with a favorite, in the vain hope that her progeny will turn out like herself, and, with another cross, that the breed may be improved. I know well what a bore it is to rear litter after litter, only to be destroyed the next shooting season; I would, therefore, advise any sportsman, if he has been careful in the selection of his cross, not to breed from a bitch a second time, however good she may be herself, whose puppies have disappointed him; but if lucky enough to have one which has proved a good breeder, to keep to her, and to her sort.

Too much attention is generally paid to speed. Even in breeding fox-hounds, I cannot go in with the old saw, that—

“————— nose and *pacc*
Are the twin sisters of the chase.”

Beyond a certain speed the scenting powers can never be in full operation; hence, rather than from any deficiency of nose, in most packs, the constant checks, and incessant demands on the skill of the huntsman. But with dogs, whose duty it is not to chase, but to find game, it stands to reason that too much speed is anything but an advantage. *Hunt*, in this case, must be the object of the breeder; a very different thing from, though often confounded with, *speed*. Going along at an easy pace without *sprattle* seeking all the likely ground, cautiously pausing round the hillocks, with nostrils in full exercise sniffing the breeze;—that's the dog for me—breed from it.

I need scarcely remind the sportsman that it is essential to know the pedigree of a dog before breeding from it. I would here, however, make a distinction between *ill-breeding* and *cross-breeding*. A dog may be a mongrel, though not ill-bred. Indeed, all our best breeds were originally mongrels. As an invariable rule, I should say, the breed of the smooth pointer should be kept pure, for I know of no other breed that is crossed to advantage with it. As a general rule I should be inclined to make the same remark of the setter, for it is only in this way that the breed can become more defined, which, at present, it scarcely is. The spaniel, terrier, and water-dog, may all be crossed indiscriminately, to great advantage, for different purposes. For instance, if you cross a spaniel with a terrier, you have a capital covert dog, when you require more perseverance on the track than most spaniels have, as in driving rabbits out of thick furze or whin, when

they are apt to dodge round and round without breaking away. The cross between the water-dog and terrier, and you may add a dash of the spaniel, will make the best possible retriever for *winged game*. Hares are generally too heavy for them. It is generally supposed that the best whelps are bred from a young dog, out of an old bitch. It may be so, but one of the healthiest litters I ever reared was got by a dog ten or eleven years old, and out of a bitch three years old, thus just reversing the common opinion. It is also thought that the young of a staid old couple are more tractable, or have less *flash* in them, than the progeny of more youthful blood. It might be as well to keep this in view in breeding retrievers, but, for my part, if a dog is arrived at full maturity, and is perfectly sound in constitution, I give myself little concern about the age.

A dog generally takes after the mother in shape and disposition, but after the father in *size* and *color*. There is no doubt that the force of imagination, in the gestatory process, has a prodigious influence even over the brute creation. We know that the patriarch, Jacob, made ring-streaked and speckled cattle by placing white rods before them during the time of conception. And we read of judicious breeders having a mare covered by a stallion celebrated for speed and strength, and placing before her during the time of conception, a horse famous for color and beauty, and the issue, we are told, has been a foal inheriting the qualities of the sire, with the beauty of the other horse. I have also heard of mares producing all their foals resembling in color a favorite stallion,* though covered by all sorts of horses. It is only in this way, I believe, that we can account for the breed of white pheasants. They are evidently not a distinct breed, like the silver pheasant, and it is also evident, from their conformation, that they are not a cross with the barn-door fowl. It appears, therefore, most probable that the pheasant-hen, during the period of incubation, or, rather, the impregnation of the egg, has had frequently before her some magnificent *white* lord of the dunghill, from whom the breed have taken their color.

But the subject is probably of more interest to the naturalist than of importance to the breeder. In this way, I believe, we may account for the diversities of colors in tame animals, which, in their natural wild state, invariably retain the same, though most naturalists ascribe the change to the manner of living, the luxury of shelter, and the variety of food. The wild duck, the wild goose, the wild cat, the wild hog, wild cattle, and the dog,† proba-

* I know it is denied by some who are called naturalists, Buffon, I believe, for one, that there is such a thing as favoritism among the brute creation. But I think it is not only true of Brutes, but even the feathered tribe, I believe, have preferences and favorites among their own species. When two animals are kept alone together, that is not so much to be wondered at, as all animals are at first jealous of an intruder. But I have seen, among a kennelful of dogs, a bitch take a fancy to one in particular, and, when in case, would not allow another to touch her; and, what is more extraordinary, they generally show their taste by selecting the handsomest dog in the kennel.

† There are properly, now, no really wild dogs in existence; for those that have become so, and multiplied in the island of Juan Fernandez, and in the mountains of St. Domingo, or which infest the wilds of America, or the interior of Southern Africa, or are encouraged in the neighborhood of Grand Cairo for the purpose of helping the vultures to eat up the offal that is thrown out, which would otherwise putrify and become a pesti-

bly, in its wild state, never vary in color. but in their domestic state you will scarcely find two alike. Now, is it not a much more probable hypothesis, in accounting for the fact, to suppose that animals are more engrossed with their own species in their wild state, and are less likely to have their attention attracted, during the time of conception, by any other animal? It is well known that domestic animals are much more faithless to their species than wild ones, hence the quantity of mules amongst them; also that they frequently form extraordinary attachments to animals of another species, which they may have been in the habit of living with. A horse has been known to refuse its food when it missed the cat that had been in the habit of purring on its back; and the cat to pine when it missed the jay with which it had often shared its collop. Such strange friendships are, no doubt, singular; but it sufficiently shows that animals, when domesticated together, do form strong attachments, which, in a wild state, they would not have done. These attachments may not be carried to the same romantic degree as in the case of poor puss and the jay, but still, I believe, where animals are constantly in the habit of meeting or living together, that they do, in a greater or less degree, get attached to one another. If, therefore, the influence of the imagination on the gestatory process be admitted—and I can see no reason whatever to doubt the fact, based, as it is, on the authority of holy writ—I think it sufficiently accounts for the varieties of colors in domestic animals, on the principle that they may have had frequently before them, during the time of conception, animals of another species, to which they are to a certain extent attached.

But to return from this digression:—I remarked that puppies generally take after the father in size as well as colour. This is of importance to be attended to, if you wish to increase the size of your breed, as in certain crosses, for instance, between the water-dog and terrier for a retriever. If you breed from a terrier dog, and a bitch of the other kind, you will probably find the breed too small for your purpose; but reverse it, and you will find their size increased. You must be cautious, however, not to have too large a dog for the bitch, or she may suffer in the delivery. Poulterers are quite aware of this fact in breeding poultry. The tread of a bantam-cock on a large-sized hen will tend to produce a small-sized egg, the chick of which will rather resemble the male bird; whereas that of a large dunghill cock on a bantam-hen, the reverse will be the case. A bitch generally becomes “proud” twice in the year, but frequently not more than once, and I have known an old bitch not to come in case for several years. There seems no periodical season for them as with all wild animals, and I believe tame ones too, with scarcely an exception, which is probably occasioned by their habits and manner of living. They are a week coming in case, before they will admit the dog; a week in case; and a week

lence, are of tame origin, were originally brought there by Europeans, and are easily reclaimed from their predatory habits. All these are of different colors, but I can see no reason to suppose that, in its original wild state, the dog differs from other wild animals in this respect.

before they are quite out of case. The dog should be put to the bitch just before going out of case, or a day or two after she will admit him, and not shut up with her, as is generally done, for nights together, but brought toward her occasionally, and I should say twice or thrice is quite enough. By not having the bitch warded too soon after coming in case, she becomes thoroughly ripe (if I may be allowed the expression), of course more freely admits the advances of the dog, and is, consequently, in a more fit state for impregnation. Also, if the dog is shut up constantly with the bitch, you are more likely to have a puny or delicate progeny, and it can be attended with no advantage whatsoever. There are no instances, I believe, of superfœtation in bitches, as with some animals, such as hares and rabbits, but there is no question that they are repeatedly impregnated during the time they are in season, as is clearly seen if they happen to be warded by different dogs. A cow, on the contrary, will not admit the bull when once she is impregnated, though she has several receptacles for the fœtus; and, what is more extraordinary, the bull, if suffered to approach near enough to ascertain the fact, will not attempt to cover her, though she must be still in season.

If, therefore, it is quite sufficient to have a bitch warded a few times, why run the risk of having a degenerate progeny by shutting her up with a dog for a week?

A litter of puppies should always be taken off a young bitch, even if you mean to drown them all: the first litter is seldom so good; and I have known a *soft* bitch to improve amazingly in her hunt after being bred from, and it is sure to remove any bad humors that might be about her, and to improve her general health. A terrier, also, that seemed to be deficient in pluck, will often become as savage as you could wish after being bred from.

When the puppies are taken from the mother, her teats should be rubbed with vinegar, or brandy and water, and she should get two doses of the usual allowance of jalap and syrup of buckthorn. There is naturally a tendency to constipation in all animals after suckling, which, in dogs, is often increased by mistaken treatment. The bitch is, very properly, allowed to run at large, but, to prevent her gorging herself with any trash that may be in her way, a constant supply of meat is left beside her. This has just the opposite effect from that which was intended, for she disorders her stomach by over-eating, and then runs to every sort of nastiness to satisfy the morbid craving created thereby: in place of which, she should be fed twice a day, and get only as much as is good for her, but certainly no meat should be left beside her.

The practice of spaying bitches is, I believe, confined to the chase, so I will leave masters of hounds to determine what are the advantages to be derived from doing so. But as regards dogs for the gun, the effect of mutilating them by any such absurd operation is undoubtedly to lessen their hunt, and to make them more lazy and sluggish. If you do not wish to perpetuate a breed, it is a very simple matter to shut the bitch up for ten days, and, if in the shooting season, you need not be deprived of her use for a single

day. If you have not another bitch to hunt with her, she may be coupled to a dog, with *short* couples, and taken to and from the shooting ground with perfect safety, and when hunting, the dog, if a keen hunter, will never trouble or molest her.

London Sporting Review for July, 1843.

ASCOT HEATH RACES, 1843.

ASCOT!—The charm which graced thy name is broken! Thou art no longer the race-course of a court!—thy royal patent of precedence hath passed away! Foul weather, and the lack of courtly favor, have abolished thy prerogative!

Now this exordium apostrophical, be it understood, is no fine writing to my own taste, but merely a humble flight of rhapsodizing, after the manner of some inflated folks, who, apeing the frog in the fable in our daily vehicles of news, and hiding the rags of ignorance beneath the fine clothing of showy words, spout somewhat in this fashion to declare that the Ascot week was wet, and the court wanting.

Well, so be it. Of a truth umbrellas were at a premium, and hurrahs at a discount; but what of that? The attendance was as good, and the racing better than ever.

The first day, as cold, and wet, and cheerless, and miserable, and draggetailed an one as ever mortal shivered under, brought seven races. And the results of one and all of these were manifestly influenced by the deep state of the course.

The first race of the first day brought out the winner of the Oaks again a winner, and again, to the surprise of her owner. The other starters were—Duke of Bedford's John o' Gaunt, 5 yrs. old; Mr. Oliver's Grace Darling, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Gardnor's Monops, 6 yrs. old; Mr. J. Day's St. Lawrence, 6 yrs. old; Lord Chesterfield's Dil-bar, 4 yrs. old; Mr. Dilly's Temerity, 3 yrs. old; Lord Exeter's Wee Pet, 3 yrs. old; Mr. Stephenson's Ma Mie, 4 yrs. old; General Yates's Canton, 3 yrs. old; Mr. T. Hussey's b. c. Volo, by Maple or Count Porro, dam by Whalebone, out of Læna (foaled in 1821), 3 yrs. old. My own fancy was for Dilbar, but she, to use a common saying, "stuck in the mud."

Lawyer Ford created another stare in the course of the day, Sequidilla beating Oakley, with the betting at 5 to 2 on him. Truly these are pickings within a month. How does it happen. Have his trainer's mustachios anything to do with it? If so, may we not expect shortly to see the whole Newmarket corps "in 'airy circles crowned?"

The St. James's Palace Stakes were won in a canter by Lord Westminster's Languish colt. The Ascot Derby, by Amorino, beating Elixir—their places being reversed in the betting. The Ascot Stakes, by Teatotaller, to the discomfiture of many "fan-

cies." The 200 sovs. Sweepstakes, by Murat, who came out in his form again, and beat the redoubtable Gaper in a canter,—and the Windsor Town Plate, by Wreford's 3 yr. old Wadastra colt. In Teatotalter's race, Sir Gilbert's Pannakeen fell down opposite to the winning-post, and died on the spot. I never saw races run through ground so deep.

Reserving, like a schoolboy, the best bit to the last, I now come to the Vase, which, by the way, was a silver shield of elegant design in alto relievo, the subject being taken from a German ballad, by Schiller, representing Apollo releasing Pegasus from the plough, to which he has been yoked by a peasant, ignorant of his terrible high breeding, who gazes with astonishment at the metamorphosis which is taking place. The ballad has been translated into English, by Mr. Oxenford, in Blackwood's Magazine, and the point illustrated is this—

"Scarce felt that steed the master's rein
When all his fire returns again :
He champs the bit, he rears on high,
Light, like a soul, looks from his eye."

For my own part, I do not think the subject very happily chosen, and I should say that the man is somewhat too large for his horse, although he is a "Highflyer." But to the race, for which there came to the post—

Col. Charritle's <i>Gorhambury</i> , by Buzzard, out of Brocard, 3 yrs 7st 7lb.....	J. Howlett.....	1
Sir G. Heathcote's <i>Siricol</i> , 3 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Chapple.....	2
Mr. Johnstone's <i>Charles XII.</i> , aged, 9st 13lb.....	Marson.....	0
Mr. Pettit's <i>St. Francis</i> , aged, 9st 9lb.....	Chifney.....	0
Mr. Lichtwald's <i>Hyllus</i> , aged, 9st 9lb.....	F. Butler.....	0
Mr. Brookes's <i>Ima</i> , 5 yrs 6st 4lb.....	Crouch.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's <i>Gamecock</i> , 3 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Nat.....	0
Mr. Combe's <i>Fakeaway</i> , 3 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Bartholomew.....	0
Mr. Ford's <i>Spiteful</i> , 3 yrs 6st 8lb.....	Bell.....	0

Charles looked in particularly prime order—St. Francis appeared stale, and proved so—Hyllus showed as amiable a temper as usual, and was started with the crack of a hunting-whip.

The race may be told in five lines. St. Francis started last, ran last all the way, and pulled up first. Charles was beaten before he got into the straight running, and Hyllus directly afterwards, and a fine race home between Gorhambury and Siricol, was won on the post by a head, by the former—no others being placed.

Altogether the fielders made a fine day of it, in spite of the rain.

Seven races again on the Wednesday ; of which, however, one only—the Royal Hunt Cup—was of more than passing and "Calendar" interest, on account of the numerical strength of its field. Twenty-four came to the post, viz. :

Lord Chesterfield's <i>Knight of the Whistle</i> , 5 yrs 8st 8lb.....	Nat.....	1
Lord Milltown's <i>Bourra Tomacha</i> , 3 yrs 6st 10lb.....	J. Dunn.....	0
Col. Peel's <i>Garry Owen</i> , 6 yrs 9st 3lb.....	G. Edwards.....	0
Mr. Balchin's <i>Epaulette</i> , 4 yrs 6st 12lb.....	C. Balchin.....	0
Lord Orford's <i>Mallard</i> , 3 yrs 6st 12lb.....	Chapple.....	0
Mr. Etwall's <i>Palladium</i> , 4 yrs 8st 5lb.....	Darling.....	0
Lord Rosslyn's <i>Camelino</i> , aged, 8st 2lb.....	F. Butler.....	0
Mr. Gardnoir's <i>Captain Flathooker</i> , 4 yrs 8st.....	Sly.....	0

Mr. Combe's Rosalind, 4 yrs 8st.....	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Hook's Una, 5 yrs 7st 13lb.....	Mann.....	0
Mr. Copeland's br. h. Mustapha Muley, 5 yrs 7st 12lb.....	Marlow.....	0
Capt. Oliver's Quilt Arnold, 5 yrs 7st 9lb.....	Lye.....	0
Mr. Garrard's Dromedary, 6 yrs 7st 8lb.....	E. Edwards.....	0
Mr. G. Ongley's Modesty, 4 yrs 7st 7lb.....	Wakefield.....	0
Mr. Collins' Rochester, 4 yrs 7st 4lb.....	Darling, junr.....	0
Lord March's b. f. Baæna, 4 yrs 7st 2lb.....	W. Howlett.....	0
Lord Albemarle's Buffalo, 5 yrs 7st 2lb.....	J. Howlett.....	0
Mr. Brooke's Ima, 5 yrs 7st.....	Crouch.....	0
Lord G. Bentinck's Tripoli, 4 yrs 6st 13lb.....	Abdali.....	0
Mr. Worley's Conjugation, 4 yrs 6st 10lb.....	Bartholomew.....	0
Mr. Pettit's Ends and Odds, 4 yrs 6st 10lb.....	Pettit.....	0
Mr. Kimber's Chilson, aged, 6st 7lb.....	May.....	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. Maria Diaz, 3 yrs 6st 3lb.....	Casidy.....	0
Lord Milltown's Biideen, 3 yrs 5st 10lb.....	R. Cotton.....	0

The betting closed at 4 to 1 agst. Captain Flathooker, 5 to 1 agst. Knight of the Whistle, 7 to 1 agst. Camelino, about 12 to 1 each agst. Garry Owen, Quilt Arnold, Buffalo, and Belæna, and high odds agst. any other. Epaulette jumped off with a clear lead, Captain Flathooker following her, Mustapha Muley, Modesty, Bourra Tomacha, and two or three others in a cluster at his side, right and left, and behind them a ruck, the three heavy weights lying off. In making the turn the Knight and Garry Owen ran through the horses, and entered the straight running in company with the first division, from which Captain Flathooker now found it convenient to retire; at the distance a final change took place; the Knight of the Whistle quitting his companions without an effort, and going in a winner by three lengths. No second was placed, Bourra Tomacha, Garry Owen, and Epaulette having run home so literally head and head that the judge could not separate them. Mallard was a bad fifth. Thus the first Royal Hunt Cup came very appropriately into the hands of A No. 1 on the list of Royal Hunt Masters.

Thursday, the Cup day, brought the bright smiles of a summer's day to cheer the heath, which was also much improved as a course by the drying wind and sun. The principal events of the day were, the appearance of Murat again as a winner—the unexpected defeat of Assay, by Rattan—the appearance of Lord Lowther's jacket first at the winning post—the defeat of Gaper by New Brighton, to the utter consternation of Lord George—and lastly, the Cup race, which deserves a more particular notice.

The design of the piece of Plate, substituted for the Cup, altogether lacks novelty—in execution, it is admirable. The subject is Herne's Oak, with four deer, in various positions at its foot.

Four horses only came to the post, viz.:—

Lord Albemarle's <i>Ralph</i> , by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs.....	Robinson.....	1
Mr. Pettit's St. Francis, aged.....	Chifney.....	2
Lord Verulam's Robert de Gorham, 4 yrs.....	W. Cotton.....	3
Mr. Holmes's Vulcan, 6 yrs.....	J. Day, junr.....	4

The betting closed at 5 to 4 on Ralph, 3 to 1 agst. St. Francis, 5 to 1 agst. Robert de Gorham, and 6 to 1 agst. Vulcan; and as the betting had placed them, so did the judge—Ralph making his own running, and winning in a canter. A more common-place affair never was seen. It was like four by honors, and five by cards, at shorts—a Whitechapel game.

Friday closed a brilliant meeting, brilliantly. And although there were no events to call for more particular attention than may be found in my usual summary, I may safely say that never, as regards racing, was a more sporting meeting seen than that of Ascot, 1843.

RIDDLESWORTH.

SUMMARY OF THE ASCOT MEETING, 1843.

Stake.	Winner.	Rider.	Started.	Amount of S.
Trial	Poison	Bell	10	120
St. James's Palace	C. Touchstone—Languish	Templeman	4	400
Ascot Derby	Amorino	Chapple	5	350
Ascot Stakes	Teatotalter	Riley	13	505
Match	Sequidilla	Nat.	2	600
Sweepstakes	Mura t	Chapple	4	1800
Gold Vase	Gorhambury	J. Howlett	9	280
Windsor Town Plate	F. Camel—Wadastra	J. Howlett	7	50
Sweepstakes	Nylghau	J. Day, Jun.	3	350
Coronation	La Stimata	Chapple	4	700
Swinley	Maria Diaz	Pettit	2	30
Produce Sweepstakes	F. Sultan, Jun —Monimia	J. Day, Jun.	6	700
Royal Hunt Cup	Knight-of-the-Whistle	Nat.	24	430
Fern Hill	Queen of the Gypsies	Sly	10	255
Sweepstakes	C. by Scamander	F. Butler	5	300
Sweepstakes	Murat	Nat.	3	600
Queen's Plate	Silvertail Colt	Bartholomew	4	100
Mickleham Hall	New Brighton	Nat.	2	1800
Gold Cup	Ralph	Robinson	4	300
New Stakes	Rattan	Rogers	8	450
Grand Stand Plate	Albion	Pettit	11	100
Buckingham Palace	Napier	F. Butler	2	700
Windsor Forest	Wee Pet	Darling	2	150
Dinner	C. by Bay Middleton	Walked over	1	300
Wokingham 2nd Class	Dilbar	Nat.	9	75
Member's Plate	Gaiety	J. Day	6	85
Wokingham 1st Class	Dromedary	Balchin	9	75
Sweepstakes	F. Gladiator—Elegance	Rogers	5	100
Selling	Windsor	F. Butler	7	95
Number of Stakes.... 29			181	£11,050

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1843.

WAGNER'S PERFORMANCES.

IN our Memoir of Wagner, published in our last number, two of his races were necessarily omitted, they never having been communicated either for this magazine (which was then published at Baltimore), or for the "Spirit of the Times." The races came off at Mobile, Ala., in March, 1838, and Mr. West, the then Secretary of the Jockey Club there, was requested three several times to furnish a report, which he neglected to do, and in consequence injustice has been done to Wagner and several other fine horses, winners at that meeting. We have ascertained at this late period, that Wagner, on the 13th of March, won a stake of four subs. at \$300 each, h. ft., two mile heats, beating Melzare and another, and that on the 16th he won the Jockey Club Purse of \$1000, four mile heats, beating Tayloe & Johnson's Zerlina, and Mr. Stephen's Paul Jones, in 7:55 each heat. Of the other winners, we learn that Hortense won the purse at three mile heats,

and also a mile heats best 3 in 5; Charles Magic won at mile heats, and Pollard at two mile heats. Wagner's performances, therefore, stand thus:—

RECAPITULATION:

1.	1837.	April 8.	Lawrenceville, Va.	Sweepstakes	Mile heats	won	\$ 450
2.	—	April 28.	Petersburg, Va.	Sweepstakes	Mile heats	lost	
3.	—	Nov. 21.	Mobile, Ala.	Post Stake	Two mile heats	won	1750
4.	1838.	Mar. 13.	Mobile, Ala.	Sweepstakes	Two mile heats	won	1050
5.	—	Mar. 16.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	1000
6.	—	April 8.	New Orleans, La.	Sweepstakes	Two mile heats	won	2750
7.	—	April 8.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	2500
8.	—	Dec. 8.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	2000
9.	—	Dec. 31.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	lost	
10.	1839.	Mar. 16.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	2000
11.	—	Mar. 23.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	2000
12.	—	April 2.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	2000
13.	—	April 26.	Natchez, Miss.	Purse	Four mile heats	won	1200
14.	—	Sept. 20.	Louisville, Ky.	Stake and Purse	Four mile heats	won	15000
15.	—	Oct. 5.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	won	1500
16.	—	Oct. 18.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Purse	Four mile heats	won	1000
17.	1840.	Oct. 2.	Nashville, Tenn.	Purse	Four mile heats	lost	
18.	1841.	Jan. 12.	Mobile, Ala.	Sweepstakes	Four mile heats	lost	
19.	—	Jan. 15.	" "	Purse	Four mile heats	lost	
20.	—	Sept. 16.	Louisville, Ky.	Purse	Four mile heats	lost	

Starting twenty times, and winning fourteen races—ELEVEN of them at FOUR MILE HEATS—winning the enormous sum of.....\$36,200

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

Another effort is making to get up the match between Fashion and Cassandra, at two mile heats, the friends of the two being "snatching and eager" for it. We fervently hope they may succeed in inducing Mr. GIBBONS to give his consent. Fashion has been sent from his establishment at Madison, to Mr. Laird's, to be again put in training.

Miss Foote and *Hannah Harris*, who have been for some time in Kentucky, were obliged to be thrown out of training, unfortunately, just before the Lexington races. What with the latter's positive lameness and her comparative inability to master her weight, it is a matter of doubt whether she will ever be able to resume her proper place, near the head of the Western and Southern Turf.

Match between Esop and Prince Albert.—We learn that a match for \$1000 a side, four mile heats, has been concluded between

ch. h. *Esop*, by Imp. Priam, out of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs.

ch. c. *Prince Albert*, by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.

To come off over the Newmarket Course, Petersburg, Va., on the first day of the ensuing Fall Meeting.

Fashion, accompanied by *Yamacraw*, her half brother, and *Caliph*, (another 3 yr. old.) by Imp. Emancipation, out of *Jemima Wilkinson*, by Sir Archy, was sent to Mr. LAIRD'S, from their owner's stable, on the 17th ult., to go into active training. *Caliph* is a bright bay, without white, 16 hands high, and very like his sire. *Yamacraw*, the own brother to *Mariner*, is a chesnut, with a star, and white hind feet. *Fashion* is in robust health, and never looked better.

Havana Races.—We learn that Mr. GARRISON has returned to his residence at Norfolk, Va. having given up the Valdes Course. It will hereafter be under

the control of Count SANTAVENIA and Mr. RICHARD TEN BROECK, of this city, who will not only pay the purses offered at the late meeting, but hang up still larger ones in gold at the stand at the next meeting, which will probably take place between the Fall and Spring races at New Orleans.

Errata—In the report of the Greenville, S C. Races in September last, the Secretary did not furnish the time of each nor amount of the different purses. We have just been apprised, too, that Messrs. EDDINS & WILLIAMS' fine horse *Crichton* beat *Omega* at THREE mile heats, instead of mile heats, as was stated. *Crichton* is a son of Bertrand, (senior) his dam by Phenomenon; he won in two heats, the race referred to.

Waxy Pope.—Some enquiry having been made for the pedigree of this celebrated Steeple Chase horse, who was imported into this city from Ireland last season, and is now standing at Johnstown, in this State, we give it at some length:—

The Marquis of SLIGO's *Waxy*, the sire of the Steeple Chase horse *Waxy Pope*, was got by Sir F. POOLE's *Waxy*, out of *Pronella*, (the dam also of *Penelope*, *Parasol*, *Eclipse*, *Podargus*, *Pioneer*, *Pledge*, *Pawn*, *Pope Joan*, *Picquet*, and *Prudence*, the best of their day at Newmarket,) by *High Flyer*—grandam *Promise*, by *Snap*—*Julia*, by *Blank*—*Spectator's* dam by *Partner*—Sir F. Poole's *Waxy* was got by *Pot-8 os*, the best bred son of *Eclipse*, his dam *Maria*, by *King Herod*—grandam *Lisette*, by *Snap*,—*Swordsman*, the sire of the dam of *Waxy Pope*, was by the Duke of Grafton's *Prize Fighter*, his dam *Czara*, by *Eclipse*. There can be no better blood than this.

Mr. GIBBONS claims the name of *Ornament* for a chesnut filly without white, foaled on the 20th of April last, by *Shadow*, out of *Jemima Wilkinson*.

Maj WM EDDINS, of Lodi, Abbeville, S C. claims the name of *Triumph* for his colt foaled on the 31st of May last, by *Imp. Monarch*, out of *Imp. Accident*, by *Tramp*, her dam by *Whisker*, etc. Also the name of *Argyle Junior*, for his 2 yr. old colt by *Argyle* out of *Claudia* by *Phenomenon*.

ROBERT HUNTER, Esq., claims the name of "*Zanoni*" for his b. colt, foaled on the 1st June, 1842, got by Sir Robert, out of *Lady Jane*—also that of "*Viola*" for his b. filly, foaled on the 1st June, 1843, got by Sir Robert out of *Lady Jane*.

THOMAS VAN SWEARINGEN, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., has sold his yearling ch. f., by *Wagner*, out of *Darnley's* and *Sally Shannon's* dam, to CHARLES BU-FORD, Esq., Scott County, for \$300. She is engaged in a Sweepstakes at Louisville, \$300 each, Two mile heats, in the Fall of 1845.

Mr. Van Swearingen lost his fine mare, *Grey Maria*, the dam of *Darnley* and *Sally Shannon*, by the falling of a tree during the severe storm, on the evening of 29th May last. She left a fine brown filly foal, by *Imp. Riddiesworth*, which is doing well.

The Lexington (Ky.) Association Course will in future be under the management of the Club, as formerly, Col. OLIVER having relinquished the lease which he held for four years.

A NEW BREED OF SPORTING DOGS.

IMPORTED FOR THE HON. J. S. SKINNER, OF WASHINGTON CITY.

If there be any such bump as one indicating a fondness for *Horses* and *Dogs*, a craniological survey of the knowledge-box of our friend SKINNER, founder of the "*American Farmer*" and our "*Tort Register*," would assuredly disclose one of extraordinary dimensions. Our sporting annals relate how he has from time to time imported, or had sent to him, by the illustrious LAFAYETTE, the huge Dog of the Pyreneean mountains, noble and docile, in size and temper; and by him also the sharp headed, vigilant, sagacious dog, of the true "*Shepherd-dog*" breed. By the gallant and now lamented PORTER, the *Angora Greyhound*, with the feather tail of the Setter, and the exquisite symmetry of the highest bred greyhound—from Consul TRIST, from Havana, the true hound of blood—by the accomplished and liberal Capt. STOCKTON, the English Fox-

hound, from the celebrated kennel of Sir HARRY GOODRICKE. The blood of these flow now in the famous pack of the Messrs. CALDWELL, at the White Sulphur, where, in season, so many fat bucks fell, at the unerring crack of the rifle, in the hands of that thorough sportsman, Col. H., of S. C. To Mr. S., too, were sent for propagation the *edible* dogs of the Sandwich Islands; but these have not yet, that we have understood, been brought upon the table. By the same hands have been distributed, in its highest finish, the race of "*King Charles' Cocking Spaniels*," for hunting woodcock, derived immediately to our country from the Marchioness WELLESLEY, one of the *three American sisters* now titled Ladies of England!—the brightest and most graceful ornaments of the circles of nobility in which they move. There is, in fact, scarcely an animal that can be named, belonging to the classes of the laboring, the edible, the wool-bearing, the lactiferous, or those kept for pleasure or fancy—scarcely any kind of poultry, plant, or grain, or grass, that do not appear to have been directly imported by, or by the officers of the Navy to have been sent to this veteran Father of the Agricultural and Sporting Press of America.

One breed of dogs remained yet to be had, and that, we understand, has lately been sent to him—three couple by Lord CALEDON, who lately passed through from Canada to England. These were procured with difficulty from the Queen's kennel. Another couple have arrived to him in the "*Hottinguer*," in this city, brought out by Mr. W. MURDOCH, who has just arrived in that ship with his family. Mr. Murdoch is a gentleman of fortune, well known to the agricultural community for possessing the choicest strains of the most improved breeds of domestic animals. He is about to "*settle*," we understand, in Missouri, and the agriculturists of the West may congratulate themselves on having added to their community a member, who brings with him ample materials and ample experience, to accelerate their improvement in the most substantial branches of their pursuits. But we had forgotten to name the kind and the purpose of the dogs now procured by Mr. Skinner; not so much, we understand, for his own use or amusement as for the sake of securing, as in other cases, *the breed for the country*. It may, in short, be said to be a *passion—a way he's got!*

These dogs are known in England as the "*Basket*," or "*Rabbit Beagle*," a perfect fox-hound *in miniature*, much smaller than the common Beagle. They pursue their game with the coldest nose, and with indomitable perseverance, giving incessant tongue, never losing, but slow to catch the common rabbit and promising to make with that swift-footed and timid creature rare sport;—to present a fox hunt, in fact, on a small scale, which might be enjoyed on foot by an octogenarian; not meaning that our respected predecessor, who would contend against OSBALDESTON himself in a steeple chase, needs any such indulgence.

We shall be impatient for reports of the qualities and performance of the "*Basket Beagle*," and for one, rejoice, for the sake of poor sorrowing humanity, whenever one more can be added to the list of field sports, or any sort of amusement that can make men "*forget their sorrows, and remember their miseries no more!*" This breed of Beagles, called "*Basket Beagles*," because they may be taken in baskets to the cover, were, at his own suggestion, to have been sent out by the late TYRONE POWER to his friend, Mr. S., on his arrival in England. But, alas!

We received by the "*Columbia*" a letter from the Earl of CALEDON, dated Portman Street Barracks, London, 3d June, in which, speaking of our friend SKINNER's Beagles, he remarks to the following effect:—

"I believe them to be of the finest description. I got them from the Queen's Kennel. Had I chosen them for myself, I should have sent out a much larger description. I have, however, followed Mr. Skinner's directions, and hope they will please him," etc. etc.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

S E P T E M B E R , 1 8 4 3 .

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF SIR HERCULES:

Engraved on Steel by DICK, after LAPORTE.

OUTLINE PORTRAIT OF COTHERSTONE,

WINNER OF THE DERBY:

Engraved on Wood by CHILDS, from a sketch in "Bell's Life in London."

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

- BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
FRANKFORT, Ky. - Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th April.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.
KNOXVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, 27th Sept.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
MONTREAL, L. C. - St. Pierre Course, Turf Club Meeting, 15th, 16th, and 18th Aug.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.
" " The Great Peyton Stake, and others, come off same week.
GALLATIN, Tenn. - Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 3d Thursday, 20th Sept.
NEW YORK - - - - Union Course, L. I., J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
PHILADELPHIA - - Camden Course, N. J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - The Races will commence on the 5th Sept.
RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J. - - Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Sept.



SIR HERCULES:

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED BY DICK AFTER LAPORTE.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in our presenting to American breeders a portrait of this celebrated English stallion, whose popularity on the Turf or in the Stud, it is not too much to say, ranks as high as any of his contemporaries, inasmuch as he has a half brother of great promise in this country. We refer to *Langford*, a horse bred by His late Majesty William IV., at Hampton Court, and imported at a year old by Capt. STOCKTON, U. S. N. Langford greatly distinguished himself by his early performances on the Turf here, and is now in the Stud temporarily in Ohio.

Sir Hercules was foaled in Ireland, where he was bred by Lord Langford, in 1826; he was got by the renowned Whalebone, out of Peri (subsequently purchased by His Majesty, and placed in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court,) by Wanderer—Thalestris by Alexander—Rival by Sir Peter—Hornet by Drone—Manilla by Goldfinder—Mr. Goodricke's Old English mare—Cullen's Arabian—Cade. Nothing can be finer than this pedigree.

Performances.—In 1828, at the Curragh September Meeting, won a match, carrying 7st. 10lb., agst. Mount Eagle, 8st. 2lb.; New T. Y. C.; 100 sovs.; and won a Two-year-old Stakes, New T. Y. C. At the Curragh October Meeting won a Two-year-old Stakes, T. Y. C., beating three others; and walked over for a Two-year-old Stakes.

In 1829, won a Three-year-old Stakes at York Spring Meeting; last mile and three quarters (8 subs.); beating Netherby, Flambeau, Flacrow, colt by Viscount, out of Nell, Maldon, and Brielle. At Doncaster ran third for the St. Leger; beaten by Rowton and Voltaire, and beating 16 others; and won a Three-year-old Stakes, one mile (23 subs.), beating Fortitude and Zodiac.

In 1830, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, won the Claret Stakes (5 subs.), beating Morris Dancer, colt by Gustavus, out of Canvass, and Spaniard.

His Get.—Sir Hercules is the sire of Mulgrave, Maria, The Gipsey, Water Witch, Birdcatcher, Arthur, Langford, Cruiskeen, Honest Ned, Honesty, The Hydra, The Corsair, Jenny Jones, Coronation, Hereford, Iole, Robert de Gorham, and several other winners.

Sir Hercules has for several years been standing with the utmost success in England, at East Acton, Middlesex, the seat of Mr. Weatherley, an *attaché* to the Austrian Embassy. The following interesting particulars of his history and that of his illustrious family, are derived from *Nimrod's* magnificent quarto work on "Sporting," published in 1838.

The history of Sir Hercules, though brief, is rather singular. He may be

said to have crossed the Irish Channel four times, his dam, Peri, being sent to Ireland from the Earl of Egremont's stud at Petworth, when in foal with him, in which country he was produced. At two years old, he won the whole of his engagements (four), beating the celebrated Mount Eagle, and the best horses of his year. His early success induced his proprietor to engage him in England, and sent him to Richmond, in Yorkshire, under the care of Thomas Peirse. He came out in the York August Meeting in a Sweepstakes of eight subscribers, which he won in good form. He now became a great and deserved favorite for the Doncaster St. Leger, and continued so in public estimation to the hour of starting; but alas! Sir Hercules was *placed* two days previous to the race; or, in the more intelligible phraseology of the betting-ring, was *made safe*. Yet even under these disadvantages, from his native courage and great powers, with the aid of an honest jockey (Conolly), he was only defeated by two lengths, in a field of nineteen horses, being placed third to Rowton and Voltaire, both superior horses of the year. On the Friday, in the same meeting, he won a Sweepstakes of twenty-three subscribers, and in the following spring he won the Claret Stakes at Newmarket; after which, he was sent to Ireland, where, in 1832, and in 1833, he was used as a stud horse, at Summer-Hill, county of Meath.

In the September month of the latter year, it appears, Sir Hercules left Ireland once more, with the racing-stud of Lord Langford, his then proprietor, and was sold by Tattersall, at Doncaster, for the low price of 750 guineas, to an American gentleman, who, finding the season was too far advanced to send him with safety across the Atlantic, re-sold him to the gentleman who now owns him—Mr. Weatherley. He is a peculiarly colored horse—that is to say, the appearance of his coat changes with the season of the year, far beyond the extent that it does with the generality of horses. For example, in the autumn it has a brown tinge, in the winter it may be called black, and in the summer, so thickly is it studded with white hairs, that he might then be described as grey. Add to all this, his near fore leg is grey.

But to return for a moment to the fact of Sir Hercules having been “drugged” or “hocussed,” as the terms are, when about to start for the Doncaster St. Leger. The widow of one of the parties concerned—one of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced the Turf—at present re-married to another worthy of the same honorable profession, has offered the whole correspondence, relating to this nefarious transaction, for sale, at the price of four hundred pounds! Mr. Weatherley has, I understand, offered fifty guineas for it, and no doubt he will have it!

It may not be amiss here to mention a fact, with regard to the sire of Peri, the dam of Sir Hercules. His name was Wanderer (he is now dead), one of the finest animals of his kind, and a capital racer at high weights and long distances, for each of which good properties the Petworth stud has been famed. And no horse was better named than he was, for when I saw him at Petworth, he had not been known to lie down in his box for a period of six years, and was always on the move, or in mischief, except when in the act of feeding. If clean straw were put into his box, he would carry the greater part of it out into the yard, with his teeth; and when I entered it with the stud-groom, I found he had just been turning the cock that let the water into his trough, with his teeth, and it was then overflowing the premises. There was also a peculiar motion of his eyes, which denoted the wandering of his thoughts, if a horse can be allowed

to think ; but he was a splendid animal, and the sire and grandsire of several good race-horses. In fact, he was exactly the sort of horse that England ought to have, to perpetuate the good properties of the animal, and for other purposes than racing. He was by Gohanna, out of Catherine, Sister to Colibri, allowed to be the best blood on the Turf.

THOUGHTS ON HORSE THEORIES.

"As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polished Nature with a finer hand :
 Yet on her beauties durst not Art encroach ;
 'Tis Art's alone those beauties to expand."—THOMSON.

IN conning over the pages of the late numbers of the N.S.M. my eye fell upon two articles more especially, whose tenor evidently showed that they were the results of practical experience, and not an idle effusion of theoretical opinions.

These articles, embracing as they did two of the most interesting subjects to the sportsman, and the admirer of the horse, struck me as especially worthy of attention ; particularly as in the sporting periodicals of the day there is a great deficiency of remarks on the subject of breeding horses. The two to which I allude, are the one on Breeding In and In, the other on Breeding the Hunter. Such sound and sensible remarks are very much above the common rhodomontade of horse-talk, and have a most beneficial tendency in calling the attention of the sporting world to the interesting importance of such subjects. In matters connected with sporting it is practice, not theory, which is desirable ; no man ever became by theory either a rider, a shot, or even a disciple of Isaac Walton ; it is habitual practice alone which can succeed, consequently the essays of a person who has bred horses, and studied the subject in all its branches, are alone worthy of observation.

On each of the above articles it is my present intention to offer a few remarks ; and first on Breeding In and In.

The author of the article in question has decidedly proved that such a course has been found to succeed, from the many instances he quotes. In a great measure I am inclined to agree with him, chiefly looking to one rule, which is simply to keep as much as possible to a good sort, *i. e.* a good strain of blood, and only to bring in a change with the greatest observance and circumspection considering above all things in so doing what is most wanted in the introduction, and equally regarding power and perfection in the forms of the animal or animals introduced.

As in these cases proofs are the best evidence, I will mention a few of the latest, and will not go back to the fountain-heads, where

the system of breeding in and in has been sufficiently made mention of in the article I have alluded to. In this year of grace, 1843, we have a good instance before us that a strain of the same blood both by sire and dam is desirable. Cotherstone, the winner of Riddlesworth, 2000gs., Column, and the Derby, possesses it. He is by Touchstone, whose grandsire was by Whalebone; and his dam Emma is by Whisker, brother to Whalebone. The winner of last year's St. Leger affords another instance of the same kind. Blue Bonnet, also by Touchstone, had as great grandsire Whalebone; and her grandam on her dam's side was by Whisker. A horse that would have been forward in last year's Derby (had his leg stood) and who did run the fastest in the race to the road, was Colonel Peel's Chatham, the best two-year-old of 1841. He is another instance, being by The Colonel, son of Whisker, his dam Hester, being by Camel, a son of a Whalebone. Such are strong instances, and prove that a good deal of good stout blood on both sides is a consummation most desirable, but I cannot think it desirable or expedient to breed very closely in and in. Though Mr. Meynell's best hound was the offspring of a brother and sister, I should not expect to see a Derby winner from so close a connection.

But to all questions there are two sides. So I will take another line of blood where close breeding has not answered. The case which presents itself is that of Gaper, a horse who ran forward for the Derby, and was more highly thought of than he deserved to be. He has very bad legs, and having been beaten by moderate horses, does not class as a first rate race-horse. His blood runs thus—by Bay Middleton, out of *Cobweb*, by Phantom; his dam Flycatcher, who is out of own sister to Cobweb. This is however a negative case, as though not a good horse, he cannot be called a bad one. In a near relative of his we have a more striking example that breeding closely does not answer; I mean in the case of Cobweb's dam, Filagree.

She produced three very indifferent colts, which were her three last, viz.—Ilderim, Muley Ishmael, and a chesnut colt, all by Ishmael, who was her grandson.

Were I asked what stud in the present day afforded the best specimen of breeding, the best crosses of blood, and the best results, I immediately should point out the stud at Eaton Hall as such. It proves that there is no need of great variety if only the sort which fills the paddocks be good. Such being the case, *it is right* to stick to it with discrimination, and the result as in the case in point is auspicious. Any close observer of the best running strains of blood may discover without much trouble that none beat the coalition of the Waxy and Alexander blood. Our crack stallions—Camel, The Saddler, Defence, Touchstone, Sir Hercules, all prove that this is the right sort. Such is the sort which, superior in quality to quantity, fills the paddocks at Eaton. Let them but pass before us in review. First comes Banter and Bertha, both out of Alexander mares, and the former producing from the Whalebone cross, three not very bad ones, viz. Touchstone,

Launcelot, and Lampoon. Laura and Maid of Honor are daughters of Champion (a son of Selim), the former, with a Whalebone cross again (Abbas Mirza) produced The Shah; and the latter, Honoria, by Camel, and Auckland, and a two-year-old (winner this year) by Touchstone. Well worthy also of mention, are Sarcasm, half-sister to Touchstone, and the dam of Satirist; Decoy, the dam of Sleight-of-Hand and Van Amburgh; Languish, the dam of Ghuznee, sister to Ghuznee and Ameer; and Miss Gills, the dam of Maroon. A perusal of so many winners as these mares have produced in a few years must convince the most sceptical that there is not much fault in the system pursued there, and is a proof that a good foundation once obtained, will be the ground-work of success afterwards.

Too much faith, your correspondent justly observes, is placed in the Stud Book, not enough in the forms and constitutions of the animals themselves. It is indulging in too stale a truism to repeat that defects are handed down in stock, and, moreover, defects of every possible kind, nor are these to be counteracted in the first instance at least, by the absence of such defects altogether in the other parent.

To ensure success, animals selected for the stud should possess no glaring faults. If they do, (and few do not in some way or other) the first cross, if judiciously made, may remedy them in some degree, but it is in the next, and next to that, that perfection, and freedom from faults is to be sought and obtained.

For the present improved breeds of cattle and sheep, how much are we indebted to the pains which the Messrs. Colluses and Mr. Bakewell took to obtain a good animal. How did they obtain that perfection? Had they good premises to start from? Certainly not,—from coarse and uncultivated breeds they, by selecting the best only, and crossing them with the best, obtained their end, for which they were nobly repaid. Why then with such ample choice before them do not the horse breeders of the day follow such good examples as those above mentioned? but carelessness and ignorance are a formidable bar to improvement, and these are the chief reasons why so few breeders succeed. In breeding for the Turf, the Stud Book and Racing Calendar are consulted; and the conclusion arrived at is—Oh! such a horse was speedy—his blood of a running sort—send all the mares to him. This is too often said without the owner of the mares having seen the horse, or knowing what defects may exist in his frame. Again, in stud farms, every weed not good enough for racing, or possessing such stilty legs that the first trial breaks them down, is quickly put to the stud, and disagreeably surprises its owner, by becoming the dam of a valuable progeny of 20l. cover hacks, for from such animals it is useless to expect trumps to turn up.

I do not, in saying this wish to insinuate that no mares ought to be bred from unless they have shone on the Turf. Experience tells us that many a first rate horse has sprung from a mare that was not a good runner. What I wish to see avoided, is the breeding from little weedy mares, whose produce never can command size

and substance, and without these two requisites no breeding can in the present day pay ; so overglutted is the horse market with inferior horses.

Suppose a man to possess such horses as Charles XII., St. Francis, Garry Owen, or Oakley, (which I have picked as desirable for all purposes, and as still running without material blemishes,) and in addition, to be the possessor of half-a-dozen mares, as Birdlime, Welfare, Bellona, Collina, Lady Grove, and The Shadow. With such a start it would not be a long time before a good strain of running blood might be obtained. On such horses and mares as those above quoted, a certainty of success would be attended, inasmuch as the produce would fetch high prices as hunters, if they should not prove fast enough for racing.

I consider it to be one of the chief desiderata in a stud, that sufficient power and substance should be disseminated throughout, to take away the possibility of being overrun with a spindle-shanked, worthless lot of colts. We have only to look at some of the fashionable blood of the present day, to wit, Bay Middleton, Elis, Muley Moloch, Beiram, Hornsea. Among these, can any one say that the necessary qualifications of a stallion are to be discovered ? The first three are of the cameleopard genus. Their stock too take after them not a little ; and perhaps it may be asked, can they run ? Who can answer in the affirmative for them ? Perhaps Aristides may be quoted for Bay Middleton's, Cornopean for Elis's honor, and Alice Hawthorn for Muley Moloch's ? The two first are bad indeed, the latter decidedly good, but out of so many mares as have been sent to Muley Moloch, it would have been almost beyond the bounds of possibility that one at least should not turn out well.

The other two fashionable ones, Hornsea and Beiram, are so *infra dig*, that it remains only to be said, that the most possible mode of amassing a fortune in the present day, would be to lay invariably against their progeny throughout the season, in whatever races they might run.

For the present I must conclude, and at a future period will bring forward for discussion the merits of the hunter, who in the present instance has from lack of room been overlooked.

AGRESTES.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1843.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the July Number of the "Turf Register," page 447.

ON THE TREATMENT OF HORSES' FEET, AND ON SHOEING.

It has been pretty generally remarked by those who have travelled on the Continent (and I have observed the same myself,) that horses there are not to be seen lame in their feet to anything like the extent of our horses in England. This circumstance has led many people to suppose that there must be some very great defect in the shoeing of horses in this country, which does not exist on the Continent.

This is certainly not the fact. In proof of this contradictory assertion, I shall take, by way of example, the horses most frequently and the most actively employed on the Continent—the French post, or diligence horse. The hunters of that country I know nothing about; and as to their saddle-horses, I have never seen any of them out of a walk or slow jog-trot. It is to be observed, that these horses are of a very different description from our English horses. The French post-horse may be said to be a well-bred, light sort of cart-horse. The French diligence horse is of a similar description, but larger; both of them have large, open, strong feet. These horses are not only very differently used, but they are also very differently kept to what the mail, post, and stage-coach horses are in England. The French horses go much shorter stages, many of which are not half the distance of our stages; and besides this, they travel a much slower pace—not more than five or six miles per hour; and often on paved roads, which, I am inclined to think, is another circumstance in favor of the French horses' feet.

The stables in which the French post and diligence horses are kept, are seldom or ever paved; neither is it by any means a general rule with the French stable people to bed down their horses by day. Their horses' feet are therefore much exposed to the cool, soft, and somewhat moist surface of their stable floors. But when we come to look at our English post, mail, or coach horse, we find, that with regard to breeding, he is altogether a different sort of animal—his feet are small and strong, and he is not only differently employed and differently kept, but he is mostly going at the rate of from ten to twelve miles an hour—a pace that produces great concussion and heat in the horse's feet, and more particularly in hot weather; and not unfrequently many of our post-horses are driven this telling pace for a distance of twelve

or fourteen miles before they are put into the stables; and when they are there, they are generally up to their knees in bedding necessary for them to rest and lay on, but which keeps their feet very hot, notwithstanding the cow-dung with which they may be stopped at night. I am of opinion that it is the rapidity of pace and the long lengths so often repeated, that subject so many more of our horses to lameness in the feet; and I do not think (as is generally supposed) that the horses of the Continent are less subject to it from any superiority in the French method of shoeing.

I am inclined to think, that were proper attention paid to colts immediately on their being taken from their paddocks into the training stables, causing their feet to be cleaned out as often as may be found necessary, according to the strength and growth of their feet, and their shoes with sufficient cover and substance to be properly fitted—aided by such other treatment as I shall presently mention—there would be but few race-horses, or, indeed, horses of any description, that would become lame in their feet, from contraction, the navicular, or any other disease, unless such as may be brought on by injuries originating from accidents.

If the stables in which race-horses stand are on the downs on which the horses are to exercise (as is often the case), there will be no hard road for them to walk over in going to the exercise ground, the surface of which, in winter (except in the time of frost), is soft, moist, and cool. Some horses are two or three hours a day at exercise, as many of them have to come to post early in the spring. Their feet, during this period of exercise, become, to a certain extent, relaxed and cool, more particularly if there has been much wet during the night; and if the necessary attention be paid to their feet on returning to the stables, they may be said to be kept nearly approaching to that natural and healthy state in which they were previous to their leaving their paddocks, provided they wear three-quarter shoes instead of those which are made to come full home to the heels of their feet.

Country plate horses that have become stale from travelling and running during the summer, and that have also their feet much broken from the repeated replacing of their shoes and plates, have seldom to come out very early in spring. They are generally wintered in loose boxes; and during the whole of the time that such horses remain in them and out of work, they should wear on their fore-feet three-quarter shoes, with a clip at the toe, and three nails on each side of each foot; but the nails should not approach closer to the heels than is absolutely necessary to keep the shoes on. Once in about every three weeks (depending much on the growth and strength of the feet) the shoes should be removed, and also the front part of the feet properly cleaned out, and, if necessary, the toes should be shortened; the heels and quarters should be allowed to grow, but the detached parts of the frog may be removed, so that, when a horse is taken to work in the spring, his feet may be put in proper form to have the short shoes applied.

The treatment necessary to be adopted in the care of such horses' feet when they are kept in the stables, is a subject to which grooms should pay the strictest attention.

Horses that have strong feet, require to have them more relaxed by the application of water, than those which have weak feet; the latter require more the application of ointment to the foot to promote growth, and to keep their hoofs tough.

Country plate horses that have strong feet, and that are mostly in strong work in the summer (at which season it is that training as well as running grounds are very hard), are often travelling on hot dry roads; and unless moisture be sufficiently and properly applied to their fore-feet, much of the natural expansion and elastic parts of their heels and quarters are destroyed. Those parts become dry, hard, and brittle, and the natural consequence is, that greater concussion takes place in the feet of horses in this state, when they are going at a rapid pace, as in running heats of long lengths in light plates on a hard course, than there would otherwise be, were their feet in a more elastic state.

To apply moisture to the feet of horses, the patent sponge water boots have been strongly recommended. They are certainly very useful, and it is probable the more convenient and ready way of softening and relaxing the hoofs of horses in case active inflammation takes place in their feet from fever, or when contraction comes on suddenly. For such purposes I have used the sponge boots with the best effects, but I should never apply them to moisten the feet of horses that are to be kept in work. On such occasions, I think they relax the feet too suddenly; besides which, they are unwieldy things for a boy in a race-horse stable to handle; they are also found to be very inconvenient for horses to rest in, that are in health, and have to go out to exercise twice a day, as most horses in training do.

During my practice in the Cavalry for this last eighteen years, whenever any of the troop horses, having strong feet, have become lame from their feet having contracted, and the hoofs hard and brittle (which is common in a dry spring, or in the hot summer months), I have ordered them to stand in clay and water, if I have plenty of spare stable room in the barracks. Their full shoes having previously been taken off, their feet cleaned out, and three-quarter shoes put on them. The period I allow these horses to stand in clay and water depends much on the sort of feet they have and the state they may be in. The stronger horses' feet are, the more they require to be relaxed by moisture. Some horses I keep standing in wet clay every day from morning till night, for three weeks or a month, as I conceive it necessary; others I keep in it for ten days or a fortnight, and unless these horses are very lame, they go to exercise morning and evening, or do their duty, which ever I think best for them. The feet of many horses soon become relaxed and cool from this sort of treatment, and as the growth of the horse is increased by the moisture, the heels and quarters expand, by which means many horses that have been very feeling and lame in their feet, have become sound.

When a horse has thus recovered, or perhaps a short time before he is quite sound, rather than have a horse's feet get dry too suddenly, I shorten the period of his standing in wet clay, allowing him to stand in it every other day; and previous to his leaving the hospital stables, I only allow him to stand in it twice a week. During the intervals between these immersions, I order his feet to be rubbed round with the tar ointment, which is a very necessary application, to prevent the feet from cracking, to which they are subject after having been immersed in water. Some troop horses, whose feet have been slowly progressing into a diseased state, and which have not discovered any symptoms of lameness until they have become old, I have seldom succeeded with in getting them sound.

I do not pretend to know more in the cure of horses' feet than other Veterinary Surgeons. I have merely stated here what treatment I have adopted in the cure of the feet of troop horses, and by what means I have succeeded in bringing many of them again into a fit state for duty.

But the feet of race-horses cannot be kept cool and relaxed by the means which I have described as having been applied for that purpose to the feet of troop horses. The former must not have their work stopped when in regular training. They can scarcely be allowed to miss a single gallop, which by the training groom may be considered necessary. They must also have their beds to lay and rest on by day as well as by night; and under these circumstances clay and water could not be conveniently applied, nor do I approve of the patent boots for the reasons I have already given.

My own horses and those of other officers of the regiment, stand in the stables much in the same way as horses in training do—that is, their bedding is kept under them day and night. Whenever any of those horses have been amiss in their feet, either from contraction or from the horn becoming dry, hard, or brittle, and some parts broken away, I have recommended to relax and promote the growth of such feet, the moisture being applied to them by means of a piece of common coarse sacking, long enough to go round the wall or crust of the foot, and soaked in water previous to its being tied on round the hoof with a piece of string. This application should be wetted every stable hour. This is generally my method of applying moisture to my own horses' feet. Pads made for the purpose are, of course, more convenient; they may be made of coarse canvass doubled to the breadth of the hoof, stuffed with a sufficient quantity of tow or any other material that may answer the purpose better, with pieces of broad coarse tape fixed at the ends of each pad, and long enough to tie in front of the horse's foot. The soles of horses' feet may be kept soft and cool in a similar way, by taking a sufficient quantity of tow, to form pledgets large and thick enough to fill up the cavity at the bottom part of each fore-foot to such extent as to give a certain degree of pressure to the whole surface of the sole. The edges of those pledgets should be pressed round

under the shoe with a picker, after which each pledget of tow is to be wetted with a sponge full of water, or the foot may be dipped into a bucket of cold water every stable hour.

The tow, from the weight of the horse while standing in the stable, takes the impression of the foot, and remains in it as long as the horse remains in the stable, whether standing or lying. But the tow as well as the pads are both to be removed, previous to the horses going out to exercise, and may be laid aside against the wall at the back of the stall until the horse comes in and has been dressed. The pad, if well made, will last a long time, and the same stopping of tow will answer very well for a week or ten days. This is a clean and convenient way of applying moisture to the fore feet of horses that are in regular work, and I believe is much practised at the college.

I have found it answer the purposes very well, and it appears to have all the advantages of clay and water in softening, cooling, and relaxing horses' feet. I think the method of stopping with tow is certainly to be preferred to the use of cow dung; for if this latter application is too frequently laid on over the frog, it will occasionally bring on thrushes, whereas the wet tow may be used without fear of its producing such consequences. Indeed this latter can be more conveniently laid round the sole only—its application need not extend over the frog of the foot, unless when necessary.

When a horse is dressed and done up after sweating, it may perhaps be as well to moisten the pads and tow for his feet, in the same hot water in which his legs were fomented: at least, I expect this will be more satisfactory to the groom.

Although I have had horses go to walking exercise with their feet stopped with tow, and the stopping has remained in until they have returned to the stable; some horses which are wintering in loose houses, are apt to range about the loose house and exercise themselves by walking, trotting, or sometimes even cantering round. To prevent the tow from falling out of their feet, on such occasions, a couple of splints may be laid across each other under the shoes.

The same precautions may be taken with horses that are restless in dressing. I allude to such of them as may stamp, and strike out with their fore-feet, and range about in the stall. To attend to all that I have here mentioned relative to the application of moisture to the feet of race-horses, will take but a very few minutes in a stable hour. When the boy who looks after a horse is too young to be entrusted with this charge, one of the senior boys or the head lad may do it for him, after the horse is brushed over, his legs rubbed, and his bed set fair.

This is the sort of treatment I recommend to the notice of training grooms in the care of their horses' feet, and which should be attended to immediately on colts leaving their paddocks, or rather, as soon as they are broke and have been brought into the training stables to go into regular work. I think there cannot be too much attention paid to the feet of horses generally, and par-

ticularly race-horses, as many thousands are often depending on them; to say nothing of the expense of training and entrance money, both of which must be paid whether the horse run or not.

The strictest attention should be paid by grooms as well as by smiths, to the paring of horses' feet. Grooms should also make themselves thoroughly acquainted with this matter, so that they may be able to direct any awkward country smith, whom they may occasionally fall in with, how to shoe their horses when travelling; as there are many such smiths who are apt to make rather too free with the knife, while others of more experience are particularly careful.

A good shoeing smith, who has been properly taught and long practiced in the shoeing of different descriptions of feet, has made but bad use of his time if he cannot, on examining the horse's foot, immediately see from what parts it is necessary to remove horn, and what parts he should leave untouched by the knife. If he is a good judge, he will not remove the smallest portion of horn from a weak convex foot, or indeed, from any foot that is weak or much broken. With the exception of any little detached parts, he should preserve the horn as much as he can, with a view to strengthen and support the foot to the utmost, by which means he obtains a safer and more secure hold in the foot for his nails. To give strength to the heels and quarters, the toes require to be kept short; but previously to removing horn from those parts, the smith should see what strength of horn he has there. Generally speaking, there is more horn at the toes of convex feet than there is at the toes of horses' feet which are much stronger; yet care should be taken (more particularly if horses are to be kept in work), not to remove the horn from those parts to an extreme, as this would occasion pressure on the nails.

In case it is necessary, the shoes may be nailed round the toes, or they may be secured by putting a clip here. This latter mode is to be preferred when a foot is not in a state to admit of nails being driven sufficiently far back at the quarters, for the purpose of keeping the shoe secure.

Horses that have convex feet have the largest and most healthy frogs. It is only necessary to remove from them any detached or ragged parts, so as to prevent the gravel or dirt from accumulating there, and producing thrushes. The foot cleaned out, and the rasp run lightly round the crust to take the rough edges off and level the foot, is all which is necessary previous to the shoe being applied.

Race-horses' feet, generally speaking, are very strong. It is therefore as necessary for training grooms to be quite as well acquainted with the paring or cleaning out of strong feet as weak ones. Men that are at all conversant with horses, or that have paid any attention to the shoeing of them, are fully aware that, if any part of the shoe, when nailed on, should come in contact with the sole, lameness will eventually, if not immediately, be produced. It therefore becomes necessary to remove as much horn from the

surface of a strong sole as will give it the concavity requisite to prevent the shoe from pressing on the sole, and producing lameness. It should also be made sufficiently concave to admit of a picker passing easily round under the shoe, when on ; this can be done to strong feet with safety as well as with advantage, and leaving the sole at the same time of a sufficient substance, which a good smith takes care to ascertain. After having removed a certain portion of the sole, he applies pressure with his thumb, to discover the substance of horn he has left there. If from the quantity that has been removed, he finds the sole somewhat elastic, he should desist from further weakening it. The horn should be removed from the sole to a similar extent, from between the bars and the crust, when the long shoe is applied ; but care must be taken that the former forms a junction with the latter at the heels. This will not only give increased strength to them, but it will also present a wide and firm basis for the heels of the shoes to rest upon. The bars are to be left prominent, if for no other reason than to prevent the smith from removing any portion of horn from that part of the foot which is under them.

If the bars and the horn which is under them be removed, the substance of the foot in those parts will be much decreased, and the heels will then very soon contract if the horse is in an artificial state. The horn being removed from the surface of the sole of a strong foot as I have here advised, the next thing the smith has to do, is to make the wall or crust of the foot perfectly level, so as to produce an even surface to receive the shoe.

I am not prepared to state how shoes for race-horses are now made ; but I very well remember that those which were formerly in use were very light and narrow ; and I conclude that the object in making them in that manner was merely to prevent the horses' feet from breaking. I am decidedly of opinion that such shoes are very improper for any horse, but more particularly for such race-horses as are obliged often to be kept in strong work. Light shoes must be nailed with four nails on each side of the shoe, and these nails must be driven further back towards the heels than is necessary with shoes of more substance and greater width. Unless light shoes are put on in this manner, they are apt to spring a little at the heels when a horse is going a rapid pace on a hard ground ; and if this is not immediately attended to, they soon become loose and are thrown. This is not the only inconvenience ; for, from these shoes being nailed so far back, the quarters and heels of the horses' feet become, as it were, fixed by this rim of iron, or sort of shoe ; and which is one very great cause of contraction, as those back parts of the wall or crust of the horse's foot, which are the most elastic parts of it, are prevented from expanding. Another disadvantage attending the use of long, light, narrow shoes is, that they are not of sufficient breadth and substance to prevent very great concussion from taking place in the fore-feet of such craving horses as are often obliged in summer to sweat long lengths over hard ground. I think one of the principal causes of such horses in training and in strong work becom-

ing very groggy in their fore-feet, is their wearing shoes of very little more substance and cover than the plates they run in.

I have for several years past been much in the practice of having short shoes put on the fore-feet of many of our troop horses, and those belonging to the officers. Such of them as have had strong upright feet that were more or less contracted, I have occasionally sent to exercise on strong ground, keeping their feet moist in the way already mentioned. Finding that they went on very well in short shoes for two or three months at a time, or until their feet have been sufficiently expanded, I was inclined to try how they would go when sent to their duty in such shoes. Having made the experiment, I found that the horses not only did their duty in the field, but they also marched very well in those shoes on the hot roads in the height of summer, carrying the dragoon, with the whole of the regimental appointments, weighing, upon an average, from seventeen to twenty stone. These horses marched from fifteen to twenty-five miles per day, for a distance of two hundred miles. On examining the feet of those that wore these short shoes, I found they had very much expanded, and that the heels and quarters were quite equal to the wear and tear of the roads; and as there was no complaint made by the men, that their horses did not go equally well in short as in long shoes, I was induced to try how long horses with strong feet could wear them without inconvenience, and I have had horses in the regiment wear them at head quarters for upwards of a year.

Major Shirley purchased a horse, with his feet in a bad state, being very much contracted. They had also bad thrushes and corns. This horse's feet were cleaned out, and the short shoes applied, the horse being kept in regular work on the road, and occasionally in the field. In three months the corns and thrushes got well, and the feet became considerably expanded.

A charger in the regiment, belonging to Captain Phillips, had bad contracted feet, with diseased frogs, and corns. The short shoes were worn by this mare about four months, in which time the feet became much expanded, and the frogs and corns got well. As the mare continued to go on with her duty, both in the field and on the road, and as there was no objection made by the owner of the mare to her wearing the shoes, she continued them for twelve months.

In making short shoes for such race-horses as may wear them (which are those horses that have feet with high, strong quarters and heels, with wide crust and good frogs, of which the soles are of course concave), the breadth, length and substance, must of course be regulated according to the weight of the horse and the size of the foot. In order in some measure to guide the smith as to the breadth and substance of such a shoe for a race-horse with a small foot, I will say, that its weight should be from eight to nine ounces, and should be made about two inches shorter than a common long shoe, to be applied to such a foot. The surface of the shoe next the foot may be perfectly flat: but the surface next the ground should be gradually bevelled off all round, from the

fullering or nailing part to the inner edge, to give the horse a firmer hold on the ground with his feet.

In the fourth plate, figure 5, is represented a foot, with a short stamped shoe and a strong clip at the toe. The heels of the shoe approach to within about two inches of the heels of the foot, to which it is secured by eight countersunk nails. This shoe I recommend to the notice of training grooms when they are doing a little work with their horses in the spring, as, for example, when they are forwarding them in their first preparation; for, on such occasions, horses in training now and then throw their shoes, and more particularly in their sweats: but as this shoe is nailed rather close to the ends of its heels, this sort of thing is not very likely to happen.

Figure 6 is a foot with a fullered short toe, which has a strong clip at the toe, put on with six nails. I recommend this shoe for horses that are in gentle work in winter and spring, or for country plate horses that are kept in large loose boxes during winter. I am of opinion that the feet of those horses last mentioned would be much improved if short shoes were to supersede not only the use of long ones, but also the injurious practice of altogether dispensing with shoes, which was formerly a common custom on those occasions. Nor will the short shoes get into the feet, if the horse is shod, or his shoes removed, at proper intervals: and provided also, that the centre of the web of the shoe at the heels, is placed immediately over the wall or crust of the foot, so that the latter may be in the centre of the heels of the former when nailed on the foot. The two first nail holes, punched in the short shoes, one on each side, may be at a distance of an inch from the centre of the clip. The other nail holes may be placed at a similar distance; but the spaces between the nails must depend on the size of the foot; only observing, that if the horses are in strong work, the last two nail holes should be punched within an inch of the ends of the heels of the shoe; but when race-horses are in gentle work, or out of work, and standing in loose boxes in winter, the shoes will not require being nailed further back than is necessary to keep them in place. At such times, three nails on each side I think sufficient to keep them secure. No nails having been driven into the quarters and heels, they will be sound and strong, and will have expanded: so that, should it be thought necessary in the height of summer when the ground is hard, to put long shoes on horses in strong work, their feet will be found to be in a good state to have such shoes applied. But I must again advise, that the long shoes should be made of more substance and cover than they usually were. If made of the same substance and cover as those applied to the feet of race-horses turned out of training, and used as hacks on the road, I am of opinion that their feet would suffer less from concussion, when in training on hard ground. Aged horses in common use, as coach and post horses, or hacks on the road, that have their feet at all out of order, can no more work in light neat shoes, than an old man with tender feet could travel over hard roads, in a thin pair of pumps.

In the fourth plate, figure 4, is represented a foot, the front part of which is pared to receive the short shoe; the heels, quarters, and frog, are left sufficiently high, so as to be level with the short shoe when put on. In race-horses that have strong, upright feet, they soon get sufficiently high for the purpose, unless their heels are much pared every time they are shod. When the quarters and heels are as above described, the smith, in paring the foot to receive the short shoe, is to do it in the same manner as he would were he going to apply the long shoe, only observing, that instead of levelling the foot as for the long shoe, he is to leave the ends of the heels of the foot, and the quarters to the ends of the heels of the short shoe, a little, or as much higher as may be necessary to bring the heels of the shoe and this part of the quarters with the heels of the foot, and the frog, perfectly level with each other; so that each of the above parts (that is, the heels, the frog, and heels of the shoe,) may equally bear the weight when the horse has his foot in contact with the ground, just as if the long shoe had been applied instead of the short one.

If these shoes are put on as I have here advised, there will not be more weight on the tendons and ligaments of the leg, than when the long shoe is used; at least, I have always found this to be the case. Nor will there be, by any means, so much weight on them, as when a country plate horse has three-quarter plates on (to run, perhaps, two or three four-mile heats), which he almost invariably wears when he is running; that is, if his feet are out of order, for then no other plate can be applied with safety; and when running long lengths in such plates, if the ground is hard, a horse's feet are much exposed, and great concussion takes place in them.

Training grooms who have had much to do with country running, are fully aware of this, from their having observed the very painful and heated state of a horse's feet at night, after running the above-mentioned lengths in short plates; and they are also aware, that such a horse's feet get well again after a few day's rest, if properly attended to and kept moist.

This, I think, goes to prove that to pay attention to horses' feet by endeavoring to keep them as nearly in a state of nature as possible, is quite as necessary as to adopt the best method of shoeing. But it is to be observed, that short shoes can only be applied to such race-horses' feet as have already been described. They must not on any account be applied to horses' feet that are thin and weak, or that have low heels; neither can they be worn by horses that are become at all feeling in their feet, being what is commonly called a little groggy, be their feet of whatever strength they may. By way of experiment, I have put short shoes on horses' feet thus diseased, and they could scarcely move in them; but on taking off the short shoes and putting on the long ones of more than common substance and cover, the same horses have afterwards gone comparatively sound; and this arises from the substance and cover of the shoe diminishing in a great degree the concussion produced by the horse's weight when in action and going over hard ground.

If short shoes of substance and cover are found to answer the purpose of preventing concussion and contraction taking place in strong feet, there can be no objection to their use in other respects; for it is to be observed, that race-horses, when in training, are not going a rapid pace down very steep or slippery hills, or on side-land ground, as horses often are that are hunting; and when race-horses are pulled up in concluding either their gallops or sweats, it is almost at all times on level ground, or if otherwise, it is on ground ascending instead of descending, so that there is no danger to be apprehended from their slipping in pulling up if their heels are sound and strong. However, as short shoes were not worn by race-horses at the time I was living in the stables, I cannot speak from experience how they may answer, further than from the practice I have already noticed in applying them to the feet of troop horses. Nor do I wish to press this method of shoeing on the notice of trainers, but if they choose to try the short shoes for the purposes, and at the seasons of the year mentioned, I am not aware of any inconvenience that can result from such a trial. On the contrary, if the horses' feet in other respects receive the attention and treatment I have advised, I am of opinion they will be found in a more sound and perfect state than if they wore long shoes.

Previous to concluding this chapter, it may be advisable to offer a few cautionary remarks to owners of horses; as a thorough knowledge of those animals is not so easily obtained as people who keep them are led to imagine. In submitting these observations to the consideration of gentlemen, I am led to hope I may not give offence, which I assure them it is far from my intention of doing. Men of education soon learn to discourse familiarly on most subjects, and none acquire knowledge so readily as sportsmen on the turf. I have had frequent opportunities of hearing gentlemen talk with each other on the condition of their horses, and the best method of shoeing them, &c., as if they really understood all that was necessary to be known on such subjects.

I have already instanced mistakes which have been made with regard to the condition of horses, by those who have kept them. I have also known the owners of horses oblige a good smith, (much against his will) to attend to the neatness and cleaning out or paring of their horses' feet, and often insisting on light shoes with fine fullering being applied, without ever giving the least attention to the sort of feet the horses may happen to have had.

Theoretical knowledge is certainly very useful, I allow in teaching or explaining the principles of the different arts and sciences; and that neatness and uniformity in the erecting of a building are much to be admired, I will admit; but such rules can seldom be brought into practice, either in getting horses into condition, or in shoeing them. That many gentlemen, from practice, know very well how to ride across a country, and that they may be tolerable judges of the shape or make of a horse, and that they may occasionally see some imperfections in them, I will readily concede; but to discover all the imperfections that may at times

be present in some horses, and which are often the cause of unsoundness, requires the attention and scrutinizing eye of men who possess exclusive advantages in that respect, the result of a long practical experience.

The plating of race-horses is often almost the last thing done to them previously to their coming to post—that is, when they are plated on the course. But as this chapter has already run to an extreme length, and as plating may be considered distinct from shoeing, I shall devote a separate chapter to it.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A BLANK DAY.

Oh! where do foxes hide their heads,
 When the hounds are on the hill,—
 When closely stopp'd are their early beds,
 And the huntsman's horn blows shrill?
 In joyous play they dare not leap,
 Nor scamper o'er the plain,
 In shady dells they dare not sleep,
 Till the hounds are gone again.

Perhaps in hollow trunks of trees
 Securely they repose;
 Eluding thus the huntsman's art,
 And the hound's sagacious nose.
 Perhaps in air as spirits free
 Carousals they maintain,
 And soothe their fears and calm their cares
 Till the hounds are gone again.

When the hounds are gone, the cunning knaves
 From every side appear,
 And hold their feasts and revelry
 In every farm-yard near.
 The farmers, to entrap the rogues,
 Will set their snares in vain,
 No hen-roosts will remain secure
 When the hounds are gone again.

May 11, 1843.

L. W. H. A.

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for June, 1843.



EPSOM RACES, 1843.

ONCE more the mighty hubbub is at rest. Again the Derby Day, and that yet more rude trial for the nerves,—the Settling Day—has come, and passed away; and the bold denizens of the racing world, forgetful of past rubs and bruises, and, as it would seem, careless of the future, are hastening forward to “fresh fields and pastures new.”

To speak of anything beyond the two great races at Epsom would appear to be the height of absurdity, since the authorities themselves set a bright example of carelessness, as to the selection of all the other materia of the meeting, and exhaust their resources, mental and fiscal, in the getting up of two grand dishes. This I cannot but think bad policy; and though grumbling may seem to come with a bad grace into the presence of those under whose guardian wing the two principal races of the year have progressed to present affluence, I can see no reason why the stewardship of Epsom races should pass, as it were, by patent, until it positively has become a pure monopoly. The infusion of a little new blood would, I think, be found most beneficial.

The betting world had been excited—as from some cause or other it invariably is—by the advance of Gaper to the post of second favorite, in spite of his owner’s “advice gratis” early in the year, “not to back Gaper”—and of John Day’s very decided and practical expression of opinion as to his merits, in the shape of a twenty thousand pound bet against him. Cotherstone stood first favorite on the strength of some very lucky performances, ending in triumphs over very bad horses. The British Yeoman came and went to and fro with all the uncertainty of a weathercock, or a dog in a fair, or any other thing of doubt; and ever so many people were quite sure that ever so many horses must win, for reasons best known to themselves.

The day came, and with it perhaps the largest concourse of people which ever crowded Epsom Downs. Let one fact test this—£40 more was gathered on the Hill than had ever been received before. The road exhibited its usual medley scene; but as a practical personage like myself is merely a jotter-down of common-place facts, I leave to fancy to fail in describing that, which, every year the same, yet every year is full of merry novelty.

The usual preparatory gallop brought to the post a field of twenty-three, as follows:

Mr. Bowes’s b. c. <i>Cotherstone</i> , by Touchstone.....	Scott	1
Col. Charritie’s b. c. <i>Gorhambury</i> , by Buzzard	Buckle	2
Sir G. Heathcote’s br. c. Siricol, by Sheet Anchor.....	G. Edwards	0
Lord G. Bentinck’s b. c. Gaper, by Bay Middleton.....	Rogers	0
Sir G. Heathcote’s ch. c. Khorassan, by Samarcand.....	Chapple	0
Mr. Bateman’s br. c. Chotornian, by Camel.....	Mann	0
Mr. Combe’s b. c. Fakeaway, by Freney	Bartholomew	0
Mr. J. Brown ns. br. c. A British Yeoman, by Liverpool	Templeman	0
Mr. T. Taylor’s b. c. Gamecock, by Jereed.....	Nat	0
Mr. Griffith’s b. c. Newcourt, by Sir Hercules	Whitehouse	0

Mr. Mostyn's ch. c. General Pollock, by Velocipede	Marlow	0
Maj. Yarburgh's b. c. Dumpling, by Muley Moloch	Holmes	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Parthian, by Jereed	F. Butler	0
Mr. Bell's ch. c. Winesour, by Velocipede	Hesseltine	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. by Touchstone, out of Languish	Darling	0
Mr. Theobald's ch. c. Humbug, by Plenipo	Macdonald	0
Mr. Theobald's br. c. Highlander, by Rockingham	J. Day, jun.	0
Mr. Baxter's b. c. Magna Charta, by Revolution	W. Boyce	0
Col. Wyndham's b. c. Murton Lordship, by Muley Moloch	Crouch	0
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Aristides, by Bay Middleton	Robinson	0
Mr. Gratwicke's ch. c. Hopeful, by Elis	Bell	0
Lord Orford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Mercy	Wakefield	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Elixir, by Emilius	Chifney	0

Of these, The British Yeoman alone saddled in front of the Stand, and cantered round to the starting post, an example which we hope to see generally followed—or rather, enforced as a rule—on future occasions.

The closing odds, as the ring—a cash chaos—broke up, were,

13 to 8 agst. Cotherstone	30 to 1 agst. Parthian
5 .. 1 Gaper	30 .. 1 A British Yeoman
14 .. 1 Newcourt	50 .. 1 Siricol
15 .. 1 Gamecock	50 .. 1 Fakeaway
18 .. 1 General Pollock	50 .. 1 Languish colt
20 .. 1 Winesour	66 .. 1 Magna Charta
28 .. 1 Dumpling	66 .. 1 Humbug
30 .. 1 Aristides	66 .. 1 Gorhambury
30 .. 1 Elixir	66 .. 1 Mercy colt

Cotherstone certainly showed best of all the group. A British Yeoman was too full in flesh—Gaper looked well—Newcourt I did not like—he is a large horse on a small scale. I prefer a small horse on a large scale—Aristides appeared amiss—Fakeaway went like an angel on four legs—Elixir looked like a scrubby seven-and-sixpenny hack hired for the day—Siricol looked fit, but not to win—General Pollock showed—as I observed of him at Chester—strong enough, but slow as a top: he will make a good four-mile Plater—Gorhambury did not attract much notice beyond his own immediate party, nor is he a horse with many points to please. His running second made many admire him, and his success for the Ascot Vase would seem to have confirmed their predilections.

“Go!” They were off—Gorhambury first; but in a moment Gaper shot by him, and took the lead, making strong running, and attended very closely by Khorassan, Cotherstone, and Gorhambury, with General Pollock, Siricol, A British Yeoman, Newcourt, Aristides, and Elixir, at their heels. After passing the mile-post Aristides threw his bar shoe, and gave up; General Pollock had been going his best all the way, and was over-matched; Elixir, Parthian, Dumpling, and Winesour were also beaten, and even before this, Humbug, Magna Charta, Gamecock, and the Languish colt had retired altogether. The horses in the rear of the first five were Chotornian, Fakeaway, the Mercy colt, and A British Yeoman. Gaper went round the turn a rattler, but at the last road things assumed another aspect, and in a few more strides the Goodwood colors were struck; Khorassan's fell at the same moment, and the lead was left in possession of Cotherstone, Gorhambury,

lying half a length from him on the left—Siricol third; they ran in this order about fifty yards beyond the distance post, when the first two went right away from Siricol, and finished the race, Cotherstone increasing his lead every stride, and passing the post a winner by two lengths. Siricol was beaten three lengths from Gorchambury, and was about a length before Gaper, who had about the same advantage over Khorassan—these five, having been in front from the commencement, finished in a separate body. Three or four lengths in the rear were Chotornian, Fakeaway, and A British Yeoman, each of their jockies claiming the honor of being sixth.

The value of the stakes was £4,250, and as is usually the case when the favorite wins, the select few in the secret were very good winners.

The following paragraphs, giving the description, pedigree, performances, and engagements, of Cotherstone, are copied from "Bell's Life in London"—

DESCRIPTION.

COTHERSTONE is a good bright bay, stands rather over fifteen hands two inches high, with black legs and one white heel behind; head rather plain and large, good deep shoulders, well thrown back; very deep in the girth, round body, splendid quarters, well let down, and looking from behind him, very wide hips, showing great power; carries his tail a little away from his quarters; good strong arms, thighs, and hocks, short from the hock to the ground; very sound clean legs and feet; has a fine temper, good hardy constitution, and altogether presents the appearance of a powerful, racing-like nag.

PEDIGREE.

Cotherstone was bred in 1840, got by Touchstone (winner of the St. Leger in 1834), out of Emma (the dam of Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and of Trustee, the sire of *Fashion*), by Whisker (winner of the Derby in 1815), her dam Gipsie Fairy by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c.

PERFORMANCES.

1842: Started for the Criterion at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, and was not placed, Gaper winning by a length, Pine Apple second, and Testy third. Same meeting, carrying 8st. 4lb., ran a dead heat with Bessy Bedlam filly, 7st. 13lb., for the first class of the Nursery Stakes, beating Cowslip, 7st. 10lb., Testy, 8st. 8lb., Rook's Nest, 7st. 13lb., Galata colt, 7st. 11lb., Nylghau, 7st. 7lb., and Botherem, 7st. 6lb.; the stakes were divided. 1843: In the Craven Meeting, carrying 8st. 4lb., won the Riddlesworth by three lengths, beating Pompey, 8st. 7lb., and Elixir, 8st. 7lb. Same meeting, carrying 8st. 4lb., won the Column Stakes by three lengths, beating Murat, 8st. 2lb., The Brewer, 8st. 7lb., and Extempore, 8st. 4lb. Won the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, beating Cornopean and Mallard by three lengths; and on Wednesday last the Derby, by two lengths, beating Gorchambury and 21 others.

ENGAGEMENTS.

At Newcastle, is in the Derby and Gateshead Lottery Stakes; at Goodwood, in the Drawing-room, Gratwicke, and Racing Stakes; in the Doncaster St. Leger, Foal, and 200 sovs. Sweepstakes. In the Great Yorkshire Stakes; the Royal Stakes at Newmarket; and several large four-year-old stakes next year.

But if the fielders "threw out" on the Derby, they "threw in" with a vengeance on the Oaks, which, by the way, is beyond all other races of the year the most unsafe for the backers of a favorite.

For the Oaks, the following twenty-three came to the post, viz.

Mr. Ford's ch. f. <i>Poison</i> , by Plenipo, out of Arsenic.....	F. Butler.....	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. <i>Extempore</i> , by Emilius.....	Chifney.....	2
Mr. Payne's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam.....	Nat.....	0
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Decisive</i> , by Defence.....	J. Day, jun.....	0
Mr. Drake's b. f. <i>Sister to Jeffy</i> , by Jerry.....	G. Edwards.....	0
Mr. Newton's b. f. by Gladiator, out of Elegance.....	Rogers.....	0
Mr. Ferguson's ch. f. <i>Fanny Callaghan</i> , by Frenay.....	Lye.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's b. f. <i>Judith Hutter</i> , by Colwick.....	Scott.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. f. <i>Maria Day</i> , by Physician.....	Templeman.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. f. by Touchstone, out of Laura.....	Neale.....	0
Gen. Sharpe's b. f. <i>Messalina</i> , by Bay Middleton.....	J. Marson.....	0
Mr. Batson's ch. f. <i>Sister to Potentia</i> , by Plenipo.....	Sly.....	0
Mr. F. R. Price's b. f. <i>The Lilly</i> , by The Tulip.....	Cartwright.....	0
Lord Exeter's b. f. by Jerry, out of Macremna.....	Mann.....	0
Lord Exeter's ch. f. by Beiram or Sultan—Fanny Davies.....	Darling.....	0
Lord Eglinton's bl. f. <i>Egidia</i> , by Sheet Anchor.....	Holmes.....	0
Mr. S. Stanley's ch. f. <i>Cowslip</i> , by Bizarre.....	Robinson.....	0
Mr. M. Dilly's b. f. <i>Temerity</i> , by King of Clubs.....	Wakefield.....	0
Duke of Rutland's b. f. <i>Allumette</i> , by Taurus.....	W. Boyce.....	0
Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Utica</i> , by Velocipede.....	J. Day.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. <i>La Stimata</i> , by Velocipede.....	Chapple.....	0
Mr. Milne's gr. f. by Rococo, out of Flirt.....	Buckle.....	0
Mr. Cooke's br. f. <i>Carillon</i> , by Sheet Anchor.....	Whitehouse.....	0

The latest odds were,

11 to 4 agst. Bessy Bedlam filly	13 to 1 agst. Sister to Jeffy
9 .. 2 Decisive	20 .. 1 Messalina
6 .. 1 Fanny Callaghan	33 .. 1 The Lilly
11 .. 1 Extempore	33 .. 1 La Stimata
12 .. 1 Maria Day	40 .. 1 Judith Hutter
12 .. 1 Elegance filly	50 .. 1 Temerity.

The winner was scarcely mentioned. Indeed, so little chance did her owner suppose her to have, that he endeavored in vain to hedge his stake, by betting 2,500 to 50 against her! In fact he had tried her with Spiteful, in which trial Spiteful proved so much the best at distance, that his trainer observed, "We've got the wrong mare in the Oaks, sir." So much for the test of private trials.

In spite of several new precautionary arrangements, there were four false starts, and the fifth was so badly managed that at the moment the word was given Robinson and Sam Mann had their horses' heads turned the wrong way, and of course were left behind. The race commenced at a slow pace, and continued so to the Craven post, the front rank being composed of Carillon, Sister to Jeffy, the Bessy Bedlam filly, Decisive, and the Elegance filly. The speed then slackened, and the running, if it could be so called, was taken up by Sister to Jeffy, followed by Decisive, the Bessy Bedlam filly third; next to them the Elegance filly, Fanny Callaghan, the Rococo filly, Extempore, Sister to Potentia, Poison, and several others, the rear rank consisting of Utica, Judith Hutter, and the two mares left behind at starting. The tail, had as the pace had become, was increased in the next quarter of a mile by the defeat of Lord Westminster's fillies and Carillon (who was amiss). The others kept in compact order to the turn, round which Sister to Jeffy went with a lead of two clear lengths; she kept it to the road, where her followers closed with her, and they ran in a body till within a distance and a half from ending, Fanny Callaghan and the Elegance filly being about a head in advance. Extempore then went in front on the right, followed by Poison on the lower side, and the Bessy

Bedlam filly next, and in a few strides the three were clear of the body. Extempore retained her lead to the Grand Stand, where Poison went past her, and, without even the semblance of a race, won by a couple of lengths. The Bessy Bedlam filly beaten half a length from Extempore, Messalina a length from her, Decisive half a length from the latter, and the Rococo filly as far from Decisive. The Elegance filly, Sister to Potentia and the ruck came next, and in their wake tailed off the lot specified above as having been beaten early in the race. Maria Day pulled up lame. On his arrival at the weighing stand, Robinson complained of the start, and the matter was formally entertained by the stewards, who, after hearing evidence, pronounced it valid. Neale was fined £5 for going away twice without the signal.

The value of the stakes was £2,825, and seldom indeed does Mr. Ford, with all his string, cut into such a slice of luck, for though in other sublunary matters, clear-sighted far beyond the usual ken of man, his vision seems oblique in Turf affairs. He ought to have known better in this instance, for his mare was far superior to anything which *started* on that day. Of course not a few said that Cowslip could have beaten her. It may be so, but I think I may safely say that nothing else could. Moreover the race was run exactly to her liking.

On the whole, I think the three-year-olds of '43 a bad lot, if their Epsom running is to be taken as the standard. Cotherstone I do not think by any means a superior horse—nor do I imagine that he will come triumphant through his Goodwood trials.—Cowslip I think the best mare in the Oaks, but for a fast race run honestly, I should not fear to trust Poison.

The other races of the meeting scarcely deserve the casual notice of a summary, but as I have adopted the practice, I will stick to it.

SUMMARY OF THE EPSOM MEETING, 1843.

Stake.	Winner.	Rider.	Started.	Amount of S.
Craven	Discord	Rogers	9	100
Shirley	Evenus	Nat	3	125
Woodcote	Delapre	Whitehouse	6	135
Manor Plate	Lara	Marson	8	50
Match	Stickler	J. Day, Jun.	2	50
Derby	Cotherstone	W. Scott	23	4250
Epsom	Solomon	Sly	6	65
Walton	Sequidilla	Whitehouse	8	75
Burgh	Henri Quatre	W. Boyce	15	115
Sweepstakes	Teatotalter	T. Day	9	175
Plate	Hydaspes	A. Perren	7	50
Plate	Titania	Simpson	6	50
Oaks	Poison	Butler	23	2825
Plate	Gorhambury	Rogers	3	50
Member's Plate	Adrian	Calloway	10	50
Derby and Oaks	Teapot	Nat	14	125
Number of Stakes....			16	152
				£2820

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1843.

FLYING JEMMY ; OR, MY FIRST GALLOP.

BY JOHN PAGE.

I SAT musing in the chimney corner one evening after tea, trying to devise some new mischief for the following day, but bed-time came, and found me still undecided about any particular exploit, so I "turned in" and left the morrow to provide for itself, and it certainly did provide for itself an adventure which at the time did not exactly suit my taste, but I have laughed heartily at it since. It was this:—Near my parental roof there lived a family whose occupation was to collect fruit from the Surrey orchards for the Borough Market, in London. These people generally kept three horses, and it was usual for them to be taken to a pond in the centre of the village to water. As the man had but two sons there was always a horse for some one else to take, and there was always plenty of candidates for the honor. On this particular morning I happened to be the successful one, and it fell to my lot to ride one which the fruiterer had purchased on his last journey to London—the day before. Nothing daunted, I mounted, but owing to a little obstruction I met with, the other two were returning before I reached the pond. We "pulled up" on meeting, and after the lads had lavished a heap of praises on their father's new purchase (which, by the way, was as much like a mane comb as anything I ever saw) they informed me that the name of the animal I then had the honor to be across was "Flying Jemmy," but I little thought then that "Jemmy" was so soon going to show me his "flying" powers.

Having reached the pond, "Jemmy's" nose had scarcely touched the water, when I heard a horse come trotting down the road, and "Jemmy" heard it too, for he threw up his head and listened. I turned round and saw that it was a Mr. P——, a brewer and great fox-hunter in that neighbourhood, who was then on his way to the "meet" of the Surrey Union hounds. Mr. P——, wore a scarlet coat—"Jemmy" saw it—threw his head higher—gave a snort—rushed out of the pond, and the same instant found me by the sportsman's side. Now Mr. P——, must have known my horse, or have guessed what he was, and I could plainly see that he meant to have a bit of fun with me.

"Good morning, young gentleman—you appear to be going to the meet; a rare bit of blood you've got there."

"You may be right," thought I, "by saying blood, but if you had said flesh you'd have been precious out of it."

We had now got within about fifty yards of where I should have turned up the lane to "Jemmy's" stables, when Mr. P—— sang out, "Come, my man, if we don't make haste we shall find 'em gone away," and off he set in a canter, with "Jemmy" at his heels.

I was on "Jemmy's" bare back (I would as soon have ridden a hurdle), and had only a halter to hold him by (I might as well have pulled at St. Paul's); the speed was fast increasing, I tried to call out "stop," but when I opened my mouth, the jolting prevented me saying anything plain enough to be heard.

Away went one of my father's shoes over the hedge (I had slipped them on whilst my own were being cleaned).

"O lord, sir, stop!" cried I.

"Yoix forward!" cried Mr. P——.

"Murder!" cried I.

"Tally-ho!" said he, and off went my other shoe over the opposite hedge. At every stride of my horse, I flew up about half a yard from his back, expecting every time I left it never to return.

"On, on we went, away and away"—my hair streaming in the wind—"Jemmy's" back cutting me to the quick; Mazeppa could not have suffered more. Every time I caught sight of Mr. P——'s face, I saw he was almost convulsed with laughter, whilst mine was twisted all manner of ways with pain and fear.

Having gone about two miles, Mr. P—— suddenly pulled in, and I having kept close at his heels, my horse was thrown on his haunches, which alone prevented my throwing a somerset over his head. We had no sooner stopped, than I purposely slipped off, intending, if Mr. P—— wished to have any more fun, to leave it to him and the horses; but that was not his intention, for he turned deliberately round in his saddle, and asked me "how I liked my ride?" I could not answer him, and seeing my pitiful plight, he tossed me half a sovereign, told me to take my horse home to my groom, and laughing heartily, "went on his way rejoicing," and I doubt not has told the tale at many a hunting dinner since. But I had a good deal of trouble to persuade my nag to return; indeed, I don't think I could have done it, had not a passing waggoner assisted me.

Having led "Jemmy" home, my troubles were renewed: the fruiterer swore I should never cross another horse of his; nearly all the women vowed vengeance on me for "nearly" running over their children; my father caned me for losing his shoes; my mother boxed my ears for losing my cap; my schoolmaster locked me up for playing truant; and my schoolfellows laughed at me because I was in trouble; but I pocketed all (including the half sovereign) and said nothing about either.

Some time after the affair had blown over, I took the trouble to inquire into the "pedigree and performances" of "Flying Jemmy," and found his "performances" to be well known, but his pedigree was a matter of dispute, but all agreed that he had at one time been a hunter; indeed some went so far as to name a gentleman that rode him with the King's hounds; for myself, I could trace him no farther than that he was bought at Barnet Fair by some dealer, who sold him to Mr. C——, the celebrated coach proprietor of London, who thought he would make a good leader in a fast coach—as such, he was immediately put into the Portsmouth mail.

"That's a rum devil you've put into the Kingston stage," said the driver on his next journey to town, after trying him.

"I thought so by his looks," said Mr. C——, "however, try him again, and work him well."

The driver did "work him well," for on finding him disposed to "bolt" on being taken off at Cobham, he had him put to again, and "worked" him ten miles further, but he was no sooner taken off again, than he set "off," and was not stopped till he reached Cobham. He was tried on another road, with his head tightly side-reined back to the other leader's collar; still he would be first, though it curved his neck like a rainbow; and as they met or dashed past other vehicles on the road, the drivers were heard to mutter, "My stars, vot a puller!"—"a nasty varmint that, I'll bet a trifle!"—and many similar exclamations. "Jemmy's" then present driver considered himself a first-rate whip, and, not liking to give in to him, very laudably set to work to tame him, and if he had succeeded according to his own plan poor "Jemmy" would have been "tame" enough; for upon the guard asking him what course he should adopt, he very coolly replied, "Why, kill him, to be sure—work him to death—give him his head up hill, with his share of the whip." But Mr. Jarvey's good intentions towards the animal were frustrated by the guard informing his owner, who, thinking "Jemmy's" carcass would be more valuable with the "flying" spirit in it than out of it, very wisely removed him.

Now it so happened that his owner had just entered a contract with the Government to work a mail cart ten miles across a very rough and hilly country, and as the terms of the contract were that it (the distance) should be done in one hour, including stoppages, "Flying Jemmy" was considered to be the very horse to carry or *drag* out those terms; accordingly he was ordered to his new duties forthwith.

Having reached his new station, he was put into the stable with good feed till the following Monday. A few minutes before six o'clock on the evening of that day, a bright red "*Royal Mail Cart*" was drawn out by a short and stout old cove, having on a coat of the same color; next came the ostler with our flying hero, whose character was entirely unknown to either, and as they were placing him in the shafts, he looked round with a cunning leer, and giving a comical grin, seemed to say as plain as a horse can speak, "If I don't show this old chap and his red paper traps some fun before I return, my name is not 'Flying Jemmy,'" and sure enough he did.

Having taken up the bags at the village P. O., the driver made use of his whip, by way of showing off. On passing the inn where they had just left, the ostler remarked that "the new mail oss looks gallus well:" the driver, with a nod, seemed to hint, "I des say I looks werry clever:" "Jemmy" himself seemed to answer, "Yes, old feller, you are just my color." They broke into a canter—passed the first and second receiving houses without condescending to "receive" a "single letter." Old red coat had now nothing to depend upon but the turnpike-gate, but the gate-keeper having heard him coming, had, upon this particular occasion, thrown it wide open, being told a day or two previously that it was very

wrong to stop his Majesty's mail ; which met with no check to its progress till it reached some posts which stood at the entrance of the town, which should have received the letters of above a dozen villages by its arrival, but on this day only one bag was brought, which "Jemmy" left at the above-mentioned posts, thinking, no doubt, that they formed the "post" office. The poor driver was found on a cucumber bed over an adjacent fence, having descended through its glass frame ; the animal himself was found in a stable at the "Flying Horse," with a pair of red shafts dangling by his side, quietly eating the remnant of a feed of corn he found there.

He was sent to Barnet Fair, and sold the same week ; his purchaser was the man who owned him at the time of my never-to-be-forgotten ride with Mr. P——. What became of him afterwards I never knew, but long ere this he must have gone the way of all horse-flesh—to the dogs ; but never shall I forget "Flying Jemmy," or *My First Gallop*.

London Sporting Review for July, 1843.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

To produce the happy combinations which are necessary to enable a horse to exert his speed and powers to their utmost extent at a particular period, requires great care and attention, aided by experience ; and although many persons would inculcate the idea that the art of training is involved in great mystery, to those who have made the management of horses an object of attention, very little difficulty is experienced, unless it be to overcome those accidental events or constitutional defects which all enlightened minds must be assured will at times occur to every animated form, composed of such innumerable and complicated parts as the horse ; more especially when the derangement of one member, limb, joint, muscle, or tendon, usually imparts a failure in the action of others commensurate with the extent of disorganization, and the importance of the disordered part.

Some trainers there are who appear to treat the horses entrusted to their care as though they were simply machines, and to conceive that a given quantity of food, physic, and work, will produce a given quantity of speed and power, upon the same principle that a certain quantity of steam imparts a certain degree of force to the piston of a steam-engine. Judging of their opinions by their actions, which is unquestionably the most rational method of form-

ing a conclusion, it would seem that they imagine every horse must perform a certain, and in some instances an immoderate, portion of work to qualify him for the exertions of a race, totally unmindful of the consequences which may be produced on the constitution, legs, feet, and temper, the condition which he may be in to commence with, the number of races that he may have run, or the number that in all probability he will be required to contend for.

As many of the injuries to which the frame of the animal is subject are the effects of abuse and hard work, and some from neglect and total abstinence from work, it becomes necessary to discriminate between that course of labor which will be injurious, and that which will develop the full powers of each function. It will therefore be found most essential on all occasions at the first commencement, to ascertain the weakest and most defective parts of every horse which may become the subject of the trainer's attention, for the purpose of adopting such precautionary treatment as shall be least likely to derange those functions which appear to be most delicate. To attain this object, a mature, deliberate, and unbiassed examination of the most important parts becomes the first consideration; and to point out the most remarkable is the principal purpose of these pages. So that by calling the attention of the owner and trainer to reflect what events are most likely to lead to specific results, they may avoid those which are injurious; and by laying down certain plain and established rules for the management of race-horses, and all matters connected with them, that the most rational and approved systems may be generally diffused, and rendered available in the various gradations—from the princely stud, which boasts a string of twenty horses, to that comprising merely the individual nag in preparation for a simple Hunters' Stake or Cavalry Cup.

There arises a necessity for some caution in suggesting rules for training, because the required object is so materially identified with the health of the animal, and that health so dependant upon constitutional and other causes, which vary in different subjects, that it is clear the treatment as regards the due portion of work, food, and physic, must be regulated with discretion; and it is obvious that the slightest agents which in any way operate upon the animal's health must have a powerful effect upon his condition, which they will promote or retard the attainment of in proportion to their influence. Climate, the temperature of the weather, the quantity and quality of the food, combine in various ways to increase or diminish the perfection and full development of the animal's powers.

CHAPTER II.—PREPARATION FOR WORK.

Upon the discrimination exhibited in the first preparation of a race-horse will, in a vast degree, depend the ultimate success of the trainer in producing first-rate condition, uninterrupted by those unfortunate casualties in the various characters of lameness which

so frequently render the animal incapable of repaying his proprietor. That all extremes are bad, is a principle which may on every occasion be held up in its most unlimited signification in the various departments of a racing establishment. A horse taken from a state of idleness, full of high keep, with his constitution stimulated to the utmost, being called upon to perform laborious efforts of any kind, is constantly exposed to a succession of dangerous consequences; his constitution is perpetually susceptible to attacks of plethoric stagnation; or to express myself more familiarly, his blood not being in a proper condition to pass through the circulation, and the various channels in like manner not being in a favorable state to transmit the fluid, when excited by that degree of violence which excessive exertion produces, the animal is most unnecessarily and cruelly submitted to the ravages of innumerable complaints and incidental accidents, ruptured blood vessels, inflamed lungs, swelled legs (generally the results of debility and an imperfect circulation), inflamed eyes, colds; the establishment of which are readily traced to the effect of suddenly checking the circulation, with many more equally serious evils, the origin of which are produced by similar circumstances.

Independent of the circulating system in its direct effects, there are other subjects which render it necessary that the animal be gradually prepared to undergo severe and strong work. The muscles and sinews require to be brought into action by such a regular process as not to endanger their powers. When the beautiful construction, adaptation, and union of their parts is taken into consideration, it must convince us of the wonderful ability of the power who formed them, and who has also ordained the continuation of such extraordinary works from one generation to another. Is not this hint enough to caution man, if he reflects at all, of the presumption which he shows in taking undue liberties with the works of his Creator?

If a rude, inexperienced being, were to enter the workshop of a watchmaker, and were obtrusively to meddle with the artist's labors, he would doubtless be required to desist, although the destruction even of one particle or portion of a watch might not be of serious consequence, because the artist who originally formed the machinery might re-make it if damaged, and thus the watch, when supplied with its perfect combinations, would be as good as ever; but in the treatment of the horse, if nature's limits, which fortunately are very extensive, are exceeded—if one spring be over-strained, one joint displaced, or one internal function disarranged—the whole combination becomes useless, at all events, till time can intervene and assist nature in relieving or curing the mischief which the rashness and presumption of man has established. It is not like the case of the watchmaker, who can remedy the accident by the construction of a new spring. When a tendon in a horse's leg has once given way, where is the artist who can supply him with a new one? or if inflammation be once established on the lungs, the windpipe, or various other internal parts, so as to disorganize their structure, where is the artist to be found who can restore or replace the injured part?

That the horse was intended for the use of man may be clearly inferred by the general adaptation of his frame to the numerous purposes for which we find him useful ; still, however we may be permitted to improve upon the works of nature, we are only allowed to do so by rational means, and to a certain extent. Judging that all animals are endowed with faculties equivalent to the supply of their own individual necessities, it becomes a subject for consideration to what extent man is permitted to improve those faculties, so that he may derive the benefits arising from their superabundance. If we look through nature, we find the Mouflon, or primitive sheep, ill suited to the service of the table as compared with the superior breeds which we now possess, and which have been brought to their present state of perfection by cultivation ; nevertheless there are limits put upon our desires, beyond which man cannot soar : an aptitude to fatten has been acquired by judicious crossing, and the most approved breeds possess that faculty to a wonderful degree, being fit for slaughter in a very short time compared with others of an indifferent strain ; a sort of precocity is formed, but even that cannot be produced beyond the bounds of reason. If the desire of man could be allowed to have its sway, we should have lambs yeaned, brought to maturity, and fattened in an unaccountable short space of time : such would be the cupidity of individuals if they had the power, that they would bring their flocks to perfection, and to the market in a time whose brevity cannot be conceived ; but every attempt of that kind, which may be designated an outrage upon nature, is interdicted, and man is taught by experience, however sanguine his expectations might have been, that " nature will have her course."

It is not the sheep alone that possesses these attributes ; the properties of the ox are equally superior to those of the wild species from which they were established ; so are the minor creatures, as pigs, poultry, and indeed every domestic animal which has fallen into the possession of man in a civilized state, and which is fostered by him for his use.

The canine species may, perhaps, be instanced on this occasion as an appropriate example : every dog which we cherish and preserve possesses attributes and faculties adapted to the various services for which we require him ; his peculiar nature qualifies him and renders him subservient to our wants. The foxhound, however, takes the lead of all other kinds in affording an example ; his attributes being more closely identified with those of the horse in point of speed, wind, endurance, courage, and constitution. His capabilities of speed, for instance, might be augmented by a cross with the greyhound, but then his olfactory nerves would be defective, and he would be valueless ; courage might be increased by an intermixture with the bull dog, but in that cross we should lose both speed and nose ; and thus, by interfering with the laws of nature, we should find him fail in the most essential faculties which the animal enjoys.

All these arguments tend to prove by analogy that the horse is gifted with certain powers, but if we call upon him to perform

offices which nature has not assigned to him, or an undue portion of those with which he is endowed, and man permitted to avail himself of, we enervate his constitution, and impair his most valuable faculties.

When a colt is transferred from the trammels of the breaker into the hands of the trainer, it is not improbable that he may be suffering in some degree from the ordeal required to reduce him to subjection. This must be a guide as to what treatment is to be observed, and what time will be required before he can with safety be put to anything like work. One circumstance must also be borne in mind; if he is absolutely put out of work, he will on a future occasion require breaking again, and not unfrequently as much time and trouble required as on the first occasion. The extent of the injuries which his legs and joints may have received must, however, determine this matter. A degree of heat, more or less, will in all probability be perceptible in the joints, especially those of the fetlock. The hocks not unfrequently participate in the same ratio from similar causes; all these parts, and most especially the tendons, must be carefully examined, and the course to be pursued and the quantity and nature of the work regulated accordingly. If a colt from the breaker's hands be put to anything like strong exercise, the result may almost be anticipated to a certainty; the weaker parts are sure to fail until time and refreshing medicines have been called in aid to restore the healthy tone of the whole frame; whether it be the colt just broken, or the aged horse whose wearied limbs required nature's generous balm—*rest*, the caution is necessary in commencing operations.

The first course to be adopted under any circumstances, even if the animal appear perfectly sound, fresh, and well, will be to administer two doses of physic at intervals of a week or ten days; the quantity to be given, and the method to be observed during the preparation for, and the operation of, the medicine, will be found under the head appropriated to physic. If there are any persons disposed to imagine that horses do not require aperient medicine at this particular crisis, unless they show symptoms indicating its actual necessity, it may be necessary to remark that the greatest necessity does exist at this period, although it may not be apparent to the eye; it is required to qualify the blood and various other secretions for active exertion, and by its effects upon the system to avert the necessity of prescribing medicine at a period when the animal's active services must be called into requisition. During the interval between each dose, measures are to be adopted to restore any little injuries which may be apparent about the joints, which if not perfectly recovered will suggest the palpable necessity of giving them an additional allowance of time. Many a curb is thrown out, many a strain of an irrecoverable nature is produced, by permitting the animal to perform too much labor when the appearance of incipient inflammation, with its concomitant heat, is clearly visible. It may, perhaps, be only seated in the secreting vessels in the first instance, but extending its influence to the arterial and venous circulation, is sympathetically commu-

nicated to the sinews, about which a deposit takes place, and the enlargement receives the denomination of a curb. A similar process not unfrequently takes place among the sinews, cartilages, and joints of the fore legs, with which there is this additional evil to contend against—the concussion which they are exposed to is more likely to produce such disorders, and is certain therefore to maintain and increase them when they are once established. In all these cases the action of the sinews is impeded, and in course of time absolute lameness exists, unless some effectual remedies are adopted, and rest suffered to intervene, in order to restore the vessels to their proper tone. A cooling diet, with mild laxative medicines, whose operation is continued for a considerable duration of time, are the most certain means of cure; the action of the absorbent vessels surrounding the affected part being stimulated with any of the mild preparations usually called in aid for such purposes, bearing in mind the absolute necessity of cooling the system, and reducing the circulation before such stimulants are resorted to. It is by their use at improper times that such disorders, instead of being cured, become confirmed, the sinews and cartilaginous substances become ossified, after which a perfect reduction of the part is utterly impossible; when once sinews have taken upon themselves the nature of bone, no human power can reconvert it into sinew. If these consequences were always held in remembrance, we should not see the daily examples which we behold of valuable horses being worked when their limbs are not in a proper state, or those unfortunate members subjected to a course of treatment calculated to confirm the injuries which they have sustained. Although diuretic medicines are not remedies which I am disposed in a general way to sanction, judiciously administered with a sparing hand, they may sometimes in these cases be admissible as a means of purifying the blood and reducing its tenuity; they may have a good effect, as the fluid will naturally flow more freely through the inflamed vessels, and thus they will be relieved. These medicines must not, however, be used inadvertently, or continued for too long a period; they weaken the coats of the stomach to a very great degree; and thus, by debilitating the system, lay the foundation for innumerable perplexities, which those who are ignorant of the consequences of such medicines are not readily able to account for.

Upon putting a horse to moderate work, if any symptoms appear which indicate insufficient energy in any of the joints or tendons, such rest with physic must be permitted as will restore the parts once more to their wonted functions, when another attempt may be made; with such attention, and the application of suitable remedies, the weak and doubtful part will in all probability have acquired a tone which will qualify it for the necessary exertions; if not, it is possible that some physical defect may exist, in which case all future attempts will prove futile, and the expenses incurred will only add to the mortification arising from the failure of past efforts, and the sooner all expensive operations are dispensed with the better. Cantering from half a mile to a mile, with a steady

horse to lead, is all that must be attempted at first. Exercise must constantly be regulated by circumstances; as the animal's power increases, it must be prolonged, and also increased as to pace; at the same time it must be remembered no hurrying is to be allowed at this period. Young things will of course be put to follow other horses, in order to teach them to go straight; consequently it is highly necessary that their schoolmaster possesses an unimpeachable character in that respect. If there is nothing else for them to follow, a hack will do at first.

The length of time during which a colt is to be thus employed must depend so entirely upon a variety of events that it is totally impossible to fix the period; some, also, will require two or three canters almost every morning, whilst others will scarcely bear more than one, and some not even that every day. Then again the state of the ground, the season of the year, and the period when the animal will be required to run, must all combine to influence the nature of his work, but under the most favorable circumstances not less than two months can be calculated upon as sufficient to render a horse capable of going into strong work; previous to which two doses more of physic will be required, which, with the necessary relaxation from work, will no doubt render him very fresh on his legs, and prepare him to undergo as much exercise as judicious treatment can reconcile.

CHAPTER III.—STRONG WORK.

The exact quantity of work that a horse requires varies so essentially in different animals, that it is quite impossible to state what may be necessary for each to perform. The regulating this very nice point to the utmost advantage is the most difficult and important duty of a trainer. If a horse be brought to the post without sufficient work, he cannot race—at the same time the danger of rupturing blood-vessels, inflammation of the lungs and eyes, with various other maladies consequent upon great exertion, at a time when the system is not prepared to sustain it, constantly await him. Unless freed from all superfluous external fat, the muscles cannot perform and maintain their action for any length of time, nor can the lungs possess that elasticity necessary to promote what is generally termed good wind, unless the superabundance of internal fat be thoroughly evacuated; when these desiderata are once accomplished, a moderate portion of work is necessary to keep the muscles in action, and by that means encourage their development and power. It is astonishing how quickly they will sink with idleness, and how mean and weak a horse will become in appearance, as well as in reality, when his fat has been reduced to the proper standard for racing, and a short period of idleness permits the muscles to sink away and lose their fulness. When a horse is once prepared to run, the due portion of work required to continue him in that state is very commonly a matter for the exercise of much skill; if too much be given, the horse will be

debilitated by it, and rendered slow, stale, and dejected ; if he have not sufficient to keep the muscular powers in full action, his abilities will fall off on that account. Young horses in general will not require so much galloping as older ones, although some instances occur that the former take a great deal in comparison of their age, whilst some of the latter can bear but very little, and thus the quantum will be nearly upon a par ; such, however, are extreme cases, and must by no means be regarded as general rules to act upon.

After leaving the stable for the purpose of exercise, each horse should walk at least half an hour, that he may evacuate himself ; in mentioning the period of half an hour, it is as being the shortest portion of time for horses to walk, before they are put to more speedy exertions, but a greater length of time is generally advisable, and an hour's walking exercise may with great propriety be recommended. Should it be cold and windy, occasional trotting exercise, just to keep the blood in circulation, is desirable. In former days the idea of trotting a race-horse was held in the utmost contempt ; now, however, it is quite a different matter, and you see strings of race-horses stepping away with the utmost grace and activity. That the practice is a good one cannot admit of a doubt ; in the first place it calls those muscles into action which are most immediately the agents of producing that pace ; in the next place it gives horses liberty of action, and teaches them to move in a manner that may render them much more valuable should they be found to be incapable of racing, than they would be if they were never required to fall into the trot.

Before horses are allowed to gallop, they should be prepared by a steady canter for the purpose of relaxing the muscles and sinews, or, more accurately describing it, of increasing the circulation and rendering them supple. The rigidity which arises from work, creates a very painful sensation when the muscles are called into active exertion without a preparatory excitement of the circulation. A man may judge of this by his own feelings : when he has been walking a long distance, or subjecting himself to any other muscular exercise, he finds it very painful to renew the efforts of the previous day without bringing his limbs gradually into motion, and thus by increasing the circulation, to use a very homely expression, unglue the coats of the muscles from each other. Great exertion has the effect of causing a degree of inflammation more or less of all the surfaces of the muscles which are in action ; thus a kind of lymphatic fluid is generated, which being deposited among the muscles and sinews, causes a certain degree of adhesion, and the parts being as it were united, must previously be separated to enable them to perform the functions assigned to them, which, if done inadvertently, has the same effect as that of violently tearing them asunder, causing considerable pain. Many stages of lameness are no doubt produced by inadvertently forcing horses off into a gallop at a strong pace, before the limbs are in a proper state to endure it.

The distance a horse is to canter must of course be regulated

by circumstances, which can only be directed by the discretion of the person who is superintending the work ; from half a mile to three quarters of a mile is generally sufficient, and the pace should always commence as slow as possible. When horses are walked to the place from whence they are to begin either a canter or a gallop, they should be very quietly walked round a large circle in order to allay the impetuosity of temper which would be produced if they were to be hastily and abruptly suffered to jump off. The horse that is selected to lead either a canter or gallop is generally ridden by a head lad, or, at all events, by a boy who has had some practice, and is some judge of pace ; those which follow have of course, previously to starting, received their orders as to the succession of places which they are to take, and allowing ten or a dozen lengths between each. No boy is on any account to permit his horse to gain upon those which are before him, unless expressly directed to do so. A lurching idle horse may require at times to be roused by the one which is following him coming up to him, and running some distance at his head ; the boy who rides him at the moment of being challenged, must sit down in his saddle, and having a steady pull at his bridle, rouse him with energy ; at the same time if he be a very idle customer, a flourish and perhaps even a blow or two with his ash plant, may be necessary—but above all he must be directed to sit still, and never by any means lose his horse's head. All boys are too fond of rousing and shaking their horses, and often do it at times when it is exceedingly wrong ; they have a false idea that it is a proof of their horsemanship, instead of its being the greatest proof of their want of skill ; the horrid practice of rolling about, causes horses to shift and hit their legs, and is of course productive of many evils. It may be sometimes necessary to tuck the clothing up, so that the ash plant can be used with effect, or even a pair of spurs called in aid with a very idle horse. In order to avoid confusion in pulling up, the horse that leads should be drawn a little to the left or near side, the one which follows him pulls to the right or off side, and each horse in succession, in like manner pulling upon the right of the one before him ; by this method there is no danger of their treading on each other's heels. When it happens that there are not horses enough to form two or more classes, and some are required to go a greater distance than others, by placing such as are not to go all the way at certain parts of the gallop, determined by the required distance, they will fall into the string when those horses arrive at the particular point at which the former are stationed ; but it must be remembered they should be set a-going before the string comes up, or they will be a long way behind, and must either go at an increased pace to make up the lost ground, or they can never reach their companions. The principal object of this arrangement is to provide a horse to lead the gallops for several, who do not all require to go the same distance, and at the same time not to exact an unnecessary number of gallops from him. A horse kept to lead gallops has often a desperate task to perform ; first for one lot, and then for another, till the unfortunate

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brute cannot gallop at all—becoming, in fact, so slow from too much work, that everything which follows him is treading on his heels; to prevent which he is urged to his utmost pace, and soon becomes a victim to this unmerciful treatment. When the gallop is finished, horses should be pulled up gradually, and made to fall into a trot before they stop altogether; so many casualties are produced by their being suddenly pulled up, that this cannot be too strongly impressed; strains of the sinews and joints are exceedingly likely to ensue if a horse be allowed to stop suddenly. After the horses have stood still a few seconds, the boys usually get off, let out the girths two or three holes, and lead them about till cool. If any horses are found to sweat more than is requisite, or the day is warmer than usual, the breast-clothes may be unbuckled for a short time. The trainer or head lad who superintends the gallop should station himself near the place where they finish, for the purpose of observing the state that each horse is in—whether they blow much, or seem more than ordinarily distressed. It will also be for him to determine whether they, or any of them, are to gallop any more—to decide which, many considerations will have to be scrutinized. There is not any indication of health more necessary for remark than the state of the bowels; it should be scrupulously watched by noticing the dung, both in the stable and at exercise; the appearance of it indicates health or disorder. If it is at first thrown off in a firm and sound condition, and afterwards relaxed and sloppy, as if physic had been given, there cannot be more unequivocal signs of irritation, which, if neglected, may very possibly terminate in inflammation, or other acute disease. When such appearances are observable before a horse has galloped, his work should be very moderate. Excitement will sometimes be the cause; therefore, such a subject requires to be very quietly and nicely managed, in order to reconcile him and cause his alarm to subside; his gallop should neither be very fast, nor should it be continued to a great distance; at the same time, it is better that such a horse should go farther at a slow pace than to be fluttered with a short, speedy gallop. When such symptoms appear after a horse has galloped, but did not previously, it may be taken for granted that he has been either alarmed or overdone by the exertion, which should be guarded against on the succeeding day by not giving him so much of it, otherwise he will be reduced to a weak, debilitated condition, and cause great disappointment when he comes to the post to run. If a horse be thus relaxed, and the cause is found to originate in the state of his bowels, and not from alarm or nervous excitement, having taken its rise from too much hurried work, a dose or two of physic (preceded by from half a drachm to one drachm of calomel the day before, if thought necessary,) will be the most likely means of relieving the complaint, and the following tonic balls may be used with advantage:—

Rhubarb	-	-	-	3 dr.	} To be made into a ball with syrup.
Prepared chalk	-	-	-	3 "	
Ginger	-	-	-	2 "	

Where there is a state of relaxation proceeding from acidity, they will be found excellent, and, as mild tonics, may be relied upon as not possessing any injurious properties ; at the same time, the less such remedies are resorted to the better. If this treatment does not produce satisfactory results, it will be desirable to obtain the assistance of professional skill, as it is clear the system must be in a disordered state. This latter observation is, of course, founded upon its having been decidedly ascertained not to arise from alarm and nervous excitement—causes which will, with some horses, appear in spite of the most judicious treatment ; and as the remedies lie most immediately with those who superintend their work, and those who ride them, and they alone can introduce the relief sought for.

The influence of cold will not unfrequently produce similar symptoms, and require to be attended to with the utmost vigilance ; in such cases horses are very subject to inflammation, and, if any degree of exertion be called forth, the most alarming and dangerous results may be anticipated. More than half the horses which are destroyed by inflammation of the bowels have that complaint established from the effects of cold, which, acting upon the mucous membrane of the bowels—at all times capable of, and prone to great excitement from trivial causes—soon creates a disease, the consequences of which are so well known, that it seems scarcely necessary to offer cautionary remarks.

There are many horses constitutionally subject to constipation when in training : this may be considerably relieved by giving them their water when at exercise ; of course it is to be given after all their gallops are performed, and they are perfectly cool. They should, however, have a steady canter, in order to prevent it from chilling them and causing their coats to set : it is an old-fashioned practice, and condemned by many trainers of the present day ; nevertheless, with some constitutions, I have no hesitation in observing that it is attended with beneficial results, if judiciously and rationally directed. These cautions must, at all events, be introduced : not to let a horse drink until he is quite cool, and his blood has recovered from the excitement of his gallop ; not to let him drink to excess, which should be regulated by counting the “go-downs”—fifty, or at most sixty, of which to be the utmost—and to break his draught at twenty-five ; the other caution, not to go too fast with him in his canter. The action of water given at exercise is readily explained : it is taken into the stomach when it contains but a small quantity of food, with which it readily mingles, especially while the animal is in action ; the solvent properties of the fluid reduce the food, and assist digestion to a greater extent than a similar quantity of water could do, flowing on to a greater portion of undigested hay and corn. The moistened aliment, accompanied by as much fluid as it is capable of absorbing, passing through the bowels in that state, is naturally thrown off in a more relaxed condition than it would be if it came into immediate contact with a greater bulk of undigested food, or when given in the stable, where it is immediately, or nearly so, supplied with additional quantities

of hay and corn, the absorbent properties of which necessarily render the fluid contained in the stomach so much firmer. An intermediate system may be resorted to with good effect, if necessary, that of giving a horse part of his water (say thirty or thirty-five "go-downs") when out at exercise, and the remainder when he returns to his stable.

After the horses have done galloping, they will be allowed to return to their stables; but this precaution should invariably be attended to, that they be perfectly cool before they enter. If the exercise-ground be so near that the extent of time occupied in walking home does not allow of their being in a proper state, and as some horses, from their superior condition and other causes, will become cool sooner than others, those which are not fit should be kept walking about in a paddock or other convenient situation till they are, and on no account taken into their stables in such a careless state, unless driven to the extremity by rainy weather. To state the precise distance that a horse is to gallop, how many gallops he is to take each morning, or whether he is to gallop every day, would be attempting to establish a rule which practice could not carry out. It will be seen as we proceed, that a good striding gallop may be required on the day previously to sweating; the day after sweating, unless under very peculiar circumstances, walking exercise, or at most a canter, is all that will be advisable. With a good, sound, healthy four-year-old colt, of a fair average constitution, a gallop of from one mile and three quarters to two miles, with a preparatory canter, and another after the gallop, on most days may be considered the standard of a race-horse's work, and about three hours per day the time usually occupied. That there are many which will not do so much, and others that require more, is quite certain; but the proportion must be left to the discretion of the superintendent, who must be governed by the condition of his horse, and other circumstances, which it will be my province to call to his attention in these pages.

Such is the uncertainty of the weather in this mutable climate, and consequently such is the variation of the hardness and condition of the most perfect training grounds, that it becomes necessary to embrace the opportunity of doing good work when the ground is in a favorable state; and rather than rattle horses along when it is very hard, refresh them, and keep them light with physic till the latest period arrives, when, as a last resource, they must be subjected to the risk.

London Sporting Review for July, 1843.

ON FISHING IN GENERAL, AND TROUT-FISHING IN PARTICULAR.

BY MAY-FLY.

Continued from the July Number, page 404.

WELL! Mr. Editor, the month of May has passed; and I very much question if, during any one of the thirty-one—or perhaps I ought to say twenty-seven—days (for no well-disposed Christian would profane the Sabbath by fishing on Sundays, and all anglers are good Christians I hope and believe), a full creel has rewarded the Fly-fisher's patience, skill, and toil. During a thirty years' apprenticeship to, experience of, and indulgence in the "gentle art," I do not remember so ungenial a season as the present one. The early part of the "merry month" was ushered in by cold chilling blasts, with occasional severe white frosts early in the mornings, which were succeeded during the day by bright sunshine. Towards the middle and close of the month, we were deluged with wet; for it rained almost without intermission in the five different counties I have visited since last I had the honor of addressing you. Under such uncheering prospects and uninviting perspective did I undertake the tour I mentioned in my last paper as having in contemplation. I have said—or more properly, speaking by the card, written—that I have within the last month visited five counties—to wit, as the Lawyers say, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire—and yet, strange to say, the rivers and streams in these favored localities have yielded but little or no sport. To account for this abstemious fit on the part of the finny inhabitants of the prolific waters I have paid my *devoirs* to, I am quite at fault. Perhaps they are trying the cold-water-system now so much in vogue—perhaps the trout are under the influence of the comet; or peradventure they are waiting for a fresh importation of foreign flies under the new tariff—who can tell? At all events, I am sorely puzzled and indifferently vexed at the determination of the elements to put a stopper on my sport. No professional thresher in a barn could have worked harder than I have done for the last three weeks—and I am at this present moment writing on the 1st of June—but I have done nothing to boast of. My disappointment at the unfruitful result of my piscatorial excursion is commensurate with the high expectations I had formed and indulged in. With what joyful anticipations did I set out upon my little trip! but how far—how very far has the reality fallen short! and yet, without this buoyant, ardent, and excitable feeling, life would lose nine-tenths of its charm: it is the glorious uncertainty that keeps our mortal clay alive for the time being; for without this delusive charm, our

existence would be tame, uninteresting, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Ovid tells us, *animus previdet futura*, and Mrs. Malaprop is made to say in Sheridan's "second best" comedy of *The Rivals*—for *The School for Scandal* is beyond compare his *chef-d'œuvre*—"let all our *retrospections* be to the *future*:" so a truce to moralizing, and now for my narrative.

The 8th of May found me under the hospitable roof of my old and valued friend the owner of Greenham Lodge, near Newbury, and, being his guest, I became *pro tem.* an Honorary Member of the Newbury Club, to the distinguished Members of which "The Squire" *par excellence* has ceded some three or four miles of the Kennett, which runs through his splendid property; and of a verity, a finer piece of water no gentleman's son need wish to wet a line in. On the day after my arrival in Berkshire, I was busily employed on the bank of the beautiful stream, but my sport was indifferent; not a large fish could be lured from his winter-quarters—for at the period of my visit not a trout of any size had been taken, and it was the opinion of all my fellow fly-fishers that not one of the speckled beauties of this portion of the Kennett, whose size and condition would render them worthy the angler's especial notice, had "come out for the season." The complaint was universal, and to keep up the charter I became one of the growlers, chiming in with the malcontents *con amore*; for during the five days I sojourned in this terrestrial Paradise—for Greenham, its neighborhood, and the surrounding society, to say nothing of my host and hostess, have charms unspeakable to my poor thinking—I killed, or rather took, but few fish, and these under the prescribed standard, so that they were returned to their native element to grace at some future period the creel of another follower of the craft.

It may not be irrelevant to mention that the Secretary of the Newbury Club, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the hospitable table of my old friend and liberal host, was kind enough to show me a very clever little work on fly-making by Mr. W. Blacker, of Dean Street, Soho. It is a remarkably neat volume, and contains, in addition to comprehensive instructions for the guidance of the amateur fly-tyer, some useful hints to the trout-fisher. This little pocket-companion exhibits some beautiful specimens of imitative ephemera, for appended to the directions for making each fly, a sample is given, which not only aptly illustrates the author's meaning, but displays no inconsiderable talent, neatness, and skill. Mr. H. the deservedly popular Secretary, was also good enough to show me a collection of flies made for him by Mr. Blacker, as well as some minnow-tackle; and I am bound in justice to the artist to say, that for fidelity, finish, and workmanship, I never saw any flies to equal the splendid assortment exhibited to me by this gentleman. I was so pleased with them, that I not only ordered a copy of the work, but a few dozens of certain flies that I knew would kill in the rivers I was about to visit. The packet reached me the night before my departure; and on the following morning, having taken leave of my kind friends, I drove

down to Hungerford, and took up my quarters at the Bear, one of the most comfortable and best appointed of provincial hotels. In proof of its excellence, I need only mention that a Major H., an old friend of my host the Squire of Greenham, a capital Sportsman, the most convivial of companions, and whose ready wit and lively anecdotes are wont to "keep the table in a roar," has taken up his quarters for some years past at the Bear aforesaid; and most snugly is he housed, and he can, like Falstaff of old exclaim, "shall I not take mine own ease in mine own inn?"

The fishing all round Hungerford is excellent, that is to say, when the weather is propitious: but I found the trout in the same abstemious humor as in the neighborhood of Newbury—at least in that portion of the Kennett open to amateurs who take the precaution of providing themselves with tickets. During the afternoon of the first day I succeeded in taking two brace and a half, but they were all under a pound. The flies I used, and which I found the most taking, were the "grouse hackle," the "caperer," and a "blue dun." I learned from the attentive and obliging hostess of the Bear, that the "gentlemen anglers" who honored her caravansery with their presence during the fishing season had up to that time returned home with empty creels, and absolutely galvanised at their lack of sport.

As I was sipping a glass of very tolerable port after a late dinner, and musing in a disconsolate vein on the fickleness of our climate and the waywardness of trout, I was informed by the waiter with an air of mystery that a *person* was desirous of speaking with me in private. "Who is he? Is he a Gentleman?"—"Why, no, Sir," was the reply, but I *ra*-ther think he wants to have some conversation with you about the fishing."—Oh, ho! thinks I to myself, a poacher for a hundred! Having come to this mental conclusion, I desired the knight of the napkin to usher in the unknown visitor. The serving-man quickly returned, accompanied by as suspicious a looking personage as it ever fell to my lot to encounter: in horse-dealers' phraseology, he was a leary-looking chap. A sly, cunning artful-dodger-like expression betokened his calling at a glance; "poacher" was stamped upon his brow: and the unmistakable bearing of the man left no doubt on my mind as to the object of his visit. "Well, my friend," I said to him, as soon as the waiter had disappeared, "and what may be your business with me?" Putting on one of the blindest smiles imaginable, and smoothing down his forelock, he replied, "Please, Sir, beant you the gentleman as is a friend of the Major's, and wot's come here to fish?"—I bowed assent.—"You beant a-going to stop long, are you?" he continued.—"Three or four days at the outside," I answered.—"You'd like to have some sport I suppose?" added my new acquaintance.—"Most decidedly," I rejoined; "I came here on purpose."—"Well then," chimed in my inquisitive friend, "I think I can show you some. Let me see," he continued; "you pay five shillings to the people here for a ticket which entitles you to fish a certain distance down the river, and the chances are you won't do much: now if you will promise me five shillings, and as much meat

and drink as I like to call for at the bar, I'll take you where you'll fill your basket without much trouble."—"And where may that be?" I quired.—"Never you mind," was the answer I received; "as long as I ensure you plenty of fish, that's all you care about I suppose?" I confess to having been somewhat pozed at this proposition, and in order to gain a little time for consideration, and to ask myself a few questions, I desired the arch-tempter to betake himself to the bar, and there comfort his inward man with some hot brandy-and-water until I should send for him. While he was discussing his jorum, I inquired of the waiter if I could with any show of propriety place myself under the guidance of the rather questionable personage who had somewhat unceremoniously obtruded himself on my notice. I was told that I might with perfect safety as well as confidence accompany the Cicerone; the waiter adding, with a smile, "he's sure to keep out of harm's way, Sir." With this assurance the friendly volunteer was re-admitted, and ere he withdrew for the night, it was agreed that I should meet him on the high road to Marlborough at a given spot by day-light in the morning. And where was the given spot? and where did MAY-FLY fish? methinks I hear the Reader exclaim. Aye, there's the rub! but I feel myself under the same sort of restriction as *Mr. Lobski* of old, who refused to satisfy his wife when interrogated by his suspicious rib as to the *locus in quo* of his piscatorial excursion; so, in imitation of this respectable worthy, I answer, "where I went I cannot tell, I will not tell, and I mustn't tell." That I fished in preserved water is not to be denied, and that I killed some splendid fish is also most true: suffice it to say, that I returned to my hostelry with a well-filled creel, and not a little pleased with my morning's sport. I paid my five shillings most willingly, and my useful guide, in addition to pocketing the well-earned fee, availed himself to an astonishing extent of the *carte blanche* I gave him on the larder and cellar of the Bear.

Before I quitted Hungerford I discovered that I had been on forbidden ground; in fact, that I had unexpectedly been taken to the very choicest bit of water in the neighborhood; and I also learnt from my pilot, as he hiccupped an affectionate adieu after partaking of divers strong drinks which I had ordered for him, that the keepers and water-bailiff being absent in another direction, he had availed himself of the opportunity to administer to my amusement. This confidential communication was made when the fellow was *Bacchi plenus*; and I very much question if his innate discretion would have permitted him, when sober, to have "let the cat out of the bag." Be this as it may, I regretted having been inveigled (unwittingly) into the commission of an act bordering on poaching. As good luck would have it, the secret was confined to my *fidus Achates* and myself, so that this honest confession of my piscatorial peccadilloes will be the first intimation the good people of Hungerford will receive of the enormity I committed.

The flies I used on this memorable day were (at the recommendation of my intelligent ally), a red Palmer, hare's flax, and a partridge hackle. These will all be found very killing on the waters

around Hungerford, whether preserved or not. Some fancy-flies are much in vogue amongst the Amateur residents, and these are the "cinnamon brown" and the "Hungerford brown;" but as far as my humble judgment goes, they are more for show than use. They may kill, and I believe do kill occasionally; but *elles ne sont pas à mon gout*, although in justice to the maker of them, Mr. Bowness of Bell Yard, I am bound to admit they are admirably tied, and to those trout which are, like some bipeds I could name, fond of "a bit of the brown," they are doubtless very captivating. I tried my luck on the following day on the rented water, but with very indifferent success. I killed a few fish certainly, but with the exception of one, all under a pound.

There is some magnificent fishing to be met with between Hungerford and Marlborough, not very far from Ramsbury—the precise *locale* my conscience will not allow me to name; but if the Reader should perchance put up at the "Bear," and announce that he is on a piscatory pilgrimage, he may, if he goes to work cautiously, be enlightened by the same useful individual to whom I was indebted for the only really good day's sport I have enjoyed this season.

Having done my best as well as my worst at Hungerford, I cut across the country to Fairford, as I had made up my mind to visit this spot from the moment I read those very clever articles in the "New Monthly Magazine" of last year, intitled "The Five Incumbents." They are from the pen of a Clergyman, and if he only preaches half as well as he writes, his flock have reason to be proud of their pastor. He is a good fisherman too, I will be sworn; and if he be not a good fellow and a boon companion to boot, I am greatly mistaken. The village of Fairford is eulogised by Mr. Colburn's talented contributor under the name of "Clearstream," and the exciting description of his sport while sojourning under the roof of the Rector is of itself sufficient to send all the fly-fishers in England down to this enchanting spot.

Mr. Rose, of the "Bull" Inn, is the most obliging of Bonifaces: he is authorized to provide his customers with tickets, and is as jealous of any infringement of the laws made and provided for the preservation of the water as the most zealous enthusiast in the gentle art could desire. No water-bailiff could guard the stream more vigilantly than he does; so that the visitors to this attractive little river are certain of meeting with a fair share of sport. I cannot speak on this occasion from personal experience; for, as my evil genius ruled it, it rained pitch-forks and fish-ponds during the two days I could spare for my visit: but I saw quite enough of the water to be convinced that the fly-fisher would have ample scope for the exercise of his skill on its banks, as a more "trouty" (pardon this expression) looking stream I never looked upon. A friend of mine came down from London a week after I left the place, and killed several brace of beautiful fish. I regretted having left my worm-rod, worms, and tackle behind me; for Mr. Rose, in the plenitude of his politeness, told me that he would have made an exception in my favor, and permitted me to fish "*vermicularly*"—

this was not *exactly* the word he used—although he seldom allowed so destructive a method to be practised early in the season.

I can confidently recommend any brother of the angle to betake himself rod in hand to the terminus of the Great Western Railway, and steam it down to the Farringdon Road station, whence a drag conveys the passengers by the two o'clock train to the romantic village of Fairford. There are some turf and tan-pits in the neighborhood, where the troller will be in his element, for I was told by gentle and simple, young and old, that pike of prodigious size and excellent quality abound in them. I was sadly disappointed at finding the river swollen and the water foul, for I had anticipated some unusual good fishing; and being armed with a particular letter of introduction to the worthy landlord by one of his most influential customers, who passes a month or two every year during the fishing-season beneath his roof, I was persuaded that every facility would be afforded me in furtherance of my object. The elements, however, set me at defiance; and as I saw by the appearance of the atmosphere that the clouds had an unusually large stock of unemployed rain on hand, I reluctantly turned my back upon Fairford and its nankeen-colored river, after an eight-and-forty hours, sojourn beneath as gloomy a sky as ever damped the ardor of an enthusiastic follower of the gentle art.

A fellow knight of the fly-rod, having got scent of my movements from some of my friends in Newbury, sent a missive to Fairford requesting me to join him at Whitchurch, where he was about to commence the campaign prior to joining some brother members of the Club at Stockbridge. The proposal was too tempting to be resisted; for, independently of his skill as a fisherman, my talented friend is one of the most entertaining and intellectual of companions; and as such an offer had more attractions for me than watching the dripping rain from the roof which hung over the window of my sitting-room, I chartered a "*chay*-cart" with a canvas awning, painted green and mounted on springs: the nag I was informed was an *undeniable* "good un," and the driver full of promises to make my journey agreeable. I must not quit Fairford without recording the good cheer, cooking, civility, excellent attendance, and moderate charges of mine host of the Bull. A more comfortable house I never put up at; and I hope, before the season is out, to make another incursion on Mr. Rose's admirable larder and cellar.

All things have an end, even journeys in "*chay* carts" over uneven roads; and, to say the truth, I was not sorry, at the termination of my bumping, to shake my old friend by the hand.—The clerk of the weather, with an impartiality that I could readily have dispensed with, had favored this part of the country with a plentiful supply of waterspouts; the streams and rivers were swollen and discolored, and perfectly unfishable. The day after my arrival therefore was a *dies non* as far as the trout-rod was concerned, and as worm-fishing was strictly prohibited in these parts, so we were fain compelled to wait until the water fined down. My companion and myself contrived to kill the time by tying flies, arranging our

tackle, and making preparations for circumventing the trout. I found in this part of the country, as well as in the waters between Winchester and Southampton, that the most killing was the following: body, dark green silk, ribbed up with gold twist; tail, two fibres of a strong blood red hackle; legs, black and red hackle; wing, light-colored partridge or starling wing. This with the hare's flax, grouse hackle, wren tail, and partridge hackle, will be found very killing in all weathers: the blue dun and iron blue, on cold days; and the cow-dung on windy days will also be found very taking.

The rain having ceased on the night of my arrival a Whitchurch, and the weather clearing up on the following day, I *was* in hopes that the succeeding morning would have rewarded my patience and perseverance; but, gentle Readers and brother trout-fishers, judge of my horror, dismay, and disappointment, on reaching the water after an early breakfast, to find that some evil-minded, perverse, sport-marring shepherds and hinds had selected that identical day for washing their infernal woolly sheep. I need scarcely add, that the river was like a puddle, and our fun, for that day at least, most effectually checked; and as the mutton-scourers thought proper to repeat their operations the day afterwards, my friend and myself abandoned all idea of trying our skill in the neighborhood. I regretted the interruption most sincerely; for he was obliged by a prior engagement to be at Stockbridge on a certain day, and as I had also promised to be in Devonshire at a stated period, we reluctantly parted company, he turning his head and his horse's towards Stockbridge, while I made the best of my way to Salisbury: from which town—I beg its pardon, city—it was my intention to post on to Dorchester with all possible speed; for I was in hopes of falling in with a most agreeable companion, Captain L— of the Guards, who, in addition to other estimable qualities, is a senior wrangler in the art and mystery of trout and salmon-fishing. On alighting at the King's Arms I found that the Gallant Son of Mars had betaken himself to Frampton, the seat of Mr. Sheridan, through whose splendid property runs one of the best streams in the county of Dorset: it is full of fish, and strictly preserved. Had I been armed with trolling tackle, I should have remained in Dorchester for two or three days, and had a shy at the pike which abound in the Stoure, having received a pressing invitation from a Gentleman who has a very snug mansion on its bank, a little on the left of the road to Poole; but as I knew the fish would be in better season a month later, I postponed my visit, and jumped on the roof of the Forester coach after an early dinner, and at half-past eight was comfortably domiciled beneath the roof of the George Hotel in Axminster.

Having some old friends in the neighborhood of Colyton, I proceeded to that quiet little town on the following morning, for the purpose of enjoying their society, as well as trying my luck in the Axe, the Coly, and the Yarty, for I am at this moment located, as the Yankees say, within a reasonable distance of all the three rivers. The waters are exceedingly foul, especially in the Axe.

I have been out twice up the Coly, and killed on the first day seven brace and a half, and on the second six brace of fish, but, with the exception of a leash, all with the worm. The method of fishing with the worm as practised by the top-sawyers in these parts is worthy of being recorded : but I must reserve the description for another Chapter ; and I shall also furnish a list of the most taking flies for the Devonshire and Dorsetshire rivers, with instructions how to dress them, as well as a few hints about the trolling and dead snap-fishing on the Stoure.—Until next month then, gentle Reader, I bid you farewell. I intend to be very industrious for the next three weeks, and I hope to send a flourishing account of the number of trout taken by

MAY-FLY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1843.

ENGLISH WEALTH, AND HOW TO RECKON IT.

THE time I speak of, people went in their carriages, and not by railroad. Now, p'raps you don't know, in fact you can't know, for you can't cypher, colonists ain't no good at figurs, but if you did know, the way to judge of a nation is by its private carriages. From Hyde Park Corner to Ascot Heath is twenty odd miles. Well, there was one whole endurin' stream of carriages all the way, sometimes havin' one or two eddies, and where the toll-gates stood, havin' still water for ever so far. Well, it flowed and flowed on for hours and hours without stoppin', like a river ; and when you got up to the race-ground, there was the matter of two or three tiers of carriages, with the hosses off, packed as close as pins in a paper.

It costs near hand to twelve hundred dollars a year to keep up a carriage here. Now for goodness' sake jist multiply that everlastin' string of carriages by three hundred pounds each, and see what's spent in that way every year, and then multiply that by ten hundred thousand more that's in other places in England you don't see, and then tell me if rich people here ain't as thick as huckleberries.

Well, when you've done, go to France, to Belgium, and to Prussia, three sizeable places for Europe, and rake and scrape every private carriage they've got, and they ain't no touch to what Ascot can show. Well, when you've done your cipherin', come right back to London, as hard as you can clip from the race-course, and you won't miss any of 'em ; the town is as full as ever, to your eyes. A knowin' old coon, bred and born to London, might, but you couldn't.

Arter that's over, go and pitch the whole bilin' of 'em into the Thames, hosses, carriages, people, and all ; and next day, if it warn't for the black weepers and long faces of them that's lost

money by it, and the black crape and happy faces of them that's got money, or titles, or what not by it, you wouldn't know nothin' about it. Carriages wouldn't rise ten cents in the pound in the market. A stranger, like you, if you warn't told, wouldn't know nothin' was the matter above common. There ain't nothin' to England shows its wealth like this.

Sam Slick in England.

A SUMMER'S DAY AMONG THE TROUTS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

THE ARRIVAL.

WE told you, gentle lector, we should get to the brook in time ; and here we are in full view of it already, with not above a mile of hill and valley, lane and pasture, meadow and common, woodland and ploughland, between us and its merry waves. When I say we are in full view of it, I don't mean to affirm that you can see so much as a single half-pint of water : for you can not. But you can trace its course : you can follow the line of alders and willow-pollards as they go twisting and twisting from meadow to meadow, from closely-nibbled pasture to luxuriant hay-crop, broken here and there by rustic bridge or lichen-covered floodgate. How well we know every tree and trunk in the whole chain ! every bush has its separate history, every bough recalls some pleasant adventure : the old alder, where we caught the four-pound trout—the pollard oak, where we met with the six brace of perch—the broken willow, where we lunched with the miller—the group of sycamores, where Giles Jervis was found hanging ! And there, at the end of the second meadow, is the miller's own little homestead, where he combines the pursuits of miller and farmer ; where he not only grinds, but grows, his own corn ; and if there is a man in the world who *ought* to be happy, it is Hopper the miller. But he is not so ; it is not enough that he hath money to spend and to spare, that he hath houses and acres of his own, that he liveth on the fat of the land and weareth the best broadcloth that can be bought : Hopper hath a silent sorrow that, like a worm i' the bud, or a smut in the corn, sappeth his peace of mind and weigheth heavy upon his heart. Hopper wants to be churchwarden. That's what ruffles his young life's stream. His neighbor and rival, Strongitharm the farmer, has filled the office for two years in succession ; and now Hopper thinks it's his turn, for he has no notion of monopolies, either in corn or church-wardening, and he wants to finish the work begun by Strongitharm, (of stuccoing the church tower and pulling down the ivy,) by whitewashing the spire and “restoring” the mural monuments with Roman cement.

If this church, of Pipe-cum-membris, is in danger from the assaults of gothic churchwardens, the neighboring one of Pipe-in-the-wolds is not less so from the machinations of the artistic party. The latter edifice has been taken in hand by a branch of the National-and-local-classical-and-artistical-church-restoration-steeple-rebuilding-and-weathercock-regilding Society; the incongruity of its style, and the barbaric taste of its successive architects having been the subject of fourteen set speeches, two eighteen-penny pamphlets, twelve letters in the Gentleman's Magazine, ditto in the county newspaper, a copy of verses in the vicar's wife's album, and a series of lithographic drawings for private circulation, all by leading members of the club. The first thing they did in the practical line, was to pull down the clock, putting up a gigantic sun-dial instead, with a latin inscription, to inform the parishioners that "Life is short, and death is certain" (which they didn't know before); and when the villagers objected that they couldn't read the Latin, and couldn't hear the sun-dial, the National-and-local-classical-and-artistical-church-restoration-steeple-rebuilding-and-weather-cock-regilding Society told them, pooh, pooh! they were a set of goths and visigoths, and ostragoths, and heaven-knows-how-many-other-sorts-of-goths, and that clockery was not contemporaneous with the edification of the church, and that dialling was the only kind of horology in vogue at the epoch; with divers other long words and mystifying sentences; which the poor villagers could not reply to, for the simple reason that they did not understand them. The next thing the society did, was to take down one of the side walls of the building, in which there existed some old Norman tombs, totally destructive of the *ensemble* of the edifice: and then, the side wall being taken away, and the carpenters having *accidentally* set fire to the wooden props, down came the roof—and after that, part of the steeple; which, however, the society looked upon rather as a blessing than otherwise; for the restoration, they said, might be made more complete. Only one thing is wanting to make this restoration the completest thing in the world. Funds. At present they are at a mighty low ebb: the sun-dial made a terrible hole in the original subscription: the side wall pretty well finished the business. A fancy fair and an architectural ball have since been tried as restoratives, but in vain: they have scarcely raised enough money for sand and lime. The National-and-local-classical-and-artistical-church restoration-steeple-rebuilding-and-weathercock-regilding Society have therefore boarded up the dilapidated aisle, and tarpaulined over the dismantled roof, assuring the poor discomfited villagers that as soon as ever the funds are recruited, the repairs shall be proceeded with in the most artistical manner; said villagers being obliged in the meantime to walk two miles and a half up-hill, to be buried, or to be married, or to attend the church service; and to trust, for the time of day, to such reports as may be brought in from time to time by the butcher-boy, the carrier's cart, or the lad with the squire's letter-bag.

But we *must* be getting forwards toward the stream; for, even

at this distance, we can perceive that the mill is going, and the brook chockfull of water. And there is not a trout, we will be bound to say, from the tip of the horizon there, to the "vanishing point" on the opposite side of the compass, that is not by this time on the full *qui vive* against all manner of greendrakes, little brown duns, little blue duns, grannoms, jenny spinners, and yellow Sallys, that may chance to be passing through their watery dominions. As the knights of old, perched on their Rhine castles, pounced out upon the unhappy merchant whose cargo was floating between the rocks of the Lurlei or the Dragon, so does each fierce trout, in panoply of crimson and gold, sally forth to take toll of all passers, and to assert that most ancient and most respectable of all privileges, the Right of Might.

Down the hill we go.

You see this little group of houses—each so trim and so prim—with its little garden as prim and trim as itself—and the flowerpots so daintily arranged in the windows, and the curtains looking so delicately clean and white through the half-opened casements. I love flowers in cottages: not for their beauty alone; but for this, that they indicate the well-to-do position of the occupier. This has long been a favorite test of mine, and I have never known it fail. Whether it be a humble cottage or a mansion of more pretension; whether the owner be a delver in the field, or a merchant in the City; depend upon it there is no better assurance of his credit and prosperity than a good show of flowerpots. Tell me what company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are, says an old musty adage. Stuff and nonsense! tell me what sort of a collection of flowerpots a man has got, and I'll tell you what he's worth to a shilling. Nothing gives me more delight than to see a good row of them in a cottage window, for it tells me that things are going on well within: the man's mind is at ease, and his wife is attentive to his enjoyments. If the pots are ruddled, so much the better, for that evinces a still higher aspiration to *do* something and to *be* somebody. I shouldn't wonder if that man was to be Overseer of the bye-roads one of these days. I love also, in a mansion of a higher flight, to see peeping up at one corner some little attempt at a greenhouse—no matter how small, for it is not as a question of taste or of decorative propriety that we view it, but as an outward and visible sign of peace and plenty within. Dress used to be thought a good criterion, but I have long found that to be a most fallacious test: I have seen many a man, from whose broad cloth you would little suspect his narrow circumstances. Painting, too, used to be much relied on by the curious in such matters. A seedy knocker was always considered a bad sign; and if a man's paling which had hitherto been painted green, came to be daubed over a slate color, that was looked upon as a shocking bad omen. But now, pigmental indications are no longer to be trusted in; nay, it has even been known that individuals have "hoisted false colors," as it were, on purpose to deceive the enemy; and a man's painting his house has been only preliminary to whitewashing himself. As I said before, I dearly love to see

flowers in cottage windows ; and as there cannot be found a more goodly display of "annuals, biannuals, and perannuals" (as the cottagers themselves call them—and they ought to know) than are exhibited in the little cluster of cottages before us, so I do not believe there exists in the whole county a more decent, well-ordered, industrious, conscientious, do-unto-others-as-you'd-have-'em-do-unto-you set of beings than the inhabitants of said messuages, tenements, and hereditaments.

But we *must* be getting forward, for the day is advancing, and the fish must by this be in full feed. Down the hill we go.

"Hollo, Job!—is that you, Job?—how are you, Job?—and how's Mrs. Job, Job?"

The person to whom these questions are addressed is old Job Farmsworth, the birdcatcher : as picturesque a personage as any to be found in the wapentake. Job has seen better days ; and, like all men similarly situated, is kept out of a valuable estate, and I-don't-know-how-much money at I-don't-know-where, by some wretch of an old uncle, who married some wretch of an old aunt, and perpetrated all sorts of infamies ; while he, the rightful heir, was obliged to wander pennyless about the world, denied a meal or a welcome by those

"his former bounty fed."

Be this as it may—or may not—Job has certainly occupied a much better station than he at present fills ; but the gods have been unpropitious : and they do say, that of all the gods that have acted spitefully towards Job, the immortal Bacchus has behaved the worst. Job was once, he tells us, a gentleman ; by which he means that he did nothing, passing his life without being of any earthly use to himself or anybody else. This profession coming into some disrepute, he became bailiff of a titled lady's estate ! but Bacchus and Ceres not hitting it off very cordially together (or rather, *too* cordial-ly), our hero turned gamekeeper. From gamekeeper he became feeder in a neighboring kennel of hounds, where, his old attacks of hydrophobia still continuing, it was thought dangerous for him to remain any longer ; and he then, by and with the advice of a conclave of postboys, grooms, and stable helpers, assembled round the fire of the *Bull and Pepper-box*, took up the calling of bird-catcher, which he has practised ever since with more or less benefit to himself, and satisfaction to his employers. Doesn't Job look quite a picture, as he sits now, by that wood side, in his tattered garments, and with his lures spread out around him ? Poor Job ! neglected by the world, repulsed by his former associates, without a human friend on the face of the wide earth, he has made friends of his birds ; he has taught them to love him—he has taught them to welcome his approach—he has taught them to pine if he is absent ; their little hearts seem to flutter with joy at his voice, and *his* battered old heart feels an emotion in listening to their song that no human being in the world is capable of exciting. And then, after that emotion of gladness, that a bird should love him thus, came the recollection,

that no fellow man cared if he were alive or dead—that, if he were to sink in decrepitude on that wild heath where he sat, no human creature would come forth to see why he did not return to his home. And then, that name of Home! when he thought how blessed a thing it was to others—a name hallowed by all the dearest associations of life, a place where smiling faces and joyous hearts, where kindred and friends were gathered together, to sustain and cherish each other—and when he thought what a mockery it was to him—then, the gladness in his old heart turned to sorrow and anguish, the smile vanished from his lips, and the big tear stood upon his cheek. Strange thing, this heart of man! joying and sorrowing, exulting and repining, triumphing and mourning, all in a moment; now standing unmoved before a nation in convulsion—now trembling and quailing before a bird, a flower, or a sound. Meanwhile, the song of the bird goes on; the tear falls from the old man's cheek; the smile comes back to his lips; the gladness to his heart; he remembers that

“Men were deceivers ever:”

he rejoices that there is yet some *living thing* that loves him; he remembers the poor prisoner who had only a spider to share his affections—and that the spider died! and, in short, that strange thing, the human heart, undoes all that has been done, unsays all that has been said, and impudently laughs us in the face like a wilful versatile, good-for-nothing, mad wag as it is.

Job is a bird-catcher, we have said it—but he is a bird-catcher “and something more.” To his connection with the feathered tribe, he adds a liaison with the furry. He is a rat-catcher. There is nothing very sentimental in a rat. We acknowledge the fact; and we are aware that our hero must sink some half or a quarter per cent. in our readers' estimation in consequence. But the truth must be told: the sacred verity must be bucketed up from the bottom of the well; and, if the whole sooth must be said, Job actually gets more by his rats than he does by his nightingales—another proof of the depravity of human nature, and a lesson to all enthusiastic young poets, which I shall leave them to apply in the best manner they can. **IF** And observe! if they don't hit upon a very striking moral, don't believe it's the one intended by ourselves. Job, we have said, is a bird-catcher; and Job, we have said, is a rat-catcher; and they *do* say—but we won't say what they *do* say, for we want to be getting forward to the trout. And after all, if a man *does* now and then mistake a pheasant for a singing-bird, or a hare for a great jack rat, as sportsmen, let us remember that, in the ardor of pursuit, a man is liable to form judgments which in his more cool and deliberate moments he would spurn from his heart with the honest indignation of conscious recititude. Of such we believe Job to be.

“Job!”

“Sir?”

“Job, I'm glad to see you looking so well.”

"And I'm glad to see you looking so well, sir; and—and—you didn't want a nice leveret, did you?"

Down the hill we go.

From where we now stand it is but a hop-step-and-jump to the stream; you can either go through the field there where the people are haymaking, and round by the barn end, or along here by the quagmire, and across the meadow where the cows are. Through the quagmire is the pleasantest; so follow me, gentle reader, and if you fall in, turn your hat-brim downwards, and that will keep you afloat till I run to the next farm-house for a rope to drag you out by the neck. There, now you're safe over the fossil wood and incipient Walls-end—a scramble through this hedge, and then we're firmly landed in the meadows. Come along; never mind the brambles. What a coward you are! Come a—Hollo! *is* that a—no, it can't be—yet it looks like—no it don't—yes it does though—rather—very—yes, by Jove—yes, it is a bull.

A bull?

Yes, by Gemini! and see, when he heard his name mentioned, how he twitched up that curly nob of his. Not that I care "a toss" for all the bulls that ever were calved! of course not! and for two farthings I'd go and catch him by the tail, and so belabor him with the butt-end of my fishing-rod, that he shouldn't be able to tell B from a bull's foot. But I don't want to break my fishing-rod.

(!—!—!)

You're grinning, mister lector; very well for you to grin, sir, and to look so Hookey-Walkerish, as much as to say, all flam! why don't you go on then? Why, I'll tell you why; when I say that I am not to be cow'd by any bulls living, (grinning again, sir! I'm sure I don't know what I've said to make any one grin—it's rather a serious matter, *I* think, sir,) I mean, sir, the generality of bulls—such as they are commonly found in England, and Scotland, and Ireland—no, not Ireland—but, sir, if you know as much of the bulls of these parts as I do, you wouldn't think my scrambling back over the hedge, and retrograding through the marsh, and making my way towards the haymakers, so extraordinary a proceeding. Sir, the *Taurus* of this district combines the savageness of *Leo* and of *Scorpio* with his own. He is a regular devil—as I myself, of my own experience, can testify. But perhaps you never heard of my adventure with the bull.

I never did.

Aye, then that accounts for it: I forgive you your grins: so come along, and while we trudge through this newly-mown meadow, where the song of the birds overhead, and the sight of the haymakers at their merry toil, and the fragrance of the herbage around, are all so pleasing to the senses, and so grateful to the heart, I'll tell you, dear lector, my tale of the bull.

It was on this very stream, it was in these very meadows, it was not half a mile from the spot on which we now stand, that I was busily engaged fishing on a lovely summer's afternoon. I had several times heard a roaring, but had never thought it worth my while to look up. At last I did so, but could see nothing; and

then I did a very foolish thing ; I got up upon an old tree-stump, and looked forth to see if I could discover the animal that made all this commotion. Hitherto a high bank had hid me from the bull's eye ; but now he caught sight of me in a twinkling, and away he came, tail up and horns down, as fast as his four hoofs would carry him. At first I had no notion of stirring : I looked upon it more in the light of a "demonstration" than any real intent to commit a breach of the peace. But when I saw that an actual case of Rebeccaism was contemplated ; when I found the animal within tossing-up distance, and had, as it were, the nozzle of his bellows in my ears ; I gave way to the instinctive impulse which dictated a dash forward into the water. The bull followed me. I went in still deeper. The monster came after. I could feel his hot breath glowing upon my face : his little twinkling eyes seemed to be looking into *my* eyes, and had a demoniacal expression that I shall never forget. He seemed to be trying to fascinate me, as the basilisk fascinates his prey. It was "Bull's New System." Meanwhile my wading boots began to fill with water. I was now in the horns of a dilemma (as if the bull's horns were not enough !) : if I went forward, I should be drowned : if I came back, I should be gored to death by the furious beast. Instinct again came to my relief—for Reason had been regularly nonplus'd—unable to move backwards or forwards, I proceeded sideways. I went down the stream, at about the same distance from the shore as where I had pulled up. Bully after me. Another danger stared me in the face. The river, I knew, was full of holes, and I expected every moment to pitch head foremost into one of them. 'To a man who likes excitement, the situation was a pleasing one ; but I am fond of peace and a quiet life, and would willingly have obliged a friend. The mud kept getting softer and softer : I could hardly draw my legs out : I expected every moment to stick fast. I was sinking—sinking—I made a desperate rush to the shore—my pursuer did so likewise—but the mud had impeded him more than me, on account of his greater weight. I had got two or three lengths before him, and, as you may fancy, was "full of running." I had spied out a tree not far from my landing-place, and I made my rush for that. How I got into it, I don't know ; for, like Sir Walter Raleigh, I had never been a good climber, having always

———"feared to falle."

But there I was, safely ensconced in the old oak-tree, with the bull tearing up the earth below, and bellowing his very heart out with rage at my escape. Well, sir—

Cut it short.

Don't be impertinent ! I *am* cutting it as short as ever I can. You've no feeling for a fellow sitting up in an oak tree, wringing wet, with a mad bull below, and night coming on, and no prospect of delivery, but—

Yes, I have ; but, you know, these trout ! we're within a stone's throw of the stream, and we must be ready for them when we get there. Otherwise, I shouldn't care *how* long you stopped up in

the tree, and would listen to your sufferings with the greatest pleasure.

Well, well—in two words then. Night was coming on, and Taurus evinced no signs of vacating. In vain I lifted up my voice ; no one heard. In vain I strained my eyes in every direction : no one appeared. The sun had now set, and the moon, the great, red, summery moon rose in the eastern sky. That I must pass the night in my present unhappy situation seemed certain, and I began to consider how I might secure myself in the branches, so as to prevent Morpheus from throwing me down a victim to the bull. Just then I looked again along the stream side. Something dark appeared moving on the bank. Was it a man ? was deliverance at hand ? A few seconds more convinced me that it was indeed a fellow creature ; my heart palpitated with joy ; tears of gratitude started into my eyes : I felt as if snatched from the jaws of death ; I was *almost fainting* with delight. My deliverer was now within hail, and you may guess that I lost no time in holloaing with all my might. The man soon heard me, stopped, looked up—and fled ! for it was a poacher on his nocturnal rambles.

Well, sir, you may judge of my horror at this turn in the tide of affairs. If pleasure after pain is sweet, suffering in the wake of joy is ten thousand times more bitter than before. My doom now seemed inevitable ; I must either fall an immediate victim to the furious animal, or by remaining in the tree all night I must be content to hail a new day with paralysed limbs and a ruined constitution. A new thought struck me. If I could simulate a man, and induce the bull to expend his fury on the makebelieve ! While he was murdering me in effigy, I might escape in fact. It was worth the venture. Off went my wading boots ; those formed the legs of my *locum tenens*. My fishing jacket, stuffed out with my fishing bag and such etcæteras as I could muster on a short notice, made the body. My hat, stuck on the top of all, completed the Daguerreotype. Suspending the figure by my running-line (which, with my rod, I had mechanically brought away in my flight), I now hid myself carefully in the thickest part of the branches, and then let down the mannikin from an overhanging bough. To my great delight the stratagem succeeded. The bull rushed at the figure, gored it, tossed it, tore it, roared at it, foamed at it, kicked at it ; seemed as if he would trample every morsel of it into the earth. And when he had trampled his fill—

He left it, and so you came down out of the tree, and all ended happily ?

Devil a bit ! As soon as he had demolished my wading boots, and my water-proof jacket, and my fish-pannier, and my bran-new gossamer, he marched straight to the tree, and snuffing up the air with his abominable nose, as much as to say, “ I smell you out, old fellow ; you cannot deceive *me*,” took up his station just under my lurking place, and glared at me with his little piggish eyes, that seemed to glow like burning embers. It was horrid ! And all shadow of a chance now seemed lost to me. My situation was even worse than before, for I was more exposed than ever to the

cold, damp, night air, which now began to tell upon my stiffening limbs. Still the bull continued to roar, and to tear the earth beneath the tree; and his eyes continued to glare. His eyes continued to glare! and with their flash, came a thought flashing into my mind, which once more buoyed up my spirits, and promised me speedy deliverance.

What *could* that be?

Pshaw! you have no confidence in the resources of the human mind. Necessity is the mother of invention—and this is her child: you know, I told you of my fishing rod, and of the bull's eyes?

Aye, aye, sir.

Well, what more natural than to polk out the bull's-eyes with the foot-spear of my rod?

Horrid!

Well, it was *rayther* horrid. But what could one do in such a case? There is not a member of the Society of Cruelty to Animals itself but would have done the same thing, if he had been in my situation. However, cruel or not cruel, horrid or not horrid, that's what I did. I demolished Bully's peepers "in a twinkling," and when it was done, he tore along, this way and that, up and down, backward and forward, over hillock and furrow; and at length floundered into a deep ditch, where I left him all alone in his glory; and scampered off home, to relieve my disconsolate house-keeper and maid-of-all-work from the natural agony arising from so protracted an absence.

Well, here we are at the stream at last!

London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1843.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

By the favorite British steam-ship, the "*Great Western*," Capt. HOSKENS, which arrived at this port on Monday, the 21st ult., we have received the current magazines and London dates to the 5th August.

The great events in British Sporting Circles, since our last, have been the Liverpool and Goodwood Meetings. *Cotherstone*, the half brother to Mr. LIVINGSTON'S *Trustee*, carried off the Gratwicke Stakes in a canter; the stake was worth over \$10,000! Mr. FORTH'S *Lucy Banks*, by Elis, won the Goodwood Stakes, Cup Course (two miles and three quarters), in exactly five minutes—or within a few seconds of the time made by Harkaway. Mr. LICHTWALD'S (of Germany) *Hyllus*, by Sir Hercules (a half brother of Capt. STOCKTON'S *Langford*), won the Cup, beating Charles XII. and seven others. Capt. SHIRLEY'S *Tempest*, an American bred horse from Long Island (by *Trustee*, out of *Janette*, sister to Sir Charles,) was third in the 3d heat for the Innkeeper's Plate, beating six others. Capt. S. purchased him here for \$180.

The following stringent Rules against Defaulters to Stakes were adopted at the Goodwood Meeting :—

No person continuing in arrear of stakes or forfeits due on races at Goodwood or elsewhere, after due application made for payment of the same, and no person being notoriously a defaulter in respect of bets lost upon horse racing, will be permitted to name, enter, or run, either in his own name or in that of any other person, any horse of which he is either in whole or in part owner, for any plate, cup, match, sweepstakes, or other prize, at any race meeting on Goodwood race-course.

And, in order to prevent persons who are defaulters in regard to stakes, forfeits, or bets lost upon horse-racing, from evading these regulations, his Grace the Duke of Richmond, or any one or more of the stewards for the time being of Goodwood Races, whenever there is reason to suspect that an evasion of this rule is intended, shall call upon the nominator to produce satisfactory testimony that the horse named is not the property, in whole or in part, of any person in default in respect of stakes, forfeits, or bets lost upon horse-racing; and if the nominator shall refuse or fail to produce such satisfactory testimony, then his Grace the Duke of Richmond, or the Stewards for the time being of Goodwood Races, shall cause the nomination to be erased, and the nominator will be held liable for the stakes or forfeits thereon. And no horse trained by any groom or other person who is a defaulter in respect of stakes, forfeits, or bets, lost on horse racing, or being in any way under the care, management, or superintendence of any person who is a defaulter in respect of stakes, forfeits, or bets lost on horse-racing, will be permitted to start for any plate, cup, match, or sweepstakes, or other prize, at any race meeting on Goodwood race course.

Should any horse, nevertheless, coming properly under the foregoing prohibitory regulations, be mistakenly permitted to start, such horse will not be considered a winner though he should come in first, but will be placed as the last horse in the race, and the subscriber naming him will have to pay the whole stake, as for a beaten horse.

Bell's Life states it received official notice that the persons warned off Goodwood Course, were Messrs. Joshua Anderson, James Weatherby, and James Wood. Others, it is stated, would have been served could they have been found.

The race for the Tradesmen's Cup at Liverpool took place on the 13th Jnly. It was won by Mr. MEIKLAM's *Aristotle*, with 10 to 1 against him. The following description of the race, with the placing, is from "Bell's Life in London :—

The *Tradesmen's Cup* or *Plate*, value 200 sovs., given by the tradesmen of Liverpool with 100 given from the racing fund, added to a Handicap Stakes of 25 each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c.; the winner of the Northumberland Plate or Cup at Newcastle, 5lb. extra; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; and the winner to pay 30 sovs. to the judge; *Two miles*; 142 subs., 111 of whom declared.

Mr. Meiklam's b. c. <i>Aristotle</i> , by Physician, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Lye	1
Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Cartwright	2
Lord Eglinton's br. c. Pompey, 3 yrs. 6st.	Copeland	3
Mr. Worthington's b. m. Collina, 5 yrs. 5st. 4lb.	Templeman	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. The Knight of the Whistle, 5 yrs. 8st. 4lb.	Nat	0
Lord Howth's b. h. Morpeth, 5 yrs. 5st.	Marlow	0
Mr. R. Wardlaw's b. c. Moss Trooper, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb (and 5lb. extra)	W. Noble	0
Lord Eglinton's b. f. Blue Bonnet, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb.	G. Noble	0
Lord Glasgow's b. h. Give-him-a-name, 5 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Wakefield	0
Mr. Bell's b. h. Thirsk, 5 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Bumby	0
Duke of Richmond's br. h. Mus, aged, 7st. 7lb.	W. Howlett	0
Lord Chesterfield's ch. m. Rhodanthé, 6 yrs. 7st. 5lb.	Jay	0
Mr. W. Davis's The Major, by Sheet Anchor, 4 yrs. 7st.	Jones	0
Mr. S. Willoughby ns. ch. c. Vakeel, 4 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	Whitehouse	0
Mr. Merry's b. c. Cable, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb.	H. Robertson	0
Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn's br. c. Lytham, 4 yrs. 6st. 6lb.	W. Arthur	0
Mr. Graydon's ch. c. Recompeuse, 4 yrs. 6st. 4lb.	Abdale	0
Sir R. Pigot's ch. g. by Cain, out of Miss Chester, 4 yrs. 5st. 10lb.	Darling, jun.	0

Time, 3.30½.

About ten minutes after the hour the race was appointed to be run (half-past four) the horses assembled a few yards below the starting post, and, under the direction of Lord G. Bentinck, were paraded in line towards the post. Pompey, however, or his jock, was impatient to be off, and started without the signal, Wakefield, Cartwright, and Jones, all anxious for good places, following

suit; for which they were severally called to account after the race, and fined £5 each, to be paid before Goodwood. After a short delay the line was reformed, the flag dropped, and every horse in the race got off well—a more equitable start could not have been desired. Eboracum took the lead at a steady pace, followed by Thirsk, Give-him-a-name holding the third place, and Morpeth the fourth, all near together; close up with this lot were Blue Bonnet, Aristotle, Collina, and Pompey; the Knight of the Whistle headed the second ruck, and in the rear were Rhodanthe, Mus, Moss Trooper, and Sir R. Pigot's colt. Pompey, who laid outside of his horses, overpowered his jock, and took a tremendous wide sweep round the top run, but was with some difficulty brought into straight running, and in the run down the back of the course regained his place in the front rank, which, with this exception, continued almost as it commenced to the bridge turn, where the hopes of our Irish friends were extinguished by the retirement of Morpeth. Give-him-a-name ran well round the last turn, but in the straight running was passed by Aristotle, Pompey, who again lost a good deal of ground in making the turn, going past him directly after. Moss Trooper, who had moved forward at the lower part of the course now passed a host of beaten horses, and was about fifth in the race, a distance and a half from home. In the meantime Eboracum kept up the running at a strong pace to the distance, where Thirsk gave way, and Aristotle joined the leader, whom he quitted half way up, and went past the chair an easy winner by a length. Pompey was beaten about a length for second, owing, there cannot be a doubt, to the lad having lost so much ground at the turns. Moss Trooper was two or three lengths from the lot, and was clear of those in the rear. Rhodanthe was fifth, the Knight of the Whistle (who could have been much nearer had Nat persevered), Give-him-a-name, and Cable sixth, seventh, and eighth, and Thirsk, Blue Bonnet, and Recompense next, beaten off; the three last, we believe, were Sir R. Pigot's colt, which was beaten in the first half mile, Morpeth, and Vakeel. The race was a surprise to Dawson and his party, who put their trust in Pompey, and did not back the winner for a shilling. Value of the Cup, &c., £1,385. The horses quitted the post at 50m. 19½ sec. past four, and the winner past the chair exactly at 53m. 50sec., making the time of running 3m. and 30½ sec.

Our readers will not fail to remark the extraordinary manner of reporting *the time* of the race. The new Liverpool course is not unlike those in this country in many respects; the horses can be seen from the start to the finish. The course (of turf) is a flat, a mile and a half round, with a straight run in of nearly three quarters of a mile, and a very gradual rise. Aristotle, a 4 yr. old, with 106 lbs. on his back, (or 2 lbs. more than is carried in N. York or N. J.) run the two miles in 3:30½!

Confidence, the well known American trotter, exported from this city some years since, arrived in England on the 17th July, from France, where he had been for the previous twelve months "waiting for snaps," we suspect, as the renowned Charlotte Temple from this city has for some years been quite at the head of the Trotting Turf in the vicinity of Paris. *Confidence* returns to England, in consequence, says Bell's Life, of being matched for 10,000 francs, to trot in harness six miles in 16½ minutes; to do it in three starts, and within four hours from the time of first start to completion of the match. The match to come off on or before 12th August next. After the match is over he will again return to the continent.

It will be seen that to win, *Confidence* has to trot each mile at the rate of 2:45. In a subsequent number of Bell's Life We find the following advertisement:—

Grand Trotting Match for 10,000 fr. at the East Surrey Race Course.—The proprietor of these grounds respectfully informs his friends and the public that a great match is made to come off there, in which the celebrated American horse *Confidence* is matched for 10,000 fr. (about £400), to trot six miles in 16 min. 30 sec., at three starts, and within four hours of the time of first start. The match will positively take place on Wednesday, Aug. 9, 1843, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, precisely. The course is being prepared expressly for the occasion. Ladies and gentlemen will have an opportunity of seeing this extraordinary animal perform every yard of the match; those who have before seen

him will require no invitation to be present on this occasion, and those who have not, will lose one of the greatest treats imaginable if they do not embrace this opportunity of seeing him, as he will return to the Continent immediately after the match.

Sale of Racers—On Friday week, after the races at Liverpool, Messrs. Lucas sold Sir R. Bulkeley's Picaroon filly for 27 gs., and the three year old Despot filly, for 50 gs.; and the three year old bay colt, by Jereed, was sold to Colonel Anson by private contract. The others were not sold. Bell's Life.

Notes of the Month.

S E P T E M B E R .

Boston and Wagner again in Training!—The Sporting World will not be unconcerned to hear that these gallant veterans are again in training under the most flattering auspices—Boston especially. We earnestly hope that they may be brought on the Turf again this Fall, in condition to “fight their battles o’er again.”

Miss Foote—who has recovered, we hear—has lately left Louisville, Ky., for Nashville, Tenn., in company with *Consol, Jr.*, and a half brother to Creath, under the management of Mr BEARD, who will train them there for the great meeting in October next. Beard says the mare is “the entire Foote” yet!

J. BEN. PRYOR, the trainer of Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, Miss. is summering near the Oakland Course, Louisville, where he has just been commencing walking his string. It consists of Ruffin, Red Oak, Arraline, Sunbeam, etc.

Tiberius, the fine Priam colt, owned by F. G. BRENGMAN, Esq., of Jefferson, Ky. is to go into the hands of “BILLY BUDD” to be trained for the ensuing campaign.

A letter from a well informed correspondent in Kentucky informs us that Racing is reviving throughout the State. Turfmen and Breeders confidently anticipate better prices for stock the ensuing Fall, while the gradual improvement in the brood mares of the State and the character of the Stallions introduced within a few years induce the belief that Kentucky may soon claim to be, par excellence, “the Race Horse Region” of the United States.

Death of Ariel.—The celebrated mare *Ariel*, whilst in Margrave's harem this season, was turned in a lot, with two other mares, on the 17th of May. When their attendant went to take them up at night, she was found dead on the opposite side of a pair of draw-bars. The supposition is that she leaped the bars, and killed herself in the feat. We are told she looked like a 5 yr. old, was fat, in fine health, and with spirits and action like a colt.

Clarion, the best son of Monmouth Eclipse, and one of the finest horses ever bred north of the Potomac, is again in training. He is in the hands of Mr. LAIRD, and once more a stable companion of Fashion. The string is in fine health, and his friends are quite sanguine that Clarion will be able to stand up to his work. Fashion never looked better, we are informed.

Margrave has had a better chance this season to get winners than ever before since he has been in this country. He served about twenty-five mares, all well bred. Nearly all of his colts, that have been trained in Virginia, have proved winners.

We learn from a correspondent in Virginia, that the following horses are in training in the "Old Dominion" for the Fall campaign:—

John Blount was let to fourteen mares last Spring. Dr. PAYNE has him in training at Belfield. His leg is enlarged, and it is probable he will give way in his work. If so, he would make a fine cross for our large Northern mares. Besides *Blount*, Dr. P. has five 3 yr. olds, viz., *Antoinette*, by Imp. *Leviathan*, *Belina*, *The King*, and a b. f. by Imp. *Priam* (the latter out of the dam of *Peggy Hale*), and *Oregon*, by Imp. *Philip*. *Antoinette* is the same filly that won her stake at Belfield last Spring, and was beaten the next week at Newmarket by Mr. JOHN GOODRUM's b. f. *Patsey Anthony* (by Imp. *Priam*, out of the dam of *Josephus* and *Telemachus*). *Belina* is Dr. Payne's entry in the Ladies' Stake at KENDALL's this Fall. *The King* is the colt he started in the Ladies' Stake last Spring.

Mr. THOS. D. WATSON, of Petersburg, has in training *Yellow Rose*, Jack Walker, *Patsey Anthony*, ch. f. by *Priam*, out of *Canary*, ch. f. by *Priam*, dam by *Contention* (a winner) b. f. by *Priam*, out of *Tuberoze*, and two 2 yr. olds.

Messrs. TOWNES & WILLIAMSON have *Regent*, *Brown Stout*, a 4 yr. old ch. f. by —, and a 4 yr. old *Priam* filly, belonging to Mr. W. Also several 3 yr-olds; among them is a *Rowton* colt, out of *Fantail*, and a very fine *Belbow* filly.

Old "NAP." has *Boston*, *Blue Dick*, *Cassandra*, and a number of others in training.

Mr. PUCKETT has *Bengal*, *Willgo*, and *Texas*.

Mr. WALDEN has *Prince Albert*, *Black Dick*, and others.

COL. WYNN'S NOMINATION IN THE PEYTON STAKE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31, 1843.

Dear Sir:—As the Fall Meeting at Nashville will soon come off, will you be kind enough to state in the "Am. Turf Register," that the entry in my name, No. 15 in the *Great Peyton Stake*—"Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy and Imp. *Priam*"—was made by Col. WYNN for his own benefit. The mare and foal have since been purchased of me by Col. Wynn, and to prevent future trouble I have deemed it proper to apprise the subscribers that I have no interest whatever in the entry.

About three years ago, I sent you a copy of Col. Wynn's statement in writing (which you then published) that he had made the entry without my knowledge or consent and for his individual benefit, and I wish you again to republish Col. Wynn's statement as it will put all the subscribers to the stake in possession of the information that I am in no way interested or liable.

Very respectfully yours, &c.

JAMES LONG.

The following memorandum was published, at Col. WYNN's request, in the *Spirit of the Times* of Aug. 1, 1840:—

The entry made by me of JAMES LONG's filly, (produce of *Flirtilla*, Jr., by *Priam*), was entered for the National Race, Tennessee, for the Fall of 1843, in the name of James Long, but entirely for my use and benefit, and said Long is considered in no way interested in the expense or result of said race; the entry was made for the five thousand dollars stake, and one thousand dollars forfeit, which I hold myself responsible for. (Signed) WM. WYNN.

The Pittsburg "Daily American" indulges in some original and singular reflections upon the subject of racing, the Tennessee Turf, etc., which are too good to be lost. The concluding statement, that they have not in Tennessee "one single good plough," is not the most remarkable observation of the writer. Hear him:—

Horse Racing.—This is exciting sport, say what you will of it—particularly so to the winner. The loser's consolation is in the hopes of the next match, which enables him to bear manfully the losses of the present. At the great race between *Eclipse* and *Henry*, in 1823, it was supposed that one million of dollars changed pockets; but the losers were compensated in the gallant bearing of their horse; and the winners, not less in the powers of theirs, than the money they had won. It was not the money alone that was run for—it was a contest for renown—the glory of owning the greatest horse power. Fielding relates an anecdote to exemplify the pride of servants in the respectability of

their employers. But here we think the point of pride is let down much lower; we see the *masters* making it a point of honor to have the most respectable dumb beasts—and make it the business of their lives to prove it. The only *tangible* benefit to be reached by it is to ascertain the proper stock to breed from. This is something, to be sure, but whether it will repay all the time and money spent in ascertaining the fact—the thousand evils which follow in its train—drinking, interruption of labor, and all its attending corruptions of morals—is another and very appropriate consideration.

The sport is congenial, but not peculiar, to the chivalry supposed to belong to those of the South. Their Puritan brothers, the “Round heads” of the North, are not without an itching for the keenness of the sport; and although they spend less of time and money upon it, are fully equal to the Cavaliers in the speed and bottom of their horses. They think less on the subject, but, as in everything else, they think deeper.

We were drawn into reflections on this subject by seeing the announcement of the races in Nashville, Tenn., for October next. This State appears at present to be taking the lead, even of its Southern neighbors, in the magnitude of the scale upon which the sport is got up. The stakes to be run for are *over* a considerable. We see 27 subscriptions of \$1000 each—that’s for Monday, Oct. 9. After this whopper in the morning, they take breath in the evening in 13 subscriptions at \$300 each. Both of the above are for three year olds. But on Tuesday is the “Great Peyton Stake”—30 subscriptions at \$5000 each—\$150,000. This would finish their turnpike road to Pulaski. After this they cool off, and on Wednesday run for the “Alabama stake”—15 subscriptions at \$2000 each. They then gradually come down in their amounts, no doubt to accommodate the now fallen fortunes of some of their customers, and run for light purses, until Saturday closes the sport. The amount staked, exclusive of what may be put up in bye-bets, is about \$230,000. One almost wonders where they get their money. It is a little remarkable, that in Tennessee, where they have such pride of horse flesh, there is not to be found in it—from one end to the other—one single good plough—not one that an ordinary Pennsylvania farmer would put in the ground.

What will the Tennesseans say to that? It is lucky for us that we do not stand in the shoes of the editor of the Pittsburg “American.” We shall keep a bright look out for the Tennessee “Agriculturist,” to see what Dr. SHELBY, or Gen. HARDING, Maj. DAVIE, Mr. WILLIAMS, or the Rev. Mr. CRYER, have to say in reply to the assertion, that they have not “one single good plough” in the whole State!

Death of HICKMAN LEWIS, Esq.—The Alabama papers announce the death of this gentleman on the 5th instant, at the residence of his brother in Huntsville. Mr. L. was for many years a prominent Breeder in Alabama and his loss will be deeply regretted. He was the son of Col. LEWIS of Tennessee, who rendered such efficient service to his country during the Revolutionary War, and particularly at the battle of King’s Mountain. Inheriting the manly and intrepid qualities of his father, he entered the army as a volunteer, while yet in his youth, under Gen. Jackson, in the Seminole war of 1817. In his intercourse with the world, he was frank, fearless, generous and confiding. Uncalculating in his friendships, he never failed to inspire the warmest sentiments of personal regard among those with whom he was intimately acquainted. It is said of him that if at any time, from the ardor of his feelings, or from wrong impressions, he was led to do injustice to others, he was always ready, from the first moment of the conviction of his error, to make ample, complete and satisfactory atonement. In his domestic relations, he was affectionate, kind and gentle to a degree that seemed almost incompatible with the general strength and robustness of his moral character. He met his death with great composure, and with his intellect well-balanced to the last; and gave to his family and friends, satisfactory and consoling assurances, that he was a calm and firm convert to the truths of Christianity.

We hear that the match between Prince Albert and Æsop is drawn. The latter, it is said, will not be trained.

A Western Correspondent has been good enough to offer us something to do to keep us out of idleness this warm weather. We quote his modest suggestion:—

"I should be much pleased to have the pedigree of the seed horse, "*Moloch*." Also the full pedigree of "*Rosin the Bow*." I have left me, two stud colts, one from Rosin, the other from the dam of Moloch. They are likely colts. Should it be in your power to furnish me their pedigrees and performances on the Turf, it might ultimately be beneficial."

We really should not be surprised. As we have merely two weekly papers and a monthly magazine to manage, "all sole alone," legions of acquaintances and friends from the South, East, and West to entertain, and commissions for purchasing all kinds of stock and manufactures to attend to, we hardly think "it would pay" to hunt up the pedigree and performances "of the seed-horse Moloch," or of "*Rosin-the-bow*," just at present, though no doubt "it might ultimately be beneficial!"

A Presidential Game of Ten Pins.—The "Express" gives, among other items of intelligence, in a recently published letter from Old Point Comfort, in Virginia, the following:—

To-day (Tuesday) the President had all the officers of the garrison to dine with him at the Hygeia Hotel; and a right merry and pleasant party it was. The whole party have just adjourned to the nine-pin alley, where the President heads one side of a match game, and Col. Walbach, the commandant of the garrison, the other. The President's side beat the first game, and there was a tie in the second, which had to be decided by a spare ball being thrown by the President and Col. Walbach. Here the scene was very interesting. The President knocked down eight pins, and then turning to Col. Walbach, remarked, "So distinguished a soldier as you ought not to be beaten. I command you to beat this game. You have never disobeyed an order." To which the veteran (he is 78) replied, "I will endeavor, Mr. President, to do it." But he only knocked down five pins.

One of the amusements here is a theatrical exhibition by the non-commissioned officers of the garrison. One of the performances will take place to-night.

CLARK AND CASWELL'S RIFLE MATCH.

The match between Mr. ALVAN CLARK with his False-muzzled rifle, and Mr. CASWELL, with a rifle of the usual construction, came off on Friday the 21st inst. at West Troy, N. Y. The challenge was given by Mr. Clark last Spring in the following words.

"I will shoot my improved rifle, ten shots, 200 yards, against the best rifle that can be made of the common construction, in the hands of the most skilful performer the world can produce, and will wager \$100 against \$50, on the result."

Gen DUNHAM of West Troy (at which place the match was shot) was employed on the part of Mr. Caswell. Mr. Clark had but one shot over 3 inches from the centre. And such was the extraordinary skill displayed by both parties in allowing for the effects of a wind sufficiently strong to vary their shots from 6 to 12 inches, that General Dunham's shots in the aggregate measured but twenty-six inches and three eighths, leaving Mr. Clark the winner by *two inches and three fourths*.

Gen. Dunham.....	26 $\frac{3}{8}$
Mr. Clark.....	23 $\frac{1}{4}$

2 $\frac{3}{4}$

The General's hospitable mansion, garden, and fish pond, are copiously supplied, so that the party, spectators and all, were kept in fine condition, and the most becoming harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout.

Mr. J. C. BRICKEY, of Ripley County, Mo. claims the name of *Potosi* for a colt foaled this spring—got by Rosin the Bow out of Helen Mar by Potomac.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of F. G. BRENGMAN, Esq., of Jefferson, Ky.

No. 1. FANNY WRIGHT, gr. m., bred by Gov. Wright, and foaled the property of the late Gen. Thomas Emory, in May, 1827. She was got by Silverheels (for whose rich and extended pedigree see vol 3 "Turf Register," page 253, and also same vol. page 317, under the head "Zamor.") Fanny Wright is own sister to Zamor (for whose pedigree and performances see the page last quoted), her dam, Aurora, was got by Gov. Lloyd's Vington (not Maryland Vington, as Mr. Edgar has it—there was no horse of this name), grandam Pandora (bred by Dr. Edelin), g. g. dam by Grey Diomed, g. g. dam by Hall's Union, (which mare was the dam of Dr. Edelin's Floretta,) g. g. g. dam by Leonidas, g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Othello, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. George's Juniper, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Morton's Traveler, out of Tasker's Imp. Selima by the Godolphin Arabian, her dam by O d Fox—Flying Childers, etc.

On reference to the vol. of the "Turf Register" indicated above, it will be seen that *Fanny Wright* is traced, without a flaw on the dam's side, to Tasker's Selima, and also through other crosses to the same mare, and unites in her veins many crosses of some of the choicest stock ever imported into this country, particularly that of Medley. Her sire, Silverheels, her dam, Aurora, and her grandam, Edelin's Pandora, were fine runners. All the animals she traces to are on record in the "Turf Register," were renowned for their running powers at all distances, particularly in four mile heats. See vol. 3, page 317 and 318. Fanny Wright is a medley grey, over 15 hands in height, and of high racing form. To perpetuate blood which is considered so rare and valuable, she was never trained, but put to breeding at 3 years old, and it is believed there is no other female descendant through the maternal line from Pandora in this State, and only Aurora out of it, except the following, her produce:—

1831. Gr. c. by John Richards, [died at 3 days old.]

1832. Ch. ro. f. by Maryland Eclipse.

1833. Gr. f. by John Richards.

1834. Missed to Johnson's Medley.

1835. Stinted to Maryland Eclipse.

I hereby certify the above pedigree to be not only first rate but authentic.

(Signed) THOMAS EMORY.

March 4th, 1835.

The above is a true copy taken from the original in my possession this 6th of July, 1843.

F. G. BRENGMAN.

The following is the produce of Fanny Wright, owned by me:—

B. c. with a star, by Imp. Priam, foaled April 23, 1839.

B. c. by Woodpecker, foaled 26th April, 1840.

B. f. by Grey Eagle, foaled 7th April, 1842.

Gr. f. by Post Boy, foaled 12th April, 1843.

Fanny Wright missed to Shark in 1841.

No. 2 — *Buy mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Woodpecker, dam by Old Court, g. dam by Ball's Florizel—she is stinted to Birmingham.

The above b. c. by Imp. Priam, now named *Tiberius*, is a beautiful bay, with the near fore foot white, and both of his hinder ones, with a star in his forehead; is sixteen hands one inch high, and combines the most just proportion with great beauty and fine action.

(Signed) F. G. BRENGMAN.

July 6th, 1843.

P. S. There is also a grey mare by Imp. Autocrat, out of Fanny Wright, 7 years old this Spring, owned by Messrs. Chew and Dorsett, of Maryland.

F. G. BRENGMAN.

Pedigree of THE KING.

I do hereby certify that a bay colt sold by me to Dr. T. PAYNE, and called by him THE KING, was got by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. Bashful, and was foaled late in the season of 1840. This colt was engaged by me in the Ladies Stake at Baltimore, this Spring.

Bashful was got by St. Patrick, out of Spavina, by Orville—Mirandola, by Haphazard—Allegretta, by Trumpator—Young Camilla, by Woodpecker—Camilla, by Trentham—Coquette, by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus, etc.

I do not know a better pedigree in the English Stud Book.

A. T. B. MERRITT.

Hicksford, May 12th, 1843.

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1843.

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF MONARCH:

Engraved on Steel by DICK after one by HINSHILWOOD, from a Painting by TROYE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C. Mount Vernon Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
 BALTIMORE, Md. - Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
 COLUMBIA, S. C. - Jockey Club Races, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec
 FRANKFORT, Ky. - Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th April.
 LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
 NASHVILLE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Oct.
 " " The Great Peyton Stake, and others, come off same week.
 NATCHEZ, Miss. - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.
 NATCHITOCHES, La Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Monday, 30th Oct.
 NEW YORK - - - Union Course, L. I., J. C. First Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
 " " - - - " " " 2d " " 5th Tuesday, 31st Oct.
 OPELOUSAS, La. - St. Landry Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.
 PHILADELPHIA, Pa. Camden Course, N. J., J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
 PITTSYLVANIA, Va. Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
 RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.



Kneller del.

MONARCH.

Page 1

MONARCH:

THE PROPERTY OF COL. W. HAMPTON, OF COLUMBIA, S. C.

WITH A PORTRAIT ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK AFTER ONE BY HINSHILWOOD,
FROM A PAINTING BY TROYE.

In preparing the memoir of Monarch, we incur the risk of wearying the reader by repeating former observations, so frequently has he been the subject of remark in this magazine and the "Spirit of the Times." Yet it is fitting that his portrait should be accompanied by a condensed statement of such circumstances connected with the horse himself, his ancestry, and his Racing career, as will justify the praise that has been bestowed upon him, and vindicate his claim to the high position he holds in the estimation of Turfmen and Breeders. Nor shall we hesitate to make use of the great, though scattered, variety of materials before us, without any attempt to change the form of expression, if already embodied in such shape as suits our purpose. The principal materials to which we allude will be found dispersed through the "Register" and the files of our weekly publication; the English Calendars, Stud Books, and Sporting Magazines have, however, been freely consulted.

Monarch was bred at the Hampton Court Stud by His Majesty William IV. in 1834. Nothing bred in the Royal Stud was kept beyond the first year, and a public annual sale took place at Tattersalls, of the foals "on the Monday in the Derby week." At the sale in 1835, the lot put up consisted of twenty-seven, and there was much competition between American and English gentlemen in the bidding. The average price brought by the lot was within a fraction of One hundred and four Guineas, but Monarch was knocked down at Two hundred and fifty-six—or *about* Thirteen Hundred Dollars. This was the second best price given for any of the lot (only four of them bringing so high a price as Two hundred guineas), and it indicates the estimation in which the stock was held in England.

Monarch was imported in the autumn of 1836, with a number of brood mares and young things for the same owner. In the May number (1840,) of the "Register" appeared some notices of Col. Hampton's stud, by the Editor, who had then recently visited Columbia. From those notes we take the following description of Monarch:—

"He is a rich satin-coated blood bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and no other white than a star. He is a horse of great bone and substance, and fully sixteen hands under the standard. The finest points about him, to our taste, are his chest and loins: very few horses evince so much ability to pack weight. He has a well proportioned head and neck, the former clean and blood-like, with wide nostrils, intelligent and cheerful eyes, and a throttle large and well detached. His arms are muscular and strong, without any show of "beefiness," while his cannon bones are short and stout,

the leaders standing out in clear relief; his knees are broad and flat, and his pasterns unexceptionably good. There is no lack of bone and sinew below the knee; the complaint of their being "*too small below the knee*" has been the most general one urged against the imported horses, but in this respect Monarch can even give odds to his sire, who is, beyond dispute, the most splendid race horse and stallion ever imported into the United States by "the Virginia Company." We never saw a horse that we preferred to him, and had he a *little* more substance and strength "behind," he could not be improved. In this latter respect we prefer Monarch, who by the bye, is "the very image" of him in general appearance. Monarch's shoulder is very broad, and particularly well shaped, the blades inclining well back in the sway, forming with his loin and quarters an arch of remarkable strength. His chest is very roomy and well shaped, giving the utmost freedom to his respiratory organs, and instead of being slight or cut up in the waist, he is very deep through the flank, while his barrel is ribbed home with a degree of power, that reminds one forcibly of the Great Plenipo, or of the portraits of imported Messenger. About his thigh and stifle Monarch is especially good, while his hocks could not possibly be improved; the leaders are so detached that they can be traced from his pastern to the hock, and it occurred to us while looking at the formation of his legs from the stifle to the ground, that perhaps no horse in the Union was so well calculated to cross with Eclipse mares; it would be impossible to throw out a curb on legs like these. From the elbow to the knee, and from the whirlbone to the hock, few horses can measure with him. His pasterns are flexible and of good length, while his feet are well shaped and sound as Spanish dollars. Monarch was a remarkable steady goer, gathering quick and with as much ease as any horse we have ever seen. He moved with a long, rating, business-like stroke, coming well down to his work, with no clambering nor dwelling. We frequently see a fast horse all abroad at times, with seemingly no ability to get into his stride, but Monarch could not be taken by surprise; his action was so even and mechanical that he was always ready, and like a well constructed machine, was propelled with a greater or less degree of velocity, as directed by the controlling influence of his rider. Added to all this he is remarkably fine tempered, ran on his courage, and had a nice idea of "perpetual motion."

Monarch, foaled in 1834, was got by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker. Delphine—bred in 1825 by Mr. Petre—was out of My Lady by Comus, and she out of 'The Colonel's dam by Delpini; 'The Colonel's dam out of 'Tipple Cyder by King Fergus, and she out of Sylvia by Young Marske, out of Ferret by a brother to Sylvio—Regulus—Lord Morton's Arabian—Mixbury—Mulso Bay Turk—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—Hutton's Grey Barb—Byerley Turk—Bustler.

Nothing can be richer than this pedigree! Priam, the Eclipse and wonder of *his* day, united in himself the most desirable crosses from Orville and Eleanor—the rivals of *their* day, and the latter the only winner of both the Derby and the Oaks. Whisker, the

own brother of Whalebone, both winners of the Derby, and best horses of *their* day—also rivals in fame to the Eleanor stock—the true “Prunella sort.”—Comus, Delpini, King Fergus, Young Marske, &c., all have been renowned in the annals of the English Turf.

That Monarch comes from a racing family will be further apparent when the reader thinks of the performances and produce of his maternal ancestry. Delphine was a distinguished performer upon the turf. She came out in her two year old form as Mr. Petre's, in 1827, and won £105 at Manchester. The following year she won £210 at Doncaster, and the Cups at Richmond and Northallerton. In 1829 she won the Gold Cup at Pontefract, and the King's Plate at Richmond. In 1830, being withdrawn from the Turf, she passed successively through the hands of Mr. Gully, Mr. Goring, and Lord Lichfield, from whom she was purchased by his late Majesty William IV. in 1833, and passed into the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, where she remained until it was broken up after his death in 1837. In this year, on the 25th of Oct., at the sale of the Stud, she was bought in by Mr. Tattersall; she was at the time in foal to Plenipo. She was subsequently sold to Col. Hampton, her present owner, for 500 Guineas, and was imported into Charleston, S. C., in Nov., 1838. The following is a list of

THE PRODUCE OF DELPHINE.

1831. Ch. c. <i>Stapleton</i> , by Velocipede.....	Mr. Gully.
1832. Ch. c. <i>Leander</i> , by Langar.....	Mr. Goring.
1833. Br. c. <i>Toss-up</i> , by Velocipede.....	Lord Lichfield.
1834. B. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam.....	} His Majesty.
1835. Ch. f. <i>The Queen</i> , by Priam.....	
1836. Slipped foal to Sultan.....	
1837. Missed to Emilius.....	
1838. Slipped foal to Plenipo.....	Mr. Tattersall.
1839. Ch. c. <i>Herald</i> , by Plenipo.....	} Col. Hampton.
1840. Slipped twins to Imp. Hybiscus.....	

[Delphine was stunted to Priam in '40, but we are not informed of her Produce since.]

Stapleton, Delphine's first colt, was sent to the Continent at an early age. *Leander* was a winner at Epsom and Reigate in his 3 yr. old form. *Toss-up* started but twice; he was not placed in the Derby of 1836—won by Bay Middleton; and at the Newmarket July Meeting of that year he beat Lord Exeter's b. c. Jemmy, in a match, T. Y. C., £100 a side, h. ft., with 6 to 5 on *Toss-up*. Of this the *Old Sporting Magazine* says—"It was a very pretty and sharp-run affair, won by half a length at the finish:—even betting, the winner for choice."—In the Houghton Meeting, the same year, Lord Lichfield paid forfeit on him in a match with Lord Exeter's Toga. *Monarch* comes next, and his performances will be found further on. The next of Delphine's Produce was *The Queen*, own sister to *Monarch*. So well pleased was Col. Hampton with his former purchase, that at the next sale of the Hampton Court Stud, he purchased *The Queen* for One Hundred and Ninety Guineas, the second best price brought by any of the seven filly foals put up. *The Queen* came out in 1838; she won all her stakes in that year, and never lost a race till she met Boston at the Newmarket Course, at Petersburg, Va. on the 26th of Sept., 1839. She put up that

champion of the Turf in a *second* four mile heat to better time than had ever before been made on that course. Subsequently to the race, she was sold to the owner of Boston for \$8000! The week following she won a three mile race at Broad Rock, Va., beating four others; she was then withdrawn from the Turf, upon which she certainly ranked as one of the very best of her day. Next comes *Herald*, by Plenipo, engaged in the Peyton Stake of thirty subscribers at \$5000 each, \$1000 forfeit, Four mile heats, to come off over the Nashville Course, Tenn., on the 12th, the present month. We have frequently seen him, and he is certainly one of the most promising of the nominations in that great affair.

Revert now to Monarch's maternal grand dam, *My Lady* by Comus. She was bred by Mr. Wyvill in 1818; she came out in 1820, in the name of Mr. Milne, and won 180gs. and 80gs. at York, and 80gs. at Pontefract; the next year, she won the Gascoigne Stakes at Doncaster, and the year following, in Mr. Petre's name, she won 100gs. at Doncaster, and 70gs. at Lincoln. She was now put to the breeding stud, and the first of her produce, Barbara, by The Laird, was a winner; the next, was Delphine, who as was stated above was a winner; the next, was Apollonia, bred in 1829, by Whisker, likewise a winner. We do not find that the three next of her produce, Frankenstein, Rose Roche, and Buryrsdorf, started at all. In 1834, she produced Lord Chesterfield's Jereed, by Sultan, who in his two year old form won 350gs. at York, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, the only times he ever started. He was at one time first favorite for the Derby of 1837, but did not start; in 1838 he covered at Twelve Guineas. *My Lady* was imported in 1837, by the Messrs. Corbin, of Virginia. Immediately after landing she dropped Passenger, by Langar, whose brilliant career upon our Turf in 1839, and 1840, is familiar to all sportsmen. Shortly after his last race at Trenton, he died of lockjaw, the property of Maj. Ringgold.

Let us now go one step further back to Monarch's g. g. dam, the dam of *My Lady*. She was a Delpini mare, who died in 1826; her produce in 1825, by Whisker, was The Colonel, for whom William IV. gave 2500gs. He was the most famous horse of his day,—won the St. Leger in 1828, and ran a dead heat with Cadland for the Derby!

What more need be said of *the blood* of Monarch? He is not only what is technically called well-bred, but he comes from the most fashionable stock, *and from a running stock*—the best possible recommendation for Monarch in the Breeding Stud.

We enter now upon his Racing career. Monarch came out in the Autumn of 1837, being then a 3 yr. old, at Columbia, S. C., and the following is the record of his first race:—

1837. Columbia, S. C., Thursday, Nov. 23.—Jockey Club Purse \$400. free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine, 3 yrs.....	1	1
R. C. Richardson's ch. m. <i>Betsey Baxter</i> , by Crusader, dam by Little Billy, 5 yrs.....	3	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. m. <i>Gabriella</i> , by Sir Charles, dam by Shyllock, 5 yrs.....	2	dist.
M. R. Smith's ch. c. <i>Short Robin</i> , by Marcellus, dam by Darling Dove, 3 yrs.....	4	dr.
Col. J. H. Adams' gr. c. <i>Leiber</i> , by Mons. Tonson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs.....	dist.	
P. McRa's ch. f. <i>Ellen Percy</i> , by Godolphin, dam by Bedford, 3 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:55—3:58.

"Gabriella had a very bad start in the second heat, which lost her 70 or 80 yards. The Priam colt is a trump; nay, *the ace of trumps*. He won with all ease, and could have distanced the field in either heat."

On the Saturday following he galloped for the Hampton Plate.

— *Columbia, S. C., Saturday, Nov. 25.*—"The Hampton Plate," entrance equal to the value of the Plate, weights as before. Two mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 3 yrs..... walked over.

From Columbia, he went over to Augusta, Ga., and ran his only race of three miles.

1838. *Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., Thursday, Feb. 8.*—Purse \$600, weights as before. Three mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam—Delphine by Whisker. 3 yrs..... 1 1
M. L. Hammond's gr. m. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Time, 6:25—6:26.

"The imported colt, a 'monarch' indeed, in symmetry, size, and beauty, was the favorite at about dollars to cents, Sally being amiss—though unable to put him up the best day she ever saw. Monarch won both heats without running a stroke. The rain was pouring down incessantly all day."

From Augusta, Col. Hampton started his stable for the Charleston races by the Rail Road. When the downward train of cars arrived within a mile of Woodstock, the locomotive ran off the road, and drew after it the tender, the baggage-cars, and several freight-cars, and also a car containing Col. Hampton's horses and several others. Many horses were injured, and Monarch so severely, that it was presumed at the time he never would be able to start again. At Augusta, it was understood that Billy Townes, Gerow, and Monarch, would enter for the Jockey Club Purse of \$600, at Charleston, Three mile heats, to be run for on the 22d of February, and a stake had been entered into on this supposition for \$500, h. ft. Monarch was of course not entered. From the effects of his accident, he did not recover so as to start again till the following Autumn. He then came out at Columbia, S. C., and made his first race of four mile heats.

— *Columbia, S. C., Tuesday, Nov. 20.*—Jockey Club Purse \$700, weights as before. Four mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Col. R. H. Goodwyn's ch. h. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 yrs..... 2 dr.
Time, 8:07.

"Gil. Patrick, after riding sixteen winning races at New York this season, during six meetings, reached Columbia just in season to mount Monarch the Four mile day. He brought him home an easy winner, having never been extended a single yard—waiting on Big John until he entered the last stretch, he passed him without difficulty, and beat him *only* a length or two. Big John was then withdrawn. Monarch was the favorite at 3 and 4 to 1." He next appears on the

— *Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga., Dec. 13.*—Purse \$1500, weights as before. Four mile heats.
Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs..... 1 1
Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. *Gerow*, by Henry, out of Vixen by Eclipse, 4 yrs..... 3 2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs..... 2 3
Time, 8:10—8:36.

"The betting on this race was 3 and 4 to 1 on Monarch against

the field. Monarch under a hard pull, came home in beautiful style about five or six lengths in advance.

1839. *Washington Course, Charleston, S. C., Wednesday, Feb. 20.*—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. <i>Monarch</i> , by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick</i>	1	1
W. H. B. Richardson's ch. c. <i>Trident</i> , by Bertrand Jr., out of Little Venus by Sir William of Transport, 3 yrs.....		3	2
Lovell & Hammond's Imp. b. f. <i>Florida Hepburn</i> , by Tramp, out of Miss Armstrong by Whisker, 3 yrs.....		2	dr
Time, 8.07—8.55.			

"Monarch was the favorite at 10 to 1, and might as well have walked over for the purse, for he was not obliged to extend himself in any part of the race, though the last two miles of the 1st heat were run in 3:51."

— *Washington Course, Charleston, S. C., Saturday, Feb. 23.*—The "Tattersall Whip," presented by RICHARD TATTERSALL, Esq., of London, to the S. C. Jockey Club, united to a subscription of \$200 each, (upon the principle which governs the race for "The Whip" in England.) Four miles.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine by Whisker, 4 yrs., 111lbs..... walked over.

Gil. Patrick being directed to gallop Monarch round, he went off at about half-speed. Near the termination of the 3d mile, his owner complied with the urgent wishes of his friends, and ordered Gil. "to pull him steady and let him go." Bracing him with a hard pull, Gil. brushed him the 4th mile, which he ran with the greatest ease in 1:48, with 111lbs. up!

After this race, Col. Hampton refused \$20,000 for Monarch, indeed he has frequently been offered and refused that sum for him. He was now thrown out of training, till the autumn of this year, when he was again taken up. But a day or two before the return of Col. H. from Virginia, Monarch in galloping upon his private course, met with an accident by striking his foot on a stone, or some other hard substance, by which he sprung the leader of his right fore leg, and he was in consequence withdrawn from the Turf.

From the above details, the reader will perceive that *Monarch never lost a heat, and and that he was never put up.* Nor had Col. Hampton in his strong stable any thing that could give him a trial. In his 4 yr. old form, he more than once beat Imp. Emily, herself a distinguished winner in South Carolina and Georgia, giving her 27lbs.

Monarch made his first season in 1840 at the Woodlands, under the charge of Stewart, his trainer, at \$100. At that price he had had in the middle of June fifty-five mares besides his owner's. Among this number were the dams of Wagner, of Portsmouth, of Gano, of Sorrow, and other good ones; among the untried ones who went to him, we can recall the names of Mary Blunt, Bolivia, Bay Maria, etc. In the autumn he was sent out to Kentucky to to the Hon. HENRY CLAY, where he had some choice, though not a large number of, mares. The following season he returned home to South Carolina.

We have seen some of Monarch's stock and take infinite pleasure in bearing testimony to their fine size, form, and bloodlike appearance. A friend, lately from Kentucky, assures us that Monarch has some of the finest colts in the State.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the September Number of the "Turf Register," page 447.

ON PLATING RACE-HORSES.

RACE-HORSES should always be plated before they are brought to post, where it can be done with safety. All men conversant with the Turf are fully aware of the very great importance of weight. They consider, and very justly too, that every ounce is of consequence, when horses are supposed to be equally matched, and more particularly when they have to come long lengths.

I shall make but few observations on the plating of such horses as are standing at home stables, as they are principally young ones, particularly at Newmarket, being mostly yearlings and two-year-olds. I have never known the former travel, at least when in training, and the latter but in few instances. If, when trained, they are found to be good ones, they are generally entered for stakes with horses of their own year, and run the usual lengths. It is pretty much the same with the three and four-year-olds as with the younger ones; for if those horses are in any repute, they are kept in reserve to run for the great stakes at the principal meetings, and they are mostly standing in home stables, where, under the superintendence of training-grooms, more than usual care is paid to their feet; and as they neither travel so much nor run so often as country plate horses, their feet (unless naturally defective) are very strong, with plenty of horn. The shoeing smiths who live in a racing neighborhood, are generally good hands at plating horses, being constantly in the habit of receiving instructions, and as constantly cautioned by training grooms to be careful in fitting the plates, preserving the feet and driving the nails. These advantages, together with their own experience, in plating the number of horses kept every year by the noblemen and gentlemen of Turf celebrity in the different counties where racing is known to be so universally patronized, render them so expert, that with such feet as I have here described, they are seldom liable to accidents in plating horses. Yet it is not impossible but that an accident may sometimes happen in plating horses, even in these stables. It may therefore be advisable to plate such horses as may have good sound feet, and that are standing in stables close to the running ground, the evening prior to their running, after their coming in from exercise. On the morning that a horse is going to run, it is usual to walk him out on the heath, and there let him take a short canter, merely to see if all is right, and if he is well on his feet and legs. If the horse is observed by the groom to go stiff or short, and if the groom is of opinion that this is occasioned by

anything wrong about either of the horse's feet, there will be time to remove the plates, and to give the nails less hold or a different direction. The foot may afterwards be relaxed in a bucket of water, so that the horse may be brought to post and run, without much danger of being lamed, if the ground be not too hard.

Horses that may be heavily engaged, as some of those which may be entered for either of the great stakes—the Derby, or the Oaks, at Epsom, or that valuable and interesting stake, the St. Leger, at Doncaster—often stand high in public opinion. Under these circumstances, to make all safe, and to satisfy the public, it is usual, and indeed very proper, to bring good shoeing and plating smiths to attend them, from the different neighborhoods where large training establishments are kept. This arrangement cannot well extend to country plate horses that are travelling during the summer from one meeting to the other; and from the repeated necessity there is for removing the horses and plates of such horses, their feet are frequently in a very broken and weak state on their return to the home stables in autumn.

The foregoing are remarks which were made by me at a time when I knew but little more about the feet of horses than picking them out and washing them. I have seen some few instances of race-horses' feet being in a bad state, since I have been a Veterinary Surgeon in the Army, and that, too, early in the summer. I am of opinion, from the observations I made in those instances, that the cause of the diseased state of the feet might be traced to a want of knowledge on the part of both the groom and smith, and not to any neglect of either.

I have had the ordering and arranging of the plating of a few horses in my time, some of which have not had the very best feet; and as I have on such occasions paid more than common attention to the subject, I shall enter upon it, as far as I think necessary, to explain to grooms, head lads, and country shoeing smiths, the most advantageous methods to be adopted in the plating of such feet as from peculiar circumstances may require much care and attention.

There are many shoeing smiths in the country who shoe horses very well; but there are many of them who have but little experience in plating horses, and what is worse, as it frequently happens, they have the most difficult feet to put plates upon.

But I am of opinion, if grooms will take the trouble (and I think they will) of paying proper attention to the following remarks on this subject, they may be enabled to give the country smiths such precautionary instructions and directions as they see necessary; and they may often suggest to them a method of making the plates, and putting them on in difficult cases, not only securely, but without laming their horses; for although, as I have just observed, country smiths may shoe tolerably well, yet if they have not had some experience in putting on plates, or if proper directions be not given them, they may unintentionally fall into error, and which, with race-horses, I believe most racing men are aware must be guarded against as much as possible.

Whenever horses are to be plated, the groom may go himself, or after the stable hour is concluded, he may send one of the boys, to the smith over night, with orders for him to attend at the stables in the morning, by the time the horses are returned from exercise, that he may take measure of their feet, and make the plates for such of them as may be going to run on the following day.

The smith, when measuring the horses' feet, commonly makes use of two straws, for the purpose of taking the length with one and the breadth with the other, and if he does not understand figures, he will, of course, do it more correctly this way than by a rule. If there is any difference to be made between the size of the shoe and that of the plate, it is that the latter should be rather less than the former in its circumference round the foot, so that the plate may, to a certain extent, rest in the bed which may have been formed by the shoe. The plate should not, by any means, project beyond the edge of the hoof; for, should a restless, irritable horse have to saddle on the course (which is the case where there is no rubbing house) he may, from ranging about, tread a plate off, unless the precaution is taken of setting the plate level with, or within the edge of the hoof. An accident of this sort not only keeps other horses waiting, but it may create a dispute as to whether the horses that are ready to start at the time fixed should wait or not.

Now, as the crust or wall of horses' feet that may have been often plated, is more or less broken, the groom should direct the smith, as he is measuring the feet, to make his observations on the most sound parts of the crust, and as the nail holes of plates are placed further apart than those of shoes, it sometimes gives the smith the advantage of driving his nails into the more sound parts of the foot. The groom, on such occasions, cannot too strongly point out the necessity of punching the nail holes in such parts of the plate as will immediately correspond with the sound part of the horn, provided those parts are so situated as to admit of the nails being driven into them, and the plate rendered secure without driving the nails too far back from the end of the heels of the plates; or if, to preserve the hoof, the smith can safely drive a nail occasionally into an old hole, it may be done.

From what has been already said, it will appear pretty evident that the making of plates must vary according to circumstances. As plates are narrow, they cannot well come in contact with the sole, so as to occasion pressure there; they may therefore be made flat on both sides. Whether the horses' plates should be made to come home to the heels of the fore-feet (and which I shall call the three-quarter plates) will depend on circumstances. I shall first describe how the former should be made. The smith is to observe in the making and fitting of this plate, that the heels of it are to be brought but just up or home to the horse's heels when on, and not to project the least beyond them; and to prevent any hold being taken by the toes of the hind feet, the heels of the fore plates should be bevelled off.

If plates are properly forged, they require little or no rasping, which only renders them weak. Plates for moderate sized horses need scarcely ever exceed in breadth three-and-a-half eighths of an inch. Middle sized, light horses, running short races, and not heats (more particularly if the ground is soft), may not require them even of that breadth and substance. But for large horses, whose feet are in proportion to their size, the plate should vary accordingly. The fullering or grove, which is made round the centre of the plate, cannot well be too coarse, provided it does not too much weaken the plate. The fullering must be made in the centre, for if it is made to approach too near the outer edge, it will weaken the plate, in which case the smith cannot well get sufficient hold with his nails to keep the plate secure.

The depth of the fullering must be regulated, and the nail holes punched in it, according to the substance of the plate and the size of the nails which are likely to be used in putting it on; that is to say, that by a smart blow or two from the hammer after the nails are driven, the heads of them should be buried and on a level with the surface of the plates.

The situation in which each nail hole should be placed will depend in a great measure on the size of the plates. In good feet, the nail holes should begin where the toe may be said to end. There should be four nails on each side: the first and second nail holes from the toe may be punched an inch or more apart. Be this as it may, the smith must observe to regulate the distance here between these two holes so as to admit of his punching the third within the distance of about an inch and a half of the end of the heel of the plate; and in the centre of the space there left, between the third nail and the end of the plate, the last hole of the four should be punched; otherwise the plates, particularly of the fore-feet, will spring at the heels, from the concussion produced by severe running on hard ground.

Horses that are kept in reserve for particular races, are consequently but seldom running. Their shoes and plates not being often removed, their feet (unless they have been neglected) are sound and strong, with good heels and plenty of horn to nail to. For such horses, the full plate is to be preferred, as it gives the horse a more firm and level tread with his fore-feet than the three-quarter plate can possibly do.

The three-quarter plate is made in most respects like the full plate, except in its length. Being shorter, it seldom requires for its security more than three nails on each side; and as in the first mentioned plate, where the toe ends, the first nail-hole should be punched; the divisions being so arranged by the smith, as to the distance from each other, as to admit of the last hole being punched within half an inch of the end of the plate.

A three-quarter plate is more generally used for country plate horses, their feet having got out of order from the repeated running and travelling, together with the necessity there is of frequently removing their shoes and plates. The plate must not be made to approach nearer the end of the horse's heels than there is horn

sufficiently sound for it to rest upon: and it should also be sufficiently strong at those parts to give the two last nails a firm hold, that the plate may not spring at the heels when the horse is running.

Some horses' feet will allow of a plate of this sort coming within half an inch of the end of the heels; and others may not allow of its coming within an inch or more. It is the soundness and substance of the horn at the horse's heels and quarters which must regulate the length of the plates.

Country plate horses, if they are good ones and properly selected, are generally of pretty strong constitutions: and when they are sent on a circuit, or what is commonly called a roving commission, it is with a view to pick up what plates they can; and as the season advances, unless great care is taken of them, their feet, from the causes already mentioned, get into a very indifferent state; so much so, that it is often difficult for even a good smith to put their plates on with safety, and at the same time securely.

The hind plates may be made as the fore ones, and may be brought well home to the heels, as the heels of the hind feet are mostly in a good state. If a horse is a long striding one, and a free runner, he is likely to be rather a difficult one at his turns; and although it may be bad judgment to run such a horse on a small round course, yet if such should happen, it may be advisable for the safety of both the rider and the horse, to give the latter some hold of the ground, by turning up the heels of his hind plates. But with a horse of the middle size, that has a short but quick stride, gives his race kindly, and is handy at his turns, there may be no occasion to turn up the plates. However, an experienced training groom, before his horse is plated, generally puts himself in possession of the sort of course he is going to run over, by previously cantering his hack over it, and he should afterwards regulate the plating of his horse according to circumstances.

The plates being made according to the directions given, the groom must then decide whether they shall be put on in the stable or on the course. This will depend on the distance the former is from the latter, and the sort of feet the horse may have.

Many of our country courses have not a stable near them. On such occasions, the horses are often obliged to stand at stables in the adjoining town, which is sometimes at a very considerable distance, perhaps two or three miles. This is much too long a length for horses to walk in their plates; indeed under almost any circumstances, it is too far, unless it be on turf. If there is no other way to the running ground except on the hot surface of a hard turnpike road, I should strongly recommend the groom to have his horse plated on the course, more particularly if the three-quarter plates are to be used.

I shall now make some few remarks on taking the shoes off from race-horses' feet, preparatory to the putting on of the plates. When the wall or crust of a horse's feet is strong, and there is plenty of horn to nail to, and the soles are of a good substance, the shoes may be taken off in the usual manner, without much

risk of injuring the foot. The smith, in taking them off, first knocks up the clinches with his buffer ; then with one side of his pincers placed between the shoe and the sole of the foot, and with the other side of them placed on the outside and upper edge of the shoe, he gives sufficient strength in forcing them downwards and inwards, to draw the nails, and the shoe comes off in the pincers. But with horses that have thin weak feet, this method of taking off the shoes must never be had recourse to. I have observed smiths, who were not much in the habit of taking shoes off from horses' feet, use more strength than judgment. On such occasions, if they would give themselves time for a moment to examine the sort of feet from which they may be going to remove shoes, they would find that to use less of the former, and more of the latter, would not only be considerably safer for the horses, but much more advantageous to themselves ; for by doing the thing properly, they would preserve the foot, and have more horn to nail to.

In removing shoes from bad feet, the smith should first knock up the clinches with one end of the buffer, and with the other he should start the nails, and then draw them out with the pincers one by one ; the shoe would then immediately fall off. This is the way in which the groom should insist on the horse's shoes being taken off, so that the horn may be preserved as much as possible.

In putting on a race-horse's plates, it will be observed that, if the horse's shoes should not have been removed from his feet for the space of three weeks, the hoof will, during that period, have grown, and with the action and weight of the horse, the shoe will, in some degree, have imbedded itself into the foot. After the shoe is taken off, nothing should be done to the foot if it can be avoided, as (if the plate is made as I direct) there will be a sort of seat or bed round the crust in which the plate will lay, and this will in some measure support and assist in keeping it in its place. However, it may sometimes be necessary, after the shoe is off, to run the rasp very lightly round the lower edge of the crust. If the groom and smith see that it is requisite to remove a very small portion of horn, so as to level the foot that the plate may have an even surface to lay on, it must be done ; but this is all that can be wanting. The heels of weak feet should be kept strong, that is to say, nothing should unnecessarily be removed from them.

Little need be said with regard to the nails which are used in putting on plates. The sizes which are in general use are from No. 4 to No. 6, depending much on the size of the foot, and weight of the plates. They should be tough, and of the best quality ; and as it is not necessary to drive them very high up in good feet, the shorter they are, in reason, the better, as the clinches will not be so coarse as a long nail ; and this is an object worth attending to, more particularly with such horses as have thin crusts. The smith, having carefully sized, straightened, and judiciously pointed his nails, according to the sort of feet he is going to drive them into, next commences putting on the plates. If he takes but com-

mon care, there is not much difficulty or danger to be apprehended in the driving the nails into such feet as are strong, sound, and good. But without the greatest care and attention possible on the part of a good smith, difficulty will be encountered, and danger is to be apprehended in driving nails into weak, broken, and unsound feet.

A smith, on putting plates on such feet, must be very careful, and pitch his nails a little in, or out, so as to give the proper direction to each nail in passing it safely either low down or high up through such parts of the wall or crust of the foot. As he approaches towards the quarters and heels, it will be necessary for him to reduce the size of the nails, not only to prevent those parts from being much broken, but to give to each nail here, of whatever size it may be, a safe and secure hold; or when it is necessary to get a hold higher up in the foot, and when a common shoeing nail is used for the purpose, the smith should take care in beating out the nail, to draw it rather fine at the point, that in driving it he may not break the upper part of the hoof more than can be avoided.

The nails being driven, the smith gives a smart blow or two with his hammer on the head of each nail, so as to drive it home and bring the head upon a level with the surface of the plates; he then nips off the points with his pincers, and knocks down the clinches. But a smith who may not have been accustomed to plate horses is very likely (unless he is cautioned by the groom) to do in this case as he would in putting on shoes in the common way, which is, before he knocks down the clinches, to make a nick with the edge of his rasp under each clinch, so as to let the clinches into the hoof. This should never be done in plating horses, as it only tends to weaken those parts in the hoof, and more particularly if the crust or wall of the foot should be thin. There is another error into which a smith may fall who is unaccustomed to plate horses, if he is not cautioned. The error to which I allude is that of his improperly using his rasp in what he calls finishing off the foot, by rasping over almost the whole surface, and thereby weakening the crust. This is not the only disadvantage likely to result from this method, for as the clinches of the nails used for putting on plates are small, the most trifling rub with a rasp may cut through them, or perhaps so much weaken them as to render the plates insecure. If there is any occasion to use the rasp after the plate is put on, it can be only to rub down the head of a common shoeing nail which may project, when the fullering is not sufficiently coarse to let in the head of it.

I will, for example, suppose an instance at a country meeting at which it is the custom to run heats. When a horse has run the first heat he is pulled up and rode to the scale for the jockey to weigh; after which he is led out from the crowd to some convenient place to be rubbed over, and to be got ready for the second heat. This being done, and the horse's clothes put on, the boy who looks after him takes up his feet, and if necessary, he picks them out. But there is one thing which the boy knows to be very

necessary, and that is to see that his horse's plates are not only on, but that nothing has happened to them ; that is to say, he must see that the plate is neither broken nor sprung at the heel. Such things will sometimes occur when the ground is hard, and the plates light, or when they are not nailed close to the end of the heels. If a plate is thrown or broken, a fresh one must be put on. If a plate has sprung at the heel, it must be put right, which may be sometimes done without taking it off, provided the horse has very strong sound feet. When a plate can be put right on the foot without removing it, or without any risk of laming the horse, the method of doing it is this—the smith should place his pincers (shut, or nearly so) between the plate and the foot, and by giving a gentle blow or two with his hammer on the end or heel of the latter, he brings it straight again ; after which, as the foot is strong, he may, in order to prevent the same thing from recurring, take fresh hold higher up, or by making use of a larger sized nail in the same hole, secure the plate. But when a plate may have sprung at the heel of a weak foot, the groom must never allow the smith to put the plate right on the foot, or the odds are that the horse will be lamed. The plate must be taken off and brought in place on any hard level surface that will answer the purpose.

To prevent anything of this sort happening to a horse's plates, the greatest care and attention should be paid by the groom to the making of them, as also to the putting them on ; for when it happens that a horse's plates get at all wrong, it sometimes occasions great trouble and delay, if the horse be high-couraged or impetuous, and more particularly, should he have been called upon rather severely, or perhaps punished a little in running the first heat. From these causes, together with the noise and bustle of the crowd, the horse becomes so irritable and anxious, that it is at times very difficult, where there may not be a stable or rubbing house for the horse to go into, for the boy who looks after him (even with the assistance of the groom—aye, and I will give him his hack into the bargain) to pacify such a horse and get him to stand quiet on the course for the smith to put the plate aright on his foot ; or he may perhaps be obliged to take it off for this purpose. Such occurrences show how necessary it is for the smith to be in attendance on the race-ground during the day the horse has to run. Indeed, unless he is on the spot with his tools, spare plates, and plenty of nails properly sorted and well pointed, the horse cannot (if a plate gets wrong) start for the second or perhaps the third heat, the consequences of which are too self-evident to need explanation.

From incessant travelling and running a horse's feet soon get out of order, unless great care be taken. When they are in that state, the horse must run in three-quarter plates, if he has to run long lengths, or heats ; and if the ground be hard, his feet will suffer much from concussion, and become very hot and painful.

If the horse, after running, has a long way to walk to his stable, perhaps on a hard road, his plates should be carefully taken off on the course, and his shoes should afterwards be as carefully put on.

But when a horse walks from the course to his stable in his plates, I have known some grooms, after having the plates taken off, let the horse stand without shoes. Of this I do not approve. A horse with his feet in the state I have described, cannot well bear the weight of his body on them without shoes; and until the heat and pain in his feet subside, he is mostly seen lying down. I should recommend grooms not to let a horse, under the above circumstances, stand without shoes. It is better by far to put them lightly on, driving the nails into the old holes, and turning down the clinches as easy as possible. A horse can then bear his weight, and will stand or move about in his stall or box with much more ease to himself, than when he has no shoes on.

Remedies for the relief of his feet can be much better applied, but not bran poultices, as used to be the custom. These are not good on such occasions, as the weight of the horse when standing spreads them abroad, and the heat of the feet soon absorbs the moisture of the poultice; and they are inconvenient for horses either to stand or lie down in. It was the custom, and a very excellent one, on a horse's arriving at his stable after running, to foment his legs and feet. I should afterwards put wet pads round the crust of the fore-feet, and stop the bottoms with wet tow, before the stables are shut up at night. The pads and tow should be fresh wetted every stable hour.

If the horse be a craving one, and is likely to lay by for ten or twelve days, I should recommend a dose of physic to keep him light and to assist in getting his feet cool. As soon as the inflammation and soreness had left his feet, the wet pads should be removed, and the tar ointment occasionally applied round the crust of the feet, always keeping the bottoms constantly stopped with wet tow. This is the treatment I should apply to the feet of horses that may have got out of order from the causes mentioned. If a horse's feet are weak and his heels low, and he has to run on hard ground, it would be advisable to let him run in his shoes.

A horse that has strong feet may be plated in the stable, and walk from thence to the course, and after running, he may return to the stables in his plates, and continue wearing them until he has performed his engagements for the meeting, which seldom exceeds three days. The groom will not want to do any work with the horse, as his first day's race will keep the length in him. If he requires anything in the way of exercise, it can only be walking, or at farthest, a short hill gallop, both of which he may accomplish in his plates, without injury to his feet.

ON FISHING IN GENERAL, AND TROUT-FISHING IN PARTICULAR.

BY MAY-FLY.

Continued from the September Number, page 540.

AT the tag-end of my last paper, I promised to enlighten my readers—and may their shadows never be less!—as to the method of fishing with the worm in a rapid stream. It is a branch of the gentle art which stands *per se*, and, strange as it may appear, is the most difficult of all fishing, requiring more nicety and dexterity than most people are aware of; and there is as much difference between worm-fishing *without* a float down a rapid scour (*Devonick stickle*) and *with* one in a pond or still-pond as there is between a gamecock and a weathercock. We all remember, in the days of our boyhood, when the temporary cessation from the shackles of scholastic discipline enabled us on a half-holiday to fly, after the hastily-swallowed mid-day meal, to the banks of the neighboring stream, there to watch with eager gaze the painted float as it danced before us on the limpid element; and, oh rapture! if some famished eel or ravenous perch nibbled at the brandling, and caused the quill or cork to disappear below the surface, with what suffocating joy did we grasp the hazel-rod, impatient to strike the anticipated prey! This was true enjoyment; and I much question if in after-life, when the predilection for angling has induced a study and consequent perfection in the art, we enjoy with such unmitigated satisfaction our successful efforts, as when we knew nothing of the science beyond spitting a worm, impaling a live bait, or setting night-lines. Having been a fly-fisher all my life, at least from the time I left college, I never dreamt of taking trout with a worm, and it was not until my arrival in Devonshire that I saw it practised, or attempted to follow the example. To say the truth, I considered it *infra dig.*, and I was stupid enough to look upon the worm-fishers here with a feeling bordering on pity and contempt. I have since discovered how erroneous an opinion I had formed, and how much amusement I had denied myself by holding too cheaply this really important, and I may add scientific branch of an angler's education. Thanks to my good fortune, I have a *Pastor* as well as Master, who is the Rector of a village very near my quarters, who has enlightened me on this subject, and to his bright example am I indebted for this addition to the little piscatorial knowledge I can boast of. He is a First Class Man in the art and mystery of fly-fishing, as well as in the classics; and as a worm-fisher he may be ranked as a Senior Wrangler also.

The rod for this kind of fishing should be long and light, of cane or bamboo, and about twenty or twenty-four feet in length; the

line for a broad stream not more than about twelve or fifteen feet, and for a brook, less : it should be of the stoutest gut—a salmon casting-line of twisted gut is the best—and a very small swivel may be added with advantage. About three shot of No. 4 or 5 will be sufficient to sink it, and they must be at least four inches from the hook, which should be of the size ordinarily used for catching perch, or perhaps a little larger, such as a small salmon or sea-trout hook.

I need not tell my Readers that the trout is a nice feeder, and scrupulously particular as to the quality of his fare. He is a dainty gentleman, and those who wish to fill their creels must take especial care to administer judiciously to his gastronomical propensities. Your trout is not a *gourmand*, but a *gourmet*—not a glutton, but an epicure. The worm *par excellence* for these dainty feeders is that with a smokey-blue head, and is to be found in stale fallows, and occasionally in orchards. They must undergo a certain degree of purgation and scouring before they are fit for use, or rather before they are made sufficiently tough to prevent a wary old trout from sucking the pendent tail from off the end of the hook. The process for producing this caoutchouc-like effect is as follows:—Place a layer of these worms at the bottom of a large garden-pot, sprinkle them slightly with some bol-ammoniac, and then add a small handful of fox-earth, and the same quantity of stag-horn moss previously sprinkled with water : then worms, bol-ammoniac, fox-earth, &c., in succession. In three or four days, take out the worms and change the earth and moss. If at the end of a week the worms have become hard, tough, and wirey, they may be put into another pot for a day or two, and covered with the mould thrown up from ant-hills. This will refresh and invigorate the vermicular dainty, and should they become less firm in flesh in consequence of this indulgence, the former process must be resorted to in order that the angler's success may be the more certain.

Having now armed my brother Piscator with rod, line, and bait, I will proceed to tell him how to use his tools. First then, having properly baited his hook, which must not on any account be permitted to protrude through the skin of the worm, let him drop his line in at the top of the scour or run, and walk down stream rather before the point of his rod, *keeping pace with the water*, while the worm trickles down the pebbles. Should a hitch occur, he must “try back,” and disengage it slowly and carefully. Practice and observation alone will enable the worm-fisher to distinguish the nature of the obstruction he meets with in pursuing this diversion, whether it be a stake, a weed, a stone, or a bite.

I need not remind my more experienced brother fly-fishers that at the bottom of every scour or run little curls, pools, and eddies are formed, and that froth accumulates and is whirled round in such localities. Here it is imperative on the worm-fisher to have his eyes as well as his hands about him, for in these chosen places the best fish will be found. In all narrow streams and brooks, boughs, branches, and even roots of trees will overhang and sometimes rest upon the water : the worm-fisher must not pass these by, but

drop his bait noiselessly above these places, lower the point of his rod, and let the worm trickle down beneath these protuberances. The stream will materially assist him in the operation, if he have skill and dexterity sufficient to escape hitching his line in its descent. Practice and patience will do much, and the narrower the brook or stream the shorter must be the line. After, indeed during, heavy rains and floods, the worm, if used as I have stated, will be found the most destructive of all methods for taking trout; and even when the waters are fine, in larger rivers, when the big fish have quitted their winter-quarters, this bait will be found irresistible.

There is great skill required to fish *well* in this way. The sport is very exciting, and the almost certainty of success gives it an additional charm. I admit it is not so cleanly or elegant a pastime as fly-fishing; but, when silk, feather, and dubbing fail, it is somewhat of a consolation to know that you can fill your creel by changing your tackle: so that, since I have had a little insight into this system, I never go out without a little Devonshire urchin at my heels, who is armed with a bag of worms and a twenty-foot rod; and the result is, that by one or other of these means I return home with a dish of fish much to the delight of my better half, who did occasionally, when the fish would not rise, express her doubts as to my skill if I entered my cottage with an empty creel.

I believe at the conclusion of my last paper I expressed an intention of undertaking a little tour into Dorsetshire for the purpose of pike-fishing in the Stoure. I have not been able to put this plan into execution; for a day or two before I proposed setting off, I was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, and I have been confined to my thatched roof, and I may say my room, ever since. Sciatica, lumbago, and rheumatism, all "rolled into one," with the pleasing addenda of violent spasmodic attacks around the region of the kidney, have combined to lay me on my back, and to give my trout and trolling rods a holiday for some time to come. Wading rivers, and standing up to one's middle in water for hours together, may do very well at three or four and twenty; but when you clap on as many more years to that number, the owner of them cannot bid defiance to these villanous attacks and twinges.

In spite, however, of the accumulated ills under which I am laboring at this moment, I am not unmindful of my promise of furnishing a list of the most taking flies for the rivers in this part of England. In submitting the following instructions for the benefit of those of my fellow fly-fishers who may hereafter be induced to visit the Axe, the Coly, the Yarty, and other of its tributaries, I may have omitted some three or four of the best flies for these streams, but I have done so intentionally, as the directions for making them will be found much more comprehensively stated in a very clever little work by Mr. W. Blacker, of Dean Street, Soho. In justice to my Readers, as well as this talented artist himself, I must refer the amateur fly-tier to this indispensable pocket companion; and if, after an attentive perusal of its instructive pages, the Reader does not acquire a wrinkle or two worth treasuring upon

his memory, I know nothing of feathers, dubbing, silk, cobbler's wax, and mohair. As I am perfectly disinterested in these observations, I can conscientiously assert that Mr. Blacker is beyond compare the best fly-maker *I ever met with*. For neatness, finish, and elegance of workmanship, he stands unrivalled; his flies are *gems*, his book a *bijou*: and those who really wish to know what a scientifically-made fly is, should pay his Establishment a visit. I have some salmon-flies of his, which I have recently sent for, that I would not part with for any money; they are worth a guinea a-piece at the very least. I will begin with the earliest flies, bringing my list down to the present time. Let the Amateur therefore arm himself with the following flies, and tie them thus:—

February and March.—The “March Brown.” Body, squirrel's fur wound on waxed yellow silk; legs, red hackle; wing, pheasant's wing.

“Blue Dun or Blue Upright.” Body, a very small proportion of blue fur, well interwoven with, or rather twisted on, yellow silk well waxed: legs, a smokey blue hackle: tail, the same: wing, starling's wing.

“Larger Brown Drake” (about the 10th). Body, a strand of cock pheasant's tail, ribbed up with yellow silk slightly waxed; tail, hen pheasant or grouse hackle: for legs, grouse or wren's tail: wing, grouse's wing, or hen pheasant's tail.

“Lighter Blue Dun.” Made as the Blue Upright, only smaller and paler.

In addition to these, I invariably use a small red Palmer as a tail-fly.

April.—“Brown Drake” (again), but made smaller than for March, and is a good fly on dark days.—Continue it occasionally till *June*.

“The Lighter Blue Dun,” as above, also for cold days.

“Hawthorn” (*vide* Mr. Blacker's book).

“Yellow Upright.” Body fine of pale yellow silk: yellowish blue hackle for legs: tail the same; wing, yellow feather of a thrush's wing.

“Grannam,” first week. Body, green silk, hare's-ear fur: wing, partridge wing.

“Spider Fly,” second week. Body, lead-colored silk: legs, black hackle: wing, woodcock's wing.

“Wren-tail” (*vide* Mr. Blacker's work).

“Iron Blue” (*very* small). Body, rat's-fur, ribbed with fine yellow silk: legs, reddish blue hackle: wing, skitty's wing: tail, reddish.—N. B. This is a top-sawyer on cold days.

“Stone Fly,” second week. Body, yellowish red brown, ribbed up with yellow silk: legs, reddish grouse hackle: tail the same: wing, hen-pheasant's wing.—This fly is taken early and late, and continues throughout the month of May.

“Cow Dung” (*vide* Mr. Blacker's work, and his is the best fly of the sort I ever looked upon.)

May and June.—“The May Fly.” if made *very* small, may take in the Coly; but in the Axe, strange to say, the trout will not look

at it. Indeed this fly, so common on almost all other rivers, is never seen on this water.

"Blackthorn" (*vide* Mr. Blacker's work).

Oak-aller, or Alder Fly." Body, pale orange-colored silk: legs, a fine black hackle or lapwing's topping throughout: win., partridge's tail, landrail's wing, or pheasant's wing; rather a long body.—Continue during the remainder of the season.

"Pale Dun." Body, straw-color: legs, pale blue hackle with forks: wing, starling's wing.

"Orl Fly." Body, fox-fur, ribbed up with red silk: legs, blue hackle.

"Black Gnat." Body, black ostrich: wing, jay's wing.

"Blue Gnat" (very small). Body, pale blue, ribbed with silver: thick fur under the wing, which must be of a tom-tit's tail.

During *July and August*, the "Wren-tail Fly." "Grouse Hackle," or "Partridge Hackle," and the "Red Ant" will kill.

The Blue Duns also, if tied small, do great execution.

The "Blue-blow" is a little fly, that does its duty when the water is fine. Body, of blue-fur; some of which should be picked out for legs; wing, from the tail of a blue tom-tit; hook, midge size.

The "Golden Palmer" will kill during July and August on this or any other river: indeed the flies I have named will command success anywhere.

The fly-fishing season will be a late one this year, for the early part of the year was but a continuation of the winter. The fish now (and I am writing in July) are but just coming into prime season. Much sport may fairly be looked for with the fly-rod, and should my medical attendant succeed, as I devoutly pray he may, in setting me on my legs again, I hope to kill a few brace of the speckled delicacies yet before the month is out. But I shall not forego my trip to the Stoure, for trolling and dead-snap fishing are my delight; and if I have a failing it is an inordinate fondness for pike-fishing. It is in truth glorious sport; and as the fresh-water shark is just arriving at perfection, I mean to beat up his quarters as soon as I shall be able to pitch him a savory bait to gorge. Should I have anything worth communicating, I will make known the result of my attempt.

MAY-FLY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for August, 1843.

A SOCKDOLLAGER OF A SHEEPSHEAD.

The Newark "Daily Advertiser" states that one day last week, as a party of gentlemen of that city were fishing (for bass, probably.) off Bergen Point, one of them caught a *Sheepshead*, which weighed 14½ lb.—doubtless the largest fish ever caught there by means of a "single gut"—that is, a "snell" not much larger than a horse hair.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 532.

TRAINING TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

THE question as to the propriety of subjecting an animal to the ordeal of the training stable at so early an age, has produced a source for argument founded upon very ostensible grounds. The theorist universally condemns the practice; but, if we judge of men by their actions—which are the only sound criteria to be guided by in forming an honest estimate of their opinions—we shall find that most men who are connected with racing sanction it.

There are few points relating to the general arrangements of a racing establishment which demand more serious attention; nor is there any subject which requires more dissecting, in order to examine the various causes which operate for and against the system. In the first place we have the question as to the effect which will probably be produced on the animal for the race or races that he is required to run: in the second, the effect which it may produce on his soundness and physical powers for future races: in the third, whether it may encourage a precocious, speedy breed of horses: in the fourth, if these events, combined, tend to create a less powerful breed of horses in the kingdom than we should possess if the custom did not exist. The next consideration, is it the most profitable course for the owner to pursue?

Taking each question in rotation, the consequence which may be expected to arise from early training will depend very materially upon two circumstances—the nature of the animal, and the course of training to which he is subjected; more latitude being given to the probability of his falling amiss before the day of his running; or other causes rendering it advisable, if not absolutely necessary, to relax his work, from symptoms arising which may render it more than probable that a continuation of his labor will render him ever after useless, than would reasonably interfere with a horse having arrived nearer to the age of maturity. The preparation which a two-year-old is capable of undergoing with propriety is far less severe than that of an older horse; and its duration is, of course, much shorter: in fact, a two-year-old cannot be considered as absolutely fit to run without giving him work to that degree that would in the utmost probability ruin him hereafter, if it did not seal his fate previous to the race for which he might be preparing. One two-year-old may, however, be as well prepared as another; and consequently, so far, they are upon an equality, as they are seldom engaged against horses of greater age. Sometimes, however, there are a few horses at this age

whose peculiar growth and constitution render them particularly calculated to run at this early period ; and this circumstance may frequently be brought forward as a reason for the vast difference in their running for subsequent engagements.

The effect which may be produced on the soundness and physical power of an animal, if trained so young, will depend vastly upon the ordeal which is imposed upon him—that is to say, the way in which he is worked, and his state as to growth. If he be growing fast at the time, he is incapable of enduring any great degree of fatigue. Nature cannot support two such powerful operations at one time, and if work is exacted from a young stripling during a rapid state of growth, some violent and unpleasant symptom is almost certain to be produced either upon the constitution or upon the limbs, and very probably upon both. If we look at the human race, how often do we find that the excessive enjoyment of some athletic sport, at an age when the frame and constitution are unable to bear it, produces consumption. At such a period, both with man or horse, the system demands a great quantity of the bodily fluids to support the growth and development which is taking place, which, being excited and increased by reasonable *exercise*, is salutary ; nevertheless, if too large a portion of those fluids be carried off by *severe labor* of any kind, it manifestly operates in two ways to the injury of the subject—first, by increasing the growth to an undue degree, and also by depriving the constitution of the means of maintaining that growth ; and, although actual disease may not on all occasions follow, deformity of some kind is almost certain to arise.

If a horse is required to undergo more work at any period of his life than his limbs and constitution are capable of enduring, it is certain to exhibit its operation upon some part of the frame, but much more quickly with young ones : any inflammation that may be established about the joints or sinews is very likely to produce unpleasant consequences, but more especially if rest and proper remedies are not at hand. If a disorganization of structure be once produced, it cannot be re-made ; therefore, at whatever age a horse may be in training, the most vigilant eye is required to detect slight symptoms in time to avert serious consequences. Taking the other side of the question, there is no doubt that all horses are better, in the more advanced stages of life, if they have been accustomed to moderate exercise at two years old ; and if this degree of exercise is termed training, it must be with that moderation which will not be injurious. Animals of all kinds require exercise to promote health : in a wild state, we perceive such as are supplied when young with food by their parents, are stimulated to exertion by frolics and gambols ; and as they arrive at an age when Nature has ordained that they should provide for themselves, they are compelled to exertion to obtain their daily food. The athletic amusements which schoolboys seek for during their leisure hours, if not carried to excess, are conducive to their present health, as well as to the future development of the muscles. Do the invigorating games of cricket, in which the Etonians and other

students compete, destroy the vigor of the parties engaged in them! Rowing matches may sometimes lead to extraordinary efforts, which, as I have previously remarked, are injurious; but, if the constitution be not overmarked, as stimulants to exertion they are worthy of encouragement. The sports of the field are also found to be highly essential to health; and the juvenile fox-hunter, whose every leisure hour is devoted to the saddle, becomes by far the stronger-constituted man than he who passes his days in comparative indolence. In manhood, if we seek for the highest-couraged scions of the British aristocracy, we invariably find them from among those who have been brought up at public schools where all sorts of manly exercises prevail: we do not find them among those who have been fostered in a crowded, enervating city, nurtured in the lap of luxury, under the fond care of some widowed mother, who would not for the world permit the dear boy to run the risk of a blow from the cricket-ball, a fall from a horse, or the still more dangerous reception of Father Thames. These matters bear a strong analogy to the condition of a young horse. There can be no doubt that exercise, and that of a decided character, is indispensably necessary; and the discretion which experience has taught us must be our guide as to its extent.

If practical examples are required, or if they carry any influence, it is only necessary to refer to the Racing Calendar, where it will be seen that most of the very best horses that have been bred, and those that have endured the labors of the training-stables during the longest succession of years, have run a few times in public at two years old: besides very many others, Isaac, Independence, and Euphrates, rank conspicuous for their soundness during a great number of very severe races, and for several successive seasons.

Judiciously directed, I am not inclined to believe that, with the majority of horses, training them at two years old is at all injurious. Those which will not endure it are very large, bony, loose-made colts, that are still growing, and which may probably not be fit to come out till they are four years old. At the same time, there is a distinction to be made between training them and running them. Many that are in gentle work would be injured if put forward enough to run; nevertheless, if they are expected to be worth anything during the succeeding year, it is necessary that they should be learning something; besides which, no three-year-old can come to the post fit to run with less than twelve or fifteen months' preparation; and for that reason I consider that, in the true acceptance of the word, no two-year-old can be really fit, because eight or nine months is the greatest time that they can have been at work, and then, unless the most fortuitous circumstances favor them, some coincidence will most probably interfere to interrupt their progress. Moderate exercise being found conducive to the formation and development of muscle, it is surely desirable to promote it during the time the animal is growing; and it scarcely appears to deserve an argument whether it is most rational and advantageous to regulate the animal's exertions by certain intervals

devoted to walking, trotting, cantering, or galloping: or whether it is more proper to permit him to take what exercise he pleases in his paddock, after which he may not unfrequently think proper to stand still and receive the benefit of a north-eastern blast, just after the circulation has been excited, and consequently profuse perspiration produced, to the great danger of a violent cold succeeding. Many persons will contend that a horse will not, when at liberty, take more exercise than is conducive to his health; this I cannot exactly subscribe to; some will take too much, others will not take enough—so much depends upon their constitutions and tempers. If colts remain idle at two years old, they will not be so fit to run at three as those which have done some work, if it be only for the purpose of teaching them their business. And for this purpose, if they are just brought out to run in public once or twice, if I may be allowed the expression, “tenderly prepared and nicely ridden,” whether they win or not, they will be all the better for a future occasion. The expenses of breeding and training are so great, that it becomes a serious circumstance for consideration whether the animal may be worthy of the expenses of training; therefore, most racing men are anxious to know something of the action which their colts possess; and, although many vary so much in the running at two years old and afterwards, still some opinion may be formed; it is very seldom that a colt which is a bad goer ever becomes a first-rate race-horse. So much depends upon action, that I think it may be adopted as a very general principle, that a two-year-old, if his action is not tolerably good, although he may show some speed, will scarcely ever be worth anything when five or six years old.

There can be no doubt that the colt which has taken his growth most favorably at a very early period will run best at two years old; nevertheless, I do not conceive that the Two-year-old Stakes which are in existence have any tendency to the encouragement of a speedy, but weak description of horses. In the first place, I am of opinion that a race for horses at that age, at the distances usually run, is as great a proof of stamina and game in such young animals as a course of a longer distance to those which are more advanced in years. And it must be allowed that horses are not bred for two-year-old stakes alone; there are many others of great value for horses of more mature ages; and no breeder ever yet thought of remunerating himself for his outlay merely by winning two-year-old stakes. The horses are not bred for the stakes, but the stakes are made to suit the horses, bring them into competition, and give the breeder of those which may be good enough an opportunity of reimbursing himself for his expenditure. Comparing the number of two-year-old stakes in the present day with the number of other races, there will not be found a greater, if so large, a proportion as there were forty years ago; they were then in vogue at Newmarket, Middleham, York, and other places of celebrity, and the increased number of horses bred in these days quite equals the increased proportion of two-year-old races.

When we can produce such horses as *Slane*, *Sir Hercules*, and

his magnificent son, Coronation, Hetman Platoff, and many others, it is absurd to state that the breed of horses which we now possess has been injured by the system of racing which is established.

STABLE BOYS, HIRING, TEACHING TO RIDE, ETC.

There is not any class of servants whose subordination demands more exaction than that of boys who have the care of raw horses; the most scrupulous attention is necessary to ensure punctuality, confidence, and integrity.

The establishment of these attributes in a community composed of boys whose education is never very extensive, and frequently defective in principle, can only be hoped for by laying down certain rules the infraction of which must never escape its equivalent punishment. Ill treatment of boys by the master or other head functionary is as culpable as bad conduct is in them; perhaps more so, because he ought, from his age and experience of the world, to know better. No colony possesses internal peace unless it be regulated by appropriate and well digested laws. Where there are so many youthful tempers to be governed—as there must of necessity be where the service of a number of boys is required—laws must be established, and never be suffered to be transgressed: once broken, a feeling of disregard for the whole will be created, and disrespect will arise against the author of them. Their mildness will ever be found a powerful pillar of their support. The more they exceed the bounds of moderation the greater will be the excuse for their not being acted upon.

The number of boys employed varies, in most stables, according to the quantity of horses; thus, if there be only three, or perhaps four horses, it is scarcely possible to do without a boy to each; but when that number is exceeded, a lesser proportion of boys will be able to look after them. And if the number of horses arrive to eight or ten, five or six boys will be quite sufficient; and one of the most certain means of keeping them in order and maintaining subjection, will invariably be found in giving them sufficient employment.

In selecting boys qualified for this purpose it is desirable to seek for such as are small in stature; but whether that propensity will descend from the parents in all cases is a matter of very great doubt. A much less fallacious criterion may be anticipated by the actual growth of the urchin himself. It is somewhat annoying when a boy has been a couple of years in the stable, and promising to become useful, to find all at once that he springs up to a gigantic form, becoming more fit for a Life Guardsman than to look after a race-horse. Neither is the boy himself benefitted by the tuition which he has received. Whatever calling a youth commences with, it is, in every station of life, to his advantage, that he continue to follow it; otherwise loss of time must ensue in learning another trade. It is a great consideration to select boys from industrious and respectable parents: and although it

appears rather hard "to visit the sins of the father upon the children," such is unquestionably the most prudent alternative. If the father or mother be ill-disposed and troublesome, very little good will be done with their children; they will be rendered restless and discontented without cause, independent of the previous bad propensities which they may have acquired, and which must be eradicated before proper habits can be established.

A very usual practice is to engage young boys for a term of years, because during the first twelvemonths, at least, his services will not be of any value. When such terms are entered upon, the employer usually provides the boy with clothes, in the same manner as an apprentice: and of course, on some occasions, boys are regularly bound by their parents or the parish authorities.

Boys who receive wages, of course are paid according to their abilities—such equivalent for their services varying from five to ten pounds per annum—the latter sum when they have in some degree learnt their duties, and have evinced good conduct, by which they can command satisfactory characters. If boys really knew the value of character, they would be more steady than they are; but the giddy thoughtlessness of youth too commonly predominates, and renders many a boy not viciously disposed too regardless of minor circumstances, which, frequently occurring, establish the appearance of carelessness and inattention; and he is, consequently, when out of place, unable to procure such a recommendation as will ensure him a good service. The custom of finding boys in clothes—although it may be the only alternative in order to maintain the respectability of their appearance—is by no means an economical system; there are no kind of servants more careless and wasteful in their wardrobe. And with such as are engaged by the year—if anything occurs that their service is broken off before the termination of that period—there is considerable loss incurred, as their clothes are almost sure not to suit another; at all events, without alteration. Of course, if they find their own garments, it is a consideration in the amount of wages.

Rubbing legs, rolling up bandages, making wisps, cleaning bridles and saddles, and such like subordinate engagements, are usually imposed upon boys on their first arrival; so that by waiting upon those who know their business, the juveniles become familiar with each operation, and in course of time are able to perform those which they have seen others do.

The art of riding is acquired by some with great facility; whilst there are others who never can be made horsemen of, take what pains you will to instruct them. Timid boys require much encouragement, and should be put on very quiet horses at first to establish confidence, without which they are never good for anything.

A very simple plan—but one which I have frequently found exceedingly beneficial in teaching boys some of the first rudiments of horsemanship—is by placing a saddle on the stand used for cleaning them, and putting the boy on it, merely for the sake of showing him in what position to place his legs and feet, and like-

wise to instruct him in the proper method of holding, dividing, and managing his reins. It affords an opportunity of quietly explaining various little matters at a time when the learner has nothing else to abstract his attention. More may be done in thus occupying a quarter of an hour daily for two or three days, than in a month—on horseback especially, if the horse be not very quiet, and the boy gifted with considerable confidence. It too frequently happens that a boy gets a habit of clinging to a horse through fear, and thus acquires a bad seat, which it is difficult to correct: nothing can be worse than to see a rider striving to keep his saddle in a constrained attitude.

When a boy is calculating upon the danger of a fall from the animal which he bestrides, he is incapable of attending to the instruction he may be receiving at the time. The formation of the thigh has a great influence over the power and security, which art may improve; but no study or practice will make a perfect horseman of one who has short, round, and fat thighs. The natural form must, however, be the guide to the position in the saddle, which is most adapted to the construction. A person with long lean thighs will ride proportionately shorter than one whose thighs are plump, short, and muscular. The clip of the knee is a subject of great importance, and, acting in conjunction with the upper part of the calf of the leg, assists vastly in securing a firm and elegant seat. It is too frequently the case in riding up a gallop, that boys depend upon their hands to keep them steady; thus, by hanging at their horses' heads, their mouths become insensible, and if they have any predisposition to bolt, are with great difficulty restrained. Indeed, to this circumstance, combined with that of working horses too severely, or at times when they are not quite well, may be assigned the cause for nine out of ten becoming confirmed in this abominable habit. A boy should be directed to acquire the power of supporting himself entirely by the steadiness of his seat, without resorting to, or placing the least dependence on the bridle; by that method he may, in course of time, with practice, attain the essential qualification of a first-rate horseman—good hands. Many men are possessed of good seats, with the most dead, heavy hands imaginable; the consequence is, when they attempt to ride high-couraged horses with delicate mouths, they are unable to manage them. At the same time, it is necessary to remark that a rider can scarcely have good hands unless he have a tolerably firm seat. It is confidence which, in a great degree, enables either man or boy to ride with power. However large formed, or physically strong a horseman may be, if he is nervous and destitute of confidence he is a useless piece of lumber on the animal which he bestrides. A horseman should at all times sit with his feet somewhat forward, and his toes elevated: to see the foot thrust into the stirrup with the toes pointing downwards is very unseemly and even dangerous, and weakens the seat by relaxing the muscles of the calf of the leg. Moreover, instead of the bottom of the foot bearing in the stirrup, it is the instep which receives the weight of the body, and in this position is constantly liable, should the horse

swerve, plunge, or kick, of whirling the rider from his seat—through the agency of the stirrup leathers—much in the same way as a stone is thrown from a sling, and leaving the unconscious individual quite at a loss how to account for the dilemma. There is a material difference between the seat at the time a horse is walking or galloping to that when he is rearing, plunging, or kicking. When walking little constraint is necessary; but no rider should at any time be so far off his guard as not to be able to acquire a perfectly secure seat in an instant, if a horse commences his gambols. When once he has discovered that he can dislodge his jockey, he will not be very scrupulous in attempting it again.

London Sporting Review for August, 1843.

A SUMMER'S DAY AMONG THE TROUTS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

THE FISHING.

WELL, here we are at last, in the greenest of all green meadows; and with such lovely groupings of trees and flowers around us, with glimpses of streamlet between the branches, that were we not blood thirstily bent on a crusade against the whole tribe of *salmo fario*, we should be strangely puzzled whether to write a string of sonnets to the bluebells and dandelions, or to best-Cumberland-lead-pencil a series of sketches of the alders and willow-pollards. It is a lovely spot, where we are now standing, and there is not a bough or a stem around us but tells of the dear old days, of those joyous times when our step was as elastic as this fly-rod, when our heart was as light as this dancing greendrake. And if in that tale of the dead-and-buried years there be a touch of sorrow, if the smile that it conjures up feels as if, for two straws, it would break into a tear, who shall say that without that dash of sadness the emotion would be as dear. The heart is but a soda-water bottle: joy is the carbonate, regret is the tartaric acid. It is this that makes life fizz. Without the due admixture, the drink would be flat, stale, and unprofitable.

There, our rod is adjusted now: stretcher and droppers are duly posted, like a line of sentries set to challenge every passing trout: the water is in beautiful order, neither too fine nor too muddy: the mill above is in full rumble, and the stream, pouring forth at racing pace, fills every nook and cranny of the channel full to overflowing. But stay *one* instant! there is *such* an effect of light at this moment among the alders on our left! We must sketch it: it won't take us a moment: you hold the rod: hickory must give way to cedar for a few seconds. There! there it is! a perfect bit of faëry.

Man might glory in it—nay, is now glorifying in the midst, for aught I know. The elements of our landscape are mighty humble, and would be looked upon by the whole cartoon committee perhaps as altogether beneath committeeship. We have neither mountain nor forest; precipice nor cataract; beetling rock nor frowning castle. Our picture is of the humblest materials: the foreground, a cluster of fox-gloves; in the mid-distance a group of alders, whereof one has been partially uprooted by the stream, and lies across the channel, leaning against its fellows; beneath the alders, the brook, glancing and glimmering away amongst the green leaves and green banks, till it is lost sight of in the gloom of the matted foliage; in the background, nothing—nothing, did I say! wretch that I am!—in the background, God's beautiful blue heaven, filled with its own beautiful landscape of clouds and sunshine, whereof every touch is so bright and marvellous that in gazing on that alone we could dream away whole hours and days of delight. Of such is our picture, so simple its features, so commonplace its elements. But there is a charm upon it at this moment, that even mightiest mountains and loftiest forests do not always possess, the charm of light. That bending alder that we told you of, lying across the stream and contrasting with the erect forms of its more fortunate fellows; that is one chief source of the beauty of our landscape: for it has so fallen that its stem exactly intersects a dark patch of foliage behind; and as the sunlight falls in little bright lines upon its branches and trunk, or scatters itself in patches among the leaves, the effect of the combination is most beautiful. The fox-glove, too, in front, lovely as wild flower need be—and what more lovely than wild flowers?—lovely, I say, as wild flower need be in its own proper beauty, is still more bewitching under the glance of old Phœbus. I used to think that nothing could be more brilliant than that dappled crimson, seen as it was then in the shadow of some dark forest: but now, when I look on the blossom in the shade, and the one by its side, lit up by the sunshine, what a dowdy, gloomy, brickdust piece of florality the former appears! Then again, underneath the alders, the glance along the stream, where it winds away into a twilight of flowers and branches, and flashes as it goes, like ten thousand thousand diamonds. Diamonds indeed! what are they to this? carbon to streamlet? charcoal to sunlight? What is the glimmer of the finest lady's diamonds, worth their thousands of pounds though they be, to this glorious, everlasting sparkle of sun and stream—that doesn't cost me two-pence? And besides, *our* brilliants never cease dazzling: they never get stolen; for, thank heaven, no mortal casket can contain them: they *never turn to paste*. Blessed, beautiful life of the country, where every thought is as blithe as the carol of the song-bird overhead, where every joy is as pure as the streamlet that winds beneath our feet! glorious to dwell there! to dwell, as Cousin Florence so sweetly sings,

———“beside the calm waters,
 Apart from the world and its cold-hearted crew;
 Where Contentment, the fairest of earth's gentle daughters,
 With flow'rs that are thornless, our pathway shall sew.

Where, far from the crowd, and life's fevering pleasures,
 Like the stream that flows past us, our lives shall glide on ;
 And we would not exchange, for the miser's rich treasures,
 An existence so blest, tho' to splendor unknown."

But come ! we must be at the sport now, for our sketch is finished, and our little greendrakes look impatient. Come along !

And imprimarily, of flies ; one word about those dear little entomologies, that have, as it were, stung and goaded the doctors of our divine art till they run about the fields of hypothesis like so many mad cattle. Reader, which side do you take ? Are you of the tribe of Omar, or the tribe of Ali ? do you side with Greece or Rome ? are you white rose or red rose ? Molinist or Jansenist ?—or, better than all, are you iconoclast or imagist ? for that is, in truth, the very subject-matter of the dispute : whether we ought to have in honor the exact image and similitude of the fly, or whether we ought to pin our faith on the efficacy of an impromptu *Ichneumonida* : whether we are bound to adhere rigidly to the prescribed "whisk from the wing of a sea swallow," with the "feathers of a peewit's topping," and a plumelet or two from the tip of a salamander's tail ; or whether we may venture abroad with a heterogenous pinch of silk and dubbing, wound higgledy-piggledy round the first hook we lay our hands on ? This is the question ; and no one can be more agitatedly alive to the importance of it than ourselves. We have heard evidence on both sides—*vivâ voce*, and by affidavit (Humphrey Davy, we might almost have said) : we have listened to the tales (and sad long ones some of them were) of the image-worshippers ; and we have heard the stories (sad big ones some of those were) of the iconoclasts. We have ourselves experimented in both manners : we have made flies so like their prototypes that their own mothers could not tell the difference—of course the fish stood no chance against them ; and again, we have taken trout with such monsters of entomology that it would puzzle a woodpecker to know whether they were intended for flies or tooth-brushes. We are aware of the deep interest attaching to the question : we are not so hyper-modest as to be unconscious of the eagerness with which the rival doctors are awaiting our decision : we know that the eyes of Europe are upon us—of Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and New South Wales—and not of the continents alone, but of every blessed mariner that taketh fish on the high seas ; of every frequenter of lake or estuary ; of every dabbler in stream and streamlet. And hear, oh rival schismatics, the judgment of Sylvanus ! iconoclasts and image-worshippers, down on your knees ! take hands, nor rise again till you have sworn never again to break the brotherly love and unanimity that should subsist among you ! To you, iconoclasts, we say, Doubtless the fish are not such nice entomologists as to be able to distinguish every kind of winged insect that flutters over the wave : to you, image-lovers, we concede that the trout are not such spoons as, when feeding upon the Mayfly, to take a lump of dubbing made up into a bumble-bee bolus. This, then, is our practice : we always fish with a fly made as nearly as possible in the likeness of nature ;

for, if the fish care not that the fiction be closely resemblant of the fact, at least they cannot *object* to such similitude; and after all, when we have dubbed and warped till our bones ache, heaven knows the *res nata* is unlike enough to the living model to satisfy the most uncompromising iconoclast of them all. Such are the words of Sylvanus. *Itē missa est!*

And now to the battle. The brook is bank-full, the mill is spinning round as merry as a humming-top, all the fourteen straw weathercocks in farmer Strongitharm's stackyard are pointing due south, the air is alive with insects, especially the lovely little gossamer-winged Mayfly, that is dancing and dancing for his little everlasting under every green bush that grows along the stream-side: all is in white-pebble order for our exploit, and it shall go hard but we distinguish ourselves before the day's out.

See! there rose a *Salmo fario* (only he wouldn't know himself by this name) at the little Mayfly that was

“——dancing along
Like a child with a song;”

and now, plump into the bull's eye of that little circle he has raised on the water, will we shoot our little pet greendrake. There he goes: Robin Hood could not have done it better: straight into the middle of the target, like a good toxophilite of Sherwood. Now, take care of yourself, my merry Fario! if you venture to touch so much as the tip of one of the whisks of his tail, it's all up with you. Snap!—twitch!—there, I told you how it would be. Now you are as fast as Doctor's Commons to that bit of Irishsteel, and not all the repealers in Dan's tail could make you “great glorious, and free” again; so just take care of our tackle, and not rumple it up against those stones yonder, or here among these old roots. Pull away, old fellows! fair pully-hauls is a game we'll play at as often as you and your jolly companions like. What we detest is hole and corner work; dodging among rotten stumps, matted leaves, heaps of broken stones, and the like. A fair run in the open is our delight: a “clear stage and no favor” is our motto. Go the pace, then, old ruby-sides! don't spare the hickory, try the mettle of the whalebone, give the gut and horsehair as good as they send, let rod and line have a Roland for an Oliver. Whew! what a jump! three feet into the oxygen, if it was an inch. Bravo! my little harlequin! Eneore the summerset! The little greendrake holds his own though: no bulldog could keep a better grip of his taurus than our little cadew does of his salmo. The little rogue has but one tooth, but that one is more than a match for all the molars and incisors of gaffer Fario put together; Speckleback is trying now to spit out the tiny ephemeris, but he might just as well attempt to spit out his own tongue; for the cunning rogue has so fixed his single tusk into the lips of poor trouty, that if every ruby on his dappled sides were multiplied a thousand-fold, he could not shake off that perverse little atomy. Come, come! 'ware rat holes! fair and square, free and open, is the agreement: keep to your own element, gentle salmo, and don't seek to invade mine.

There you go again, in among the candocks like a foul traitor as you are. Spin, my merry reel! fly out, my nimble line! There, now let the caitiff take his fling: let him "walk the waters" to his heart's content: we will not challenge him in his path. Dash down the stream he goes, head foremost, racing pace, wild as an unbroke colt, mad as a March hare, through rapid and whirly-hole, right away to the gravelly shadows below. Foolish *Salmo*! short-sighted *Fario*! not to see that in such a course your fate was sealed, not to have been aware that your only chance lay in dodging me about among the minerals and vegetables. Now your doom is certain: your thread of life has not the length of my foot-line to run: your sand (with coming upon this gravel) is dribbling its last grains: you are breathing your last water: speaking fishily, you may exclaim, *voila mon fin*!

In just the time that you may boil an egg, from the last phase in the proceedings, *salmo fario* has been hauled to within a yard and a half of the shore, has had the most insinuating of landing-nets glided under him, has made a last dying jump and confession, and has been forcibly abducted from his native element, and consigned to the ignominious thralldom of my fishing-panier. The rogue is three pounds if he's an ounce: as red as a rouge-dragon; with a fine small thorough-bred head; and a back as humpy as a dromedary. Little greendrake looks none the worse for his tussle; it has ruffled his feathers a little, to be sure: but he don't care: he gives himself a shake, sets up his hackles afresh, and is as ready to do battle with any dare-devil trout of the lot, as if he had been sitting all day perched on a stone, or lying ensconced between the leaves of my fly-book.

He has not to wait long; for the trout display such an avidity to be hooked to-day that one would think they were anxious to obtain a notice in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and to leave their jaws at our office for the inspection of any inquiring-minded subscriber or correspondent. Of a truth, this brace that now lie before us deserve to be immortalised in that queen of periodicals; and were it not so late in the month, we would certainly send in a cartoon of the group for the purpose of being engraved and presented to our loving readers.

In ten minutes more we have landed a brace that make the others look as small as pinks and bull-heads, and we are obliged to cancel the plate: in ten minutes after that, group the second has been outdone by group the third; and the miller, who comes up as we are banking the last four-pounder (and no one knows better than the miller the points of a good trout), declares that in all "his experience" he has never seen a finer fish taken than the one before us.

A fine fellow of a miller Horsebean is too—only we call them *milners* in these parts—and as good a fisherman as ever wetted a line. A humorist to boot, and hath in especial horror all dandy sportsmen and gentish modes of sporting. I remember a Doudney-togged cockney once endeavoring to enlighten Horsebean on the art and mystery of shooting trout with swan-shot: "Ah," said

the worthy Ceres, "if you want to kill trout, you'd better load with *slugs*."

After another throw or two under the direction of Horsebean (for he knows the local habitation of every good fish in the stream—and though we don't expect him to point us out the *very* biggest in the collection, we are sure that he will supply us with his "best seconds"), we begin to feel that, in fishing as in love, *Sine Cerere et Baccho*, &c., so that we gladly accept the milner's invitation to "a bit o' lunch in a friendly way, and a glass of home-brewed without no sort o' ceremony."

If there is a perfect little paradise on this side the grave, it is Horsebean's mill-cottage. It is as completely buried in foliage as a rosebud in its moss: till you come close upon it, you cannot see so much as a chimney-stack, except it is from the river, down a reach of which it has a beautiful view. It was once white, but thank heaven they cannot whiten it afresh, for it is quite covered with roses and jasmines, that leave not so much as room for the tip of the painter's brush to intrude between the leaves and the blossoms. In front is a little plot of flower-garden, half grass and half flower-beds, looking as pretty and refreshing as strawberries-and-cream in an arbor. On one side of the house is an orchard, where, beneath the apple and plum trees, are seen well-stocked coops of chickens and turkey poults, the pride of dear Mrs. Horsebean's heart and the cherished objects of her six-o'clock-in-the-morning's solitudes. On the opposite side of the mansion, acting, as an R. A. would say, as a *pendant* to the hen-coops, is the mill, the glorious, ever-rumbling, ever-splashing, ever-dusty mill, with its little colony of busy Albinos, best of alchymists, transmuting the rude produce of the field into the precious "stuff that life is made of." A perfect picture in itself is the mill; backed by a magnificent group of elms, its old half-timbered walls stand out, when a glance of sunlight falls on them, like an "effect" of Rembrant or Teniers; one half of the walls is concealed by the ivy, which runs up to the very chimney tops, and only stops there because rainbows and sunbeams offer no good hold to its tendrils; the other moiety is rich in a hundred-year-old coating of lichens and mosses, turned up with white about the doors and windows, where the current of air has carried the dust of the pulverised grain. The great wheel, hanging over the stream below, and throwing out sparkling jets of water from every float, seems rather some beautiful device to please the eye than a mere utilitarian piece of mechanism; and indeed, when the sun shines, and each brilliant drop reflects some bright hue of solar light, while over all hangs the soft arc of the iris, we defy the *grandes caux* of Versailles with all their pomp—[query, "pump"]—to surpass it.

Surely, surely, the owner of such a paradise must be happy. Let us go in and see.

"Mrs. Horsebean—Mr. Swanquill."

"Oh! I've known Mrs. Horsebean this many a long day. How do you do, Madam? though I need not ask you: your looks—" (Mrs. Horsebean's heart captured from this moment).

"Oh, sir!"

"And how charming your place is looking at this moment! We've just been round it, Horsebean and I, over the mill, through the garden, round the orchard, and *by Jove!* such a brood of turkey poults as you've got!" (Mrs. Horsebean's affections, already won, now secured in a fixity of tenure.)

"Law! do you think so?"

"*Magnificent!*" (Dear Mrs. H. here holds a confidential colloquy with the servant maid, the object of which is—though of course we pretend not to see it—to take back that bottle of second-best ale, and bring up another of very best)."

Horsebean himself has meantime been busily employed in spreading his hospitable board, and to it we go with appetites that might make kings envious. Having assured herself that we have got everything comfortable, dear Mrs. H. begs to be excused a few moments, having to attend to a batch of guinea-fowls, whose mamma, to use a popular phrase, has just persuaded them to shell out. Mrs. H. (and half a dozen glasses of the very-best) having disappeared, Horsebean masculine begins to open his heart.

"Well, sir, so you would think; so would anybody think that I orts to be the happiest man alive. I've plenty of money, and neither chick nor child to spend it on, and my wife and me orts to live like princes. But, sir, there it is: my wife, I mean: she's as good a woman as ever was born, in one sense of the word; but, sir, she is so uncommon stingy. In course, this is all between ourselves, and I know you'll keep it a solid secret: but, sir, she is so terrible saving. You know, Mr. Swanquill, that I'm fond of a good table; good meat and good drink with it; and as I can afford it, I think I ought to have it, for I see no use in hoarding up my money in saving-banks, or in strong boxes like a miser; but my wife is of a contrary opinion: if I order a leg of mutton and turnips, when I come home, I find myself put off with cabbage and bacon; if I have a goose killed on the sly for the Sunday's dinner, I find, when Sunday comes, that the goose has been sent off to the preceding day's market, and that I must needs make my dinner on the giblet pic. The end of it all is, sir, that, to get a good dinner, I'm obliged to run about from one market to another all over the country; and in order to have money to spend on these occasions (for my wife always insists on keeping the cash), I'm forced every now and then to sell a stack of hay, or a horse out of the team, or anything, in short, to deceive my old dame and get a supply of the ready. But come, sir, you don't drink. Then again, you know, I like to have everything about me genteel and comfortable; for as I can afford to be genteel and comfortable, I see no reason why I shouldn't indulge myself that way. And look around you, sir! did you ever see such a *rubbidging* old-clothes shop as this is? and yet it is as handsome-furnished a room as any in the parish. That sofa, sir, cost me twenty-two golden guineas—the most beautiful mahogany and the most beautiful horse-hair that could be got for money—and the moment it came into the house, my old woman set to and never rested till she'd thatched it over, as I call it, with

that old bed-curtain. The same, sir, of that looking glass over the mantel shelf; it's the very best plate glass as can be made, and the frame is the best water-gilt; but, sir, I have never seed myself in it since into the house it come—and I don't see why I shouldn't see myself in the best glass that ever was made, if such is my fancy, for I can afford it—but 'Oh,' says my wife, 'the flies will spoil it in no time,' and away to work she goes to swaddle it in that beastly yellow gauze. But in the winter, says I, there's no flies. 'No,' says she, 'but then the smoke!' Do fill up, sir! here's to the noble art of Angling."

"The noble art of Angling!"

"In short, sir, it's the same all through the chapter. That picture against the wall is the portrait of my dear lamented uncle, and you know what a comfort it is to be able to gaze on the likeness of departed friends and relations. Well, sir, I haven't clapt eyes on my dear lamented uncle for these fourteen years—never since the servant maid set fire to the last piece of yellow gauze, and it was replaced by the present. Chairs the same, sir: if you hadn't been here, I should have been obliged to make my meal on a three-legged stool out of the kitchen. And it is entirely owing to you, Mr. Swanquill—who are, I don't know why, a great favorite with my old dame—it's entirely owing to you, sir, that we are favored with this blue-and-white set, instead of plain white platters as usual. Not, sir, that I care much about the color of one's plates and dishes; for, as I say, hunger is the best sauce"—

"Hear, hear!"

"And a hearty welcome is the best seasoning"—

"Hear, hear, hear!"

"And to see my friends making a hearty meal and enjoying themselves, is the best Swallow pattern you can offer me."

"Hear, hear, hear, hear!"

Mrs. Horsebean just then coming in, puts an end to the description of the miller's dulce domum. The good lady, seeing that we have got to the end of our very-best, supplies us (the miller doesn't know why) with a fresh bottle of equal potency; and that being succeeded by a third, the miller grows so excessively bosom-friendly that he proposes to make me "joint executrix" to his will with Mrs. H.; while that good lady, under the influence of another dose or two of flattery, insists on stuffing a great cream-cheese into my fishing panier, wrapping it up with a cabbage leaf and a promise that if she has luck with her turkey poult—those turkey poult that I admired so much—she shall do herself the honor to send me one of the fattest, to eat in remembrance of her.

Dear Mrs. unsophisticated Horsebean!

It had been our intention to say something about the evening fishing: we had booked several splendid apothegms about the *Spilosoma Lubricepeda*, the *Laciocampa Rubi*, and other moths and vesper flies of equal attractiveness; but 'pon my life, that Anno Domini of Horsebean's is subversive of all entymology, and we could no more kill a trout now than we could mesmerise a

laughing hyena. We are no advocates of suicide, and to trust ourselves by the margin of that mill-stream would be next door to it. All we can say is, we are sincere friends of all true lovers of the angle—here's to all their very good healths!—we are a contemplative man, and we consider the Contemplative Man's Recreation as one of the most honor—honoror—honororable pursuits that ever—come, Horsebean, old boy, fill up!—that dignifies human nature, exalts mankind—Mrs. Horsebean, your good health! d—n it, take down the yellow gauze, ma'am—expands the heart, corrects the judgment—off with the old rusty counterpane from the sofa, madam—increases the amenities, elucidates the—the passions—invalidates—the sentiments—encourages—the tergiversation—and—circumnavigates—circum—circ—

* * * * *

[Here, we are sorry to say, the essay terminates. A circular stain on the lower part of the paper strongly suggest the presence of a pint pot. In short, the whole MS. has a decidedly beery smell, and we are sadly aware that Swanquill and the "milner" have been making a couple of beasts of themselves.—ED. N.S.M.]

London (New) Sporting Magazine, for August, 1843.

A FIRST OF SEPTEMBER IN THE PLAINS OF LOWER EGYPT.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. NAPIER.

"The Exiled Spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's Vale—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of *bright flamingos*, as they break
The calm of Mæreotis Lake."—LALLA ROOKH.

ALEXANDRIA has oft and aptly been termed the Cradle of Pestilence, the birth-place of the fell and sweeping Plague; and whoever wanders over the desolate barren sands in its neighborhood would fancy the dread Demon had, with a deadly blast from his poisoned breath, not only swept off every being endowed with life, but had likewise scorched up and blighted all other productions of a fair and all-bountiful Nature. Desolation itself appears here doubly desolate. The very ruins, thickly scattered o'er this dreary scene, bear the impress of a heavier hand than that alone of time and age; and as the stranger mournfully wanders above heaps of crumbling pottery and pulverized brick, his eye in vain searches for any of those noble relics which recall scenes of bygone splendor and renown, hallowing by their shade the ground trodden by

former greatness! In roaming over the Colisæum, the Acropolis, the Troad, Balbec, or Palmyra, Memory, though saddened at the sight, rests with a mournful pleasure on a fallen column, a ruined arch, a broken pedestal; which, forming links between the present and the past, are lasting mementos over which Meditation can repose, though she drop a tear in so doing.

Such is the neighborhood of Alexandria—such the surrounding waste, where, save Pompey's Pillar, and the Needles of Cleopatra, not one stone rests on another where even the jackall or hyæna can take up their abode—not a shaft or pedestal remains standing where the owl or vulture may find a footing! This dreary solitude affords a strong contrast to the life and bustle of the city itself—a city now fast rising from its long slumbering ruins, and again becoming, after the lapse of centuries, the mart of commerce and high road of communication between the East and the West. Its port, now bristling with a “forestry of masts”—its busy and crowded streets—the motley character of its population, people of every nation of the earth appearing to be here congregated—its rising edifices—all now present a very different appearance from what it exhibited some very few years back.

Issuing through the western gate from amidst all this scene of industry, bustle, and commerce, you appear at once transported into the sandy barrenness of the Lybian Desert, as, treading over that city of the dead, the ancient Necropolis, with its excavated catacombs, and wending along the shallow though wide expanse of Lake Mæreotis*, the traveller finds nought on which to rest the eye save a boundless expanse of burning sands, or the glare of a vertical sun on this large salt sheet of water, of however so little depth, that, far as the sight can range, numerous flocks of brilliant flamingos may be seen wading through its waters in search of their accustomed prey. To the southward the town is bounded by the above Lake, or inundation, along whose banks run the Mahoumidieh Canal: here some slight traces of verdure may be met, and along the narrow strip of green cultivation irrigated by its waters are found the country-houses of the numerous European merchants established in Alexandria.

It was in this green little oasis that stood the hospitable mansion of my friend T—, who united invariably with his amiable Lady in shewing every kindness and attention to all travellers and fellow-countrymen wandering in this far and distant land; and often in the cool vine-covered and banana-shaded bowers of this terrestrial Eden have I taken refuge, whilst raged the smothering Khumseen wind, the dreaded Simoom of the Desert, or when

“The Demon of the Plague did cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal for them never came
From the red Desert's sands of flame!”

and spread terror and desolation through the then deserted and abandoned streets of Alexandria!

* This Lake, or rather inundation, was formed by General Hutchinson in 1801, who cutting through the embankment of the Canal, allowed the waters of Lake Maadie to spread over that large extent of country which forms the present Lake Mæreotis.

Oft here, as in Boccaccio's garden, would a party assemble and wile away the heavy hours of pestilence and dread. Oft from his portal would we mount our gallant steeds, and scour the Desert towards Aboukir, over the deep, sandy, date-covered Plains of Ramlah, or the stony heights of Cæsar's camp, those scenes of British prowess, that last battle-field of the gallant Abercrombie! and many is the fox, jackal, and wild dog that we have caused to run for their lives in these our wild Mazeppa-like expeditions*!

Even the dullest and most sombre periods of life are occasionally irradiated by a bright stream of sunshine; and that heavy cloud in our existence, a long residence at the city of the Ptolemies, was thus often broken and illumined by those lightning courses over the Desert in the company of a few light-hearted and joyous spirits, with whom dull care was cast aside like a falcon from its jesses, and given to the winds of Heaven even as the long-flowing manes of our fiery and foaming Arab steeds.

Thanks to the efforts of my aforesaid hospitable friend, did we manage pretty well to kill time, though it must be confessed little besides, till one day the unusual sight of a wild boar's head at his well-furnished table suggested the idea of a hog-hunting expedition a few miles to the Eastward, along the banks of the Mahioudieh Canal, where the "halouf" (wild boar) were said to abound. Accordingly spearheads were fashioned, shafts procured for the same, a comfortable kunjah hired, and a jolly party, consisting of G—, T—, myself, and some Officers of H. M. steamer *Medea*, having fixed the day, laid in a good stock of prog and liquor, and consigned the same to the care of Mr. Snow, our horses were sent on with their saïces, and we decided on following them per Canal the next day.—But it is now time to introduce a character who in the following pages will cut a most conspicuous sporting figure—the above-named worthy, Mr. Snow.

Born near the sources of the "Giant Nile" in the remote regions of Kordofan, Mirjan, surnamed (*lucus a non lucendi*) from his ebony complexion "Snow," had at an early age found his way into the slave-market of Alexandria, where he had many years since been purchased by an English Gentleman, who gave him his freedom, and in whose family he had ever since resided. However, his patron having occasion to leave Egypt to proceed for a few months to England, I promised until his return to take charge of this jetty excrescence of Ethiopia.

In the remote interior of Africa, on reaching the confines of

* These desert and sandy plains abound likewise with a small animal called the "jaboa," about the size of a rat, but possessing most of the characteristics of the kangaroo. By some writer this little creature is supposed to be the *saphan* of Scripture, commonly translated as the "coney." Again it is supposed that the Hebrew Legislator alluded to the jaboa when he said: "Whatsoever goeth upon its paws, among all manner of beasts that go on all four, those unclean unto you." (Lev. xi. 27); and although the coney or rabbit, which is also interdicted as unclean at verse 5 of the same chapter, may be said to go occasionally upon its (hind?) "paws," still the jaboa not only sometimes feeds in that position, but, from the peculiar shortness of its fore legs, it moves by a succession of leaps and jumps, and, when stopping, brings its feet close under its belly, and rests on the juncture of the leg. Neither during my residence in Syria did I ever behold a rabbit, nor am I aware of their existence in that country. Again, the prophet Isaiah, in making mention of the idolatrous habits of the countrymen, notices the eating of "swine's flesh" and the abomination of the mouse, which, possessing some of the attributes of the jaboa, may have been confounded with the latter.

Abyssinia, the Negro race appears, both in shape and features, to undergo a sudden improvement, to lose many of what are considered its distinctive and characteristic qualities, and although the ebony hue still prevails, yet the low forehead, the mis-shaped protuberance miscalled a nose, the large pouting lips, make way for a much more regular outline of countenance, approaching in many respects to that of the European; and some of the Abyssinian slave girls, daily disposed of in the markets of El Muir, might often vie in appearance with the dark though handsome maidens of Hindostan, with their graceful forms and classic features.

But Mr. Snow possessed none of these deceptive marks of exception: he was a true "Nigger" every inch of him, and moreover one of the ugliest dogs of that ill-favored race. His age might have been about twenty; he stood nearly six feet without his "paposhes;" his long ungainly form was sustained on a pair of drumsticks, each describing in its outward curve the true semi-circular line of grace and beauty, and well adapted by their shape and length to form the ribs of a moderately-sized vessel: his natural obscure charms had moreover been brightened by the accidental loss of his front teeth; but withal Mr. Snow was a trump, and, although from his youth spoiled and petted by a kind and indulgent master, he nevertheless retained many sterling qualities, and proved himself a good, faithful, and honest servant. To Mr. Snow was therefore consigned the commissariat department, together with all the interior arrangements of the voyage, which was to extend some thirty or forty miles up the Canal; and he had just announced that everything was ready for a start, when—oh! glorious uncertainty of human affairs!—we received the astounding intelligence that he whom we had reckoned on as being the life and soul of our embryo party, the jovial laughter-loving T—, was prevented by pressing affairs from being able to join us. Evils never come alone in this sublunary world. Scarcely had we recovered from so severe a blow, when a note came from the Medea, saying that a screw had somehow or other got loose.....these confounded steamers are always getting out of order.....and the short and long of it was, that we were also disappointed of the company of our naval friends, who, in the to them novel occupation of harpooning pigs, had promised themselves much fun, and to the rest of the party no little amusement in anticipation. These heavy inflictions falling on us in such quick and rapid succession had nearly annihilated the hog-hunting party in its very cradle; however, like the infant Hercules and the snakes, so did we manfully strive with and overcome every impending difficulty. Snow looked aghast; my companion put down in silence his "gem-adorn'd chibouque," and assumed the face of resignation; whilst I, from amidst a cloud of aromatic vapor which lent its mystic aid to my inspired words, heroically exclaimed, that, although doubtless great and afflicting as was the loss we had sustained, still, so far from deterring us from so noble an undertaking, it should act as an additional stimulus to our exertions; and that the fewer the numbers engaged, the greater would be the glory falling to their share in

bringing off those bloody trophies which we already looked upon as our own ! I therefore moved, that, though at present under less auspicious circumstances than before, the expedition should nevertheless take place ; and to this my sporting friend Smith willingly acceded. The motion was approved of by Mr. Snow : therefore, mounting our himars*, and jogging along in the wake of that worthy son of Erebus, we soon reached the bank of the Canal and embarked on board our kunjah.

To the quiet easy-going mortal who prefers indolence and ease to the fatigue of active exertions, there cannot be a more delightful plan of travelling than this aquatic mode of conveyance. Surrounded by every comfort in a well-fitted apartment, the traveller reclines, pipe in hand (for nothing is here without the chibouque), on his luxurious ottoman, whence he can survey all the passing scenery which flits indistinctly before his sleepy half-closed eyes. Should the wind fail or prove adverse, the ready crew leap ashore and track along his floating habitation; which, when favored by a propitious breeze, is propelled rapidly through the smooth waters by the help of a ponderous latine sail, which in my opinion forms the only drawback to this quiet dreamy system of progression. The breeze being often very faint, and moreover in many places interrupted by the high banks, this sail is made of such a disproportioned height and size as frequently to endanger the safety of the boat whenever a stronger puff unexpectedly meets it ; and many accidents frequently by this means occur, both on the Mahoumidieh Canal and on the broad surface of the Nile.

It was the last day of August when my above-mentioned friend and myself, braving the terrors of the deep, embarked on this venturesome voyage of sporting discovery. The burning heats of the two last months had nearly prostrated the Plague Demon, and dried up his poisoned breath. Since the latter end of June, his dread influence had gradually decreased, and the swelling waters of the Nile, together with the strong sea-breezes, were now beginning to cool the atmosphere and to render the climate more bearable. Our crew, after towing our boat past the first winding of the Canal, at last brought the wind right abaft, and jumping on board lost no time in hoisting the huge latine sail, under whose shade they now gladly rested from their wearying task. Pipes were lit, the tale went round, and the boat-song gladly cheered us in our quiet progress, Mr. Snow frequently lending his Stentorian lingo to increase the effect of the chorus. We thus merrily glided over the smooth waters, passing constantly the numerous and variously-loaded barges plying like ourselves on the Canal, some carrying troops, others deeply laden with the Pasha's corn ; some with vegetables and other produce of the country, with which they were proceeding to the markets of Iskenderia (Alexandria.) Oft light caique-built gondolas would flit like meteors past in the wake of foaming steeds, which, galloping along the banks, dragged them at

* Donkeys, the general mode of conveyance at Alexandria, where numbers of these animals are always standing ready saddled in the streets, with their clamorous attendants, the " donkey boys," in waiting.

this pace through the disturbed and bubbling waters : whilst like a Triton with his sea-shell, standing on the bows and armed with a long speaking trumpet, was always to be seen a man, who in brazen tones warned the "slower coaches" of his approach, in order that they might get out of the way, and avoid the long and well-stretched towing line.

The first part of the voyage lay between an embankment separating us from the wide extent of Lake Mæreotis on the one hand, and on the other the vast tract of salt sandy desert running to Aboukir and Lake Etcho, and on which might be seen in every shape and variety the flitting and illusive forms and colors of the mirage.

We next gradually entered a belt of rich verdure widely extending on each side, on which the eye, long scorched and wearied by the painful glare of burning sands and leafless wastes, now gladly dilated, as it rested on the boundless verdant sea of cultivation which in every direction seemed here to encircle the horizon.

With all these pleasing sights before us, time passed so heedlessly away that we were surprised, on receiving a summons from Mr. Snow, to find that the shades of evening had imperceptibly crept upon us, and that, moreover, dinner awaited our presence in the interior cabin.

On rising from table we found the tranquil beauties of the scene greatly enhanced by a bright moon, and, wrapped up in our boat-cloaks, we took our chibouques on deck, and listening to the boat-song of the old Reis, who, perched up aloft, on the *roof* of our ark, kept steering her on her course, whilst drawling out interminable stanzas, being ever and anon joined in chorus by the listening crew. We thus passed several hours in a most happy state of dreamy existence, and it was near midnight ere we moored at the place of our destination, the small village of Abou-el-Kader, near which was to be the scene of our future operations.

Mehemet Ali is in the habit of farming out portions of his land (containing a certain number of villages) to the several European residents at Alexandria, and that of Abou-el-Kader having been taken on these terms by Mr. Giorgio Adib, the Dragoman to the English Consulate, he had written to his agent residing on the spot to prepare everything for our accommodation ; so that next morning, on rising betimes, we found all "appliances and means to boot" to assist us in our meditated warfare against the bristly race. Beaters were in readiness, some mounted Bedouins in attendance to act as guides, and there was even a steed at the disposal of Mr. Snow.

But ere starting, we *must* give as original a party of sportsmen as ever, full of hope and spirits, entered on a bright first of September ; for it was that very day, so sacred in the annals of the *chasse*, which witnessed our "meet" on the banks of the Mahoumidieh Canal.

It may, however, be necessary to premise, as a justification for the little success which attended our subsequent operations, and for the very slight crop of laurels we gathered on the occasion,

that our stud was, to say the best of it, composed of very indifferent nags. Not a single specimen of Arab blood could we muster in the whole party. I was mounted on a large black Dongolo horse (hotee*), showy and full of courage, but failing in those essential points of speed and bottom. Not having any sporting toggery at hand, I contented myself with the garb of innocence—pure virgin white. White jacket and waistcoat, with “prolongators” of the same, composed, with a long, tough, and heavy ashen spear, my unpretending costume†.

My friend Smith, with a red “tarboush” on his head‡, astonished the Natives by the sight of leathers and tops, probably the first of the race doomed to carry away marks of Egypt’s dark and fertile loam.

The Bedouins, whose camp was pitched on the borders of the Barrieh or Desert, headed by the venerable Sheikh Subbrah, although not boasting of superior cattle to ourselves, added greatly to the picturesque effect of the scene, and with their large white turbans and flowing abbas or cloaks, their long-barrelled firelocks, high-seated saddles, and huge shovel-shaped iron stirrups, gave a truly wild and Oriental appearance to our motley group.

But the “pink” of sporting fashion on this momentous occasion, the “beau ideal” of a gay Forest Ranger, was the heroic Snow. He had secured a horse made use of from time immemorial by Mr. Giorgio to go quietly round his estate during his periodical visits at Abou-el-Kader. Ferocity at first sight might have been imagined the principal characteristic of this proud animal, judging from the unmeasured length of tusk with which he was provided, and which would not have disgraced the most venerable leader of the bristly herds on which we were about to wage war. But this impression, if at first sight admitted on such strong grounds, immediately vanished, when ample testimony became manifest of a meek and religious disposition on glancing at his supporters, the knee-caps being considerably worn away and injured by the most persevering and repeated genuflections, evidently proving him to be much addicted to saying his prayers. Mr. Snow, in all the pride of conscious youth and beauty, a smile of unconcealed delight stretching his open countenance from ear to ear, his ebony face shining in the morning sun, and his white garments fluttering in the breeze, proudly grasped his spear, and vaulted into the high-peaked saddle on the back of this noble Pegasus.

The Plains of Lower Egypt, though at first sight presenting the most level unbroken appearance, occasionally offer obstacles which might puzzle even a well-mounted Leicestershire man, who, though he would in vain search for a single ox-fence, five-barred gate, or bullfinch hedge, might occasionally be brought to a stand-still by a dyke, too broad to clear at a leap, of stagnant water soaking deeply

* A few of these horses come from the interior, and, though far inferior to the Arabs, they are considerably better than the “Fellah” horse.

† To account to the experienced hog-hunter for such an anomaly as a shaft made of ash-wood, it may be necessary to state that I in vain attempted to procure at Alexandria the light though tough Bamboo so generally used for this purpose in India.

‡ The tarboush is synonymous with the red fez, the head-dress in common wear with the Natives.

into a rich, black, and loamy soil, by a continuous range of soft marshy rice-fields, or (more particularly at this season, when the land is in many places overflowed with the swollen waters of the Nile) by that most impassable and most provoking of all "stop-pers," a dark, deep, and treacherous bog.

After a short consultation with the Sheikh, we determined to strike inland, and, crossing a part of the Desert Barrieh, reached some extensive fields of dourah or Indian corn. The beaters, however, appeared to hesitate on entering amidst its tall and waving stalks, and Mr. Snow said, that although wild hog frequently harbored there, a "dubbah" had been seen of late, and that they were afraid to meet it by going into "covert."

"And pray," asked I, "what may a dubbah be?"—"One elephant, Sir," said Snow with the greatest assurance. This was, as I conceived, rather too much of a good joke, and I threatened to break my spear-shaft over his shoulders for such a barefaced attempt at humbug; but it appeared he was innocent of any design of the kind, and that what he called an elephant was meant for neither more nor less than an ounce, or panther, or probably only a tiger-cat.

But we were not particular, and had all the sacred cats of Memphis been turned adrift before us, it is probable they would have had to run for their lives. Both Smith and myself agreeing that we might as well blood our spears with one of the feline species as on the unclean beast, we made a most diligent research through the dourah, but without avail.

The beaters next took us a few miles further to a large tract of rice fields on the borders of the Barrieh, where they assured us we might make certain of a find; and having already lost a considerable time with the "dubbah," we proceeded to business without delay, and soon discovered ourselves amidst the most serious obstacles to our forward progress, a rich well-irrigated land, thickly intersected with wet muddy ditches, the difficulty of crossing which was greatly increased by the soft nature of their banks. After getting over several of these impediments without accident, we at last came to one broader and deeper than the rest. Our Bedouins did not look comfortable; a slight dash of lily flitted like a moonbeam over Snow's radiant countenance; and if the truth *must* be told, I did not myself half like the appearance of the dark engulfing waters of the gaping "Avernus" before us.

But Smith was a bold fellow. Taking his horse back a few yards, and trying to get him into something resembling a canter over the soft and sinking soil, "Here goes!" cried he, as he screwed him up to the brink, giving him at the same time his head, and dashing both rowels into his heaving flanks, and he *did* go.....but it was head foremost into the dark pool beneath.

The horse, as I had easily foreseen, from want of sufficient impetus, leaped short, and after floundering for some time in the drain, succeeded in scrambling up the opposite bank without further mischief than effecting a sad alteration in the appearance of both "tops" and "leathers."

We all laughed heartily. Smith himself enjoyed the joke as much as the rest, and Mr. Snow was in raptures. "You d—d black rascal!" exclaimed Smith, "I'll pay you off for this. Pray, Colonel, send the fellow over to this side of the water," he added, addressing himself to me. I took the hint, and to Mr. Snow's dismay, placing myself in rear of his Rosinante, I began to belabor both man and horse with the but end of the spear. Snow, in the attitude of despair, was earnestly expostulating on what he no doubt considered the brink of destruction, when, determined to try sharper means of persuasion, I gently inserted a few lines of my spearhead into the nether part of his till now passive and unwilling steed. This unexpected dose had such an effect, that the animal, making a sudden bound, would have cleared the ditch in splendid style, had not the rider, as he was in the act of lodging on the opposite bank, suddenly checked him by a pull on the severe Mameluke bit, which instantly drew him backwards, and next instant the dark muddy waters sullenly closed over both man and horse, poor Snow being undermost of the two at the moment of their mysterious disappearance!

However, ere we had time to dismount and go to his assistance, like a huge black grampus, puffing, blowing, and spitting the thick pea-soup-like liquid out of his wide mouth, his ugly face appeared above a surface almost as dark as himself. He had managed to disengage himself from the high Moorish saddle and trappings, scrambled out in a most woful plight, and he succeeded, after some trouble, in also dragging up the bank his snorting and floundering steed. The old Sheikh, who did not apparently like this sort of fun, had very sagely sought a more practicable spot to cross over: and deeming prudence in this instance the better part of valor, I followed his example, and soon joined my companions, not a little proud of the still unblemished state of my garments; but *my* turn was soon to come. After traversing rice-fields and approaching the Barrieh, we began to despair of a find, when the suddenly-increased clamor and motions of the beaters announced something to be on foot, and presently above the waving rice, like the dark forms of the monsters of the deep seen at intervals over the ripples of a summer sea, the well-known outline of an old acquaintance was at first dimly viewed, and then, as the rustling herbage opened on its passage, and occasionally showed a portion of the black moving mass above even its highest waving tops, no doubt remained on my mind of its being a boar, and one of the first magnitude; but I proved mistaken in the former, though correct in the latter conjecture.

Pistol-shots were discharged by our beaters, the shouts increased, and to the cries of El Halouf! El Halouf! (the wild boar! the wild boar!) all our myrmidons, now joined by numbers of Fellahs from the adjoining fields, pressed on rapidly in pursuit, when suddenly they were all brought to a stand-still, and showed evident symptoms of trepidation and dismay.

"The 'halouf,'" pursued through the cultivation to the borders of the Barrieh, now showed no disposition to take to the open coun-

try, which in a most inviting manner stretched for a couple of miles before him; but, turning fiercely round, stood resolutely at bay, and appeared to bid defiance to the surrounding host, not one of whom dared to approach him, whilst the horsemen stood on the outside of the rice-fields encouraging the beaters to drive him out of covert, and prepared to blood their glittering arms as soon as he should step on *terra firma*.

His appearance was, however, too formidable for the nerves of the timid Fellahs, and we remained some time thus in suspense, till at last, seeing an Arab coming across the fields with a long rusty firelock, and fearing some mischief might be done which would have spoiled our anticipated gallop, I ordered up the cavalry, which, making a circuit, entered the rice-fields and advanced in front of the now encouraged and re-assured beaters.

Piggy, probably thinking we were coming it "too strong," with a most musical grunt now burst through the tall herbage, and instantly was bounding over the wide level plain, which for the distance of a couple of miles continued unbroken, until where a line of tall water-canes appeared to cross its wide surface, and to this point our friend directed his or rather her course, for it turned out to be an enormous sow arrived at her full growth, but whose speed and vigor were noways abated by that corpulency which both in man and beast is apt to stamp its weight on the years of maturity.

This gentle specimen of the bristly race, though far from possessing the beauty or grace of the gazelle or antelope, appeared almost to rival them in speed, and though our horses were all doing their best, and well assisted with the "Brummagems" and sharp edges of the shovel-shaped iron stirrups of our Eastern friends*, still she kept well ahead of us, and we gained on her little or nothing for the first mile, which was over hard ground, but deeply indented with sun-cracks and chasms, over which we thundered along, luckily without accident or mishap.

From having had a better start than my companions, and perhaps a better horse, I had taken the lead, and maintained it, keeping the old Dongola at his very best speed. After a sharp burst of nearly a mile at this pace, I rapidly began to close with the chase, could hear the sobs of the interesting and distressed lady, and even distinctly see the white foam churning down from her wide opened and steaming chaps. We had now gained about half the distance between the rice-fields and the tall canes above-mentioned, and which I concluded must border the bank of a canal. It was therefore of importance to bring the business to a close ere that point should be attained, and I stretched every nerve to effect this object. I was now close astern of the monster—the spurs were in my horse's flanks—my spear in rest—and a second more would have safely lodged its glittering point behind the high and bristly shoulder-blades; when the beast making a sudden turn at right angles, I was thrown out: however, my ally Smith was at hand: he made a dash, which sent her back in the original course,

* The edge of the stirrup acts on the horse's side as a spur, and a very severe one, inflicting often deep and severe gashes.

and I was soon again close at her heels, well raised in the stirrups, and straining forward to give the death-thrust. At this critical moment she floundered through a deep belt of black marshy ground, which in our rapid course we had come on unawares.

There was no time to pull up, and my horse, from the top of his speed, was instantaneously transferred to the top of his head, which was firmly planted in the bog, making at the same time a somersault, which luckily sent me clear of his over-rolling weight, and lodged me without injury or fracture in the midst of a pool of fine fat and unctuous black mud.

Some seconds elapsed ere I could release both myself and horse from this extremely unpleasant situation. Smith in the meantime gruelled on ; but the ground had now so completely assumed a marshy character as to render the odds of the race greatly in favor of our antagonist, who succeeded in gaining the "caney" covert above alluded to, and which, on reaching, we found to border a broad and deep canal.

As we were pretty close up when madame sow gained this shelter, and as we saw no traces of her swimming across the canal, we naturally concluded she was somewhere hid along its sedgy bank, and accordingly with Snow and the Bedouin Sheikh, who had by this time come up, we commenced a diligent search, which proving ineffectual, we determined on swimming the canal, in hopes of hitting her trail on the opposite side of the water.

Our Leander-like exploit produced, however, no other result than giving us a partial cleansing ; and after a long and fruitless research, we gave it up as a bad job, regained the bank of the Mahoumidieh, near the village of El Birket, and at last regained our kunjah after a severe day's work for both men and horses.

We continued for a couple of days longer at Abou-el-Kader, during which time we had several good runs, much resembling the one just described ; but not securing any heads or tusks, we will not try the Reader's patience by a further description of our failures. Suffice it to say, this excursion proved that little better nags and at a rather earlier season of the year—before the country is quite so much under water—capital hog-hunting may be had within twenty miles of Alexandria, to obtain which the sportsman has to go no farther than the villages of Abou-el-Kader or El Birket.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for August, 1843.

TRAINING FOR ATHLETIC EXERCISES.

THE superintendence of those who are about to go through a course of training, for the purpose of invigorating the frame, so as to render it capable of supporting and sustaining an unusual degree of fatigue, and of making efforts to which, in its usual state, it would be found unequal, is generally intrusted to men who are

totally ignorant of the animal economy ; and whose sole knowledge consists in an acquaintance with the process to which they have themselves been subjected, at some period, and which they deem applicable to every constitution. The object of the following remarks is to give a few rules for the attainment of the highest state of physical power, and to point out, at the same time, those cases which require, during the period of training, certain precautions dependant upon their natural or acquired state. It is not, however, the object of the writer to investigate all those diseases which militate against the development of considerable muscular power, as such a scrutiny would necessarily be, to a vast majority of readers, both tedious and uninteresting—but rather to point out the means by which a tolerably healthy man may invigorate his constitution generally, and materially increase his physical strength—an object which, whether to be attained for the purpose of promoting the natural functions of the body, with the sole view to enjoy the sweets of robust health, or of performing feats by which money, and a certain degree of fame, are to be obtained, is equally desirable.

From the irregular life which most men lead up to that period when certain monitory symptoms of decaying powers impress themselves so forcibly upon the observation, that they may not pass unheeded, it usually happens, that the greater number of those who go into training—more particularly if inhabitants of large towns—have acquired habits of indolence and debauchery of many kinds, which have both vitiated the natural and healthy secretions of the different organs of the body, and have likewise tended to debilitate the muscular fibre, and so increase the deposition of fat in various parts of the frame. To remedy this improper state, the great requisites to the man who is not laboring under any active form of disease, are, pure air, exercise proportioned to his strength, medicine, and diet.

The greater number of my readers may probably be unaware of the mode by which the atmospheric air, operating upon the blood in its passage through the lungs, produces in it that material change by which animal life is in a great degree supported ; but as an explanation of this fact would, perhaps unnecessarily, lengthen this paper, suffice it to say, that the advantages of breathing a pure air are so generally appreciated, if not understood, that it is needless to dwell much upon a subject upon which there cannot be a diversity of opinion. There are two points, however, connected with this portion of our treatise, to which it may be necessary to direct attention. The first is that, although the constituent parts and proportions of atmospheric air are found to be everywhere the same, their influence upon the human frame seems to be considerably modified by soil and situation. A wet marshy country is certainly not nearly so healthy as a dry soil, at a moderate elevation. The exhilaration of spirits, and the freedom of respiration that are experienced in the latter, are far greater than in the former situation ; although here and there the reverse may be found to be the case in peculiar constitutions, particularly if afflicted with asthma, or

some other form of pulmonary disease. The second point is, that it is not sufficient that pure air be only breathed when at exercise abroad, it should likewise be respired within doors as much as possible; and thus, confined rooms, a bedroom without a chimney, or a house surrounded by, or in the immediate neighborhood of, stagnant water, should be avoided as a residence.

Having thus summarily treated the all-important items of air and situation, we shall proceed to deal similarly with the topic of medicine: because, unless a man be perfect master of that branch of knowledge, he should never attempt to make use of any but the simplest medicaments, but avail himself at once of the assistance of some surgeon of eminence, upon whose skill he can rely, and in whose knowledge of his constitution he can place confidence. The only medicines, therefore, which a trainer should venture to meddle with, are such as will gently assist the removal of too great a quantity of adipose matter; and the principal of these are such as operate upon the bowels and the skin. Before a person, unaccustomed to fatigue, becomes capable of enduring so much exertion as will make him perspire freely (supposing him to be too fat), it may be as well to subject him to the influence of such medicines as will produce this effect in a moderate degree, and they may at the same time be safely and efficaciously combined with mild purgatives. For this purpose let him take, for three nights consecutively, from eight to ten grains of compound rhubarb pill, with two of blue pill, and two of powdered ipecacuanha, and let the dose be repeated if necessary. These medicines are mild in their operation, and the doses ordered cannot do harm, even in ignorant hands.

When more active purgatives are required, as in the case of men, for instance, of a very plethoric habit, or who are subject to determination of blood to the head, saline aperients, as the sulphates of potash or soda, or Epsom salts, may occasionally be used; but these medicines, in full doses, and many others, as castor-oil, jalap, and scammony, whose principal operation is confined to the mucous membrane lining the bowels, are by no means to be frequently repeated, as their effects are too debilitating, and they are too often productive of serious mischief, to be safe remedies in the hands of the uninitiated in the mysteries of medical science.

It is generally considered by ignorant persons, that the chief requisite for making a man strong and muscular is to give him plenty of food of the most nutritious kind; these people never stopping to consider for a moment, and, indeed, being incapable of judging, whether the stomach is capable of digesting the aliment it is made to receive. Thus, a man taken out of London for the purpose of being trained for some match, and whose excesses, of various kinds, have materially disordered the natural powers of the stomach and bowels, is made, all at once, to swallow daily a large portion of barely-cooked animal food, which, the enfeebled state of the stomach rendering it incapable of digesting, becomes in a short time decomposed, and gives rise to great flatulence, uneasiness, and distension, accompanied by an extremely acid secretion

from the stomach, which occasionally rises into the mouth, and by a general feeling of languor and weariness. The action of the heart is, in these instances, frequently deranged; now it beats slowly and feebly, with, perhaps, an occasional intermission, and on any trifling exertion being used, palpitates and flutters, producing what the common people familiarly term "a sinking at the stomach." The undigested food passing into the bowels becomes, to them, a fruitful source of irritation; diarrhœa and costiveness succeed each other by turns: food is still crammed in; and the end of this repletion, so far from being an accession of strength, is an absolute attack of illness, or, at the least, such a degree of debility as cannot fail to point out the impropriety of the trainer's system.

In all such cases, the motto of the trainer should be *festina lente*. If he cannot have the advice of a good surgeon, let him, at least, be guided by the feelings of the man placed under his care; and when the above symptoms are manifest, let the mildest species of food be given, in small quantities, until good air, moderate exercise, and regular hours, shall so far have improved the tone of the stomach, as to make it feel a craving for a heartier species of aliment. Even when this feeling has been produced, the old adage, "fair and softly go far in a day," must still be borne in mind; for at this period one ample meal may undo at once the care and attention bestowed for a considerable time. When no very extraordinary symptoms of great irritation of the stomach are apparent, as much flatulence, nausea, or vomiting, &c., some tonic medicine may be given, for a time, with great propriety, and generally with considerable benefit. All these medicines, however, being so many stimulants to the stomach, must be used carefully, and of a strength proportioned to the state of that organ. About half an ounce of quassia chips, infused in a quart of boiling water, and taken to the extent of a wine glassfull three times a day—an hour before each meal—is a light and pleasing tonic, and rarely disagrees with the stomach, especially when care has been previously taken to empty the bowels, a precaution which should never be omitted prior to the exhibition of these medicines. As the tenor of the stomach improves, thirty or forty drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and two teaspoonsful of syrup of ginger may be added to each dose of the infusion of quassia. Regimen, regular hours of exercise, feeding, and repose, with or without the above simple medicaments, as the case may require, and limiting the quantity and quality of the food according to the state of the stomach and bowels, will, in a very short time, put the frame of any man, providing he have no absolute disease, into a state fit for the performance of those active exertions which are necessary to develop his muscular powers; but without proper attention, in the first instance, to the state of the digestive organs, nourishing diet of every description will not only be thrown away, but is absolutely hurtful, and productive of the very opposite results to those intended to be produced.

What has been written on the article of solid food is equally applicable to fluids. No drink of a stimulating nature should be allowed, so long as the stomach is weak and irritable; and even

after it has been restored to a strong and healthy state, the more direct stimulents, as wine and spirits, are to be carefully avoided, in any large quantity. It may happen that the constitution of a man subject to very severe exercise may require a little of these liquids for the purpose of keeping up his stamina, and there may exist no very cogent reason for denying him a couple of glasses of old wine, or as many table-spoonsful of old Cognac brandy, in a tumbler of cold water, with his dinner; but, generally speaking, they may be omitted without detriment, although they are, probably, in many cases, preferable to the large draughts of beer which many men are in the habit of swallowing, and which, in the end, make them puffy and thick-winded. Whatever beer is allowed should be old, free from acidity, and not particularly strong. Hot fluids, except when given for the purpose of inducing perspiration, are generally productive of mischief. Very hot tea or coffee will, if taken for any great length of time, eventually weaken the powers of the stomach, which is the mainspring of strength, and should therefore be excluded from the diet of a person in training, although, taken in moderation, and of a moderate degree of warmth, they possibly promote digestion.

When plenty of time is allowed to get a man into proper health by careful training, and where he is not compelled by agreement to reduce himself to a certain weight, it is totally unnecessary and extremely injudicious to subject him, as most trainers do, to repeated and violent fits of perspiration, by first making him walk or run a considerable distance, enveloped in sundry coats and flannel jackets, and then placing him between two feather-beds, and giving him a large quantity of some hot and stimulating fluid, as ale, cider, or white-wine whey, containing spices, or other aromatic substances. Such extreme measures, tending, as they do, in most cases, to give a certain shock to nature, are only admissible where but a short time is allowed for training, and much corpulence is to be speedily reduced, and cannot even then be serviceable if carried to any severe extent, as the advantage gained in the first instance by the reduction of fat is probably balanced by the weakening process adopted for its diminution. Jockies who are occasionally compelled to sweat off several pounds in the course of a few days for the purpose of riding a certain weight, are sometimes so reduced in strength, as scarcely to be barely capable of going through the exertion of riding a two-mile race, especially if the pace be good, and the horse pull pretty strong. Thus it is no very uncommon thing to see these men take the lead, when their orders are to ride a waiting race, and towards the end of the course to be more beaten than the animal they ride. This, however, is not their fault, but their misfortune, as no person can possibly be subjected to such treatment as will reduce his weight twelve or more pounds in a few days, by means of violent perspirations, and the action of drastic purgatives, without materially diminishing, at the same time, the power of the body, and, perhaps, the vigor of the constitution; and jockies are, therefore, frequently an instance of the impropriety of this severe discipline. To a moderate extent, this

plan of treatment is, nevertheless, applicable to those men who are of a gross habit of body, or whose constitution betrays manifest disposition to an accumulation of fat.

Independent of exercise, which shall presently be noticed, there are two points most necessary to be attended to in training a man for any severe trial of strength, and these are—the observance of early hours and regular habits. The trainer should, in the summer, make his disciple rise, at the latest, about five in the morning; and in the winter, soon after it is light. After getting out of bed, as soon as the body has had time to cool in a slight degree, he should step into a large pan, by the side of which should be placed a pail of cold water and a large sponge, and having performed his ablutions from head to foot, without being so long about them as to feel a sensation of chilliness, the body and limbs should be well rubbed, first with a coarse towel, and afterwards with a flesh brush. This is better than bathing, which in many, indeed in most constitutions, is apt to induce a subsequent feeling of lassitude, particularly if the bath be indulged in for more than a minute or two. Being dressed, with a flannel or merino waistcoat next the skin, both for the purpose of absorbing perspiration and keeping up an equable heat on the surface of the body, he should immediately go into the open air, if the weather be fine, and take a brisk walk before breakfast, due care being taken, however, to proportion it to his strength, and never to make it so long as to produce fatigue. During the walk, an occasional run may be indulged in, up hill if possible, that the lungs may receive their quantum of exercise, and be rendered capable of seconding the efforts of the body, for, to a great extent, wind is strength. A man who, on first going into training, cannot run fifty yards at the top of his speed, not because he feels fatigued, but because his lungs are unaccustomed to exertion, and the unusual efforts required of them produce a corresponding increased action of the heart, which is unable to rid itself with sufficient quickness and energy of the blood which circulates through it, will very soon, by active and regular exercise, so improve the tone and condition of these organs, as to be able to run for a considerable distance, and at length only be obliged to stop from a want of power in his legs, rather than from want of wind. The heart is a muscular body of great strength, whose exertions are not elicited in any very active exercises in nearly so great a degree as are those of the muscles by whose more immediate agency any feat of strength is performed, and the acts of inspiration and expiration are likewise effected by the means of those muscles which alternately expand and diminish the capacity of the chest.

On returning from his walk at about seven o'clock, provided he be not fatigued, which should not be the case, he may have his breakfast, after having changed his flannel waistcoat and linen, and undergone the ceremony of a good rubbing with a dry cloth. The breakfast should at first consist of such light articles of food as will not overload the stomach if it be in any degree irritable (of which state the symptoms have been detailed) and may subse-

quently be made principally off dry, stale bread, and broiled meat, according as the digestive organs appear, from their craving, to desire a hearty and nourishing description of food. A moderate quantity of tea or coffee, whichever appears to agree best with the stomach, and neither too hot nor too strong, may be allowed at this meal; both are preferable to the beer which some trainers are in the habit of giving. After breakfast, as after every other meal, a certain degree of repose and quiet is necessary, in order that the digestive organs may not be disturbed in the exercise of their all-important functions. And here it may be as well to remark, that no greater quantity of food should ever be allowed at any meal than will produce a commencement of that feeling of satisfaction which, if carried beyond this point, subsequently becomes one of repletion and distress. The man who goes on eating and drinking until nature cries "enough!" will, ten minutes after, discover that his stomach has a labor, instead of a pleasing duty to perform: and, moreover, his readiness for exertion will by no means return so speedily as after having partaken of a moderate, though not a scanty meal.

As soon after breakfast as is compatible with a feeling of comfort, active exercises, according to the strength of the body, are again to be resorted to. Among the best of these are gymnastics, quoits, fencing, boxing with gloves, rowing, putting the stone, hockey, cricket, &c. &c., varying each of these by turns, so as to produce a feeling of amusement, while activity of body is increased. As often as may be, the person in training should take up a pair of dumb bells, and exercise his arms in every direction. This work not only increases the vigor of the muscles of the arm, but likewise those of the chest and abdomen, and brings the lungs into considerable play. It should, therefore, be resorted to many times during the day, and the weight of the dumb bells should be increased, as condition and strength improve. A crust of stale bread and butter, or a very well baked biscuit, may be taken about eleven o'clock for lunch, with a glass of sherry, after which a second walk, combined with an occasional run, should be taken before dinner, the exercise being gradually increased both in pace and distance, as the bodily powers advance more and more towards the maximum of strength.

The dinner, about two o'clock, should principally consist, if the stomach be in a healthy state, of broiled meat, not too much done, stale bread, and very little vegetables. No green food of any description, whether cabbage, cauliflower, peas, or other esculent of a like nature, should ever be allowed. All these articles of diet are liable to produce flatulence and disturbance of the stomach, and should, therefore, be strictly prohibited—a dry mealy potato being the only vegetable permitted to be eaten, and that not in great quantity. At dinner, a moderate quantity of sound, mild, old beer, or some weak and cold brandy and water, whichever agrees best with the stomach, may be taken. Some men will do very well with water alone; but if beer, or any other stimulant, be allowed, it should certainly be neither too strong, nor given in

great quantity. As this is the principal meal in the day, a couple of hours should be allowed for repose after it: not, however, in the recumbent posture, where it can be avoided; for the man who dozes by day, both muddles his head, and sleeps ill at night. Moderation, in point of quantity, having been observed at dinner, active exercise may be resumed about four o'clock; and cricket, and other active and amusing games, which lead to exertion, without its appearing to be a duty, should be freely intermingled with those exercises more necessary to ensure success in that object for which training is endured.

A light supper may be taken about seven o'clock, and to bed at nine, which will allow of eight hours for sleep, in the summer, a period quite long enough for any man in health, and who wishes to remain so. In winter, the hours of food, exercise, and repose, must be so altered as to allow a similar portion of time dedicated to each.

When the weather is so bad that exercise out of doors cannot be taken, sparring, fencing, the dumb bells, &c., must be freely resorted to; and when neither in-door nor out-door exercise can be indulged in, it is a good plan, during the hours of relaxation, to employ the person in training in some mechanical pursuit; as, for instance, carpenters' work, of which most men are fond, and which, as well as occasioning some little demand upon the bodily strength, affords, in some degree, a pleasing employment for the mind.

This point of affording occupation to the mental as well as bodily powers is one of very considerable importance, although unattended to by the majority of trainers, who do not understand the nature of the connection between nervous energy and muscular power. Without the influence of the nerves, however, the muscles would be totally inert, and incapable of motion. Look at the paralytic man, who drags his leg after him, an incumbrance instead of a help to locomotion! Is the seat of the disease, however, in the affected leg, or are the muscles in fault? Surely not; the origin of his lameness is probably in the head, where the principal nerve supplying his leg has its origin; and this, being in a state of disease, betrays its condition by its effects upon the muscles. Thus it must be manifest that a healthy state of the whole nervous system is absolutely necessary to the perfect development of muscular energy. Few people, however, either understand, or stop to consider that this intimate bond of union between nervous and muscular power is to be otherwise kept up, than by the constant exercise of those parts from which the more immediate efforts of strength are required.

During the hours of active exercise, a pleasing companion is an admirable adjunct to labor, and no less desirable at those periods than during the time dedicated to relaxation of the frame. Where a man is deprived, occasionally, of the company of those in whose society he takes pleasure, and feels himself at home, few substitutes will be found so agreeable as the companionship of dogs. There are not many men who do not experience a pleasurable sensation in being accompanied in their excursions by

some of these "friends of the human race," and their gambols and sporting qualifications lead to many an enlivening run, which would otherwise be omitted, or give rise to a feeling of interest which, without them, would be wanting.

It should always be remembered, that the man whose stamina and condition have, by a successful plan of training, been rendered as perfect as possible, is liable, from any of the usual causes, to attacks of illness of an inflammatory character. In him are not perceived the slow, insidious approaches of lingering disease—the general ill-health and smothered symptoms of disease manifested by the mechanic, or ill-fed laboring man; on the contrary, if attacked by any malady, it will generally be of a grave character, and marked by the usual symptoms of great fever, and considerable inflammation. Thus, a predisposition to pulmonary or abdominal complaints, which, under other circumstances, would have assumed, probably, a chronic character, hurried, in the man who has been brought to a state of considerable vigor, into obstinate inflammation of the lungs or bowels. The man, too, who is subject to attacks of rheumatism, which have usually been confined to mere aching pains, finds that he is now to have that malady ushered in by great febrile excitement, and racking tortures. For the cure of all inflammatory diseases, depletion must be carried to an extent that will at once do away with all the benefits of a long system of judicious training; and therefore is it that, during this process, extreme care should be taken to avoid all those causes which are known to be excitants to indisposition or disease—wet clothes, draughts of cold air, suddenly-checked perspiration, drinking cold fluids while the body is heated, and many other familiar causes of disease, are to be carefully shunned, as exposing a man, when almost in the arms of victory, to shame and defeat.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that, while in training, a man should constantly be weighed, in order to see whether he gains or loses flesh under the system pursued; and that the necessary measures may be adopted for bringing him to that weight which he may be bound, by his agreement, not to extend. When the performance of a match on horseback is the object for which a person goes into training, of course a considerable portion of his exercise should consist of riding; all other means of increasing the bodily powers, and the health of the frame generally, being likewise studiously attended to.

The foregoing advice, even if followed with somewhat less strictness than is absolutely necessary to enable a man to perform any extraordinary feats of strength, will, nevertheless, be found materially to benefit the worst constitutions; but he who wishes to subject himself to an invigorating course of life, probably totally different from that he has been in the habit of leading for years, should never trust to his own resolution to avoid what, though agreeable, may be unfitted for him, and to do and partake of only such things as will tend to improve his manly plight; but should, if possible, place himself under the guidance of some Mentor, whose fiat should be as absolute as that of Sancho Panza's physician, in the Isle of Barataria.

CHIRON.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Great preparations were making for the forthcoming Doncaster Races which were to commence on Monday, 11th Sept. A Doncaster paper states that "Nothing which can possibly contribute to the security, comfort, and gratification of the visitors, or to enhance the splendor of the scene, is disregarded by the public authorities, both within the precincts of the town and upon the ground itself. The stone work which ornaments the Grand Stand has been refaced, an improvement which gives to the building a new and more imposing appearance. The entrance to the jockies' room, beneath the Steward's Stand, and the position of the weighing scales, have been removed from the western to the eastern side of the edifice, in order that, from the Grand Stand and the Noblemen's Stand, an uninterrupted view of the process of weighing, &c., may be afforded. The course is in the most beautiful condition, indeed we never saw it in a better state for the purpose of running. All the roads, too, approaching to the ground, are in the most perfect state of repair. The police force, under the superintendence of Etches, with the assistance of Leadbitter, from Bow street, will be efficient, and ensure protection both day and night. Nor, on the part of the innkeepers and those inhabitants who appropriate a portion of their dwellings for the reception of visitors, is there any lack of preparation in providing accommodations. Several lodgings are already engaged. The seats of many gentlemen in the neighborhood, extending as far as Methley, will, we understand, be thronged with company. The several watering places, too, are now crowded with strangers; and many of these will be induced to extend their visit to Doncaster, to witness the decision of the events which will form the main attractions of the week.

The following is the latest state of the odds on the St. Leger, as quoted in Bell's Life of 3d Sept. :—

Cotherstone	100 to 55 on (tk)	-----
Prizefighter	12 to 1 agst	10 to 1 agst (tk)
Nutwith	13 to 1 ———	12 to 1 ——— (tk)
Lucetta colt.....	14 to 1 ———(tk).....	14 to 1 ———
Murat	20 to 1 ———(tk).....	-----
Dumpling.....	-----	30 to 1 ——— (tk)

This great race was to come off on the 12th, and "what is to win?" is in every one's mouth. Since the year 1800 (Champion's year), the St. Leger has not been carried off by the winner of the Derby, yet the odds are nearly 2 to 1 on Cotherstone against a field of above One Hundred and Twenty horses! It is already settled in the minds of many that COTHERSTONE is "sure" to win, and he who thinks otherwise, from the astonishing performances of the horse, fears to back his opinion. His great feats certainly warrant the confidence reposed in him by his backers, and fully must we respond that Cotherstone must win, *if*—hang those *ifs* and *buts*. Great are the chapters of accident, and greater still the fatality that seems to deny a second achievement of the 1800 victory for the two events. What horse stood a better chance than Attila, last year for fulfilling the hopes of his backers? *But* he went to Goudwood, got beat, and Blue Bonnet snatched away the prize. Coronation, too, were his chances small! No. *But* he was kept a greater distance from the course than was really necessary, even to the day of the race; he had never been in a van in his life, and the excitement occasioned by forcing him in lost his owners the St. Leger, being beaten, after a quick run race, by half a neck. Bloomsbury, Plenipotentiary, Priam, and many other *dead* certainties, have shared the same fate. But are these, say our readers, likely to happen again? No, they can be provided against. The greatest care and pains have been taken with the horse, who is, it is generally admitted, of beautiful temper and strong constitution. All his performances of the present year have been won with the greatest ease, without having been even once extended. He

has beaten and got the measure of almost everything against which he will have to contend, therefore, what but accident can lose him the race? Success attend him!

The editor of the Sunday Times gives the following list of horses likely to start:—

Cotherstone, by Touchstone, out of Mundig's and Trustee's dam, Mr. Bowes's.—Since winning the Derby he has appeared once in public, at Goodwood, where he beat Khorassan, Mary, and Gaper.

Prize fighter, by Gladiator, out of Barbara, Lord Chesterfield's—Has appeared twice in public, winning a plate at Chester in two heats, and the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which has brought him into notice.

Dumpling, by Muley Moloch, out of Easter, Major Yarburgh's—Has not run since the Derby.

Napier, by Gladiator, out of Marion, Col. Anson's—Like Cotherstone, he has been successful in all his engagements this season; although at Goodwood he ran a dead heat with Cornopean, his jockey drawing it too fine, whom he afterwards beat easy. It is more than probable that he will not run for the St. Leger, but be saved for his other engagements at Doncaster.

Mania, by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam, Mr. Payne's—Ran a dead heat, and afterwards divided the stakes with Parthian, for the Drawing Room Stakes at Goodwood. She also won the Nassau Stakes at the same meeting, beating four others.

Nutwith, by Tomboy, out of Hackfall's dam, Mr. Wrather's—Ran second to Prizefighter for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, which he lost by a neck.

Colt by Beiram, or Sultan, out of Lucetta, Lord Exeter's—Has never yet appeared in public.

Murat, by Slane, out of Hester, Col. Peel's.—Did not start for the Derby, but won twice at Ascot, beating Gaper, New Brighton, and Portumnus; afterwards Elysium and Highlander.

Aristides, by Bay Middleton, out of Rectitude, Lord Eglinton's—This is a brute "who can run but wont," although a frequent starter since the Derby, his temper has never allowed him to be successful.

Winesour, by Velocipede, out of Thirsk's dam, Mr. Bell's—Was beaten by Parthian at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

General Pollock, by Velocipede, out of Birdlime, Mr. Mostyn's—Since the Derby has started three times; twice at Goodwood, where he was beaten—and at Liverpool, where he beat a filly by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor, and Messalina.

Trueboy, by Tomboy, out of Muleteer's dam—Mr. Cooke's. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, beat Blackdrop, Silkworm filly, colt by Muley Moloch, dam by Waverley, What, and Judex. At Liverpool, beat by Semiseria, and ran second to Napier.

Eggy, by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny, Col. Cradock's—Has started once this year at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the Queen's Hundred. She was beaten by Alice Hawthorn. Five started.

Gorhambury (Irish), by Verulam, out of Fire, Mr. Holmes's—Ran second to Mr. Watt's Philip at the Curragh.

Filly by Silkworm, out of Garland's dam, Sir C. Monck's—Beaten by Trueboy and Blackdrop, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Six started.

Jamal, by Jerry, out of Corumba, Mr. Coleman's. Not run this season.

Chotornian, *Cornophan*, the *Languish Colt*, and two or three others might be selected who may be starters, but no degree of certainty can be attached to the fact.

Out of the above lot it will be perceived there is but one "dark horse," viz., the Lucetta colt, and he a doubtful starter, owing to the difficulty of getting him into condition. Out of such a lot, what is to beat Cotherstone but accident?—but at the same time we advise our readers not to lose sight of Mania; "she will take a good deal of beating for second place if Cotherstone wins." Nutwith, it is reported, was not up to the mark at York, being short of work; neither we hear was he too well ridden.

In the summary below items not credited to other journals are quoted from our gifted contemporary "Bell's Life in London." [We regret having to ap-

prise "Vates" of the "Era," that the receipt of his excellent paper is frequently interrupted; one number only (instead of three) reached us by the "Caledonia."]

A match for 200 sovs., gentlemen riders, two miles, came off on Monday, between Mr. Brooke's bay filly (h-b), 3 yrs. 8st. 5lb. (the Hon. Stuart Erskine), and Mr. Dixon's gr. m. Deception, aged, 9st (Mr. Sadler). 5 to 2 on Deception, who took the lead, and was never headed till on the post, when the filly made a rush, and won after a splendid race by half a head. The *knowing ones* dropped their cash, as the old one was booked safe to win; both nags were most *professionally handled*. Mr. Erskine is the lightest *real gent* jockey in England, as he can ride under 8st. 6lb. [Our correspondent who signs himself C B. should have stated *where* the match was run; it reads something like a hoax.]

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: Sir,—A race took place at Egham, on Tuesday, of entirely a new character, it was heats, a mile, for all ages weight's according, two year olds, "a feather;" and for it started five, among which was Lord George Bentinck's Idleness, a two year old, conducted by a new jockey, Young Kitchener, who made his *debut* with success at the late Goodwood Races (his weight is, I believe under 50 lbs). In taking her canter before the race the filly swerved against the curds, fell, and took her leave of her rider; she was caught, and "without fear or trembling" Kitchener again occupied "the hogskin," started, and came in first for the heat. It is said "give a dog a bad name and hang him," and which trite adage Kitchener no doubt concluded, embraced the equestrian as well as the canine race, and so after performing the feat of activity by winning the heat, he with all his might flogged Idleness for twenty yards, I presume for the sake of her name. This she resented by again swerving on the cords, and falling on her side, in which attitude she slid some yards, but Kitchener still cleverly kept his ascendant position, and straddled her ribs instead of her back. Before the ceremony of weighing was gone through, which of course was not required of "the feather," Mr Isaac Day, the trainer of Chilson (placed second), told Lord George that an objection ought to be made to his filly, on the ground that she had in the last struggle crossed Norna, Creina, and Chilson; and the reply of Lord George Bentinck was, "I agree with you, Mr. Day, if my jockey was aught but a child;" and with this plea, Mr. Day, it appears, was satisfied, as was Mr. Goodman, if he ever harbored a thought of objecting to a filly of Lord George's. Nothing further was urged to her disqualification, and she started again, and won the stakes. Now, sir, the cross was obvious to every one at the Stewards' Stand, I therefore contend that neither love nor fear should have prevented the owners or trainers of the two horses named from making a formal objection to Idleness, when if Lord Rosslyn had agreed with Lord George Bentinck, that this was the exception to the admitted axiom, "that the employer is accountable for his agent," the public would have been better satisfied; but it should have been urged against such a conclusion, that if Lord George Bentinck took the advantage of such "a fly" for his jockey, it was unreasonable to grant him also that of irresponsibility. I have thought fit to express my sentiments on the above affair, not solely because I think it was not right, but because Lord George Bentinck, to whom the sporting community are much indebted for his rules and regulations, and who has hitherto been so uncompromising a stickler to them, and all others, played so prominent a part in it.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

RUNNYMEDE.

N B.—This omission to enforce the law of the Jockey Club respecting crossing, cost me twenty-seven pounds, and many others much more. My quotation of Lord George Bentinck's remark, I had from Mr. Isaac Day. [We give this letter as we have received it, the writer having furnished us with his name.—Editor.]

Lord Albemarle has sustained a great loss by the death of his favorite race horse Ralph, on Wednesday last, at Newmarket. It appears that in running for the Cup at Ascot, he sustained some internal injury, followed by inflammation, from which he never recovered. His performances on the whole were good; in 1840 he won the Criterion of £740, beating Thistle Whippet, Came-

leon, and several others; this was his only race as a two-year old. In 1841 he won the 2,000 Guineas Stakes of £1,300, beating Joachim, Mustapha, and five others; won the Drawing room Stakes of £685 at Goodwood, beating Cesarewitch, Mustapha, and Defy; also won the Produce Stakes of £2 400, at Goodwood, beating Eringo, Prince Caradoc, and five others; won the Garden Stakes of £400, beating Sir Hans, Flambeau, and the Thebes colt; and received £150 forfeit from Fitzroy. Was second favorite for the Derby, for which he was not placed, and was beaten in a match for 500, at even weights, by The Squire. In 1842 he divided the Port of £175 with John o' Gaunt; won a match for £200, beating Proof Print; received £100 from Johnny; won a match for £200, beating Dr. Caius; and won the Cambridgeshire Stakes of £1,055, beating Florence, Lady Adela, and fifteen others. Ran second to Bob Peel for the Suffolk Stakes, the latter receiving a year and 5 bs.; was beaten in a match by Garry Owen, who received a year and 2b.; was not placed for the Cesarewitch Stakes. His only race this year was for the Ascot Cup, which he won in a canter, beating St. Francis, Robert de Gorham, and Vulcan. Net value of his winnings, including the Ascot Cup, £7 677 10s.

In Mr. PERCIVALL's "Lectures on Horses," published in "The Veterinarian," he makes the following interesting statement:—

We learn from Lecoq that the first idea of "proportions" appears in an Italian work published in the sixteenth century; though to Bourgelat are we indebted for their establishment upon a rational basis. Following Grisonie, Bourgelat assumed as his "unity of mensuration," the head of the animal to be measured; and this he subdivided into three parts, which he called primes; each prime into three seconds; and each second into twenty-four points; making, altogether, 216 subdivisions. Lecoq has reduced these subdivisions down to hundredths.

Eclipse, it will be perceived, did not accord with the scale.

We are told by Sainbel, that Eclipse measured 66 inches—16½ hands—in height; and that he stood higher by an inch behind than before; and that this great height was still exceeded by the length of his body, that being three inches more or sixty-nine inches. It is but rarely that we behold a horse of these dimensions, among the big Derby colts of the present day; and when we come to add fair proportion and power and energy to this gigantic frame, we shall not feel so much surprise at his wonderful exploits. What appears most remarkable, however, in the "proportions" of this famous horse, is the smallness or shortness of his head, it measuring, according to calculations readily deducible from Sainbel's mensuration, but twenty-two inches; a circumstance, seemingly, that gave rise to his subdivision of it into twenty-two parts, each part then being equivalent to one inch. Hence Eclipse's height being sixty-six inches, was equal to three heads' length, exceeding that of the scale or regular-proportioned horse by half a-head; and the same excess, and three inches added to it, occurs in his length: circumstances mostly, I repeat, attributable to the smallness of his head. Eclipse, therefore, was a tall horse and a long horse, a horse higher behind than before, and withal, a horse possessing a very small head.

Mr. Nightingale, the eminent tryer at many of the principal coursing meetings in the north, is engaged as judge at the Paisley, Stirling, and Ayr Races.

Exportation of a Valuable Stud.—On Thursday afternoon, at high water, the schooner Ann, Captain Walker, sailed from Hore's wharf, Hermitage, Wapping, for Dantzie. Her cargo consisted of one stallion, valued at 500 guineas; one colt, and five mares, and a quantity of agricultural implements. The aggregate value is estimated at £1,740. Among the mares are the celebrated Bessy Bedlam and Messina (the latter in foal); the others also possessing claims to some celebrity on the turf. The stud, apparently in the finest condition, are consigned to a Mr. Hebler, the accredited acting agent for the Count Z. Zonwoywsu, at Dantzie.

Hyllus, the winner of the Goodwood Cup, with his splendid silver prize, is gone to Prussia, having been sold previously to the race to a Berlin gentleman.

Mr. Cassidy has matched his b. f. *Latona*, by *Plenipo*, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb., against Mr. Ling's bl. m. *Camille*, aged, 7st. 9lb., two year old course, for £100 aside, p.p., on the first Tuesday in the Second October Meeting.

John Howlett is engaged as jockey to the Earl of Eglinton, on the termination of his apprenticeship to John Day in October.

Mr. Ramsay, after a brilliantly successful career, retires from the turf at the close of the present season, when the whole of the racing and breeding stud will be sold without reserve. This secession will be an immense loss to the Scotch turf.

Scott's Lot at Pigburn.—On Wednesday week, Cotherstone, The Caster. Napier, and several others arrived at Scott's stables, Pigburn, from the South. The number now consists of upwards of thirty, that are daily taking their exercises on Pigburn Lees.

Mr. Shackel has purchased The Corsair to go to Germany, the price, we understand, £500.

Mr. W. Hobson has sold Chivalry, by Moley Moloch, out of Aristides' dam. [To whom our correspondent omits to state.]

An extraordinary number of valuable horses have been sent from this country to the Continent, in the course of the present season. Among the foreign dealers, a Mr. Gardner, from Venice, has given the highest prices, and exported the greatest number; it is with regret that we see so many of our best mares leaving the country.

A short time since Mr. Forth's three year old filly by Elis, out of sister to Marvel, broke her back in being thrown for the purpose of firing her.

Extraordinary Match.—A distinguished supporter of the Kelso Turf having just published his readiness to bet a large sum that he will, without any repose upon the road, drive a coach with four-in-hand from Edinburgh to London, we think general interest will be excited by the following account of another extraordinary match:—In 1761 a match was made between Jenison Shafto and Hugo Meynell, Esqrs., for 2000 guineas; Mr. Shafto to find a person to ride 100 miles a day on any one horse each day, for 29 successive days, to have any number of horses, not exceeding 29. The person chosen by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started at Newmarket-heath, May 4, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished his arduous task on the 1st of June, about six in the evening, having used fourteen horses only, viz.:—Mr. Shafto's b. h. once; Mr. Chadwack's ch. m. thrice; Capt. Winyard's ch. h. twice; Mr. Thistlewaite's gr. h. thrice; Mr. Wildman's bl. m. thrice; Mr. Woodman's b. m. thrice; Mr. Scott's b. m. twice; Lord Montford's b. h. twice; Mr. Surrecott's ch. h. once; Mr. Shafto's ro. h. twice; Mr. Calcroft's ch. h. once; Mr. Rudd's ch. m. once; Mr. Welch's b. h. twice; Mr. Major's b. m. thrice. Mr. Major's mare did not begin one day till ten o'clock, Mr. Woodcock having failed to bring in a horse called Quideunk after it had done 60 miles by nine o'clock, and then tired; so that he rode 140 miles that day, finishing about 11 o'clock at night, which was the latest hour during the whole performance. This undertaking must have been more difficult for the rider than the horses. The course was from Harepark to the ditch, making three miles; thence he went a three-mile course round the flat on that side of the ditch near Newmarket. Posts and lamps were put up, as Mr. Woodcock chose to start very early in the morning, to avoid the heat of the day. Kelso Chronicle.

Pedestrianism Extraordinary.—The following may be relied upon as strictly authentic:—A gentleman connected with the London press started from the North of London on Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock, to walk to Kew-green; he arrived at the latter place at a quarter to eleven, and transacted business by which it was arranged that he should be again in Kew on the Sunday morning following by 10 o'clock. He then proceeded on foot to Windsor where he arrived at half-past five. Disappointed here in the object of his pursuit, he left Windsor without stopping to take any refreshment, and arrived at Taplow Mills, near Maidenhead, by nine o'clock. Here also the unfortunate wight was doomed to disappointment, and nothing remained for him but to retrace his steps towards London. Not a single vehicle was upon the road, and as the Windsor clocks struck one o'clock he had reached Cranford-bridge. Fearful that a tem-

porary rest would do more harm than good, he pushed forward and reached Bredford by half-past five on the Sunday morning, here he took a little rest and refreshment, and arrived at Kew-green precisely at 10 o'clock. Taplow Mills are 26 miles from Hyde Park-corner in a direct line, add 4 more for the distance from Finsbury to Hyde Park-corner, and 6 miles for the detour to Windsor, and we have 36 miles; add the return from Taplow Mills to Kew green, 21 miles, and the whole distance travelled is 57 miles. The actual time of walking being a little more than 16 hours.

CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND.

Bonnet Rouge shall run any horse in England, from Cotherstone, the winner of the Derby, or Gornamby, who could and ought to have won it, to Bartlev, the bootmaker's celebrated Jerusalem Flying Donkey, both inclusive, for 100 sovs., three miles over hurdles (not frangible, but stiff,) five feet high, at Newmarket, in the Houghton Meeting, or any where else, as may be agreed on. Any person wishing to make the match, has only to call at Bartley's, and deposit the £100, when he will find £100 ready to cover it. The owner thinking that Bonnet Rouge is the best hurdle race horse in the kingdom, proposes this match to justify the price of the horse, who is for sale, at 150 guineas, and may be seen any day at Snackel's. Any one, therefore, has the option of buying him, or matching against him, as the owner has no use for him, and sells him solely for that reason. Bell's Life, Aug. 27.

The Challenge of Bonnet Rouge Accepted—To the Editor of Bell's Life in London: Sir,—I saw in your paper of Sunday week a challenge to all England from some person unknown, to back Bonnet Rouge against any horse in England, over hurdles five feet high, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, or anywhere else that may be agreed upon. I shall feel obliged if you will state in your paper of this week that I have a horse, named The Councillor, that I will match against him to run the distance he proposes (three miles), at his own price (100 sovs. each, half forfeit), over five feet hurdles. But, as hurdle racing is not customary at Newmarket, if the said gent will send the said horse to Newport Pagnell handicap steeple-chase, where there is as good a race course as any in England, and which takes place in the middle of November, I am ready to produce the horse and money. As no weights are named, of course he means weight for age—hurdle race weights.

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS WESLEY.

Swan Hotel, Newport Pagnell, Aug. 31, 1843.

THE FOURTEEN IN-HAND TEAM.—A CHALLENGE.

To the Editor of Bell's Life in London; Sir.—In answer to a question asked in your paper of the 27th instant, where you state that driving fourteen horses in hand is "humbog," and merely an exhibition of trained horses following in a string, I feel myself called upon (most respectfully) to make the following reply, which I hope with your usual kindness will gain insertion in your valuable columns. To prove there is no humbug about it I now offer a public challenge to any of the crack whips of the day, or "waggoners as was," to sit on the box and drive fourteen horses in hand; and to show that the "trained animals alluded to" have nothing to do with my skill as a coachman, the party accepting this challenge shall have the advantage of driving my trained team, and I will give him the privilege of going to fourteen different parts of the globe (if he thinks proper) and selecting fourteen strange horses, with an assurance that they have been in the habit of working in harness, and free from vice, and he shall drive the trained horses—I will drive the strange ones, for the sum of £50 a side. I am, Sir, yours respectfully, MOSES BOTTLER.

Aug. 30, 1843.

Astley's Royal Amphitheatre.

Notes of the Month.

OCTOBER.

A CARD.

From the Nashville "Republican Banner" of 4th Sept.

To W. T. PORTER, Esq.—The Proprietors of the Nashville Course present their compliments to W. M. T. PORTER, of the "Spirit," and through him to Messrs. LIVINGSTON, STEVENS, and TILLOTSON, of New York, and to Mr. GIBBONS, of New Jersey, and beg leave to tender them the hospitalities of their Course at the Fall Meeting. They also tender similar hospitalities to Messrs. W. R. JOHNSON, LONG, and HARE, of Virginia. To these gentlemen, they suggest that the small provincial meetings in the Atlantic States can offer nothing to compare with the numerous stakes and entries of the Nashville Meeting. The Races commence the 5th of October, and end the 15th. Ten Colt Stakes, 122 entries; among these the "Trial," the "Alabama," and the unrivalled "Peyton." Also three Jockey Club Purses.

Leave, gentlemen, the meetings in the old States to junior members of the Turf, and yourselves attend the American St. Leger. B.

Miss Foote and Reel's Half Sister.—A friend in ill health who has been spending the season at "Manning Springs," Morgan County, Ala., writes in the highest terms of the medicinal properties of the water, and the superior character of the accommodations and enjoyments to be found there. In the course of his letter he gives the following sporting items:—

"I met with, in my route up, Mr. McLaren, who gave me a pressing invitation to visit his stable some four miles from Decatur. I hear that he has a fine string of young ones; among them is a half sister of Miss Foote, which I am informed is thought superior to my lady herself. She will meet Miss F. at Nashville.

"If I was a betting man I would go my pile upon Reel's half sister, Mr. T. Kirkman's entry in the 'Peyton Stake,' against any other named nag. She comes nearer to a racer than any thing I have seen run, and should she not take the money, she will make them see sights. Van Leer thinks her the very best nag that he has ever trained.

John Bascombe in Training!—This gallant champion of the South, now in his *thirteenth* year, is said to be again in training—and confident hopes are entertained of his ability to "fight his battles o'er again." We are told that Col. CROWELL lately gave him a trial at Columbus, Ga., in which he not only beat the time of Hammond's famous trial of Bill Austin with him, but any time ever made in public between Louisiana and New Jersey.

The Largest Bass of the Season was taken at Hell Gate a few days since, with a rod and reel. It weighed twenty-four pounds. We are not at liberty to name the fortunate angler, but he is well known as one of the owners of the finest line of packet ships afloat. "And, which is more," as Dogberry says, among other accomplishments, he plays Ten-pins "like sixty."

Can he Start?—A colt Sweepstakes, to be run for at Baltimore on the 17th Oct. next, closed in January last with nine subscribers, and was so advertised, the nominations being given at length. In a new advertisement, however, which is to be seen in our columns, another nomination appears. It is set down as 4th in order, and of course is an interpolation. The nomination referred to is that of the Priam colt out of My Lady, in the name of W. L. WHITE and R. B. CORBIN—a winner last Spring, and a colt of the highest promise. We hear that objections to his starting will be made.

Mr. TROYE, the eminent Animal Painter, writes us from Lexington, Ky., that he is about making a professional trip to Alabama. His first point will probably be Fort Mitchell, Ala. (near Columbus, Ga.), residence of Col. J. CROWELL. Troye is quite at the head of his profession in this country, and we hope will experience no lack of encouragement from the breeders and turfmen of Alabama. If this should meet his eye in season, we would suggest a visit to Nashville during the ensuing meeting, as likely to be both pleasant and profitable.

The Montreal Fox-hounds.—It is not without regret we learn that Montreal has lost its pack of fox hounds, it having been recently purchased by some gentlemen of Cobourg. The following sketch of it's "rise, decline, and fall," we copy from Saturday's *Montreal Times*:—

Upwards of ten years since a number of gentlemen resident in this district, determined to encourage the national sport of fox hunting: with that view they imported hounds, and organized a club; it flourished because its supporters entered keenly into the spirit of the chase, and generously contributed to its support. Of that number we may mention the Messrs. Forsyth, to whose exertions the gentry of the neighborhood were mainly indebted for the efficient management of the pack during the earlier years of its existence—but each year witnessed a falling off in the number of members, and of those who originally enrolled themselves as such, the majority now reside in England.

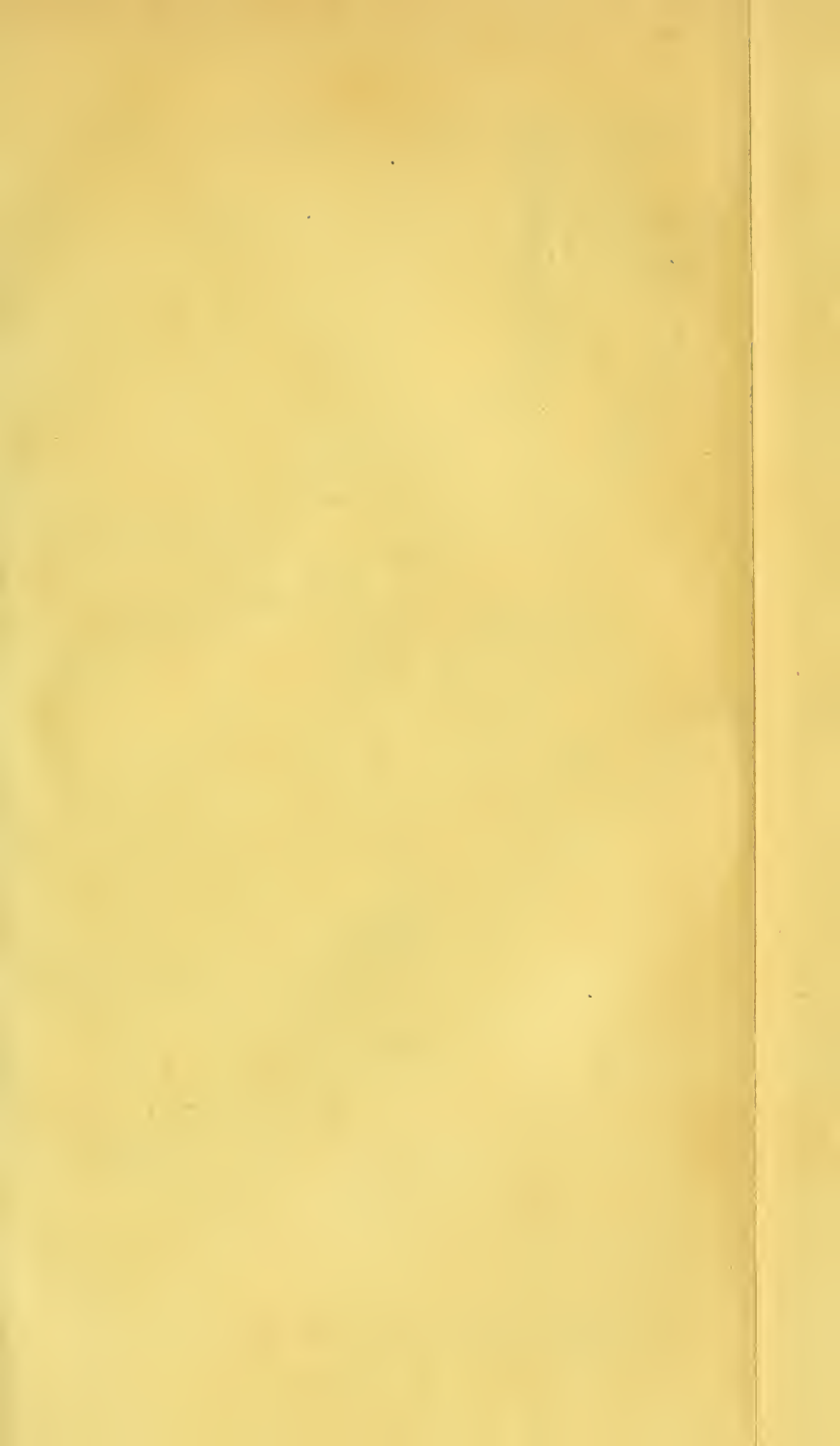
The original subscribers, from accidental causes, ceased to reside in this Colony; when the sole management devolved upon that veteran sportsman, William Stockley, R. A., and ably and efficiently did he discharge the troublesome task. The kennel was the admiration of strangers, who little expected to behold in this Colony a pack in such high condition. With the genuine ardor of a fox hunter, he left nothing to chance, morning and evening he was on the spot, suggesting, recommending, and directing. He imported from the best English kennels the finest breed of dogs, and the constant success which uniformly attended his pursuit of the game attested his skill.

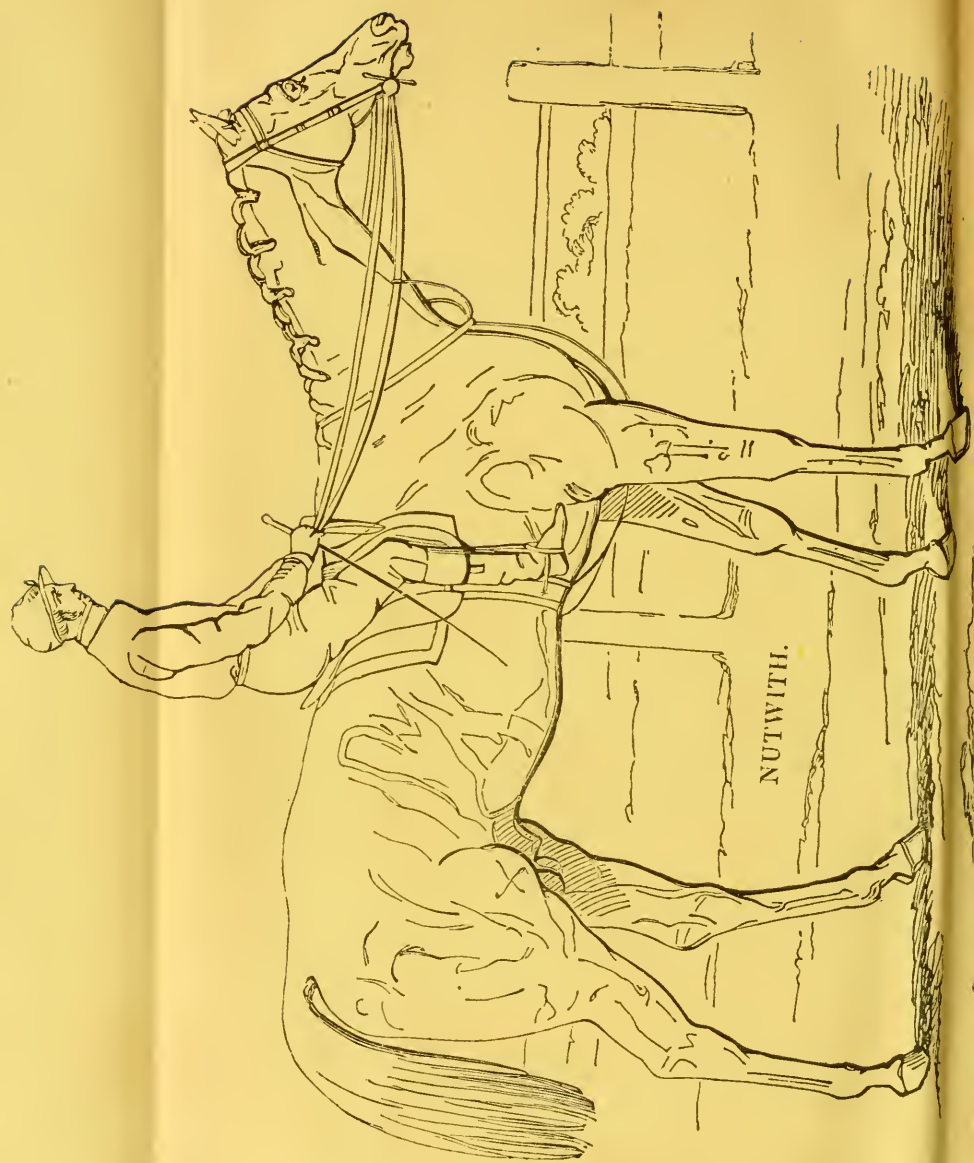
We cannot conceal our regret that necessity should have caused the sale of the pack, because the chase is calculated to encourage those athletic exercises which invigorate the frame and call forth spirit, courage, and determination. Many of our young Canadian friends entered with zest into the sport; it was one which promoted social intercourse, while it imparted to both body and mind a more masculine tone. Let it not be supposed that fox hunting encourages low dissipation or sensual indulgence; on the contrary, no man can be a successful fox hunter unless he be rigidly temperate; like all other manly pursuits, it requires a vigorous frame and careful abstinence.

We trust that the gentlemen of Cobourg, who now own the pack, may, for many long years, sustain the credit which the kennel acquired when known as the Montreal Fox Hounds.

T. R. S. BOYCE, of near Ellicott's Mills, Md., claims the name of *O See* for a 3 yr. old colt by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson. Also that of *Wil-See* for a 3 yr. old colt by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Lafayette. Also that of *Do See* for a 2 yr. old filly, own sister to *O See*.

A 4 yr. old colt by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, late called *United* he also changes to *A la mode*.





Should
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Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1843.

Embellishments:

GOT OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY:

Engraved on Steel by DICK after one by ENGLEHEART, from a Painting by ALKEN.

OUTLINE PORTRAIT OF NUTWITH.

WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER:

Engraved on Wood by CHILDS, from a Sketch in "Bell's Life in London."

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RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

COLUMBIA, S. C. - - Jockey Club Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.

MEMPHIS, Tenn. - - Central Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 13th Nov.

MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 26th Dec.

NATCHEZ, Miss. - - Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.

OPELOUSAS, La. - - St. Landry J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d Nov.

PEDIGREE OF ATALANTA.

In a recent letter from Mr. EDGAR, the compiler of the "American Stud Book," he gives us the following account of the remote ancestry of *Atalanta*, which was enquired for some time since:—

"I lately had sent to me the 37th number of the 'Spirit of the Times,' Nov. 1842, requesting my assistance in order to extend the pedigree of *Atalanta*. In looking over the MSS. of the late THEO. FIELD, Esq., I find a very fine thorough-bred mare, bred by or in the family of the late Gen. EVERETT MEADE, of Amelia Co., Va., described to be a mare with white hairs over her body—foaled about the year 1803, with a cross of one of the best sons of Old Medley, and also of the old horse himself in her veins. Her pedigree traces through the very best strain of race horses on the Roanoke; her remote ancestry was bred by the late Col. HERBERT HAYNES, of North Carolina. Her pedigree is at this time on the table.

I will here extract a note made by Mr. Field after tracing the pedigree.

N.B. The — M — mare, was obtained from the late Col. Herbert Haynes, on Roanoke. Theo. Field, Va., 1819. The mare foaled in 1803 was sold to Maj. Norwood, of Maryland. She was described to be exceedingly well formed. There exists in my mind not the smallest doubt but this mare is the remote ancestry of *Atalanta*.

Another gentleman writes from North Carolina respecting *Atalanta's* pedigree in the following terms:—

"Mr. Edgar has lately showed me a curiosity worthy of the attention of the owners of *Atalanta*—that is *her full pedigree*, which is as good as can be; it traces to the very best stock of race horses; there is no doubt but that it is the true pedigree."



ALB.

GET OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.

W. J. L. R.

GOT OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY,

AN ENGRAVING ON STEEL BY DICK, AFTER ONE BY ENGLEHEART,
FROM ALKEN'S PAINTING.

AT page 411 of our last volume, we published an illustration, showing how our sporting friends were "*Getting into a Difficulty.*" It may be gratifying to many to know *how they got out of it!* Very possibly we may hereafter show their method of "*Getting Home, doing their best, but with Difficulty.*"

The London "*Sportsman*" accompanies the engraving—of which our readers have a fine copy—with the following letter-press illustration:—

"Ah! my fine fellows, it's all UP with you to-day, so you had better get your nags home as soon as possible, and give them plenty of hot gruel. Why they are strained all to pieces, and may not be enabled to take the field again during the season. You have taken the "*waters at the flood,*" and your steeds have swam the deep; but you did well to keep them, head against stream, until you reached the ford, or I know not how you would have got them out.

' But yon brave youths
Dispute the felon's claim; try every root,
And every reedy bank; encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.'

Brook jumping is generally more dangerous to the horse than the rider; and a judicious horseman will avoid them as much as he can, consistently with keeping his place, which, at the risk of many a fall, ought ever to be in the front rank, and as near the tails of the hounds as possible, without hurrying them or baffling the scent. Still the custom of riding up to the hounds may be carried too far; a large and anxious field pressing closely on the pack will often do mischief, and Reynard perchance may run his foil and steal away amidst the confusion.

It very frequently occurs that the banks of rivers and brooks are hollow and rotten, but the swollen stream gives them a firm appearance; the horse failing to get a fulcrum leaps short, and falls into the body of the waters.

Two seasons ago we had a visit from a young Templar, who had left the dry study of the law to enjoy the sports of the field as a relaxation, and hunting above all was his chief attraction. He had a good seat in the saddle, plenty of nerve, and a steady mare, but he thought he could do anything on her. His blood was up, and he was determined to carry back to London the reputation of a bruising rider; but, alas! how uncertain is fame! The hounds, at an early point of the chase crossed a river, which

even in summer would have presented a serious obstacle to be taken by a horse, but now the waters had swollen to its brim, and the rippling lively stream of the "merry month of May" was now a deep and angry river, rolling along in sullen majesty. Our young friend, with more pluck than judgment, put his mare at it; she did her best, strained every nerve to bear him safely over, but just midway, in the very centre of the river, she sank into the waters, and for twenty seconds she and her master were totally invisible; the depth of water was about twenty feet. Presently up they came together, when our friend was glad to quit the saddle, and swim ashore; whilst his mare was obliged to be towed two miles down, and then hauled out with the aid of a friendly farmer's team. Alken has done his subject justice; and the two gentlemen—doubtless, like the young Templar—are not a little pleased at being "out of the difficulty."

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

OR

A WORD FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

ACCORDING to promise, I forward you a brief statement of our "doings" on the opening day, which is more gratifying, inasmuch as the tidings are more auspicious than anticipated. The weather, one of the greatest considerations to the grouse-shooter, for a fortnight previous to "the day" was anything but promising, but on the 10th the misty clouds dispersed, and the sun shone forth in all his summer glory, and has continued in bright effulgence to this present writing. The birds, too, have been found more plentiful than was expected, though many of the broods are small both in size and number. We need scarcely hint that the true sportsman will spare the young, so as to insure some good sport further on in the season.

Now for the foray—placing at the head of the list that out-and-out sportsman, Alexander Campbell, of Monzie, Esq., *late* M.P. for Argyleshire, who brought to bag on his own moors 184½ brace of grouse, six hares, and five snipes, a most extraordinary day's sport, and *executed* in a most sportsmanlike manner, not having killed but one bird that might be called a cheeper, and *only two birds at one shot!* He certainly made a long day of it, commencing at 4 A. M., and finishing at 8 P. M., and neither used horse nor pony, but walked up to every point, thus being *sixteen hours on foot!* He used three fowling-pieces made by Purday, 12 bore, and highly finished, which, when held straight, are most death-dealing instruments; No. 7 shot, and only one ounce in each barrel. Mr. Campbell was ably assisted by John Goldsworth,

gamekeeper to R. Smythe, Esq., of Methven Castle, with his celebrated stud of dogs (four brace), as also by a keeper and a brace of good dogs from Mr. Forbes's kennel at Callendar House. Mr. Campbell shot steady throughout the day, never pulled trigger at a small bird, though many broods rose, and at many points when an old bird got up he never put gun to shoulder. So plentiful were birds, and so quick was he in his motions, that he often had seven, eight, and even nine birds down before he moved from the point. Major Hope and Mr. Stirling, of Strowan, accompanied him, but no man fired a shot except Mr. Campbell.

The slaughter on the Grampians has been immense, which may be accounted for by the birds being in that happy state, neither too young nor too strong, so that what were found were easily accounted for, though this, we fear, will tell on many moors in another season. However, people "can't eat the cake and have it too."

At Culnakyle. Mr. Winsloe killed 129½ brace, Mr. Wickham 53 brace, and Mr. Surtees 45½ brace.

Lord Mexborough and party of three guns bagged 130 brace at Auchnafree the first day.

The Hon. Fox Maule killed 80 brace, and Hon. E. J. Stanley, who accompanied him, 50 brace on the Kingloch Moors.

Sir J. Mackenzie bagged 75 brace to his own gun at Loch Erichtside, and Mr. Crawford Stirling 65 brace at Dalnaspidal.

It was reported that Sir J. M. Stanley killed 108 brace at Glen Shero, but another account gives the Hon. Baronet only 75 brace.

Mr. J. Mackenzie and Mr. D. Kennedy bagged 85 brace on the 12th, and 79½ brace on the 14th, at Craggy.

Mr. Forbes, of St. Catharine's, Mr. Learmouth, and Mr. W. F. Tollemache booked 81 brace on Lochfine-side.

That veteran and fine sportsman, Colonel Patterson, of Castle Huntley, bagged 65 brace of full-grown birds on the Logie Almond moors; and right happy were we to see the "old soldier" take "front rank" in the untented field.

Cluny Macpherson killed 35 brace at Erckles; and Sir Henry Meux and Mr. Arabin 46 brace at Glen Morrison.

Major Moray, of Abercainey, and party of four guns, commenced their season on the Ochills at Carrim Cottage, and the "tottle of the whole," up to the 18th, was 367 brace. We never saw so many cheepers on these moors, but they were "let alone," and will afford fine sport in September.

Captain Jack Murray and party on the hills near Castle Menzies bagged 50 brace of grouse, five hares, and three snipes.

In Roxburghshire, we learn that the sport has been good, although the birds are much more forward, and of course more wild than with us in the North; notwithstanding which, the Duke of Roxburghe and Mr. J. Innis managed to bag 40 brace of fine grown birds at Byrecleuch on the 12th.

On the Lanarkshire moors, the birds are more plentiful and very strong. A letter from the Hon. J. Douglas, one of our crack shots, who is sporting over his brother's (Dord Douglas's) moors

at Douglas Castle, describes the grouse to be as wild as hawks ; yet he knocked over 15 brace on the 12th.

Indeed, from this brief report, and from all we learn from other quarters, it may be safely concluded that all have had a fair share of sport ; and assuredly there never were eight days of finer weather than we have enjoyed since our opening day ; and what is rather extraordinary, for *such very hot weather*, the scent was better than we ever remember it. Every day of the week was good, and the dogs had no difficulty to find their game. Should the fine weather continue, a greater number of birds will be booked than for many years past, and as several of the broods are small in size, they will suffer the more.

Baron Rothschild arrived at the Drummond Arms Inn, at Crieff, last evening. He commenced sporting this morning over Lord Willoughby's moors in the neighborhood of Drummond Castle, but the report of his "doings" has not reached us.

Anxious to be off again to the mountains, we must close this brief sketch.

HAWTHORN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for September, 1843.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DURING the race-week several lots were sold by auction at Doncaster, principally young ones from the studs of Lord Wenlock, Colonel Cradock, Messrs. Ibbetson, Bowes, H. S. Thompson, Allen, Mostyn, Lumley, and Cater. The highest figure was 255 guineas for a bay yearling colt (the property of Mr. H. S. Thompson), by Sheet Anchor, out of Lilla, in the Derby for 1845.

At the sale of the late Mr. Blakelock's stud, A British Yeoman was knocked down to Mr. Brown for 560 guineas ; his dam also to Mr. Brown for 255 guineas. The Yeoman has again changed owners, being now the property of Mr. Jaques.

Mr. Bowes has sold his stallion *Mundig* (own brother to Trustee and half brother to Cotherstone) for 1000 guineas, to an agent of the Emperor of Russia ; and The Corsair, by Sir Hercules, goes to Germany for 500 guineas.

Mr. Corbet Smith, of Bitteswell Hall, Leicester, has purchased Vibration and Venus (own sisters), by Sir Hercules, out of Echo, of Mr. Forth ; Paul Potter accompanies them, at £300.

Lord Albemarle's celebrated race-horse Ralph died on Wednesday, the 30th of August, at Newmarket, of an injury he sustained in running for the Ascot Cup. At two years old Ralph won the Criterion ; the next year the 2000 guineas Stakes, and the Drawing Room and Produce Stakes at Goodwood ; in 1842, he divided the Port with John o' Gaunt, beat Proof Print in a match, Doctor Caius in another, and won the Cambridgeshire Stakes. In the

present season he only started once, winning the Ascot Cup. The net value of his winnings was £7,677 10s.

Colonel Anson's Derby colt Massena died in his stable at Bretby on the 8th Sept.

Mr. Forth's three-year-old filly by Elis, out of Sister to Marvel, recently broke her back in being thrown for the purpose of firing her.

Lord Eglinton has engaged Marson, who rode Nutwith for the St. Leger, as his first jockey; T. Howlett taking the light weight duty.

A very serious accident occurred at Lichfield, while running the second heat for the Members' Plate; a Mr. Hancock, unable to stop his horse, came in collision with Mr. Fowler's b. f. Sylph; both went down with great violence, and Mr. Peel's Cane fell over them. Sylph was killed on the spot; Mr. Hancock so much injured that he is not expected to recover, and his horse much hurt; Marlow, the rider of Sylph, has also received some severe blows, but Whitehouse, who was on Cane, is only a little shaken.

It is long since we have had a more comfortable settling than that for the St. Leger; how it would have been had either the second or third won is quite another thing. The Scotts of course are on the wrong side, but not to anything like an alarming extent; the heaviest winner is Lord Glasgow, to the tune of £7000—there or thereabouts.

Osbaldeston v. Simpson and others.—The following satisfactory letter has been sent to Mr. Osbaldeston:—

“*Portland Club, Tuesday, August 5th, 1843.*

“My dear Osbaldeston: The committee, consisting of Sir Robert Barton de Symons and myself, met to day by appointment to receive your solicitor, and hear from him an explanation of certain matters connected with your suit about the bills given to Bowles, Chinery, and Simpson. You will be pleased to learn that we are entirely convinced and satisfied of your honor throughout the affair, and we have directed our secretary to record on the minutes of our proceedings this opinion, which will be at all times available to you if any question on this subject should arise at any future period; for myself, individually, I never entertained a shadow of a doubt differing from our decision in committee; but it must be highly satisfactory to you that the inquiry has been made and the decision entered on our minutes, which cannot be lost, as your documents of Westrop were between Dacre and some other party.

“Believe me, always yours, faithfully,

“W. J. BEARE.”

Rifle-Shooting at Blawarthill—The prize won by a Lady.—A correspondent at Glasgow states that a shooting match took place at Blawarthill, near Renfrew Ferry, on Saturday, the 23d, and Monday, the 25th September, for a case of stuffed birds, value about £6. The distance with the rest was 150 yards, and from the shoulder 100 yards. After a keen contest on the first day, the prize was taken by Mrs. Paterson, of Glasgow, and kept by that lady till two o'clock on the second day, when it was taken out of

her hands. The contest now became keener than ever, until five minutes to six, when the lady again taking the rifle got ahead of them all, making her two shots at 100 yards distance $1\frac{3}{8}$ inch. The gentlemen then giving up, she was declared the victor, to the great surprise, and amid the loud cheers of the meeting.

Bee's-wing and the Ascot and Newcastle Cups.—The following cases were submitted to the arbitration of the Hon. Captain Rous, at Doncaster:—Case 1. In the month of September or October, 1842, A bet B 3 to 1, p.p., against Bee's-wing winning the cup at Newcastle, in 1843; in the latter month Mr. Orde died, and the mare was not entered; the time of closing for the cup, was the 1st of March, 1843. The second case was of the same character, the odds being 5 to 1, p.p., against her winning the Ascot Cup, in 1843; the bet was laid in September that year, and the cup closed in 1843.

Opinion.—The two cases relative to Bee's-wing winning the cup at Ascot, and the cup at Newcastle, 1842, are exactly similar. The fundamental principle of betting is that you cannot win where you cannot lose; but this does not apply to the present cases. because, after Mr. Orde's death, Bee's-wing might have been entered for the said cups. As A betted B the odds against Bee's-wing *absolutely* winning the said cups in 1843, B risked every contingency. There is no doubt that if Bee's-wing had been entered for these cups after the death of Mr. Orde, and had won them, A would have no excuse for not paying the money; by the same reasoning B has no excuse for not paying his forfeits to A.—A wins.

Sept. 14, 1843.

H. S. Rous.

The Irish Turf will experience great loss in the secession of Lord Sligo, who has been obliged by bad health to relinquish his favorite amusement, and has disposed of his horses in training and stud of brood mares. Lords Clanricarde and Howth, and Col. Howth and Col. Westenra are the principal purchasers. The stallion Ratcatcher, by Langar, out of Rupini, Sister to Velocipede, has come to England, and is placed in the establishment of Mr. Tattersall at Willesden.

Lord Waterford has purchased The Condor, by Economist, out of Humming-bird's dam, three years, from Mr. Kerry, for 375 guineas.

Deer Stalking.—Lieutenant Henry Lowther, of the First Life Guards (who has been for a short time sojourning at Lowther Castle), attended by his trusty squire, the bold and gallant Tom Yarker, king of the deerstalkers, has lately made two excursions to the lofty and cloud-capt mountains encompassing the pleasant and romantic vale of Martindale, in Westmorland. Though at this season of the year the noble and majestic stag is remarkably shy, and rarely to be met with, except on the summits of the loftiest and most inaccessible mountains, yet these two far-famed crack shots, by superior tact and indefatigable exertions, on each occasion succeeded in bringing down a beautiful, high-conditioned animal, at almost an incredible distance, by directing, with fatal precision, a "leaden passport" from their unerring rifle through his stately head. The worthy and gallant officer was equally successful in his exertions in the same mountains last year.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the October Number of the "Turf Register," page 573.

ON BREAKING RACING-COLTS.

NOBLEMEN and gentlemen who breed racing stock with a view of either running or selling the produce, generally keep an experienced stud-groom to manage an establishment of this description, whose method and manner of handling the young ones, even from the time they are sucklings, is such as will bring them quite gentle and familiar, in comparison with other common stock, which are allowed to range in large fields in a wilder state. The former is certainly an advantage; for when colts and fillies were a year and a half old, it was the custom of some men who had convenience of ground for the purpose, and who bred principally for sale, to break and try their young ones, particularly early, so as to ascertain the power of speed each colt or filly possessed; and according to the result of these trials, they regulated the price of each. On such occasions, young ones were generally taken up from their paddocks about the latter end of August; and if, in a month or five weeks, they could be got to ride quiet, and follow each other up a short gallop, they were considered sufficiently broke to be tried for sale; after which, they were returned again to their paddocks, to remain there until sold.

But noblemen and gentlemen who run the produce of their own stud, and who are not particularly anxious about selling, do not have their colts and fillies taken up before the latter end of September, or early in October, either as yearlings or two-year-olds, just as such breeders may best approve; and if such young ones have been properly treated, they are, when brought into the stables, but little alarmed at the people and the things about them.

Those who have their establishments in the neighborhood of Newmarket, and who have also their private training grooms and stables in that town, send their young ones there to be broke and tried. When the groom's time is not fully occupied with the number of horses he has in training, he may, with the assistance of the head lad and some of his best riding boys, most likely arrange the breaking of the colts himself; otherwise they are sent to the colt-breaker's residing in the neighborhood. But whether they are broke at home, or sent to the colt-breaker's for that purpose, is not very material. If the people who undertake the management of them are in all respects well acquainted with what they undertake to do, the thing is done precisely the same

in one training stable as in another. The main object is to give them plenty of time until they are perfectly broke.

Other gentlemen who have large breeding establishments, and who keep in their employ proper persons to make the necessary arrangements in every department of it, as a stud-groom, a colt-breaker, a training-groom, and good riding-boys, with other requisites, such as suitable ground near the stables to exercise on, or a park sufficiently large to train horses in, with a two or four mile course in it. Such gentlemen as have on their estates the above-mentioned conveniences, like, as well for the sake of secrecy as for the pleasure and amusement it affords them, to have their horses managed at home. Other breeders who have not these conveniences on their premises, are obliged to send the produce of their stock to their own private stables, or to public stables, to be broke, tried, and trained; and these stables may be, and indeed often are, at a very great distance. Under these circumstances, I would advise breeders to have their colts handled or broke in a temporary manner at home; although they may not have an opportunity of doing this effectually, it may be done to a certain extent by the stud-groom, and men on the premises. There will be no necessity for backing them; it will be found sufficient to put the tackle on them, and have them led out for a week or ten days, on the roads or downs, and now and then lounged. This sort of treatment will bring them tolerably steady, which is a point worth attending to, prior to their commencing a journey, as there is afterwards less difficulty and danger in travelling them. Unless this is done, they are very troublesome in passing carts and carriages on the road; and in struggling when frightened, they may get loose and injure themselves. Whenever they travel, having been only temporarily broke, they should be led in cavesons with boots on their fore legs. If they have a long way to travel, they should also be provided with boots for their hind legs.

To show the necessity of handling or temporarily breaking young ones before they are permitted to travel, I will relate an occurrence which happened to some yearlings that were travelling from the stables in Gloucestershire, belonging to Mr. Cook, to some others in his occupation, adjacent to Maidenhead Thicket. It was the spring of the year, that Mr. Cook had ordered these race-horses, accompanied by the head lad and two boys (I was one of them), to be sent to the Maidenhead stables; and to travel with us, were four unbroken racing yearlings, led in halters by four countrymen, hired for the purpose, the whole being put under the care of the head lad, who was strictly charged to be careful of them. The first two days of our journey, the colts, as might be expected, were troublesome, and often alarmed by the different objects they met on the road; but as none of them got loose, the head lad gave himself very little concern about them, and we were often a long way in front with our horses, and no doubt we were some way forward when the circumstance happened which I am about to notice. On arriving at about the middle of Marlbro' Downs, on the third day, whether the men had become careless

and off their guard, or whether the colts, from seeing so open a country, had made greater efforts than usual to get loose, I cannot say; but loose they all got, and wild and unbroke as they were, they traversed the open plain, gambolling about for some hours, very much to the annoyance of the lad, who at length became seriously alarmed for the safety of this part of his charge. He was at a loss for some time to know what steps he should take to regain them. At last, however, he made up his mind that we should strip the horses, and ride after the colts. We then proceeded a little further, to some men who were at work mending the road, and in their care we left our horses' clothes, muzzles, &c. We then put on our saddles, and after giving directions to the men, who had been leading the colts, to follow us, we went after them. After some hours' riding, they allowed us to get close up to them, and one by one, we got them again, to the no small gratification of the lad into whose care they had been given. Now had these colts, before they left the home stables, been but partially broke, and had been led in cavesons, nothing of the sort could well have happened.

I remember, shortly after these colts arrived at their destination, the groom, by way of giving them exercise, and bringing them handy, used to make the boys lead them every day, between stable hours, round a paddock. I was at this time very small, and the colt I was leading soon began his gambols, and kicked me very severely on the leg, and would no doubt have got away from me, had not the groom, who was standing by looking on, come to my assistance. I recollect he gave me a good shaking and some abuse. I was sent back to the stables with orders to send a bigger boy to lead the colt, which is what the groom ought to have done in the first instance, as when a colt once gets the better of a boy, he is very apt to try it again.

Let us, for the sake of example, and merely to show how racing colts are broke, consider a number of yearlings to be taken up from the paddocks of noblemen or gentlemen who, having a large racing establishment, are breeding on an extensive scale, and train and run their own produce. Instead of sending them to be broke at the stables of a colt breaker, we will consider that a man well qualified for breaking racing colts is kept on the above establishment.

The month of October, or thereabouts, is generally the time that colts come up, which are to be effectually broke; and it is about this time that many of the horses of a certain age are put out of training, and are removed from their stables to loose houses to winter. In these stables, or any others on the premises answering the purpose, the colts and fillies may be put; only observe to class them properly, that is, the colts in one stable and the fillies in another.

Having thus arranged them, the next thing to be done in the stables, is to teach them to stand, tied up in the stalls. The collars and reins used for the purpose should be very firm and good; and care should be taken that the top part of the head of the

collar is fixed close to the back part of the colt's ears. Some of these may be a little unruly at first, and hang back a few times, but if they find they cannot get loose after repeated attempts, they become reconciled.

They should now have their feet cleaned out and properly shod. In first accustoming colts to be dressed, they should be looked after by the big boys, until they come to stand quiet to be wisped and brushed over, and the other necessary operations, such as combing out their manes and tails, and picking out and washing their feet. They should be brought gradually to the habit of being properly dressed, with as little annoyance as possible. They should always be accustomed to wear rollers in the stables, with a girth round the chest, attached on each side to the lower end of the pad of the roller by a strap. This will prevent the roller from getting into the flanks of those that get light in their work. The girth being thus used, they will be less shy of a breast-cloth when it is first put on. Some of them may be restless on their being first brought into the stables, and may be much inclined to paw and tumble the bedding about. Those which indicate a disposition of this sort, should have the fetters buckled on round the pastern joints, and continue to wear them until they are brought to stand perfectly quiet.

The breaking of yearlings or two-year-olds was formerly a business much hurried, and was thought by some grooms not to be of much importance; but it should never be considered in this light, for, however promising in appearance, or however well-bred a colt may be—whatever properties he may possess, the sort of racer he will become must greatly depend on the breaking; as, from bad management, he may become totally spoiled.

Horses, having very retentive memories, are seldom made completely to forget whatever unruly tricks or habits they acquire from being improperly handled in the breaking. Therefore, whether they are broke at home, or sent out for the purpose, it is highly necessary that the colt breaker to whom they are entrusted should be a man of experience, who thoroughly understands what he is going about. Besides being a good horseman, he should be a man of excellent temper, never allowing his passion to get the better of his discretion when persevering with a colt. A man who has been brought up from a boy in racing stables is to be preferred, as he will know better how to forward them for what they are intended, and will do more with them in considerably less time than colt breakers who are accustomed only to break colts for general purposes.

I will now treat on the subject of breaking. The first step is putting on the cavesons; but before the colts are led out, long boots should be put on their fore legs: for when they first go out, they pull and hang about, and will sometimes plunge a little, and in so doing, they will now and then give themselves blows on their legs, and thereby bruise and inflame them. They had better wear long boots while they are louncing. When the colts are in from exercise, the groom or colt breaker may observe what part of the

boots may or may not be marked from blows, and can accordingly change them for short ones. There may sometimes be even goers which may not appear to require boots, but it is rather a dangerous experiment to attempt working colts without first putting on either short or long boots.

The number of colts that should be got ready to go out at the same time at different periods during the day, must depend on the number of men and lads the colt breaker has to assist him. There should at first be two to each colt; and each man or lad who is to have the principal charge in the handling of a colt, should be selected from among those who have had the most experience in this way.

On their first being taken out, a steady lad should walk in the rear, in case any colt should hang back, to urge him quietly on by flourishing his whip or ash plant, but not to strike him. Colts with their cavsons and boots on, and thus attended, may be led out to the downs, or into a large paddock. At either place they may be taught to be led quietly about. As soon as they become tractable in this way, attempts may be made to lounge them, by first walking them in a small circle to the right or to the left; and when they know how to go round at this pace, they may be quietly urged on into a trot, gradually increasing the size of the circle by giving them more length of rein. In three or four days, or when they go boldly and freely at full length of the rein each way in the lounge for fifteen or twenty minutes, having by degrees been brought to this pace and time of lounging, the mouthing bits, rollers, and cruppers, may be put on them.

It may here be necessary for me to give a short description how the two latter should be made. The roller may have a hook in the centre of the pad, but certainly a ring attached to the lower part of each side of the pad, for the purpose of buckling on the side reins. In the front or bottom part of the pad, straps should be attached, as also to that part of the crupper which, when on, is immediately over the colt's loins. These straps should hang down each side of the crupper as low as the colt's houghs. On the near side, where the crupper divides to admit the colt's tail being inserted into it, there should be a buckle to facilitate the putting of it on. When colts are out at exercise in this sort of tackle, these straps, from their action, together with the wind blowing them about, are almost invariably striking against their legs, and lapping under their bellies; and although they are a little annoyed by the tackle when first put on, they soon become accustomed to feel the straps about them, which indeed is what is intended they should do. By these means they are taught not to be alarmed when the wind blows a rider's coat against their sides, or when the wind is strongly blowing the clothes against them; or when race-horses are travelling, it sometimes happens, from the neglectful manner in which the boys put on the different things about their horses, and by their not making them sufficiently secure, that a breast-cloth may get loose and hang down about a horse, or a muzzle improperly put on, may hang down too low

about him ; and from either of these circumstances, a horse which has not been broke in such tackle as I have just described, may become alarmed, and will make great efforts to get loose.

Colts should be attended in this way, until they are sufficiently forward in their breaking to be entrusted entirely to the care of one person, under the superintendence of the colt-breaker. For the first two or three days of their having the mouthing bits put on them, the bits should be allowed to play loosely in their mouths ; and in cruppering them, they should be handled boldly and without fear. The hair should be well cleaned out from between the dock and the crupper ; nor should the latter be drawn up too tight, at first. The roller should also be tightened very gradually ; for if colts are suddenly girthed up tight, most of them will set up their backs and plunge, and if they contract the habit of doing this, it sometimes becomes a difficult task to break them of it.

A horse which may have acquired this habit from being badly managed in his breaking, requires great care and attention in saddling whenever he is going to run, or he will most likely throw his jockey. The groom is obliged to begin saddling such a horse much earlier than any other ; and when the saddle is put on, the girth should be strained up but just tight enough to keep it in situation. The horse may then be walked about for a short time. It is at intervals in this way that the girths should be tightened, and when the saddle is made secure, and the surcingle put on, the boy who looks after the horse should be put up to walk him about, until the horses he may be going to start with are all saddled ; and to prevent an accident, or false start, the boy may give him a canter before the jockey is put up to go to the post with him. But it is much against a horse that is flighty, or that is easily alarmed, to be so long saddling, and to be thus annoyed before he comes to post. The greatest care is therefore necessary to be observed on first girthing colts. It should be done very gradually, so that they may not acquire a habit of plunging.

When colts have had this tackle on two or three days, and have been lounged, and walked on the downs three or four hours each day, the next step is gradually to bear them up, which should be done by attaching the side reins to the bits and rollers, but they should not be strained too tight at first. They should be shortened each day a hole at a time. From this treatment their mouths will become sensible to the pressure of the bit, and they will then get their heads in of themselves.

As some colts may take a little less time in breaking than others, the colt breaker should now and then stop such of them as he may see have moist mouths, and that are getting pretty forward. Placing himself in front of any such colt, and taking hold of each side of the check of the bit, he may, by a gentle pressure, feel the state of the colt's mouth ; and if he finds it tolerably sensible to the pressure of the bit, he may, by applying pressure to it at short intervals, get him to rein back a little. Let the colt stand, and make much of him ; this will give him a notion of stopping or reining back by pressure being applied to the bit when he is rode.

But it must be done in a very gentle way, and he should then be suffered to walk forward again. As each colt progressively improves, he should be handled in this way.

Having now got thus far forward in their breaking, and having left off noticing the straps hanging about them, it may not be amiss now and then to lead such of them as are intended for country running, on such public roads as are level and good, and which are not too much crowded with vehicles, merely with a view to accustom them to the different objects they are likely to meet when travelling from one meeting to another.

As soon as they are sufficiently reconciled to the different objects on a road, so as to walk boldly on, without noticing what they meet, the men walking by their side, instead of walking on before and leading them, they may desist from frequenting the roads. The colt breaker should now direct the men as they are walking by the side of the colts, in going to and returning from exercise, to put their arms gently over the roller, and each man, with his ash-plant, may lightly, but quietly, keep tapping his colt on his fore and hind quarters, to accustom him to the use of either the ash-plant or the whip; and with a craving colt, a little more strength may now and then be used, with a view of giving a colt of this description a notion of moving on and more readily exerting himself from the application of the whip.

When colts have been sufficiently practised to this sort of treatment, they may next be brought to wear the saddle. Each saddle should have three girths—two in front, and a back girth; this last one not only assists in keeping the saddle steady, but by wearing it, colts become less shy, when on first going into training, they have a body sweater or sheet lapped round them. There may be also a crupper to each saddle, similar to the one attached to the rollers; and the straps, before and behind, as with the rollers, may be buckled on to the saddles.

For the first few times of putting on the saddle, a little caution is necessary. The colt-breaker should take the colt's head, and should at the same time caress him. There should be a lad on each side; the one on the off side, before he puts the saddle on, should take care to place the girths and straps over the seat of it; and after the crupper is on, he should hand the girths quietly to the lad on the near side, who should not pull them up too tight at first. The stirrups may be allowed to hang down, and when the girths are drawn up sufficiently tight, the surcingle may be put on.

For a few days, the colts go on at their usual exercise of lounging and walking about the downs for three or four hours a day, or for such further time as may be thought necessary to steady those that may be rather more flighty and unruly than the rest. But the time of their being at exercise should in some measure be regulated by the state of their condition; for it is to be observed, that the flesh comes off young ones rather rapidly. It is therefore necessary, under these circumstances, to attend particularly to their constitutions.

About this time of his breaking, the colt should be accustomed

to be led by the colt-breaker, he himself riding on his hack. This is very necessary before a colt is backed, as it accustoms him to see the man above him. Having been used to be thus led, he should be handled and fondled by the people about, in every possible way, previous to his being backed; and the day on which he is to be mounted, he may be kept a little longer working in the lounge, or may be led about an hour or two longer than usual. A small paddock, in which he may at times have been accustomed to be exercised, will be as convenient a place as any other for this sort of thing; or he may be taken to the ground on which he has usually been lounged. It should be a calm, still day; there should be nothing to alarm him until he has become quite familiar with his rider.

For the first few times of mounting a colt, or rather until he stands quiet, there should be three men present. The colt-breaker should place himself in front of the colt, taking hold of each side of the bit, and a man on the off side should have hold of the stirrup-leather. While the man on the near side (who of course should be a good horseman) is making attempts to mount, the one on the off side should give the necessary weight or strength in bearing down on the stirrup-leather, and yield his weight or strength as occasion may require, to keep the saddle from moving out of its place, and thereby annoying the colt at the time the man on the near side is making attempts to mount and dismount, which he should do by first putting his foot into the stirrup, and then taking it out again; but of course taking great care that his foot does not touch the colt's side. This he may, perhaps, more easily accomplish, by lengthening his stirrup-leathers a few holes. He may repeat this once or twice, if he finds the colt does not draw himself in, nor bend his body from him, nor yet shift his position. Having got his foot into the stirrup, he may (taking care that his toe does not come in contact with the colt's side) raise himself gradually up from the ground, until he is perfectly upright, and bear, for a few moments, his whole weight on the stirrup. The colt-breaker should, just at this period, endeavor, by kindness, to engage the colt's attention, while the man who is mounting may put his leg gently over, and quietly seat himself in the saddle; and for the little time he is sitting here, he should make much of the colt. He should then take up the reins, but at first he should handle them cautiously. The colt-breaker should now lead the colt, and the man on his back should sit perfectly still, and unless he is obliged for his own safety, he should not immediately press his knees or calves of his legs too strongly against the colt's sides. If he feels himself setting up his back, and thinks that he is inclined to make a bound or two, the rider must, of course, sit firm and well down in the saddle, and endeavor to keep the colt's head up. The colt-breaker should check the cavesson-rein, and also assist in keeping up the colt's head. They should both keep working quietly at his head until he desists. He should then be led a few times each way round the lounge; if he appears tolerably quiet, he may be pulled up and made much of, and then led

about on the down with the man on, and the colt-breaker riding by the side of him on his hack.

As soon as the colt is perfectly reconciled to his rider, he may be rode home. The man should take great notice of him before he dismounts, and also after he has dismounted, previously to putting him in the stable.

In the breaking of a number of colts, it will be found that some few of them will require more time and perseverance than others. Before mounting such colts, it may be as well to work them a little longer than the others; and at the time of mounting a colt of this description, it may not be amiss to let a lad stand by, with some corn in a sieve, and as he is directed, give him a little to eat. Feeding a colt in this way, when he is hungry or fatigued, will very much prevent his noticing what is going on with regard to mounting and dismounting; that is, if he is quietly and properly handled, and also, at the same time, made much of. When mounted, the rider should remain upon such a colt until he leads about perfectly quiet. The rider should occasionally pull him up and caress him, and let him have a mouthful of corn now and then. Previously to dismounting him, he should be made much of by the rider, as also after he is dismounted, before he is put into the stable.

This sort of colt should be mounted and dismounted with the greatest care, so as not to alarm him, and he should also every day be led, until he is perfectly reconciled to his rider; and on his first being allowed to be rode without leading, he should be put in the midst of a string of colts, with which he is being broke.

If the colt-breaker has an idea that the colt will plunge much on being first mounted, it would be well to mount such a colt in a paved street, where, not having good foot-hold, he will be rather afraid to plunge. Horses that are restive seldom set up with their riders in a paved town; they are generally cunning enough not to begin till they have pretty good foothold, either on the turnpike road or on the turf.

Giving time and taking pains with colts in this way according to their different tempers, will give them confidence; and they soon stand quiet of themselves to be mounted and dismounted, and they will then most of them go quietly by the guidance of their riders anywhere they choose to direct them. Their cave-sons may now be left off, and in place of them, plain or head-stall martingals or running reins, as occasion may require, should be substituted, to enable their riders to get their heads in place.

The men and lads who may have been the most accustomed to riding young ones, should continue to ride them under the direction of the colt-breaker, from whom they should receive instructions as to the manner in which each colt should be rode, so as to endeavor to bring them all to ride well and with good mouths. To accomplish this, requires a light hand in the application of the pressure with the bit on the colt's mouth. It should be done by the rider's giving and taking by gentle pulls, and thereby keeping

the colt's mouth alive to the pressure of the bit. The rider should occasionally gently press the calves of his legs and heels to the colt's sides, to urge him on and up to the bit, pulling him up and letting him stand for a few moments, and then reining him back a little, and again moving him forward, teaching him to turn and go in any direction that may be required of him, treating him at the same time with kindness. Some of the colts may not be so forward as others in regard to their mouths. These should be put to stand for an hour every day on the bit after they come in from exercise, at the same time taking care to fasten them up to the pillar reins, and to bear them up to the saddle, or what is much to be preferred, to a spring cross, until their mouths become more perfect.

There may be some few which may have one side of their mouths more forward than the other, and this arises from the same attention not having been paid in handling that side as the other. This is a matter of importance, and the colt-breaker should be very attentive to it. He should ride all the colts in turn himself, and if he finds a colt's mouth uneven—that is, one side of the mouth more sensible to the pressure of the bit than the other—he should either continue to ride such colt himself, or have him rode immediately under his direction by a man of experience, who should feel and handle that side of the mouth more frequently than the other; and as soon as this side becomes equally sensible with the other, he should, now and then, by lightly handling the bit, bring the colt's head round towards his own knee; and he should be frequently turned on this side. The other side of the mouth must not, however, in the mean time be neglected.

All race-horses, from the manner in which they are held by the boys when at exercise, pull more or less in their work; but this is of little consequence, provided they pull fair, that is, if their mouths are even, and equally sensible on both sides to the pressure of the bit, otherwise they are very difficult to guide. As soon as their heads can be got sufficiently up and in place, and their mouths are perfectly sensible on both sides to the pressure of the mouthing bit, a second sort of snaffle may be used, and several should every day be walked out together, in line, on the downs, at a distance of two or three lengths from each other. They should be exercised in this way, and gradually brought accustomed to everything they may have to be put to, or that may be required of them either in training or in running.

When got ready in the morning, with their saddles and bridles on, and turned round in the stalls, they should be accustomed to be mounted there, and rode out of the stables into the yard, and there walked about until their saddles are settled to their backs, or rather until they have done setting up their backs, as some of them will most likely do after being girthed up tight, which by this time they ought to bear without much resistance. The next thing to which they should be trained, is the noise and bustle of a crowd, and the place, of all others, to bring colts to face a crowd in running, is certainly near the rails of a course at a racing meet-

ing. These opportunities, except at Newmarket, are not to be met with often enough at country courses, so as to give colts the confidence which it is necessary they should have in running home by the rails. Therefore colt-breakers, who may be breaking racing colts in different parts of the country, should frequent the neighboring markets with such as may not be intended to be sent to Newmarket.

The colt-breaker, in first going to those places, should ride a hack in front of the colts; but they are not immediately to be taken into the body of the crowd; they should be suffered to stand at first and look on. They are to be brought by degrees into the most crowded parts, observing, at the same time, to avoid any risk. They may be a little alarmed at first, but with good riding boys up, and kind and gentle treatment, they soon acquire confidence, even in places of this sort; and it is absolutely necessary to take them into such situations, for unless they will come freely up the rails of a course and boldly face the crowd in running, they can be but of little use as race-horses. In riding them on the high roads to a market, some of them may be alarmed at the different objects they meet. Whenever this occurs, they are by no means to be resolutely forced up to them. It is, I admit, by no means uncommon, to see men of all descriptions forcing their horses close up to the object which has alarmed them, and some who allow their passions to overcome their cooler judgment, are apt to punish their horses very severely on such occasions. I confess, that when I was a lad, and have at times been riding at exercise myself, I have often been guilty of this fault when my horse has started. To say nothing of the cruelty of such treatment, it unquestionably betrays a very defective judgment, for when horses are thus treated, they become alarmed from two causes—the object they see is the one cause, and the correction they dread from the rider is the other. When they are frightened, no matter where or at what object, they should be treated kindly and made much of, and they should be kept wide in passing whatever they may have taken fright at. This sort of treatment, with a good horseman up, gives them confidence, and they soon come to pass boldly on, without noticing anything they meet.

In breaking saddle horses for common use, such as chargers, hacks, or troop horses, it may be very proper to bring them boldly to face all objects; but in breaking racing colts there is no such necessity, for when they are broke, and are on the road travelling as race-horses, they are almost invariably led, and horses when led, seldom become alarmed at objects they encounter on the road.

Colts, when brought sufficiently accustomed to the bustle and tumult of crowded places, so as not to be alarmed at anything in or about them, may gradually omit frequenting those places. The long straps belonging to their saddles may be left off, and they should now be accustomed to wear their clothes at exercise as well as in the stable; not exactly with a view to keep them warm or to bring them light, but merely to prevent them from being alarmed in any way from their use.

It sometimes happens that a colt may have a little hereditary vice, or some few tricks, which may be traced to the same source, and it may be necessary when one of this description becomes unruly, to correct him. It is advisable that such a colt should have a good and patient, yet, at the same time, a determined horseman upon him; for when once he has been obliged to correct a colt of this sort for anything wrong (although he is not to punish or abuse him brutally) yet he must never give up the contest. He must thoroughly defeat the colt; but this should be effected with as few blows as possible, and a great deal may be done by patiently persevering with him and tiring him out. When the rider has carried his point, he may then make much of his colt.

The colts which are troublesome in this particular, are mostly the craving ones; and when such colts are put in training, they should, until their tempers are well known, always have good riding boys upon them. Such craving colts as have good and patient riders on them may, before their breaking is completed, be rode in spurs; but they are to be accustomed to them very gradually. They should be punished as little as possible with the spurs, and even then not rashly. Spurs should be used in such a manner as to make the colt understand that when they are applied to his sides, it is for the purpose of urging him on, or making him exert himself in getting forward at a faster pace. Light impetuous colts scarcely ever want them; yet they should all be trained to them before they are brought to post to try or to run; otherwise some colts, when stabbed sharply with spurs in severe running, may resent the application of them by kicking. Others, from such a circumstance, may shut up and go out. From either of these circumstances, a trial may be undecided or a race lost; and as I have just observed, this would then be the result of the colt's not being gradually and properly trained to the use of the spurs.

As by this time we may fairly presume that their mouths are sufficiently sensible to the pressure of the last mentioned description of bit, and that their heads, when they are rode, are in proper place, plain snaffles, or pelhams, or any sort of bridle, as occasion may require, may be put on them, and they may now be taken every day on the downs to exercise. Colts, breaking at Newmarket, should often be walked about on the flat among the different courses, and at times they should be made to leave each other and walk quietly away to different parts of the downs to exercise by themselves. It is highly necessary to accustom them thus early to leave each other, with a view more easily to preserve the tempers of the light, slighty, or delicate horses or mares, as in training it is at times necessary to change their system.

When they are leaving the downs, they should be walked home, following each other in line, up the Cambridge hill and along by the side of the rails, and when they have gone one hundred yards past the weighing stand at the end of the B. C, it may be as well to pull them up and walk them back again to the weighing stand, and let them remain there a few minutes. At other times, they may be brought home across the flat, passing the weighing stand

at the turn of the lands; and at the distance of one hundred yards from it, they may be pulled up and walked back again to the stand. The riders may there dismount, and make much of them for a short time. They may then mount them and walk them quietly by the side of the rails home to their stables.

During the meetings which are so frequent at Newmarket, all opportunities should be taken by the colt-breaker when the rails are open, to bring his colts home up between them by the crowd, passing the winning-post to where the horses usually put up. The colts should be pulled up here, and walked back again to the weighing stand, and treated as before mentioned. They should afterwards be kept walking about among the crowd until the races are over; and this should be done every day during the meeting. The meetings being over, they may occasionally be walked out to Warren Heath, and here for a few days let them walk the different gallops: after which the colt breaker may teach them to follow each other in a canter for about half a mile up either of the gallops. When the colt-breaker intends taking the colts out for a short gallop, he should be on a hack in front, so as to rate them off properly. I do not mean by rating them properly that there is any great occasion to attend much to the pace they may choose to go off at. They may go from a walk into a trot, and from a trot into a canter, or they may go from a walk into a canter; this is of very little importance at present. But it may be necessary to caution the boys to keep fast hold of each colt's head, that is to say, to keep their heads up and in good place; and with any of them that are inclined to pull rather more determinedly than the rest, the reins should be knotted at a well-proportioned length, so as to give the boy a good hold of his colt's head. Although these precautions may be necessary with some few of them, yet these few are not to be pulled at rashly, for this would not only make them pull more determinedly, but would induce them to go high and clamber in their work, which is a loss of time. When they are off, let them quietly measure their own stride, and as close to the ground as they like. To hold those that pull more resolutely than others, the boys should be directed, in pulling at them, to give and take, and thereby keep their mouths alive. In this manner they should be ordered to hold them in their exercise. It becomes necessary thus to direct such boys as may not be in the habit of riding young ones, and as they may be walking either way at the bottom of the Warren Heath near the gorse, each colt being at the proper distance from the one before him, the colt-breaker may give the lads directions to urge them on after his hack, by pressing their legs and heels against the sides of those that may require this excitement; and he himself should, as he is getting towards the bottom of the gallop, rate his hack a little faster, so as to endeavor to get them all to come off in a canter as nearly as he can together. Never mind whether they take the right or the left leg first; but previous to their commencing the gallop, the colt-breaker should speak to the boys, and caution each to endeavor all he can to catch with the motion of his body the stride of his colt as he is

settling into a canter. Just at this time, the boys should be particularly still on them, and by no means pull rashly at them. Each colt having been pulled up at the end of this short gallop, they should be nearly in a line with each other. But where there are a number together, there may be one or two that pull more determinedly than the rest, and may pass those that are pulled up for a few lengths, before a boy can get a steady pull on such colt to stop him. To obviate this, it is advisable the next time they go out, to put up a more experienced rider on such colt. The whole of them being pulled up, they walk quietly about until they become cool and collected. They may then go to the troughs and take their water. They should here be made much of, particularly the light ones, as some of them may be alarmed from this little exertion, and will naturally look and stare about when at the troughs, and not like to take their water. Such of them as may do this, should be watered in the stable as soon as they enter it.

Most yearlings, being thoroughly well broke, and afterwards being allowed plenty of time to be at their exercise under the direction of an experienced training groom, until they are properly taught, will be sufficiently well trained to be tried for the lengths they have to come in their trials.

Having now touched upon all the introductory matter connected with my subject, I take leave of the reader, proposing to pursue, in the second volume, the system of training different race-horses more in detail; in which will be fully explained the particular mode of treatment to be adopted in feeding, watering, and working, according to the age, constitution, and temper of the horse.

SPORTING PEREGRINATIONS.

BY ROBIN HOOD.

"Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain;
These mixed with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind."

RECREATION is as essential to the healthy and energetic condition of the mind as sleep is to that of the body. As the immortal bard of Avon describes it—

"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care;
The birth of each day's life; sore labor's bath;
Balance of true minds; great Nature's second course;
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

All ages and all nations have evinced an innate love for field sports, among whom hunting has taken precedence. Its origin being founded on necessity, at a period when man was compelled

to pursue the beasts of the field for the purposes of food, when in an uncivilized condition he had no other means of support, appears in some degree to account for the propensity so strongly engrafted in our natures. Times and circumstances have, as a natural consequence, wonderfully changed the customs of the chase in various ages, and the term hunting, in ancient days, must be understood as expressive of the pursuit of wild animals, for the sake of destroying them by any means or stratagems of which the hunter could avail himself; a very different mode of proceeding to that which is recognizable in these days of refinement, when any infraction of the established laws of sporting subjects the aggressor to the contempt and indignation of his contemporaries and associates. The term is now alone applicable to the chase of the fox, the stag, and the hare, with hounds following by scent.

The glory and antiquity of hunting seems to be commensurate with the earliest records of history; we read in Holy Writ of "mighty hunters before the Lord," and we can likewise trace it through the Augustan ages; it is to be regretted, however, that Horace neglected to furnish his posterity with a minute account of the customs, observances, and performances of his day. Monarchs and heroes, warriors, lords, and commoners of all degrees, augment the list of sporting characters; crowned heads and princes of all times and almost of all dynasties, have given proof of their predilection for the chase.

The gratification which our good old sovereign George the Third enjoyed in stag-hunting, is too well known to require much animadversion, though the system pursued was evidently very different in those days to what is now to be seen by the attendants on the Royal stag hounds of Her present Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. A hound bred specifically for the purpose of stag-hunting, possessing a considerable cross of the old-fashioned blood hound, was the description of animal then in use—a breed which is now nearly, if not quite, extinct. The only ones of the kind of which I have any recollection were a few couples at Audnam, in Shropshire, kept about the year 1826 by some tenants of Sir Richard Acton, for the purpose of hunting the deer which were in the habit of making their escape from the park; they were a coarse, slow, heavy kind of hound, with large heads and long ears, which were never rounded, bad about their loins, and their prevailing color black and tan; they possessed the faculty of hunting a low scent, but the head which they carried, and, consequently, the pace at which they crossed the country, was no more to be compared to that of hounds of the present day, than the speed of a cart-horse to that of a race-horse.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert by no means lacks the interest which other illustrious personages have shown for field sports—neither are his acquirements confined to hunting alone; the trigger, in the use of which he is so eminently accomplished, engrossing a considerable portion of the time which His Royal Highness devotes to sporting avocations.

Stag-hunting, as it is now pursued with the immense fields of

horsemen by which Her Majesty's hounds are frequently attended, does not permit of the real enjoyment of hunting, which to a true and scientific sportsman is the achme of his pleasure. On this account our Illustrious Prince has unequivocally exemplified a most refined taste as a real lover of hunting, by a selection of an elegant little pack of beagles: with them hunting may be witnessed in perfection, but it is utterly impossible for stag-hounds or fox-hounds to exhibit their hunting capabilities to the utmost extent, when attended by the vast numbers of sportsmen so commonly to be encountered in the fashionable countries.

To illustrate the high opinion which King George the Third entertained for fox-hunting, a little anecdote may be here introduced of an observation made by His Majesty at a review of the Windsor Forest Yeomanry Cavalry. Calling the attention of the Princess Mary, the sporting monarch exclaimed in allusion to the corps—"Fine fellows, fine fellows, eh! How do you like them? Fine fellows, noble fellows, eh! Fox-hunters, fox-hunters every man of them." What greater compliment could have been paid to fox-hunting, expressive of more real approbation.

As an amusement peculiarly calculated for military characters, fox-hunting unquestionably ranks in the first estimation; indeed a kind of fraternity or brotherhood may be perceived as existing between a soldier and a sportsman. Similarity of pursuits will engender a reciprocity of feeling, and those who are accustomed to share the dangers and aspire to the honors of the field, whether in the hope of winning the laurel or the brush, although rivals for individual distinction, will endeavor to assist each other, having in view the general attainment of the course as their object.

One of the very great advantages which hunting affords to society is the communication which it facilitates, the introduction which it establishes, and the friendly intercourse which arises from an amusement in which so many persons are enabled to participate. There are few, if any, classes of Her Majesty's subjects who cannot occasionally join in the amusement without impropriety, although the censure of some illiberal individuals may be the means of restraining persons who fancy their interest may be sacrificed, should they chance to follow a course of life which an unfortunate absence of generous feeling in the breasts of a few unhappy mortals, who may be prompted to denounce every enjoyment in which they themselves cannot partake. What amusement is so compatible with the life and interest of our nobility and country gentlemen, who, deriving their income from their landed estates, are thus induced to expend their property upon the land which produces it, and among their tenantry—the honest yeomen, by whose exertions the profit of the land is brought into operation? The constant intercourse which it thus produces is not one of the most trivial events appertaining to a country life. Nothing is more essential to the welfare of the landed interest at the present crisis than the residence of gentlemen on their estates. The unhappy condition of Ireland may in a very great degree be ascribed to the absence of the most wealthy landlords, and consequently the expen-

diture of the money derived from the soil in another country. Unless some effectual means are speedily adopted to appease the riots in Wales, the Principality is in a fair way of being similarly circumstanced, although the *amor patriæ* for which the Welsh are so justly characterized may in a great measure arrest the impending evil.

That hunting is an amusement incompatible with the life and habits of the clergy is an argument not unfrequently contended, but it is one which cannot be maintained without trespassing upon those principles of liberality which ought to form the basis of every true Christian's heart. It is well known that clergymen occupying livings and performing duties in the country, have many leisure hours to devote to their own pursuits, without in the least degree neglecting the services which are due to their parishioners; which services being faithfully attended to, most assuredly a clergyman is perfectly justified in the rational enjoyment of any amusement which is consistent with the dignity of, and is sought after by, any other country gentleman. The next class to whom this amusement is available is the agriculturist; indeed, no persons in a similar rank in life can with greater propriety join in the pleasures of the chase. The farmer is encouraged to breed the horse which carries him, and is thus, by judicious management, enabled to turn his amusement to a profit; and those who take the trouble to exercise their judgment in selecting the right sort of nags, have them well broken, and kept in good condition, seldom fail to make it answer their purpose; if it does not, they may be assured it is in consequence of their having a bad kind of horse, or that they do not attend sufficiently to the highly important subject of condition.

Attendant upon most hunts there will generally be found a character in humble life who never fails, when within moderate reach, of accompanying the hounds at the covert side, and following them frequently on foot through many a long and arduous chase; in some of the provincial countries, which are intricate, confined, or intersected with dingles, they often have an advantage over the horseman, especially when a fox does not run tolerably straight. There is a man named Dallow, residing at Bridgenorth, who has been for many years an attendant upon the hounds which hunt that country, particularly that part which lies between the town in which he lives and Ludlow; where, from the numerous dingles and hills, together with the tenacious quality of the soil, he will frequently see more of a run than those who, mounted on horseback, do not possess an equal knowledge of the country which his long experience has made him perfect in. His ostensible occupation is that of a gardener; he is a light wiry-made man, and very abstemious in his habits—a circumstance which no doubt contributes vastly to his pedestrian powers.

“The sweep what hunts with the duke,” is another instance in which the ruling passion is strongly portrayed, but he is one of the equestrian order; and although I have never had an opportunity of witnessing his performance, I have been given to understand he has been in the habit of keeping a tolerably fair place in a run,

considering the quality and condition of the animal which he bestrides.

It is universally asserted that two callings of her Majesty's subjects have never as yet made any proficiency in the art of horsemanship, namely—sailors and tailors. Of the first of these, however, the remark must apply to the profession generally, inasmuch as individually there are some to be found who are both first-rate horsemen and first-rate sportsmen; but of the genus tailor, I am not aware of one who has as yet arrived at any honorable distinction in the field. There is nevertheless, an individual at Leamington, commonly designated “The Sporting Tailor,” who appears to be emulous of rescuing his fraternity from the obloquy under which they labor; having likewise a most inordinate propensity for suing such of his customers as may not be so prompt in their payments as his inclination, and possibly his necessities, may require, he appears determined to exemplify his unsatiable love of sport of all kinds. Should he eventually be able to attract the attention of her Majesty, and obtain the honor of knighthood, his ambition may probably be satisfied upon the mandate being given, “Arise, Sir Richard, son of a tailor!” A goose and a griffin would be very applicable as the supporters to the coat of arms of a knight of the thimble, with a cabbage for the crest.

Since steeple-chasing has been introduced, there is no doubt it has had an injurious tendency towards the legitimate sports of the British nation—hunting and racing; and it is difficult to assert which has suffered the most, but probably the latter. That its substitution, either as a national amusement or as a local benefit to the towns and neighborhood where it has been established, can scarcely require an argument to prove the disadvantage of the exchange.

Cheltenham Races in a great measure owe their downfall to the introduction of the steeple-chase. Has the exchange proved beneficial to any parties? It is also well known to all persons acquainted with the circumstances, that a certain Right Reverend Divine, in his great zeal for the morals of his flock, has thought it incumbent upon his duties that he should denounce with the most sanctimonious austerity all amusements (especially racing) which are the means of relieving his fellow creatures from the monotonous routine of their daily avocation. If our Creator had intended that man should devote the whole of his time to serious meditations, and the performance of laborious duties only, the various objects available for amusement and relaxation from toil with which we are surrounded would not have been provided.

The steeple-chases which have been established at Worcester have most certainly had a very great effect in diminishing the interest and prosperity of the races, and the same is also equally apparent at Hereford. With one of the very best country courses in England, and under the guidance of most judicious management, those races bid fair a year or two ago to rival, if not to become superior to, any provincial meeting we have, where only an equivalent attraction in the form of public money, the universal magnet, is

offered. Judiciously disposed of, and punctually-paid money, is sure to command racing; and those meetings will ensure the greatest success where the funds are most ample, in conjunction with fair, honorable, and well-digested plans. In the principality of Wales, the number of race meetings is very considerably diminished; and those few which remain are lingering on, like the glimmering light of a lamp whose exhausted oil languishes for timely replenishment. Most of the counties in South Wales have got up steeple-chases, and the race meetings have given way.

Effects, as a matter of course, are sequent upon causes, and it does not require much penetration to decide why the establishment of steeple-chasing must diminish the prosperity of racing. One great reason—perhaps the predominant one—may be explained by these facts. There are certain persons in all counties who patronize races by their subscriptions to funds and stakes; first of all, country gentlemen and landed proprietors, who are not owners of race-horses, but who do it from the two-fold motives of desiring an amusement which has led to the existence of a breed of horses superior to and more valuable than any other in the world, and of promoting the interest and pleasure of their tenants and their friends; another class is found in the hotel and innkeepers, and such tradesmen who are connected with occupations immediately affected by an influx of company, each feeling it to be his interest—for that, after all, is the leading feature in John Bull's composition. These parties subscribing their funds to steeple-chases, withdraw their money from the racing subscriptions; consequently the amount is diminished, and the races lose their attraction. Owners of horses, being induced by the golden harvests to try their chances at Ascot, Liverpool, Goodwood, Doncaster, and such-like places, where success for one stake repays them better than winning half-a-dozen of trifling magnitude. To what circumstance is the success of Wolverhampton races attributable? The question is easily answered: to the affluence of the funds, and the punctuality with which all the payments of public money is attended. The course is not superior to many others, the town boasts of no attractions, and yet the racing is incomparably superior to Warwick, with the gay town of Leamington in the immediate vicinity, a royal plate, and its establishment many years prior, to give the title of precedence; but with the exception of the Leamington Stakes there is seldom a race at Warwick that attracts much attention. There is no steeple-chase at Wolverhampton or in the neighborhood, the racing authorities having invariably opposed the innovation. At Warwick, steeple-chasing has been in fashion for several years; but they have found that neither country gentlemen, innkeepers, or tradesmen will subscribe to both, and the funds being divided, each are injured. Without entering into the more minute consideration of the benefits or disadvantages of steeple-chasing, a review of the late Goodwood Meeting will show to what a state of interest and excellence a race meeting may be raised by judicious arrangements and plenty of money.

The indefatigable exertions of Lord George Bentinck have

indisputably placed Goodwood Races on a pinnacle of excellence which no other person could have brought to bear, because no other nobleman or gentleman possesses the happy combinations of ability, experience, unwearied attention, and power to execute, which his lordship does. The success attendant upon the last meeting must be highly satisfactory to all concerned. The resolutions adopted to enforce the payment of stakes and bets are highly important; but there is a great difficulty—apparently an insurmountable one—of restraining defaulters from running their horses or betting by proxy; in fact, without some legislative enactment to bring offending parties within the cognizance of the laws of perjury, it is certainly impracticable; and even then it would be very difficult to bring cases home. An individual who will lend his name, character, and services to a man who has publicly proclaimed his resignation to all claims on reputation, will not be very scrupulous in declaring a fact, the truth of which, however it may be doubted, cannot be brought to light by anything stronger than presumptive evidence.

When and how an effective prohibition can be opposed to the designs of betting-men, who are determined to victimize the credulous portions of the community, it is difficult to imagine; but it is a sad condition of affairs that a man should be able to bet to a great amount, which losing, he refuses to pay, although it is well known that he possesses the means of defraying the greater portion, if not the whole of his loss; and to carry his system of plunder still further, employs an agent or agents to bet for him during his exile from the ring, in the execution of which there are plenty willing enough to undertake the commission, so long as they are supplied with funds to meet the engagements. On the other hand, when a man confines his speculations within reasonable bounds, and is unable to meet his engagements in consequence of the defalcations of others, his case is excessively hard, and one in justice which requires attention. Since the members of the Jockey Club have come to the resolution not to adjudicate on the subject of disputed bets, a great difficulty arises, and which, under the present regulation of ejecting persons from betting rooms and race courses, may very probably be productive of much inconvenience. Supposing two men having a dispute concerning a bet meet at a race, the one protests against the other being admitted within the precincts of the ring; unless the question in dispute be decided, how is the regulation to be enforced? It is generally admitted that the word of one man is as good as that of another until evidence is produced to decide the point, and it would be not only unfair, but quite at variance with the spirit of the regulations now exacted, to exclude the innocent man from the sphere of speculation.

Very few of the strictest moralists go so far as to deny that mankind do not require the enjoyment of occasional amusement. The mind of man when excluded from society and the participation of social pleasures, loses its buoyancy, its flexibility, and its energy; constantly confined to one train of ideas, it becomes warped, illiberal, and incapable of expansion. Upon the choice of

pleasures much of the conduct of individuals depends ; and consequently to such as come under the denomination of national amusements will national character in an equal degree be influenced. Effeminate, luxurious, and enervating pursuits weaken the mind and the body. Brutal and ferocious pursuits lead to passions tending to crafty cowardice or savage insensibility. It is, therefore, highly incumbent on all desirous of promoting the good character of their fellow countrymen, the harmony and social propensity of individuals, to encourage such sports and amusements as possess the most desirable emblems for imitation. These remarks will be acknowledged to their utmost extent by all who can bear in remembrance the determination with which the lower orders adhered to the cruel, debasing sport of bull-baiting, in the neighborhood of Darlaston, Bilston, Wednesfield, and Wolverhampton, prior to the establishment of races at the latter place ; persuasion, influence, even legal authority, were insufficient to divert them from their purpose, until the races attracted their attention, for which neither eloquence nor authority was requisite to induce them to the participation of an amusement in which they now appear to be highly interested.

London Sporting Review for September, 1843.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 586.

It is much more easy to prevent a horse from playing his tricks than it is to sit on his back when once he has commenced and obtained the full liberty of his limbs. Many which are not resolute and confirmed vicious kickers, may be controlled by holding their heads fast ; it must be observed that their heels cannot go up without the head is suffered to go down ; thus, by drawing the snaffle sharply across the mouth, and at the same time raising the hand, the object will most frequently be obtained. But when a horse is actually kicking with a desire to dislodge his rider, if possible, it is a mistaken notion for the rider to throw himself too far back ; by doing so, the weight of his body falls entirely on the seat of the saddle, where it sustains the jerk occasioned by the lash of the loins and hind quarters ; the utmost efforts of the animal, therefore, combine in throwing the rider forward, and in all probability succeeds in dislodging the clip of his knees, and the bearing of the calves of his legs ; thus, all power being lost, the succeeding lash dismounts him, and the fallen hero enjoys the unbounded pleasure of sprawling in the dust. The most secure plan

is to sit rather off the saddle, firmly adhering to the pigskin with the united efforts of the thighs, knees, and calves of the legs; at the same time using every exertion to prevent the body from being thrown too forward, and yet in some measure yielding to the motion of the horse. A sharp stripe down the shoulders will very frequently produce a good effect; but the use of the spurs is to be avoided—they will very frequently produce this vice, and some horses will be induced to kick if they are struck with a whip or stick down the thigh; if such is their temper, that practice should be avoided, unless when they are galloping, so that they cannot well throw out, and it is thought advisable to let them know that you have the power of hitting them where you please. Under those circumstances it may be desirable to let them feel the influence of the stick, but care must be taken that it is not improperly repeated, or it may sour the temper eventually, producing much inconvenience and rebellion; the animal's disposition must dictate the propriety or impropriety of such treatment.

So much depends upon the manner and position in which a horse carries his head, as to where the hands ought occasionally to be placed, that practice and observation alone will enable a person to become acquainted with this necessary piece of horsemanship. Snaffle bridles are principally used for the purpose of exercise; the assistance of a martingale is also generally required, and even with that auxiliary some horses will endeavor to get their heads up. Much depends upon the hands and tact of the rider in being able to control such horses up a gallop; it is absolutely necessary in such cases to keep the hands as low as possible, and by what is termed "dropping the hand," encourage the horse to carry his head in a proper place. The above term, however, requires some explanation and considerable practice to perform with success, especially with hard-pulling, free goers; it is to be performed, as well as verbal instructions can demonstrate, in this manner:—the rider, sitting very still in his saddle, and leaning rather forward, lowers his hands on each side of his horse's shoulders, at the same time somewhat relaxing the reins and drawing the bit very lightly across the mouth. This motion will, if properly executed, cause the horse to play with his bit, and as it were drop it, and by that action is induced to lower his head. The great art, and the most difficult part of the performance, is to accomplish it without so far releasing the horse as to permit of his increasing his speed or running away. Some are so excitable, that the instant they perceive any alteration in the position of the rider's hands they will endeavor to break away; with them the greatest quietness and nicety is requisite. To ride horses that carry their heads too low, the only alternative is to raise the hands and give them a good vigorous shake; in either case, when a horse has once set his head in a proper place, the hands are to resume their usual position, which should be just on each side of the withers, resting steadily as it were on the sides of the shoulders, except when it is necessary to raise them, either to make a turn or accelerate the pace.

The flexibility which the wrist affords should be particularly attended to—it is preserved by the position of the hand; the thumbs must be kept upwards, and pointed across the body, so that the knuckles of the hand shall stand quite perpendicular and forward, the wrist at the same time being a little curved, and the upper and lower part of the arm forming an exact angle at the elbow joint. The awkward manner in which some persons hold their hands, with the knuckles upwards, and the little finger outwards, destroys every possibility of the finger producing a lively good mouth, which the person who rides a horse daily at his exercise will either destroy or create by the manner of his using the reins. When a single rein snaffle is used, the near rein passes under the little finger, or between that and the third, laying along the palm of the hand, and is firmly secured between the thumb and fore-finger, one rein in each hand, except when the horse is walking, when both reins may be held in the left hand, dividing them thus—the near-side rein is under the little finger, the other between the middle and fore-finger, and both passing over the latter, are held securely by the thumb. Double reins, whether consisting of a curb and snaffle, or spare reins and martingale to a snaffle, are to be arranged thus—the spare-reins and curb-reins occupying similar positions in relation to the snaffle rein, which, for the sake of being more readily distinguished, should be the widest. The latter is taken between the middle and third finger, from whence it passes over the fore-finger; the curb or spare rein, whichever may be employed, coming below the little finger, passes along the inside of the hand and over the snaffle rein, upon which it is held by the thumb; when the reins require to be held in the left hand only, the third finger divides the snaffle reins, which fall over the fore-finger; the near-side curb rein comes under the little finger, and the off-side one between the middle and fore-finger, and then being placed over the snaffle rein, they are all secured by the thumb.

The infamous tricks which boys are in the habit of teaching horses require to be strictly watched, and the detection should always be followed by punishment: what may appear as trifling at first, very frequently leads to serious consequences, and probably heavy loss. Many horses' tempers are ruined by the pranks which they are taught by boys; and many others have their best chances of winning destroyed by the propensities which they acquire by such means. I had a mare some few years since that had always gone quietly and well until a fresh boy had the care of her, when she occasionally showed a desire to plunge upon preparing to start, either to canter or gallop, and on one or two occasions exhibited great fractiousness, and the same propensity when going if the pace was not great enough to prevent her. On mounting her myself I found that she was alarmed beyond measure whenever my hands approached her withers, so that she would not suffer me to put them down when galloping, without either attempting to plunge or to bolt. Strongly suspecting the boy, he was questioned without effect, but watching the young rascal, I

detected him pricking the mare on the withers with a pin at the time he was turning round to canter. The remedy applied was an unusually tough ash plant—not to the mare, but to the miscreant of a boy, every other boy about the premises being present to witness his punishment; and, it is almost needless to remark, the mare left off the vice which she had acquired, but not without much coaxing. I am not an advocate for having boys beaten, but for such diabolical tricks severe and decisive measures must be resorted to, and should be displayed before all the others as a warning; for trivial offences, it is far better to employ transgressors in the performance of the most disagreeable and menial offices, and to excite the derision and contempt of their companions. As a collateral punishment to the boy just mentioned, he was never suffered to ride the mare up a gallop until she had become perfectly quiet, which appeared to operate more seriously on his pride than the thrashing did on his corporal senses. To guard against the manœuvres which may be thus practised by personal attention, and to imagine that will be enough to prevent their being attempted, will not be sufficient. The ingenuity of mischievous boys will devise means to put them into effect when they are not noticed; it is, therefore, a most imperative duty of a trainer to check everything of the kind in the first instance. One very dangerous custom is that of striking horses on the legs with a brush or other hard substance, when they do not stand quietly to be dressed. A kick with the boy's shoe is equally bad. Such misdemeanors should subject the offenders to a just mode of punishment. When horses' legs are observed to fill, showing symptoms of blows having been inflicted, the cause should be strictly scrutinized. It will probably be explained that he has hit his legs when at work, but as it is presumed that boots or bandages are used as a preventive, such an evasion cannot be listened to; lameness very frequently proceeds from ill-treatment, which may not readily be ascertained; but when it is observed that the inflammation arises from blows, let them be inflicted in whatsoever manner they may, often creates such an excessive weakness of the tendon and the parts surrounding it, as eventually to become the cause of the animal breaking down. It cannot be necessary more strongly to impress the importance of preventing such disagreeable occurrences.

I recollect, some years ago, a cocktail of much promise being lamed on his journey to Bath Spring Meeting, but the cause, or the seat of lameness, baffled the enquiries and the skill of every one who endeavored to solve the mystery. The horse was many months before he became anything like upright; at length, from certain symptoms, it was evident that he had injured his hip, but how that injury could have been produced, was enveloped in darkness; however, as all such events are certain to be discovered sooner or later, at length the murder came out—the secret was divulged by a boy who was in the string, but whose silence was secured till a quarrel between the one having charge of the horse and himself, caused him to avenge himself by relating a “full, true, and particular account” of the “how, the when, and the

where " the accident occurred. It appeared the lad began to beat the horse on the road for some very trifling cause, and in the scuffle threw him into a ditch, from whence there was much difficulty in extracting him. Afraid to confess what had happened, the lad enjoined all his companions to secrecy. Thus it was only time, which develops all things, that elucidated the seat of the lameness by the wasting of the muscles of the thigh and falling in of the hip, and the cause by the medium of the offended companion. This anecdote is related for the purpose of exemplifying the necessity of encouraging boys at all times and under all circumstances to state whatever may have happened, when, even if they may have been the aggressors, or in any way the cause, under cases of voluntary confession they should be pardoned. Had the cause and seat of lameness been known, there is every probability that remedies might have been adopted in the first instance, which would have had the effect of palliating the evil, if not perfecting a cure.

Boys are exceedingly fond of teaching horses to kick out in the stable by tickling them inside their thighs; it is a foolish habit to say the least of it, and may on many occasions be productive of accident; for instance, when it becomes necessary to pass behind them in the stable, it is very probable they will strike any person who may be within reach. Horses so teased are troublesome to be saddled, as well as dangerous to the bystanders on a race-course; it is true they have not any business to approach so near, yet there can be no satisfaction in the reflection that a horse has kicked a man, perhaps broken a limb, in consequence of the boy who looked after him having taught him bad propensities.

The practical jokes which boys are in the habit of playing off to each other are sometimes too serious to be countenanced, one of which is smothering each other in the manure heap when it is in a state of fermentation, and of course very hot; after which, by way of cooling them, to throw cold water upon them. This is frequently resorted to when a boy first enters the stables: as a matter of course, one who has had more experience would not suffer the prank to be played upon him.

When riding horses up their gallop, boys should be impressed with the propriety of sitting very quiet. If I were compelled to select an inexperienced boy to ride a race for me, I should choose one who had the firmest seat with the best hands, and should make it a *sine qua non* that he kept them still. Conceited boys fancy they are exceedingly clever when perpetually shaking their horses' heads—a certain proof of their want of experience. When a horse has got upon his legs, and the boy standing firmly and steadily up in his stirrups, finds he does not go fast enough to keep his place, he should squeeze the calves of his legs against the sides of his horse; if that is not sufficient, let him sit down on his saddle, take firmly hold of his horse's head, and kick him smartly with his heels two or three times; if that will not do, the ash plant must be resorted to, but that is seldom necessary, except with very

indolent horses, especially if two or more are taking their work together.

Simple as the operation of mounting appears to be, it is seldom properly performed, and indeed many jockies evince great awkwardness in the manœuvre; various motives suggest the advantage of the rider having a "leg up," as it is appropriately termed, the ordinary method of mounting a race-horse. The first of which motives may be assigned is the short stature of such persons as are generally attendant upon them, either for the race or the daily routine of exercise, which would render it very difficult for them to ascend to the height of a full sized horse; and even if that objection did not exist, mounting by the stirrup when a horse is saddled for the race would be very objectionable; indeed, with a very light, that is to say, a three pounds saddle, it would very probably break the tree. Many horses, when excited by the passing scene and reminiscences of former contests, would not stand sufficiently still: but even when they have their clothing on for exercise, it is very apt to be torn by the boy dragging himself up by the strap of the breast cloth. Custom, therefore, has established the usage which is best calculated to obviate the greater objection; and as I have just observed, that the act of mounting is frequently very improperly managed, it now remains for me to point out my grounds for making the statement. When either a jockey or a boy presents himself to be thrown up, he may be very often observed to take hold of the mane and the reins with the left hand, and with the right the cantle, or back part of the saddle, looking across the horse's back. It is obvious in this position, that before he throws his right leg into the saddle he must have relinquished his hold from it; he has consequently nothing to keep him steady, therefore, if the animal manifests any uneasiness just at the moment, and he is compelled, whilst intending to move the hand from the saddle to the crest, to resort to some means of preserving his equilibrium. To avoid such confusion, the better plan, and one certainly performed with the most ease, elegance, and certainty, is after the following fashion. Take the snaffle rein in the left hand, and place it on the neck of the horse, taking hold of a lock of the mane or not, but in a general way it is advisable to do so; then place the right hand on the pommel of the saddle, at the same time holding up the left leg and keeping the knee stiff. In this position the person about to mount will look parallel with, instead of across the horse; an assistant taking the leg thus held up supports it in that way that, as the spring is taken with the right, he by raising the person to the required height enables him to throw his right leg over the saddle, and straightening the right arm, which remains in its first place, namely, on the pommel, thus keeps the body upright, and ensures safety and confidence, by not requiring either hand to be removed until the thighs have fallen securely into the saddle; which with the clip of the knee prepares the rider to withstand any ordinary effort of the horse to displace him before he has been able to gather up his reins. As a matter of course, some person is required to hold the animal's head during the whole process, and until the rider is safely seated.

The weight of a boy is the subject of very great moment with many trainers ; but the necessity, or even the propriety, of this fastidiousness is more than doubtful. A very light inexperienced boy can have no power whatever over the horse which he may be required to ride, consequently the animal learns numerous bad propensities, even if he be naturally good tempered ; the consequence is, the head lad, or some powerful and practised horseman, is frequently obliged to mount the refractory subject for the purpose of correction. Boys cannot be too heavy if they do not exceed seven stone seven ; and there is no doubt that horses which are ridden by moderately heavy weights in their exercise will be better able to carry weight when they run. Even the legs will be in less danger when carrying a boy who is seven or eight stone, and who can hold his horse well together, than with a weak urchin weighing only four and a half or five stone, who cannot prevent his breaking away.

As it frequently occurs when at exercise that the trainer requires to give some directions to boys, a code of signals should be established by which they will readily comprehend what they are required to do ; for example, a shrill whistle intimates that they are to approach ; the hand held up during a gallop, that they are not to go so fast ; a wave of the hand, to go faster : the hat held up, to stop, with such like conspicuous motions duly and properly explained, that their meaning cannot be misinterpreted ; and to ensure their being attended to, the boys should be particularly directed to keep an eye upon the person who issues them.

London Sporting Review for September, 1843.

FOX-HUNTING IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

It may be observed of Fox-hunting, that Masters of Hounds are either of long continuance or very short-lived ; we seldom find any of medium duration, ten or fifteen years' Masters : three years or thirty is oftener the thing ; not but that three is much oftener the duration than thirty ; but we think, if they get over that probationary period, they are much likelier to last on. The truth we suppose is, that the management of hounds, like many other things, though apparently very easy to the superficial observer, is nevertheless fraught with troubles, difficulties, and annoyances. To these a man requires seasoning, and three years inures or breaks him down. The first season goes off well perhaps ; the novelty of the thing pleases ; friends are flattering, and even detractors silent : a good season perhaps crowns his efforts, and he enters upon his second one with the sanguine expectations of previous prosperity. Sours now begin to mingle with the sweets ; the harvest perhaps is late, and he cannot begin cub-hunting before he should be about taking the field. Servants perhaps turn restive, horses

turn roarers, or hounds riotous, and the season opens with a peck of troubles. Gentlemen Huntsmen are certainly not in great request: but a man that can hunt his own hounds has a wonderful advantage over him who cannot, inasmuch as he is his huntsman's master, instead of his huntsman being his. It is an uncomfortable position for a Gentleman to be in not to be able to blow a servant up, from fear he should pull off his coat and cap, and throw up his place just at a period when his master cannot get another—or at all events one worth having. An amazing deal of a master's comfort or discomfort depends upon the selection of a huntsman. A huntsman has it in his power to assist or thwart a master so many ways, and there are so many little niceties depending on his watchfulness and care, that too much vigilance and circumspection cannot be used in the selection of one.

With huntsmen, as indeed with other men, we have always observed that the cleverest men are the quietest. We do not mean quietest with their hounds alone, but quietest and most unassuming in their manners and conversation. We like a huntsman, a real keen enthusiastic fellow, and infinitely prefer the exuberance of spirit, even though it may appear (out of the chase) bordering on familiarity, to the dandified pedantic language of some of the modern would-be scientific sons of the chase. We look upon the huntsman as the pivot on which the success or failure of a pack turns. We do not say this with reference to his prowess in the field alone, but as employed at home also in managing the best he can for his master, and saving all the petty troubles and annoyances incident to hounds. Verily they are "Legion."

A Mastership of Hounds is at best but a thankless office—a Mastership with a small dribbling subscription, little short of purgatory. A lazy babbling huntsman, a riotous pack of hounds, and an intolerant Field, would be enough to drive any man mad in a month. The worst of it is, that somehow or other Masters of Hounds have become to be looked upon very much in the light of another equally well remunerated class of individuals—Members of Parliament. Not a race in the country, not a school to be founded, a Church to be built, a dead horse to be replaced, or a donkey to be subscribed for, but the Master of Hounds is booked as a matter of course. Every scamp that tally-ho's a fox—every fellow that opens a gate, or catches a horse, considers himself entitled to have a run at his ale in the evening, just as every vagabond that throws up his hat and roars at an election considers himself entitled to be made an exciseman, or a groom to the Queen.

We set out with saying that Masters of Fox-hounds are either short-lived or long, and a reference to the changes our hunting countries have undergone during the last twenty years will, we think, bear out the assertion. Let us begin with Leicestershire, the grand emporium of hunting. We will take it from 1823, when Mr. Osbaldeston returned to the Quorn after two seasons' resignation to Sir Bellingham Graham. Mr. Osbaldeston, or the 'Squire,' as he was christened, to distinguish his pack from the lordly ones in the neighborhood, kept the country till 1828, making with

his previous occupation a period of nine years—a far longer time than it has remained in the same hands since. He was succeeded by Lord Southampton, who continued it two seasons, doing the thing with great spirit, at a great expense, and shewing extremely good sport. His Lordship, having removed the establishment to Leicester, and gone to great expense in the way of kennels and stables—building new kennels, converting the Bazaar into stables, and taking a five years lease of a house in the Humberstone Gate—suddenly resigned the country to the late Sir Harry Goodricke, a Gentleman possessed of every essential for hunting Leicestershire satisfactorily—*except health*. We say “every essential,” for he had youth, wealth, station, experience, firmness, horsemanship, and popularity; but the great desideratum of health was wanting. We do not know that this deficiency was generally suspected, and certainly Sir Harry took every means to produce a contrary impression, needlessly exposing himself to the vicissitudes of the season and the inclemency of the weather; but we think he was well aware of it himself, for we have heard that there was scarcely a quack medicine advertised that he did not take. Like most people in a declining state of health, he made great preparation for the future. Another new set of kennels were built at Thrussington, new gorse coverts formed, and the prospects of Leicestershire were perhaps never brighter, when death suddenly blighted the promise by terminating Sir Harry’s earthly career. He died on the 21st of September, 1833, at Ravensdale Park, in the county of Louth, Ireland, occasioned, it was said, by a cold caught in otter-hunting; but we believe we are correct in stating that he died of decline at about the same age his father died. Sir Harry was in his 37th year. During his brief career as Master of the Leicestershire Hounds, he did the thing with great spirit and liberality, receiving no subscription from the country, and expending, it is said, £6000 annually in hunting it. We confess, however, we cannot see how this could be fairly necessary. To be sure he hunted five or six days a week, but then short packs do in Leicestershire, and hay, corn, meal, and those sort of things, are not higher there than in other places. That, however, is the report, and we believe the secret of the expense died with Sir Harry.

Mr. Holyoake, now Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke, having succeeded to the bulk of Sir Harry Goodricke’s ample fortune, carried on, we believe with a subscription, the hounds for the two seasons after Sir Harry’s death, when he was succeeded (1836) by Mr. Errington (brother of Sir Massey Stanley); after whom came Lord Suffield with his three-thousand-guinea pack, and another new set of kennels at Billesdon to hold them. His Lordship soon gave way to Mr. Hodgson, late of the Holderness Hounds, who in his turn has been replaced by a local sportsman, Mr. Greene, of Rolleston Hall, we really believe the first native Master, if we may use the expression, the country has ever known.

Thus it will be seen that Leicestershire has had seven Masters in fourteen years, one every two years on an average.

The frequent changes of hounds has perhaps been more disas-

trous to the sport of Leicestershire than the frequent change of Masters. This is obvious to the veriest tyro; and in cases where the new packs have come from counties where crowds and pressure are not matters of every day occurrence, they have failed in giving the satisfaction that was expected, and as in this country first impressions are everything—it is the old saw, of give a dog a bad name and hang him, carried out more extensively—give the pack no chance and condemn them. This principle was nobly acted upon in Lord Suffield's time. Perhaps there never was a wilder act committed in this rather favorable country for rash experiments than His Lordship's start as a Master of Fox-hounds. He took the country without having a hound, and bought the Lambton unseen for three thousand guineas! We don't mean to say that the Lambton hounds were not worth the money, but it rather savored of the old adage of purchasing a pig in a poke, buying a pack out of a colliery, cinder-burning, railway, subterranean sort of country, without seeing them work, to judge whether they would suit Leicestershire or not. Indeed we believe neither His Lordship nor any one on his behalf saw them at all before they were purchased. If report speaks truly, Mr. Ralph Lambton, who was one of the finest of the old lasting breed of Masters of Fox-hounds, showed that the Leicestershire experience of his early life had not been thrown away upon him, for he predicted want of "fair play, and failure." Some would have thought that the crowning triumph of a veteran Master's life on retiring from the field would have been to have seen his hounds claimed for the reputed first hunting country in the land; but not so with Mr. Lambton; he knew what Melton men were in his time, and his knowledge of the world did not lead him to think they would be very materially changed for the better. He did not jump at the offer. A neighboring Baronet wished to have them, and it was only that Lord Suffield was considered entitled to the first refusal, and commenced with the magnanimous offer of three thousand guineas, which it is said he would have advanced upon, that it was considered right he should have them. His competitor, we understand, had bid within five hundred of that sum at starting; so that if a Sportsman in the neighborhood, doubtless well acquainted with the pack, would give such a sum for them, we must presume that the hounds were good and worth the money. At all events, we can only say it was not like a "North-country" trick, bidding that sum for them if they were not. Well, the result was, that Lord Suffield got them, and they went into Leicestershire, where, as we said before, new kennels were built for them at Billesdon, being the third new set that had been built since 1828. A new huntsman was also engaged, new whips, new feeder, new everything; and report says new names were given to some of the hounds, whose original ones were lost or confused in the hurry of the transfer to the North-road.

Charles Treadwell—without exception one of the nicest fellows of the present day—was engaged by Mr. Smith, who had been Treadwell's first master, for Lord Suffield; and though the Craven

and Mr. Horlock's countries, in each of which Treadwell had been, were rather different to Leicestershire, still it was considered a better country would only shew him a better man.

Well, the result was, that though the hounds lost their character, their late Master gained the reputation of a true prophet, for they certainly did exactly what he predicted: they lost *caste*: they ran "like mad," as the saying is, and often in the most gratuitous way—a mile beyond the scent—sometimes, people say, without having ever struck a scent at all. Added to this, the bitches were marvellously mute, and most of the Meltonians being short-sighted, they had no other means of knowing whether the hounds were on the scent or off. Of course we are now speaking of the fashionable Fox-hunters, that portion of the Field who hunt because it is the fashion. The old stager found fault with legs and loins, but predicted better things with a scent, which was sadly deficient. The huntsman, like the hounds, they thought a devil of a one "to go." Well, they scrambled through the season somehow or other—sport was lamentably deficient, but much of that was attributable to the continued want of scent, and to the short running of the foxes. The three-thousand-guinea pack, however, did not answer the expectations the price had induced people to raise of them. The season, we believe, closed rather abruptly, by the intrusion of those unwelcome familiar brothers, "John Doe and Richard Roe;" and the great wonder is, that with the unlucky name the hounds had acquired, John and Richard thought them worth what is called "grabbing." Hounds are awkward things to deal with, as the Leamington grocer found, who accepted a mortgage on a pack, together with the boiler, feeding-troughs, and other utensils. We really believe, had the hounds been the property of any save so noted a Sportsman as Mr. Lambton, they would have been left for some one else. As it was, they went to our friend's at the "Corner," and it was reserved for a Member of the far-famed "Surrey Hunt" to oppose common sense to popular clamor, and preserve this then much-decried pack from utter oblivion by dispersion in lots.

Mr. Majoribanks, now Mr. Robertson, the owner of Olympic and other celebrated race-horses, being about to keep hounds, boldly bid fifteen hundred pounds for this then despised pack, a sum that would be very difficult to get for any pack now-a-days, and which even in those palmy days of general prosperity was a fair price. It should be remembered, that prior to Mr. Lambton getting three thousand guineas for his, two thousand guineas was the highest price ever known to have been given for a pack—viz., by Mr. Horlock for the late Mr. Warde's, on the latter retiring from the Craven country and the field generally. We have heard that the late Lord Middleton gave Mr. Osbaldeston, a thousand guineas for the pick of ten couple out of his pack; but Mr. Osbaldeston was in tip-top repute as a breeder, hunting a country surrounded by wealthy judges, and therefore any such sum must be looked upon more as a fancy price than as a just criterion of what a pack would bring. Prior to Mr. Warde's sale, a thousand or fifteen hundred

pounds was looked upon as a fair price for a pack of hounds. However, the price of hounds must be a good deal a matter of change, depending upon demand, fashion, young men coming out with more money than wit, and other such contingencies.

Packs have been sold for all prices. Mr. Assheton Smith gave Sir Richard Sutton a thousand guineas for his, when he took to hunting the country near his seat in Hampshire: Lord Middleton gave Mr. Corbet twelve hundred guineas in 1812 for seventy couple; while in May 1840, the Duke of Cleveland's old-established and entire pack, consisting of forty-three couple, only fetched two hundred and sixty-two pounds; and Mr. Mytton once sold a pack for the value of their skins. To be sure, that was not much to be wondered at, as the huntsman facetiously observed they were a "capital lot, and would hunt anything from a helepphant down to a hearwig."

But let people say what they will about price, or legs, or loins, this fact is indisputable, that Mr. Lambton's hounds capped all others in point of price in the most legitimate way that the value of property can be ascertained—by the freewill offer of one who knew them: and if Lord Suffield got them, and rued his bargain, he had no one to thank but himself.

Now to the subsequent sale of the hounds, when they became the property of "Doe and Roe." Mr. Robertson, we say, boldly bid fifteen hundred for them, but fortunately for him, and unfortunately for Lord Suffield, the hounds being in the custody aforesaid, the twin-brothers "John and Richard" considered it necessary that they should be sold at the hammer. 'The consequence was, they were bought for five hundred. Lord Suffield's huntsman, Treadwell, was also engaged, and the pack went on to the Border—sometimes hunting in Scotland, sometimes in England; and the huntsman and they having got better acquainted, and the hounds being free from Leicestershire crowds, very soon took to steady hunting, and shewed most excellent sport. We take it the truth of the matter was, these hounds were over-hurried and overridden in Leicestershire, to neither of which operations had they been accustomed before. Nimrod, in his Northern Tour, dwelt upon the order and sporting spirit of Mr. Lambton's Fields, each man taking care, as Paley recommends, "if he could do no good to do no harm." 'The pack has now ceased to exist as a whole. Mr. Robinson, after four seasons' occupation of his country, and in the midst of extensive preparations for hunting it for ever, having suddenly resigned and sold his hounds to Lord Elcho for seven hundred pounds—two hundred more than he gave for them. His Lordship, having replaced a draft from his own pack with the pick of Mr. Robertson's, sent the remainder of each to Mr. Tattersall's, where they were sold for two or three hundred pounds—the wonder indeed being, as times are, that they sold for anything.

Returning to the consideration of the injury frequent changes do hunting countries, let us take a look at Northamptonshire—the admitted second best, though we should almost be inclined to say the *best* country in England. This is the country rendered famous by

the lengthened occupation of the renowned John Warde, fifty-seven years Master of Fox-hounds! Fifty-seven years! what a time to look forward to, or even back upon! Mr. Warde's career, however, is further than we purpose referring to. We will, therefore, begin with Mr. Musters's occupation of it, some twenty years ago. Mr. Musters has been one of the lasting sort, having been a Master of Hounds hard upon, if not full, forty years. His father was a Master of Hounds before him, and Mr. Musters is one of the now few remaining pupils of the celebrated Hugo Meynell. We have heard servants say that they never saw Mr. Musters's equal in the management of hounds, attaching them to him, and making them do what he liked.

Mr. Musters had the Pytchley when Mr. Osbaldeston had the Quorn, and if we remember rightly—for we are writing this at that most appropriately-named place Patterdale, with the rain beating against the windows in a most determined way, and no one in the house to consult but three Quaker Ladies, the boots, and the ostler—if we remember rightly, we say, Mr. Osbaldeston replaced Mr. Musters in the former country; but there must have been some interregnums, for Mr. Osbaldeston had a season in the Hambledon country (Hampshire,) which could not have been the case had he continued in the occupation of Northamptonshire from the period of Mr. Musters's secession down to 1833-4, when he, Mr. Osbaldeston, finally quitted it. However, that is immaterial to the point; our object being to shew that changes have become more frequent in the hunting countries than they used to be, and to try to account for their being so, and point out a remedy if we can. The Northamptonshire Squires have never been great supporters of hounds, differing in that respect from their humbler brethren the graziers and farmers, than whom a better or more sporting lot do not exist anywhere. However, as the Squires have the money and the graziers have not, the hounds stand a bad chance if the Squires do not give them a lift; and before Mr. Osbaldeston relinquished the country the subscriptions had dwindled down below the average of a second-rate provincial. Twelve hundred a year we believe was all that could be raised—a sum wholly inadequate to the expenses, though we understood, sooner than be thrown out of a country, Mr. Osbaldeston offered to go on if they would raise him something short of two thousand. This could not be, or was not, done, and the country absolutely became vacant without the prospect of a successor. Many Gentlemen were magnified into great Sportsmen, and had the flattering compliment of Northamptonshire—"the second best, if not the very *best* country in the world"—offered them; but somehow there was no demand for it: neither natives or strangers would bite. Providence then did more for the country than it deserved, seeing the landowners would do so little for themselves, and found them a successor in the person of a Welch Gentleman, Mr. Wilkins, M. P. for Radnorshire, a good Sportsman, who had kept hounds for some years in his own country, but which being unsuited for Northamptonshire, and Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds having passed into Mr. Harvey Combe's hands,

Mr. Wilkins reinforced his kennel with a considerable portion of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's pack, Mr. Berkeley having then just resigned the Oakley country. Indeed it was generally supposed that Mr. Berkeley had a share in the management. Mr. Wilkins got Jack Stevens from Mr. Osbaldeston for huntsman, and the hounds had very fair sport, all things considered; but at the end of the season the country was again vacant, Mr. Wilkins returning with the pick of the hounds and horses to Wales.

This arose we believe in a great measure from want of proper support, no one caring to subscribe or put the stranger up to what would have saved him money. And here is the great difficulty strangers have to contend with. No one will give them a lift. Whatever one does in this world, we are sure to find out that if we had to do it over again we could do it both cheaper and better, and hunting a country is no exception to the rule. There are always mistakes made that would not be committed a second time. The local Sportsman knows how to go about everything—knows who to trust, and who to avoid—who to employ, and who to shun. The hearts and sympathies—at least if he is a good sort of fellow—of the people are with him, and even the wicked are restrained by the fear of after-retribution: but a new man comes in without post or beacon, friend or guide. If he has a subscription, half the people who contribute look upon him as their servant or debtor. He has the ways of the people as well as the ways of the country to learn. Public Companies, from Fox-hunting ones down to Railways—those banes of fox-hunting—are always looked upon as privileged plunder. What John Stiles would hesitate in charging Squire Smith of the Quorn, he makes no bones whatever in sending in to “Company”—“Co.,” that mysterious numerical force, or comprehensive unit. There are various ways of getting a living in this curious every-day world, but we know of none so unpromising as that of making money by farming a pack—“living out of hounds,” as it is called. Fortunately it is of rare occurrence, but we have known it attempted more than once, and that too by parties, who, to hear them talk, one would think they would be above taking a subscription at all.

Let us not, however, be supposed to disparage the importance of a subscription: quite the contrary. We maintain, that subscription packs with a local Sportsman of station and influence at the head, are the most legitimate establishments; but then the head must be a real head, not merely a man to carry a horn. We also think subscription packs are productive of more energy and less cavilling than private ones. Every man feels his interest at stake both summer and winter, and will look to things all the year round, instead of lounging carelessly out during the season, leaving the breeding and protection of foxes, the propitiation of farmers, and other *etceteras* to the private owner of the hounds, who in all probability leaves it to the huntsman, who deposes it to the earth-stopper, who leaves it to an assistant, who leaves it undone. A subscription pack makes every man put his shoulder to the wheel, not only to keep down expense, but to promote sport, each subscriber

feeling his own credit identified with the credit of the establishment. Somehow or other the present generation do not subscribe to hounds as their fathers used to do. We know men who used to come down with their fifty's as regular as could be, whose sons can hardly screw out five pounds for the Club; and then they talk as big about it as if they gave a hundred. One thing perhaps is, that luxuries have become more diffused, and the men of the present day have expenses their fathers and grandfathers did not dream of. Other pleasures too are more comeatable, and altogether we are a less tarry-at-home people than we used to be. To be sure in Boney's time there was no such thing as going abroad except in the "dashing white serjeant" style, but still our forefathers enjoyed their hunting, and thought it the greatest luxury of life, and we dare say wished for nothing better.

Fox-hunting is becoming a very expensive amusement. We do not hesitate to say that some countries pay more for preserving foxes and earth-stopping than kept our fathers a good useful "cry of dogs" all the year round. Leicestershire covert-rent we have heard stated at from a thousand to twelve hundred a year. This may or may not be the case, though if it is, we can only say the sooner half the coverts are stubbed the better. If Sir Harry Goodricke spent six thousand a year, and Sir Bellingham Graham had, as is reported, a subscription of four thousand a year when he hunted it (above twenty years ago), we might even put a larger sum down than that twelve hundred for covert-rent; and if so, we can only say that the land in Leicestershire must be very valuable. We have it, however, in black and white, on the authority of Mr. Delme Radcliffe, who hunted the country, that in the metropolitan county of Herts some three hundred a year is paid for what may be called the mere "good will" of the keepers towards foxes. This is all artificial, and the more artificial things become, the more expensive they grow. Indeed, if population and agricultural improvement keep pace during the next half century with the increase and improvement of the last half century, hunting will be mere matter of history in half the countries in England. Leicestershire now is no more like what Leicestershire was in Mr. Meynell's time, than is Salisbury Plain like the Vale of Blackmore at the present day.

The richer land becomes, either by draining or other artificial means, and the larger crops it grows, the likelier it is to be subdivided; and there is little doubt that many of the large fields we still see, parts of common lands inclosed within the present century, will gradually become smaller and smaller as the land becomes richer and more valuable, and hunting will be a sort of "hopping-in and out-ing clever sort of thing" all day. This, however, is looking to the future—our observations being intended for the past and present.

We were speaking of Northamptonshire, and had got down as far as Mr. Wilkins's occupation of it. On his retirement, after one season's occupation, Mr. Payne, of Sulby Hall in that county, was induced to take it, and certainly a better sportsman, a more popu-

lar or fitter man, could not have been selected: he combined all the advantages of birth, talent, local influence, and possessions. Mr. Payne continued to hunt it till the season 1837-8, when he was succeeded by Lord Chesterfield; Lord Suffield, whose short career we have already noticed, taking the Quorn—at all events Leicestershire—at the same time. Poor Jack Stevens, who had passed from Mr. Wilkins to Mr. Payne, died about this time; and Will Derry, who had been first whip to the Quorn during more than one administration, and we believe had hunted the hounds during the temporary indisposition of Mountford, was elevated to the rank of His Lordship's huntsman. Webb and Ball were continued as whips. We believe Lord Chesterfield's turn-out was as good as ever was seen in any country: his horses were superb—his numberless men were mounted in a magnificent way; but His Lordship had too many other attractions and enjoyments to allow of his making hunting such an absorbing pleasure as to give any promise of permanence to his reign: his hours too were desperately late. After two seasons' occupation, he retired, leaving the vacuum more difficult to fill up in consequence of the splendor that had marked his career. The country was hawked about and offered to everybody, and at the eleventh hour an arrangement was come to with Mr. Smith, late of the Craven, who at short notice undertook to get an establishment together before the season commenced. It was a hazardous experiment following such a man as Lord Chesterfield under any circumstances; doubly so with the disadvantages Mr. Smith had to contend with: but, conscious of his own powers, he felt, we suppose, that he could make up in real out-and-out fox-hunting and zeal what his establishment wanted in style and appearance. He proved himself quite the dread enemy of foxes, and maintained the reputation he had acquired in Berkshire. With every difficulty to contend with, he shewed sport; but his occupation was brief, extending only over two seasons. At the end of his second season, the country was again vacant, and we really believe would have been so at this moment but for the magnificent liberality of Lord Cardigan, who came forward with a subscription more than equal, we hear, to what the whole country formerly raised. Other Gentlemen followed the noble example: a good subscription was at length raised, and Sir Holyoake Goodricke accepted the Mastership.

This brings Northamptonshire down to present times, and gives us half a dozen Masters in ten years—rather more than the average that Leicestershire enjoyed. Here then we pause for the present, reserving our further observations for another paper.

VENATOR.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for September, 1843.

THE DONCASTER MEETING, 1843.

UPON reaching this pretty Northern town, we learnt, very much to our surprise and regret, that the Stakes open till the Saturday previous to the Meeting closed wretchedly. It is true, now that our great favorite Bee's-wing has retired to enjoy the pleasures of domestic life, we got a much larger nomination for that old-fashioned and interesting prize "The Cup," which on this occasion was carried off most gallantly by a mare not very unlikely to become quite as popular a candidate for racing honors as the fascinating daughter of the renowned Dr. Syntax. We did not find the town so full as was anticipated. This was partly owing to the delay of many till the Monday morning, when things assumed a more cheering aspect. There was the usual mystery respecting the Leger horses under John Scott's care, and this was by no means lessened by the arrival of a portion of the string on Sunday, which consisted of Dumpling, The Era, Jack, Joan of Arc, The Princess, Joe Lovell, and the two-year-old filly out of Rowton's dam. Rumors of every description were immediately in circulation. "Prizefighter had thrown a curb"—"Cotherstone was not quite fit for show!"—"Dumpling was the intended nag!" &c. &c. Notwithstanding these differences of opinion, Mr. Gully was the stanch supporter of Prizefighter, and this alone gave a strong coloring that he was *the horse*. That man of ill report, "the man in the street," was strongly in Cotherstone's interest, while three or four of the old *stagers* clung with the greatest perseverance to their favorite "Field." It was not till the Tuesday morning that the cloud was partly removed from the dark mystery of the Great Northern Stable by the appearance of Cotherstone and Prizefighter at the Salutation Inn, and then the speculation was of a most contradictory nature, Prizefighter fluctuating in the strangest manner ever known. All we can say is, that if this was a premeditated system, it must have turned out exceedingly profitable to the adventurers. But we must reserve further remarks till our report of the race.

Monday, Sept. 11.—There was a great deal of rain on the previous night, and the course was in capital order. The weather was truly delightful, and the company more numerous than might have been expected from the comparatively few visitors in the town. The cause of this, and it is a grievous one, no doubt was the exorbitant charges laid on by the "natives"—"de guinea," as the foreigner said, "for every ting"—which induced many to prefer staying quietly and comfortably at Rotherham, where we were informed the lodging-house keepers were too wise to "kill the goose for the golden eggs."

The first race was a badly made one on the part of Lord Eglington, who, with Blue Bonnet, 4 yrs., 8st. 9lb., agreed to run Mr. Payne's Mania, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb., for 300 sovs. each, h. ft.; St.

Leger Course. The betting was 5 and 6 to 1 on Mania, who, in consequence of Blue Bonnet showing temper, was left to canter in by herself. It is true that Tommy Lye coaxed her to the Gravel Road, where all the *fascination* of Mr. Lye was of no avail, for his partner bolted against the rails, and threw the old Northern jockey most ungallantly. Nat rode Mania, who now was in some force for the Leger at 12 and 14 to 1.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., four miles, brought together five middling creatures, and Mr. Cooke's br. c. Trueboy, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb., was the winner by a length, beating Queen of the Tyne, 4 yrs., 9st.; Wee Pet, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.; Portrait, 4 yrs., 9st.; and Champagne, 6 yrs., 10st. Lye rode the winner, which was backed after the race at 40 to 1 for the Leger. Robert Heseltine was fined 2 sovs. for showing in "false colors." The betting was 6 to 4 agst. Wee Pet, 5 to 2 agst. Trueboy (taken), 5 to 1 agst. Queen of the Tyne, and 6 to 1 agst. Portrait.

The race for the Champagne Stakes was of a nature highly interesting, as most of the entry are in the great events of next season. Fanny Eden, from her Chester and Liverpool running, was a great favorite, but upon her being cantered before starting, it was clear enough that she was *amiss*. The Cure, a smart little animal from Heseltine, was in considerable force, and at starting decidedly had the call. The stakes were 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake, and the winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club; from the Red House in; thirty-two subs. It came off thus:—

Mr. Williamson's b. c. <i>The Cure</i> , by Physician, out of Morsel.....	Hesseltine..	1
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. Sister to Martingale, by The Saddler, dam by Partisan	G. Francis ..	2
Mr. Irwin's b. c. Foig-a-Ballagh, by Sir Hercules—Guiccioli.....	Nat	3
Lord Westminster's br. f. Fanny Eden, sister to Auckland, by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor.....	Templeman..	0
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Brunel, by Velocipede, out of Birdlime.....	Marlow.....	0
Sir R. W. Bulkeley's bl. f. Coal Black Rose, by Picaroon—Jemima.....	S. Darling ..	0
Lord G. Bentinck's o. f. All-round-my-Hat, by Bay Middleton, out of Chapeau d'Espagne.....	Rogers	0
Mr. Stephenson's o. f. Epilogue, by Inheritor, out of Comedy.....	Holmes	0
Col. Anson's ch. f. The Princess, by Slane—sister to Cobweb.....	F. Butler	0
Mr. St. Paul's b. or ro. c. Telemachus, by Inheritor—Calypso's dam.....	Lye.....	0

The last betting was 2 to 1 agst. The Cure, 5 to 2 agst. Fanny Eden, 6 to 1 agst. The Princess, 8 to 1 agst. Brunel, 9 to 1 agst. Epilogue, 10 to 1 agst. Telemachus, and 10 to 1 agst. Foig-a-Ballagh.

At the second "try," a good start was made, all getting away well with the exception of Sister to Martingale, who certainly had the worse position. Heseltine went away with The Cure at a pace that at once told us he contemplated a "tail;" Fanny Eden and Foig-a-Ballagh were in attendance, then the ruck, which soon "scattered." There was no change of consequence, save Sister to Martingale making up most of her lost ground before the leading horses neared the distance-post, where The Cure was leading, with Sister to Martingale and the "Irisher" second and third, and so the race ended, The Cure winning cleverly by two honest

lengths. The Sister to Martingale beat Foig-a-Ballagh for the second place by more than half a length. Coal Black Rose was fourth, All-round-my-Hat fifth, The Princess sixth, Telemachus seventh, Epilogue eighth, Fanny Eden ninth, and Brunel last. As a guide to the bettors on the Derby, Oaks, and Leger, we may state that of the above Foig-a-Ballagh, Brunel, and Telemachus are in the Derby; Sister to Martingale, The Princess, Fanny Eden, Coal Black Rose, All-round-my-Hat, and Epilogue in the Oaks; and The Cure, Foig-a-Ballagh, The Princess, Brunel, Epilogue, and Telemachus in the St. Leger. We must here hint that this race must not be looked upon as Fanny Eden's running. Mr. Williamson, the owner of The Cure, was a capital winner.

A Fifty Pound Plate, in heats, brought the first day's entertainment to a close; distance, the St. Leger Course. Only three ran, and Lord Exeter's Revocation, 4 yrs., at 8st. 7lb. (Sam Darling), was the winner, beating, in two heats, Lytham, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb.; and Cheviot, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb. The latter brute is an unworthy brother to the once flying Calypso. There was little or no betting, but Lord Exeter was the favorite. It is a long time since we saw the "light blue, narrow white stripe, with black cap," first in the throng at Doncaster.

In the evening we noted down the following Leger bets:—2 to 1 on Cotherstone, 8 to 1 agst. Prizefighter, 8 to 1 agst. the Lucetta colt (taken freely), 14 to 1 agst. Nutwith, 15 to 1 agst. Mania (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Aristides, 40 to 1 agst. Trueboy, 40 to 1 agst. Silkworm filly. No others were mentioned. It was stated that the Earl of Glasgow, under the old impression that a horse "*never can nor will win both Derby and Leger*," bore up bravely for the Field.

Tuesday.—This day, the day of all days in the Northern District, opened rather equivocally as regarded the appearance of the weather, but fortunately for "all parties," whether "Scott's" or otherwise, the rain kept away, and the "grand event" was witnessed agreeably. We say "agreeably" to those who stood on that best of all defences, the *never-to-be-forgotten* "Field." We must confess that we never witnessed a Leger with a lighter heart than on the present occasion, and it is pretty well known that we are always fishing in the troubled waters of racing streams. We candidly assert, and *care not* what may be said to the contrary, we have a "sneaking likeness" for the "Field." It is never troubled with "coughs," "break downs," "made *safes*," and other matters too delicate for *sensitive* minds; and although we find much rubbish in the bulk, yet a diamond has frequently been left in the *siftings*. To proceed. As we have before stated, Cotherstone and his "*second*" arrived *per van*, and then the difference of opinion became more and more conflicting. Tom Spring, supposed to know *something* concerning the "affairs of the *Ring*," thought that the "Blackguard," as he most facetiously called Prizefighter, would win and "no mistake." Here he was rowing in the same boat with his straightforward friend Mr. Gully, and the conse-

quence was, that, after all sorts of betting, the "Blackguard" settled down to 5 to 1! Ye gods! what a time for hedging!!

Still the wonder was how Cotherstone kept his ground! One Gentleman of our acquaintance, who boasted that he had "missed but *one* Leger since 1804" (Sancho's year), told us in confidence that Scott would be first and second, but left *us* to place them, for, said he, "they are too clever for any weak nerves." In the meantime, the Lucetta colt came "right earnest" into the market, and it was said that he would call forth the best horse from Scott's lot. One thing must not be forgotten: if a Newmarket horse, and only *one*, travels *Northward*, there is sure to be a sufficiency of money sent from "head-quarters" to support him, and this no doubt was the principal cause of the Noble Marquis's colt standing so prominently in the odds. Be this as it may, we quite agree with the party who stated, after the race, that "serious tricks had been played to prevent his winning."—Nutwith did not please the "fancy men;" and, with the exception of Mania and Aristides, not an offer we firmly believe was accepted about the remaining three—Dumpling, Trueboy, and Reviewer.

The first race on the list was for the Two-year-old Produce Stakes—reduced to a Match—100 sovs. each, h. ft.; Red House-in. The weights were, colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.; and the Marquis of Westminster's Carol, by Touchstone, received from Lord Glasgow's bl. f. by Velocipede out of Miss Whip.—Carol is a *niceish* looking filly.

To keep the anxious speculators on the "torment," the Cleveland Handicap intervened between the walk over and the Leger, and during that short period much "shifting" took place in the Leger betting. The "Cleveland" was won by the Earl of Chesterfield's The Knight-of-the-Whistle, 5 yrs., 8st. 12lb., who beat over the Mile Course Blue Bonnet, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb., and three others. It was a most desperate race, and Nat had to come out with all he knew to win on the Post by a head. Tommy Lye, having had enough of Blue Bonnet yesterday, gave up his ride to Noble, who certainly managed the "false one" with more persuading prowess.

And now the St. Leger was to be decided, and the hopes and fears of thousands either put to *rest* or *restlessness*. It was generally thought that not more than eight would *strip*, but one more than that number was on the "telegraph."—The race was decided thus:—

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three year olds, colts 8st. 7lb.; fillies 8st 2lb; the second to receive 200 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; the winner to pay 30 sovs to the judge; St. Leger Course; 127 subs.

Mr. S. Wrather's b. c. NUTWITH, by Tomboy—Hackfall's dam.....	Marson.....	1
Mr. Bowes's b. c. COTHERSTONE, by Touchstone, out of Emma.....	F. Butler..	2
Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. PRIZEFIGHTER, by Gladiator—Barbara.....	Holmes ...	3
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Beiram or Sultan, out of Lucetta	Robinson ..	0
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Aristides, by Bay Middleton, out of Rectitude.....	G. Noble ..	0
Mr. Payne's br. f. Mania, by Muley Moloch, out of Bessy Bedlam.....	Nat	0
Mr. D. Cooke's br. c. Trueboy, by Tomboy, out of Muleteer's dam	Cartwright.	0
Mr. Bell's br. c. Reviewer, brother to Frea, by Romulus, out of Selina.....	W. Noble ..	0
Maj. Yarbrough's br. c. Dumpling, by Muley Moloch, out of Easter.....	Templeman	0

Only three were placed by the Judge, but the lot passed the winning Chair in the order in which the names are given. Some dissatisfaction was manifested at the non-appearance of Sir C. Monck's filly.—The betting ended as follows:—13 to 8 on Cotherstone (taken), 11 to 2 agst. Prizefighter (taken), 6 to 1 agst. the Lucetta colt (taken), 15 to 1 agst. Nutwith, 16 to 1 agst. Mania (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Aristides (taken freely), 25 to 1 agst. Dumpling, 40 to 1 agst. Trueboy (taken), and just what was required against the brute Reviewer.

The Start.—At three o'clock all was ready, and, after two false starts, Reviewer, determined to be first at some part of the race, took the lead and made his running (*bad enough all must admit*) for a short distance, when Holmes, finding the pace not quite in accordance to his order and wish, took the front position, and at the Gravel Road was leading at a pace that brought our mind back to Don John's running in 1838. Reviewer was second, with Nutwith and Cotherstone close, the others in very good situations. In going down the hill, Prizefighter had increased his lead amazingly, and was four or five lengths in advance of Reviewer, who still kept up "appearances" by remaining second. At the Mile Starting-post, the Lucetta colt came from the rear, and, by the time the leading horses reached the Red House, was fairly in the second place. His stay, however, was short enough, for upon Robinson calling upon him to *progress*, he at once "shut up," and was soon seen in the rear. Prizefighter, still with apparently an uncontrolled lead, went on in the best style his friends could wish; and after passing the Red House, Nutwith and Cotherstone were second and third, both full of running, and to these three the race was left, for Reviewer was soon told out. About a distance and a half from home, Nutwith went gallantly to the front, and Cotherstone almost immediately followed his example. The consequence was, Prizefighter was deprived of the lead, but still within half a length of the leader. Aristides for a brief moment seemed to have forgotten himself, for just before the leading horses came opposite the Grand Stand, he shot away from the second ruck, and "Aristides in a canter" was the cry. He, however, immediately afterwards turned *sulky*, and left the race to "the three." Cotherstone was on the whip-hand of Nutwith, about a head in advance, and Nutwith had about the same advantage over Prizefighter, till about a dozen strides from home, when Marson, by one of the Chifney *rushes*, made himself the St. Leger winner of 1843. We have seldom witnessed a finer display of jockeyship than on this occasion. Cotherstone was beaten only "a head," and was but a neck and shoulder before Prizefighter. Trueboy came up at the finish, and was a respectable fourth, but the others were beaten off.—The time of running was stated to be three minutes and twenty seconds. Stakes worth £3100.—As may be supposed, there was a vast deal of bickering amongst the backers of Scott's horses: for our own part, we fancy that the race was won by the best horse, and that it was, with one exception, a truly honest affair. The "exception" alluded to is as regards the Lucetta colt,

whose running led many to infer that some tricks had been played, and we deeply regret to say that there seems now no doubt that the animal was made what the *touts* call "safe."—Amongst the principal winners we are happy to place the Earl of Glasgow, who has stood beating for a length of time nobly. John Greatrex also threw in.

The following description, etc., of Nutwith, is taken from "Bell's Life in London" of 17th Sept. :—

DESCRIPTION.

NUTWITH stands, according to Robert Johnson's measurement, 15 hands 2½ inches; but has, when mounted, the appearance of a smaller horse. He has a long straight head, light and rather short neck, strong shoulders, well laid back, and is good in the brisket; unusually large arms, with clean light legs, and long upright pasterns; his back short, his loins arched; is well ribbed, as a sailor would say, fore and aft; has long quarters, full muscular gaskins and thighs, small hocks, and rather curby in their appearance; tail well set on. A noble marquis sent his agent to Middleham to see him when a two-year-old, and the latter gave it as his opinion that his hocks were not to be trusted to, or in all probability he would have gone South.

PEDIGREE.

NUTWITH, bred by the late Captain Wrather, is by Tomboy, out of a Comus mare bred by Mr. Wrather in 1816, her dam Plumper's dam by Delpini, out of Miss Muston by King Fergus—Easpersykes; Hackfall and Colchicum are out of the same mare. He takes his name from Nutwith, near Masham, Yorkshire.

PERFORMANCES.

1842. Ran second to Winesour at Newcastle. At Ripon, won a sweepstakes, beating Peggy, Sir Abstrupus, colt by Ebberston, dam by Margrave, Inheritress, and filly by Physician, out of Young Duchess, by a length. At Richmond, won the Wright Stakes, beating The Wee Pet, Peggy, Semiseria, Trueboy, filly by Physician, out of Young Duchess, Inheritress, Ravensworth, Sir Abstrupus, and filly by Liverpool, out of Twinkle, by half a length.

1843. Was second for the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York August Meeting, Prizefighter beating him by a head, after a severe race; the following also started: Na', Gamecock, Carysfort, Hippona, Martingale, Merry Andrew, Ravensworth, What, Quebec, and Reviewer. And, on Tuesday last, won the Great St. Leger.

After the *wonderment* had subsided, we found Mr. Gully's br. c. The Era, 6st. 12lb., the winner of the Selling Stakes, beating two others.—Little done in the way of business.—Little Sampson rode the winner.

The Corporation Plate of 60 sovs., for all ages, was won by Sir C. Monck's b. c. Flagsman, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb., beating in two heats, a br. f. by Voltaire out of Zephyrina, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb., over the Two-mile Course.—Cartwright rode Flagsman, on whom the knowing ones betted 3 and 4 to 1.

And so departed the Grand Doncaster St. Leger Day for 1843.

Wednesday.—This was one of the most delightful "September morns" ever remembered by that often-acknowledged authority, "the oldest man in the place." The bill of fare was *garnished* by the race for the new Great Yorkshire Handicap Stakes, which last year was run on the first day of the Meeting. We must say that the change is a good one, for heretofore the "Wednesdays" have been given entirely to the settling. It is in our power to say

that the adjusting of *accounts* on the St. Leger passed over agreeably; two or three parties were obliged to use the common physician, "time," but we fancy all will be well in a short period. The Scott party was stated to be heavy losers: but this we very much question, inasmuch as the opportunity for hedging could not have been neglected by a coterie remarkable for its cleverness.

Like the two previous days, a Match introduced us to the amusements, and Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. Joan of Arc beat Lord Glasgow's b. f. by Voltaire out of Snowball out of 200 sovs., 8st. 4lb. each, from the Red House in. The betting was 3 to 1 on the winner, who, ridden by Nat, won uncommonly easy.—The pair are both two-year-olds, and Joan of Arc is in the Oaks.

The Foal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., St. Leger Course, had nine subs., but two only came forward to run. Cotherstone remained quietly "at home" awaiting the morrow, leaving Lord Englinton's Aristides and Colonel Anson's Armytage to settle the point, at 8st. 7lb. each.—After running some distance, it was almost any odds on Aristides, who, like most of the Bay Middleton's, turned *cur* at the finish, and allowed Armytage to make a *dead heat* of it. The deciding heat was run after the Great Handicap, and, wonderful to relate, Aristides, after a little *persuasion*, condescended to make play at a capital pace, and win easy by nearly a length, ridden by M. Noble.—Betting even before and after the "dead heat."—F. Butler rode Armytage exceedingly well.

The Municipal Stakes, for two-year-olds, worth £1700, strange to say, went into the pocket of Lord Glasgow through the exertion of His Lordship's b. c. by Velocipede out of Amulet, who, ridden by Robinson at 8st. 7lb., beat Lord Chesterfield's br. f. by Touchstone out of Rowton's dam, 8st. 4lb., and Colonel Anson's b. c. Joe Lovell, by Velocipede out of Cyprian. Won by half a length.—The two colts are in the Derby and St. Leger, and the filly in the Oaks and St. Leger. Joe Lovell was amiss.—The betting was curious, Joe Lovell and the filly alternately the favorite: the closing figures were, 6 to 4 agst. the filly, 7 to 4 agst. Joe Lovell, and 2 to 1 agst. the winner, who was immediately after winning backed at 50 to 1 in *ponies* to win the Derby.

The *Great Yorkshire Handicap* of 25 sovs each, 15 ft. and 5 only if declared, with 200 added by the corporation; the second to receive 100 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake; the winner to pay 50 sovs towards the expenses; the winner of the Leamington Stakes 9lb. or of any handicap amounting to 200 sovs value with the winner's stake from the time of declaring the weights to the time of starting, both inclusive, 5lb extra; no horse to carry more than 9lb extra; the St. Leger Course; 76 subs., 45 of whom declared.

Lord Eglinton's b. c. Pompey, by Emilius, 3 yrs 6st 7lb.....	M. Noble.....	1
Mr. F. rth's b. f. Venus, by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs 6st (9lb extra)	Riley	2
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Lothario, by Giovanni, 3 yrs 6st	Abdale	3
Lord Miltown's ch. c. Scalteen, by Philip, 4 yrs 8st 1lb	F. Butler	0
Mr. Jaques' br. f. Semiseria, by Voltaire, 3 yrs 7st	Copeland	0
Mr. R. Kiching's br. f. Priscilla Tomboy, by Tomboy, 4 yrs 7st 10 lb.....	G. Noble	0
Mr. Allen's ch. f. Belle Dame, by Belshazzar, 4 yrs 6st 2lb.....	Mason	0
Mr. Forth's ch. f. Lucy Banks, by Elis, 4 yrs 8st 4lb.....	Rogers	0
Sir C. Monck's b. f. by Silkworm—Cast-steel, 3 yrs 5st 2lb	Wilmington.....	0
Mr. Bell's b. c. Eboracum, by St. Nicholas, 4 yrs 8st 2lb.....	Holmes	0
Mr. Cuthbert's b. t. Queen of the Tyne, by Tomboy, 4 yrs 7st 13lb.....	Marson	0
Mr. Sadler's b. c. The Conqueror (h b), by Defence, 4 yrs 6st 10lb.....	Howlett.....	0
Lord Chesterfield's br. c. Jack, by Touchstone, 4 yrs 6st 13lb	Simpson	0
Mr. I. Day's gr. c. Portrait, by Stumps, 3 yrs 7st 13lb.....	Wakefield.....	0
Lord Glasgow's b. h. Give-him-a Name, by M. Moloch, 5 yrs 7st 9lb.....	Nat	0
Mr. Walker's b. f. Billingham Lass, by Langar, 5 yrs 7st 1lb.....	Francis	0

At the close of the betting the odds stood thus:—9 to 2 agst. The Conqueror (taken), 11 to 2 agst. Lothario, 6 to 1 agst. Semiseria (taken), 8 to 1 agst. Pompey (taken), 8 to 1 agst. Venus (taken), 14 to 1 agst. Portrait, 15 to 1 agst. Eboracum, 16 to 1 agst. Scalteen (taken freely), 18 to 1 agst. Give-him-a-Name, 20 to 1 agst. Billingham Lass, 25 to 1 agst. Priscilla Tomboy, 25 to 1 agst. Silkworm, 25 to 1 agst. Queen of the Tyne (taken), 25 to 1 agst. Belle Dame, and longer odds agst. any other.

According to her *forte*, Semiseria took the lead at a good pace, followed by Jack, Venus, The Conqueror, Priscilla Tomboy, and Billingham Lass, the rest picking their way as well as they could. At the Mile-Starting-post, Lothario went to the fore, and the pace became first-rate, Semiseria leading. At the Red House, Jack gave up all hopes of improving his noble owner's training expenses, by falling in the rear, into which he was in company with The Conqueror (?), and several others whose names we have forgotten. Semiseria went on with the running at an immense pace, having for companions Pompey, Venus, Lothario, Billingham Lass, and Priscilla Tomboy—the chances of the others were in reality run out. About two distances from the Chair, Semiseria shewed symptoms of distress, and Pompey, like the famous General of old, undertook the command, and carried on the *war* with the most desperate running ever seen to the end, and had the honor of winning the best made Handicap of the season by a *head*. Nothing could be finer than the riding of M. Noble. Venus, stopped by the 9th. extra, was second; Lothario, who was disappointed early in the race, third; Priscilla Tomboy fourth, Semiseria fifth, Silkworm sixth, Eboracum seventh, and Portrait eighth. To say that the race was run in *three and a half seconds less than the St. Leger* will tell the reader that the pace must have been "awful." The Dawsons were reported to have been capital winners.

The Marquis of Westminster's Indiana, 3 yrs., walked over for the Doncaster Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, the Two-mile Course; and so wore away the third day of the Meeting.

Thursday.—This was the "Cup-day," and the attendance was quite equal to the "Leger-day." The first event proved that Cotherstone was as full of running as ever, for he won the great Three-year-old Stakes, worth £2200, over the St. Leger Course, in the commonest of canters, beating Napier and Aristides.—4 and 5 to 1 were betted on the lucky *colors* of Mr. Bowes.—F. Butler rode the winner.—Time, three minutes and twenty-one seconds.

The *Two Year Old Stakes* of 20 sovs. each, colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb; the second to save his stake; T.Y.C.; 34 sub.

Col. Anson's ch. f. <i>The Princess</i> , by Slane	F. Butler..	1
Lord G. Bentinck's b. f. All-round-my Hat, by Bay Middleton	Rogers....	2
Mr. Williamson's b. c. The Cure, by Physician	Hesseltine	3
Mr. H. Stebbing's br. f. Celeste, sis. to Edmond, by Muley Moloch	Francis...	0
Mr. Mostyn's br. c. Brunel, by Velocipede, out of Birdlime	Marlow ...	0
Mr. St. Paul's b. or ro. c. Telemachus, by Inheritor—Calypso's dam	Marson ...	0
Mr. Jaques' b. f. Advice, sister to Galen, by Physician—Galena	Holmes....	0
Lord Westminster's br. f. Carol, sister to Touchstone	Darling ...	0
Mr. M. Jones' br. c. British Tar, by Sheet Anchor, out of Lillah	Jones.....	0

Betting animated at 6 to 4 agst. The Cure, 4 to 1 agst. British

Tar, 4 to 1 agst. Carol, 5 to 1 agst. Celeste (taken), and 7 to 1 agst. any other.

At the first attempt the lot got away in good order. The Cure, according to Robert Heseltine's custom, took up the running at a speed seldom seen in a two-year-old race, All-round-my-Hat second, and the rest in a ruck behind. There was no change observable till the horses had made the turn, where The Princess went to the front horses, and the race was entirely left to Her Royal Highness, The Cure, and All-round-my-Hat, nothing else being able to live the pace. At the Distance, The Cure died away, and The Princess made the rest of the play, and won by three lengths. All-round-my-Hat was second, and The Cure two lengths behind her.—There cannot be a doubt that the winner is a superior filly, but, owing to her temper, she will run only to please herself. Celeste cut her leg badly after passing the road: notwithstanding, she *danced* in fifth.—Run in one minute and forty-three seconds.—The Princess was backed after victory to some amount at 10 to 1 to win the Oaks.

After the Innkeeper's Plate had been disposed of, to the great satisfaction of Sir R. Bulkeley, who was the winner with his curiously-named colt, Bishop of Romford's Cob, by Jereed, 3 yrs., 6st., beating Philip, 3 yrs., 7st., and nine others very easily indeed, from the Red House-in, we had ten horses saddled for the Cup race, the articles for which were as follows:—

The Cup of 800 sovs., with 50 added for the owner of the second horse, the gift of the Corporation:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; distance, about two miles and five furlongs.—It is useless to enter into a detailed account of a race that can be faithfully described in two lines; therefore we shall merely say, that Mr. Plummer's Alice Hawthorn, 5 yrs., ridden by R. Heseltine, had the race to herself all the way, and won in a *trot* by twenty lengths. Charles the Twelfth, aged, was second; Arundo, 3 yrs., third. These were all that were placed by the Judge, but the tailing was so distinct that we do not hesitate to say that Venus, 3 yrs., was fourth; Wee Pet, 3 yrs., fifth; Dumpling, 3 yrs., sixth; Peter the Hermit, 3 yrs., seventh; Semiseria, 3 yrs., eighth; The Biddy, 4 yrs., ninth; and Gorhambury, 3 yrs., tenth.—The betting was 5 to 2 agst. Alice Hawthorn (taken), 5 to 2 agst. Charles the Twelfth, 7 to 2 agst. Venus, 7 to 1 agst. Peter the Hermit (taken), 10 to 1 agst. Semiseria, 20 to 1 agst. Wee Pet, 25 to 1 agst. Gorhambury, and 30 to 1 agst. The Biddy.—It was a matter of much astonishment why Gorhambury (the second for the Derby) should have been sent from Epsom in the condition he was in, "as fat as a bullock at Christmas." We apprehend that the Handicappers in future will not look upon this affair as a test of Gorhambury's pretensions. It was said that the Heseltine party threw in handsomely: indeed the Stable has been in high force at most of the *crack* Meetings of the year.

This brought the day's racing to a close, and the only bets heard by us during the evening were 2000 to 100 and 1500 to 100 against

Alice Hawthorn for the Cesarewitch Stakes in the Second October Meeting—her weight will be 10st. 4lb., *too much* we should say in such a Field of horses.

For the Derby 11 to 1 was betted agst. The Ugly Buck, 17 to 1 agst. Rattan, 22 to 1 agst. Orlando, 25 to 1 agst. Wadastra, 30 to 1 agst. Attaghan, 30 to 1 agst. Ionian, 30 to 1 agst. Seaport, 33 to 1 agst. Saddlebow, 35 to 1 agst. T'Auld Squire, 40 to 1 agst. Loadstone (taken freely), 40 to 1 agst. the Vat colt, and 50 to 1 (in ponies) agst. the Amulet colt.

Friday.—"Oh! what a falling off was here my countrymen!" exclaimed we when comfortably stationed in the Grand Stand. In truth, we never saw a less attendance on any day at Doncaster. The weather was fine, and the list, if not abundant, still carried the face of being "interesting." The first event was in point of fact the leading race of the day: viz., The Park Hill Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old fillies; 8st. 7lb. each; the owner of the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; St. Leger Course; twenty-seven subs.—Out of this number five sent each a goodly representative, and, after a show of a race, Colonel Cradock's bl. Peggy, ridden by Templeman, was declared the winner by two lengths. Mr. Payne's Mania was second, Mr. Osbaldeston's Martingale third, Gipsy Queen fourth, and the once *famed flyer*, the Silkworm filly, fifth and last. Mania made all the noise in the Ring, and was backed at 6 to 4 on her; 7 to 4 was betted agst. Peggy (taken), 7 to 1 agst. Silkworm, and 10 to 1 agst. either of the others.—The winner is a nice filly, and very likely to train on.

The Scarborough Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb., St. Leger Course, went into the coffers of Mr. Jaques, who with Holmes and Semiseria beat The Era and Philip into *mince-meat*.—The betting was 5 to 4 on Semiseria.—Nutwith was entered, but being taxed with 7lb. extra for "Leger honors," his lucky owner wisely paid forfeit.

The Town Plate of 100 sovs., two-mile heats, was won of course by Alice Hawthorn, ridden by Marson. In the first heat, Alice won in a canter, and could have performed "ditto" in the second, but Marson was content to win by half a length. Portrait was second in both heats, and Peter the Hermit last. Any odds on Alice Hawthorn.

We cannot conclude our report of the Doncaster Meeting without paying a just tribute to the Stewardship of the Earl of Eglington; for we never saw rules and regulations better acted up to, or more general satisfaction given.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for October, 1843.

The Racing Calendar.

LEXINGTON, Ky., FALL MEETING.

A friend has kindly forwarded to us the annexed report of the late meeting at Lexington, one of the most interesting, on several accounts, that has ever taken place on this time-honored course. It will be seen that Ruffin and "The Lucky Kentuckian" are again "in town," having won the great Gold Stake of *Seventy-two subscribers*, at \$500 each. Ruffin won the 2d heat in 3:45½, and the 3d in 3:42½! We quote:—

The meeting commenced on Monday, the 18th inst., the day before the regular races—under very favorable auspices, the weather being as fine as could be desired. The business of the meeting commenced with a moderate stake for 3 yr. olds, which afforded but little sport, the favorite (Mr. JAMES CLAY's Glencoe filly) having fallen lame a day or two previous.

MONDAY, Sept. 18, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's b. c. by Sir Leslie, out of Rocket's dam	1	1
J. L. Downing's ch. f. by Dick Richardson, dam by Sir Archy	2	2
Time, 3:53—3:59. Won very handily.		

TUESDAY, Sept. 19—Purse \$350, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Dr. E. Warfield's ch. f. <i>Isola</i> , by Bertrand, out of Susette, 4 yrs	3	1	0	1
Geo. E. Blackburn's ch. g. <i>Frosty</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	2	3	0	2
Jos. G. Boswell's (Col. A. L. Bingham's) ch. f. <i>Sunbeam</i> , sister to John R. Grymes, 4 yrs	1	2	5	dist.
T. H. Hunt's (H. W. Farris's) br. c. <i>Denmark</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Betsey Harris by Aratus, 4 yrs	5	5	3	r. o.
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s b. m. <i>Tranbyana</i> , by Imp. Tranby, d. by Eclipse, 5 y.	4	4	4	r. o.
R. S. Wooding's ch. h. <i>Red Bill</i> , by Medoc, out of Brown Mary by Sump-ter, aged	6	dist.		
H. Daniel's ch. g. <i>Pan</i> , by Imp. Envoy, dam by Moses, 4 yrs	dr			
Time, 6:04½—5:45—6:02½—6:44.				

This was decidedly one of the most severe races I ever witnessed. The day was extremely hot and oppressive. Sunbeam was freely backed against the field in small amounts. In the first heat Sunbeam had an easy run of it; she allowed Tranbyana to lead for two miles and a half, and then challenged; after a short breeze, she went in front, and came in an easy winner. In the second heat Isola and Tranbyana made the play for the first mile; Red Bill then came up, made his last effort, and failed, Sunbeam lying second on commencing the last round. At the second turn she challenged and lapped the leader, and after a slashing race to the distance stand declined Isola winning very cleverly. In the third heat Isola did not cool out well. The favorite Tranbyana led for the first mile, when Isola took her place. At the "Cow pens" Denmark tried to "come it," but it was no go, Isola still leading to the last half mile, where Frosty made play, and the two sailed away neck and neck; every inch of ground was contested, and on coming home it was decided a dead heat. For the fourth heat Isola, Frosty, and Sunbeam only appeared, and all seemed to be pretty well used up, particularly the Leviathan filly. They went to work at a slow rate, Isola leading, Frosty laboring next. The shine was taken out of Sunbeam, and after the first round she was pulled up. Isola finally won the race by about ten lengths.

WEDNESDAY, Sept 20—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Junius R. Ward's b. c. <i>Churchill</i> , by Imp. Zingabee, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs	4	1	0	1
R. S. Wooding's b. m. <i>Lavolta</i> , by Medoc, dam by Blackburn's Buzzard, 5 yrs	2	3	2	
W. S. Baford's (H. Clay, Jun.'s) br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Goldwire by Whalebone, 5 yrs	6	2	2	
Jas. K. Duke's ch. h. <i>Telamon</i> by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott, aged	1	4	di	
Dr. E. Warfield's b. f. <i>Spinette</i> , by Celestion, out of Alessandria, 4 yrs	3	dist.		
J. B. Burbridge's ch. h. <i>Big Alick</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 5 yrs	5	dist.		
Time, 3:49—3:46—3:47.				

The favorite Telamon won the first heat very handily. The second heat Churchill took without any difficulty. In the third, Churchill just did what he pleased, and won very handily. The winner is a fine, large, promising colt, and ere long you will hear something more of him.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Stable Stake, a Silver Cup, value \$50, with \$25 added, for untried 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

W. Bulford, Jun.'s br. c. by Imp. Hedgford, dam by Medoc	5	1	1
S. Davenport's b. c. <i>Wendover</i> , by Medoc, dam by Trumpator	3	2	2
R. S. Wooding's cb. c. <i>Count D'Orsay</i> by Medoc, out of Martinette	2	4	3
Dr. E. Warfield's br. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Snowdrop	1	3	dist.
G. D. Hunt's ch. c. by Frank, out of Ten Broeck's dam	4	dist.	
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s br. c. by Mambrino, dam by Trumpator	6	dist.	

Time, 1:51—1:51—1:57. Won very cleverly.

Thursday, Sept. 21.—This was the grand day of the meeting, the Produce Stake of Seventy-two subscribers, at \$500 each, added to which the Association gave a Gold Cup, value \$500, one of the largest stakes ever run for in America. For eight or ten days previous to the commencement of the races, the spirit of speculation was great, it being pretty well ascertained the number of colts that would make their appearance, and the town, as a consequence, was on the *qui vive*. The attendance on the course was unusually large, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather. The course was in beautiful order.

THURSDAY, Sept. 21—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seventy-two subs. at \$500 each, \$100 ft., to which the Association will add a Gold Cup, value \$500. Two mile heats.

Joseph G. Boswell's b. c. <i>Ruffin</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Duchess of Marlborough (Luda's dam) by Sir Archy	6	1	1
H. Daniel's b. c. by Medoc, out of Maria Louisa	5	4	2
J. M. Pindell's ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cleanthe by Sumpter	1	2	dist.
R. Burbridge's b. c. by Woodpecker, out of Sarah Miller	4	3	dist.
Sidney Burbridge's b. c. by Mingo, dam by Waxy	2	dist.	
J. G. Chiles' b. f. by Medoc, out of Eliza Tomlinson	3	dist.	

First Heat.

Second Heat.

Third Heat.

Time of first mile 1:53	Time of first mile..... 1:51	Time of first mile..... 1:52
" " second mile .. 1:56	" " second mile.. 1:54½	" " second mile.. 1:50½

Time of First Heat... 3:49	Time of Second Heat. 3:45½	Time of Third Heat... 3:42½
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Each party planked up their \$500 with great confidence, no doubt being assured in their own minds that they would rake down the golden prize. The betting, however, was brisk and heavy on Ruffin against the field; and large amounts were laid out upon the others in various ways. Ruffin was brought to the post in superb order by his excellent trainer, BEN. PRYOR; the others all looked well, though most of them subsequently proved themselves to be either out of condition, or of very little account. In the first heat, the Woodpecker colt made all the play for the first mile and a half, when Chiles' filly challenged, but fell back after running a few strides. *Monk*, on the Cleanthe filly, now made a dash, and shot past the Woodpecker without any trouble, and won the heat cleverly, the others pulling up within the distance stand.

Second Heat: It was evident that no running had yet been done. Ruffin had still the call. All came up to the scratch again, and after a false start, the Cleanthe filly got the bulge, and went to work at a merry lick, and kept up his advantage for the first mile, the Woodpecker lying next, who challenged and passed her at the gate, but soon fell astern again; at this juncture Ruffin was upwards of fifty yards in the rear. The layers of the odds now began to quake in their saddles. On the back stretch orders were given to the boy to lay on the whip; he gave him just one hearty lick, and the animal responded to it nobly, and ere they reached the cow-pens, Ruffin was leading the party hard in hand; henceforth he had no difficulty, and won the heat by four lengths. The Mingo colt and Chiles' filly were distanced.

Third Heat: The thing was now decided—any kind of odds on Ruffin. The Cleanthe filly cramped, and was very much distressed; also the Woodpecker seemed to have had his dose. The other two came to the post as fresh as ever; indeed, Daniel's colt had not even made an effort yet. The filly was permitted again to cut out the work for about half a mile, and was then passed by Daniel's colt, who likewise, by sufferance, lived in front to the quarter stretch, when the favorite quitted the rear and went ahead, and maintained the lead to the finish, though the Maria Louisa colt contended gallantly to the last, Ruffin winning by about a length in 3:42½, the best third heat of two miles ever made in America. The stake, nominally worth \$10,000, but intrinsically not worth

more than \$7500, with other winnings of Ruffin in his 2 yr. old form, amounts to upwards of \$16,000. The Cup weighs 22½ ozs.; it was manufactured by Mr. G. W. Stewart, of Lexington; the execution is highly chaste, and the form and design particularly elegant. On the whole, it is of a superior order of workmanship, offering no small gratification to the fortunate winner.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match, \$100 a side. Mile heats.

Jas. O'Mara's br. f. by Mingo, dam unknown, 3 yrs	2	1	1
B. G. Thomas's br. c. by Woodford, dam by Mendoza, 3 yrs	1	2	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:55—2:06. Won handily

FRIDAY, Sept. 22—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs	5	1	1
Jos. G. Boswell's (F. Herr's) b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, d. by Eagle, 3 y	2	5	2
R. Burbridge's (Mr. Webb's) ch. c. by Woodpecker, dam by Director, 4 yrs	3	4	3
L. Comb's (Dr. Mercer's) b. c. <i>Senator</i> (late Rothschild), by Imp. Zinganee, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	1	2	4
Geo. E. Blackburn's b. f. <i>Chemisette</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, d. by Goode's Arab, 3 yrs	4	3	5

Time, 1:50—1:50—1:51.

Senator, the invincible, as he was considered, was backed freely against the field, and some bets were made on time, that it would be done under 1:46. On starting, the favorite made play, and was never approached, winning the heat under a strong pull.

Second Heat: The betting was now dollars to cents. Two or three false starts, and then Croton bounded off, and led some twenty yards ahead to the distance stand, where Jack Miner, his rider, pulled, thinking he had the thing safe. Monk, on Senator, struck the spur into him, and stole a march on Croton, and nearly succeeded in heading him, but the latter managed to win by half a length.

Third Heat: This heat was principally between Croton and the Columbus filly, the former winning very handily by several lengths. Chemisette did not make a show at all in the race; an apology is due to her, as it is well known that she has not trained well this Fall.

SATURDAY, Sept. 23—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Fourmile heats.

Jas. L. Bradley's b. c. <i>Greyhead</i> , by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 4 yrs	1	1
Jos. G. Boswell's (Col. Benjamin's) ch. m. <i>Arraline</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs	2	2
F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins, 4 yrs	3	3

Time, 7:45½—7:50.

I have only time and space to give you a brief account of this race, the result of which was generally opposed to public expectation. Arraline was the favorite vs. the field. Motto met with a slight accident a day or two previous, which may account for her failure on this occasion. Greyhead was nothing thought of at all; indeed, they were betting he would be distanced; but he proved himself to-day, however, to be of no common order. The first heat can be easily described: Greyhound took the lead, and maintained it throughout, coming in about 50 yards ahead.

Arraline yet had the call, but Motto got off with the lead, and continued leading for about two miles and three quarters, when Greyhead caught her, and ran a close race down the stretch; at the stand the colt drew clear; going round the 2d bend; Arraline, who had been third all the way, now challenged, and gave him a short brush down the back stretch and half down the home stretch, and then gave it up, and was beaten by a length in very neat style.

With this race finished a meeting which was destructive to the favorites, the field having won, with a single exception—Ruffin's race.

PETERSBURG, VA., RACES. NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, Sept. 26, 1843—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. f. <i>Antoinette</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Multiflora by Director	1	1
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Canary by Sir Charles	2	dist.
A. T. Martin's b. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Bandit's dam		

Time, 1:54½—1:56.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$200, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Thos. D. Watson's m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberosa by Arab, 5 yrs ..	1	1
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Ascot</i> , by Imp. Priam—Screamer by Henry, 4 yrs ..	4	3
George Walden's ch. c. <i>Alexander</i> , by Buccaneer, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	dist.
Dr. Thos. Payne's b. c. by Imp. Philip, dam by Imp. Luzborough, 3 yrs	5	dist.

Time, 4:04—4:03. Track very heavy, from rain.

THURSDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. h. <i>Boston</i> , by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 10 yrs.....	<i>Craig</i>	1	1
George Walden's bl. c. <i>Black Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Pamunky, 4 yrs....		2	2
Time, 6:10—6:21. Track very heavy.			

Tell Fashion's boys to be easy—the old horse (Boston) is rather lame, and that Blue Dick has two sets of reins on to keep him off her! If the two Dicks hang her ladyship, her shirt may turn to a *dickey*. If we had her only once at Newmarket, she might not be quite so fashionable—you know how aristocratic our Virginians are *at home*. This is probably all a dispute about nothing, as the *Register* may shew. I see she “feels herself,” as she comes to Alexandria. It would be a pity to *hurt* her there, because, let her prosper, and her friends might get still further over their indifference [“in a horn!”] about coming South. All they want is confidence to take them anywhere. But all the horses in Virginia are conquered by Northern tours. Now let them come to Virginia next Spring. T. P.

THE GREAT RACES AT NASHVILLE, TENN.

THE TRIAL, PEYTON, AND ALABAMA STAKES.

The regular Jockey Club Races commenced at Nashville on Monday, the 9th instant, previous to which came off several inconsiderable stakes, the results of which are annexed. Our special correspondent also furnishes a report of the three great events, from which it will be seen that Col. HAMPTON of South Carolina, won the *Trial Stakes*—THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq., of Alabama, the *Peyton Stakes*, and Lucius J. POLK, Esq., of Tennessee, the *Alabama Stakes*.

Here is a report of the “common doings,” preparatory to the great event. We must premise that the weather was fine on Thursday, but on Friday it commenced raining and continued incessantly until Saturday evening.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5, 1843—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. Beard's ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Rachel by Whalebone, 3 yrs.....	1	1
B. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Magnus</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs.....	2	2
Time, 1:52—1:54.		

A very trifling affair for the winner.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Hon. Balh Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	1	1
Murphy & Henry's b. f. by Imp. Berners' Comet, dam by Imp. Sultan.....	2	2
Time, 1:56—2:04.		

A soft snap for Mr. Peyton's colt.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Sweepstakes for untried 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Six subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

T. J. Munford's ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan—Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy.....	1	1
B. Johnson's ch. f. by Benbow, dam by Director.....	2	2
Time, 2:01—2:13.		

The course was so heavy, that the race was no test of the ability of a *race* horse.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Six subs. at \$100 each, \$35 ft. One mile.

Henry Dickenson's b. f. <i>Fanny King</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Sir Richard.....	1
B. Johnson's b. c. by Volney, dam by Andrew Jackson.....	2
J. C. Guild's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine [11lbs. extra].....	3
H. M. Clay's ch. c. <i>Paul De Kock</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Stockholder.....	4
Time, 1:59.	

An excellent race, considering the state of the weather and course, and easily won. Mr. GUILD's Leviathan fully carried 11lbs. over weight!

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at \$150 each, \$50 ft. Two mile heats.

John B. Carter's br. f. <i>Revere</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, dam by Giles Scroggins.....	1	1
J. D. Gordon's ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski.....	5	2
A. Wood's ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Partnership.....	3	3
Miles Kelly's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard.....	2	4
J. Nichol's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Luzborough.....	4	5
Time, 4:08—4:07.		

This was quite a betting race in a small way; the Leviathan filly had the call. Both heats were very handily won.

Monday—The TRIAL Stake.

The regular Club Meeting commenced on Monday, the ball being opened with the race for the Trial Stake. Unfortunately the course was a perfect hodge podge of mud and water. Our reporter writes that the assemblage of strangers was not so numerous as might have been expected, though the throng greatly exceeded any crowd ever before seen on the course. The race:—

MONDAY, Oct. 9, 1843—*The Trial Stakes*—with the Produce of inares covered in 1839—now 3 yrs. old; colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Twenty-six subscribers at \$1000 each, half forfeit, or \$250 if declared by the 1st Jan. 1842. Two mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. <i>Margaret Wood</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Maria West (Wagner and Fanny's dam) by Marion	<i>Jas. Welch.</i>	3	1	1
Lucius J. Polk's (Geo. W. Cheatham & Co.'s) ch. f. <i>Lisuna</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills by Whisker	<i>Monk.</i>	2	3	2
Col. John C. Guild's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Proserpine		1	2	dist.

Time, 4:04½—4:12½—4:17½. Course very heavy.

The following were also nominated:—

James Jackson named produce of Imp. Gallopade and Imp. Glencoe.
 Samuel Ragland named produce of Pierson's dam and Othello.
 Thomas Watson named produce of Imp. Pickle and Imp. Glencoe.
 Willis H. Boddy named produce of Oscar's sister and Imp. Leviathan.
 L. P. Cheatham named produce of Isabella and Imp. Priam.
 Wm. H. Polk named produce of Imp. Trinket and Imp. Ainderby.
 R. K. Polk named produce of Selia Burns and Imp. Ainderby.
 Nich. Davis named produce of Imp. Design and Count Badger.
 E. H. Boardman named produce of Imp. Plenty and Imp. Consol.
 J. W. Camp named produce of Vanity and Imp. Leviathan.
 Hick. Lewis named produce of Salome and Imp. Luzborough.
 H. Dickerson named produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
 George Elliott named produce of Hibernia and Imp. Leviathan.
 Samuel Ragland named produce of Othello's dam and Imp. Leviathan.
 Alex. Barrow named produce of Lilac and Imp. Glencoe.
 T. Kirkman named produce of Imp. Gutty and Imp. Glencoe.
 Wm. Wynn named produce of Victoria and Picton.
 E. H. Boardman named produce of Sarah Bell and Imp. Consol.
 Isaac Lane & James Jackson named produce of an Aaron mare and Imp. Glencoe.
 Also " " " " " Harriet and Imp. Glencoe.
 Thos. T. Hurt named produce of Blackbird and Imp. Ainderby.
 W. Hampton named produce of Bay Maria and Imp. Priam.
 John S. Corbin named produce of Imp. My Lady and Imp. Priam.

The Priam filly was the favorite, but the betting was not very spirited. After several false starts they got off, the Leviathan filly cutting out the work with the favorite laying 2d. The Leviathan won the heat cleverly as Margaret Wood never made a stroke for it, and the Ainderby filly was unable to do more than force the running. After this heat the Leviathan filly had the call in the betting. Margaret Wood trailed to the last quarter, where she made a brilliant challenge, and after a prodigious brush won the heat on the post by half a neck only! In the 3d heat Margaret Wood made all the running, and won by nearly a hundred yards.

The intrinsic value of the stake won by Col. HAMPTON it is thought will exceed \$3,000.

SAME DAY—*Second Race—The CUMBERLAND Stake*, for 3 yr. olds, weights as before.

Thirteen subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

David Heinsohn's br. c. <i>Consol Jr.</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. The Nun's Daughter by Filho da Puta		2	1	1
Hugh & John Kirkman's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine by Whisker		1	2	2

Time, 4:16—4:12—4:23.

A very well contested affair, won in fine style.

Tuesday—The PEYTON Stake.

Well, the long agony is over, and the Stake has gone into the pocket of THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq. of Florence, Ala. The winner was trained by Van Leer, from Long Island, and is named *Peytona*. She is said to measure sixteen hands three inches under the standard, with muscle and bone sufficient to match her immense height. Col. HAMPTON's *Herald* made all the running in the last three heats, and many think would have won the Stake had he gone for the 1st heat, which he threw away. Three years ago in this paper we offered to take the nominations of Col. Hampton and Mr. Kirkman against the

field, for all the "tin" we could command. Here is a short report of the race, of which we are to have a more graphic one next week, from the pen of "Rover":—

TUESDAY, Oct. 10—*The PEYTON Stake*—a Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1839, now 4 yrs. old, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Thirty subscribers at \$5000 each, \$1000 forfeit. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Four mile heats.

Thomas Kirkman's (of Alabama) ch. f. <i>Peytona</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Giant- ess by Imp. Leviathan..... <i>F. P. Palmer</i> (alias <i>Barney</i>). 3 4 1 1			
Col. Wade Hampton's (of South Carolina) ch. c. <i>Herald</i> , by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Delphine (Monarch's dam) by Whisker..... <i>Tom Mooney</i> . 4 1 2 2			
Hon. Alex. Barrow's (of Louisiana) ch. c. by Imp. Skylark, out of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan..... <i>John Ford</i> . 1 2 3 3			
Hon. Balie Peyton's (of Louisiana) br. f. <i>Great Western</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, out of Black Maria (own sister to Shark) by Eclipse..... <i>Monk</i> . 2 3 dist			
<i>First Heat.</i> <i>Second Heat.</i> <i>Third Heat.</i> <i>Fourth Heat.</i>			
First mile ... 2:29½	First mile ... 2:20	First mile ... 2:11	First mile ... 2:18
Second mile ... 2:05½	Second mile ... 2:17	Second mile ... 2:17	Second mile ... 2:13
Third mile ... 2:11	Third mile ... 2:08	Third mile ... 2:07	Third mile ... 2:02
Fourth mile ... 2:06	Fourth mile ... 2:05	Fourth mile ... 1:58	Fourth mile ... 2:19
First Heat.... 8:52	Second Heat .. 8:50	Third Heat 8:33	Fourth Heat ... 8:52

The following were also nominated:—

- Hon. Balie Peyton & A. Henderson, of La., named produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy and, Imp. Priam.
 James Kirkman, of La.—Imp. Eliza, by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
 Col. Wm. Wynn, of Va.—Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
 Also " " —Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
 Maj. Thos. J. Wells, of La.—Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
 James Jackson, of Ala.—Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
 Col. Thos. Watson, of Tenn.—Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
 Wm. G. Haun, of Miss.—Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgford.
 Col. Geo. Elliott & Hugh & Jno. Kirkman, of Tenn.—Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
 Also " " " " — Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
 Maj. A. J. Davie, of Tenn.—Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
 Henry Wilkes, of Md.—Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
 James Long, of Va.—Flirtilla Jun, by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
 P. A. Prindle, of S. C.—Aggy Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
 Col. A. L. Birgaman, of Miss.—Own sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
 Henry A. Tayloe, of Ala.—Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
 J. C. & Hugh Rodgers, of N. C.—Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
 W. D. Ams & M. Hunt, of Miss.—Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
 W. H. E. Merritt, of Va., and Col. L. P. Cheatham, of Tenn.—Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
 John C. Beasley, of Tenn.—Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
 Maj. Wm. R. Peyton, of Tenn.—Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
 John Blevins & Samuel J. Carter, of Ala.—Miss Medley and Wild Bill.
 J. M. Pindell, of Ky.—Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
 W. H. E. Merritt & Brothers, of Va.—Imp. Peri by Wanderer, and Imp. Priam.
 Also " " " " —Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
 John C. Rodgers, of N. C.—Wagner's dam and Andrew.

The course was exceedingly deep and tough; it will be seen that no running took place in the first two miles of each heat. The winner, a friend writes us, was exceedingly well managed. Herald was the favorite against the field, his friends thinking the heavy state of the course in his favor. Senator BARROW'S Skylark colt won the 1st heat without any contest, the favorite and the winner waiting on, and watching each other without making an effort. The 2d heat was won by Herald, by about a length, with great apparent ease. Herald made all the running in the 3d heat, leading for three miles and three-quarters, when the Glencoe filly challenged him, and beat him out by half a length. The 4th heat was a repetition of the 3d; Herald again very imprudently cut out all the work, and was beaten in a brush down the last quarter-stretch by about two lengths.

The winner was capitally jockeyed by Palmer—better known as "Barney." She was nominated in the stake by "Col. TOM WATSON," the trainer. The stake is estimated to be worth about \$35,000. Van Leer brought the winner to the post in superb condition, fully justifying the opinion we expressed of his ability as a trainer years ago, when he left here for the South. We hope Van Leer has sent an early report of the race to "Dr. Robert W. Withers, of Greensborough, Alabama,"—just to put him out of his misery!

Wednesday—The ALABAMA Stake.

This afforded the best race of the three great events; the time made, and the result, demonstrate the superiority of the two nominations that were 1st and 2d. The course was in much better order for making good time than on the previous day; still it was tough and heavy. Here is the result:—

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11—*The Alabama Stakes*—a Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 100lbs., fillies 97lbs. Fifteen subscribers at \$2000 each, half forfeit, or \$500 if declared by 1st Jan. 1841; the 2d horse to receive back his stake. Three mile heats. Lucius J. Polk's (Geo. W. Cheatham & Co.'s) ch. c. *Ambassador*, by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Jenny Mills by Whisker *Monk*. 1 1
Thomas Kirkman's ch. l. *Cracovienne* (own sister to Reel), by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton 2 2
Capt. N. Davis' ch. c. *Joe Bradley*, by Imp. Leviathan—Imp. Design by Tramp..... dist.
Charles Bosley's & Henry M. Clay's gr. f. by Imp. Philip, out of Gamma's dam by Sir Richard..... dist.

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	2:08
" " 2d ".....	1:54
" " 3d ".....	1:57

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile.....	1:55
" " 2d ".....	1:57
" " 3d ".....	1:52½

Time of First Heat.....	5:59
Time of Second Heat.....	5:54½

The following were also nominated:—

James Jackson named ch. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight.
Maj. Samuel Ragland named b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Otheillo's dam.
R. K. Polk named b. f. by The Colonel, out of Imp. Pledge.
E. H. Boardman named b. f. by Imp. Consul, out of Imp. Woful.
W. H. Polk named ch. c. by The Colonel, out of Imp. Trinket.
Jesse Cago named gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Fanny Maria.
Col. Geo. Elliott named ch. c. (bro. to Sarah Bladen) by Imp. Leviathan—Morgiana.
Geo. W. Polk named ch. f. by Glaucus, out of Imp. Primrose.
Col. J. W. Camp named ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Salty Dancey.
Oliver Towles named ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Molly Long.
Col. Wm. Wynn named b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jun.

Our reporter writes that this was one of the best races he ever witnessed. The Glencoe filly, *Cracovienne*, (sister to Reel, Waltz, Fandango, and Cotillion,) was the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field. She went off with the lead and maintained it for three quarters of a mile, when Ambassador challenged and passed her at quarter horse speed. Indeed Monk could not restrain him, and at the close of the 1st mile he led the field fifty yards! At the close of the 2d mile Joe Bradley was in difficulty, and the Philip filly already out of her distance. On the last quarter Barney brought up *Cracovienne*, but finding he could not reach Ambassador, he pulled up and fell just within his distance, while the other two were no where! Joe Bradley was distanced by about two lengths, while Gamma's half sister was beaten into fits. The prejudice against the Plenipo stock served to keep *Cracovienne* the favorite, notwithstanding the show she made in the 1st heat. In the 2d, she made several ineffectual efforts for the lead, which merely demonstrated the colt's superiority, as he was never caught, and won by 50 yards! The value of the stakes is about \$17,000.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—The sports of this popular meeting commenced to-day with renewed vigor. The weather was fine, but, as might have been expected, the attendance was not quite so great as on either of the previous days.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12, 1841—Jockey Club Purse \$300, ent. \$20 added, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. W. Cheatham's ch. c. <i>Vagrant</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 4 yrs.....	1 1
Jesse Cago's ro. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 4 yrs.....	4 2
Col. W. Wynn's b. c. <i>Hazard</i> , by Imp. Philip, dam by Bluster, 4 yrs.....	2 3
Thos. Alderson's ch. f. <i>Tarantule</i> , by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.....	8 4
J. S. Brien's ch. c. <i>Silkworm</i> , by Marion, dam by Jerry, 4 yrs.....	6 5
Hugh Kirkman's (A. P. Yourie's) ch. g. by Citizen, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	7 6
Hon. Balie Peyton's ch. c. by Imp. Rowton, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs.....	5 7
Capt. N. Davis' ch. f. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Piony by Count Badger, 3 yrs.....	3 dist.
Henry Dickenson (J. Bachelor's) b. f. by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs.....	9 dist.

Time, 4:02—3:55.

Hazard rather the favorite. The Glencoe led off, and carried on the running merrily for the first round. At the second turn from the stand *Vagrant* shot ahead, took the lead, and kept it, winning the heat very handily. In the second heat *Vagrant* had the call. *Vagrant* and *Hazard* went off together, the gelding lying 3d. The former two ran side by side for the first round; on the third turn *Vagrant* took a considerable lead, and maintained it to the end, winning cleverly.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Seven subs. at \$50 each, \$5 ft. Two mile heats.

J. P. W. Gordon's ch. f. by Robin Hood, dam by Pulaski.....	1	1
J. Gen. Whoolok's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder	2	0
J. G. Shogog's ch. c. <i>Bill Edwards</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar.....	3	0

Time, 4:06—4:02.

Both heats were won in very good style. A dead heat for the second place between the two Leviathans.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Jockey Club Purse \$400, ent. \$30, conditions as on Thursday, Three mile heats.

Thos. Kirkman's br. g. <i>Saartin</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timo- leon, 4 yrs.....	<i>F. C. Palmer.</i>	1	1
Jno. S. Brien's b. f. <i>Miss Bell</i> , by Imp. Consol—Imp. Amanda by Morisco, 4 yrs..		5	2
Col. Geo. Elliott's (Jas. Murrell's) ch. c. by John Richards, dam by Waxy, 3 yrs		2	dist.
Maj. Saml. Ragland's ro. m. <i>Julia Fisher</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Timo- leon, aged.....		3	dist.
Thos. Alderson's ch. f. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Merlin, 3 yrs.....		4	dist.
Hon. Balie Peyton's b. c. by Pacific, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs		1	dist.

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	2:00
" " 2d "	1:58
" " 3d "	1:55

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:57
" " 2d "	1:55
" " 3d "	1:55

Time of First Heat	5:53
Time of Second Heat.....	5:47

Another beautiful day, and the course in superb order. Betting 2 to 1 on Saartin vs. the field. The first two miles and a half the John Richards colt made all the running, and looked very like a winner, Julia Fisher lying about three lengths behind, Saartin 3d. At this juncture Saartin burst away from Julia, went within a length of the colt, and quietly waited until half way down the home stretch, where he shot ahead, and won the heat by a length.

Second heat: Any sort of odds was upon Saartin. The running in the first mile was between Miss Bell and the John Richards colt, the filly leading, Saartin 3d, and the others some fifty yards behind. On finishing the second round Miss Bell was still ahead, Saartin 2d, and the John Richards used up, in company with the other two. On entering on the last mile Saartin lapped the filly, and the pace increased; Saartin, without much trouble, shook off his competitor, and then went to work at a tremendous burst of speed, going like a scared dog, and kept up the lick, distancing the party, excepting Miss Bell, who just barely dropped in.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$25 added, conditions as before. Mile heats.

D. McManus' ch. m. by Pacific, dam by Lance, 5 yrs	<i>John Ford.</i>	6	1	1
Henry M. Clay's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Phillis, 4 yrs.....		1	5	2
Col. Geo. Elliott's (Jesse Cage's) b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Napo- leon, 4 yrs.....		2	3	3
F. A. Henry's ch. c. <i>Silkworm</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....		7	2	4
B. Johnson's gr. h. <i>Magnus</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Bagdad, 5 yrs.....		3	4	dist.
Maj. Saml. Ragland's b. f. by Othello, out of Imp. Urganda, 3 yrs.....		4	6	dist.
Thos. J. Munford's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.....		5	dist.	

Time, 1:52½—1:53—1:54.

To wind up the meeting, on Saturday we were favored with three races. That which excited the most interest was for the Four mile Purse, for which six started. Cracovienne, sister to Reel, who was second to Ambassador in the Alabama Stake, was the favorite at 2 to 1 vs. the field. The course was never in better order, and presented a very gay appearance.

SATURDAY, Oct. 14 Jockey Club Purse \$700, ent. \$40 added, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Thomas Kirkman's gr. f. <i>Cracovienne</i> (own sister to Reel), by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Gallopade by Catton, 4 yrs	<i>F. C. Palmer.</i>	1	1
Geo. W. Cheatham's (D. Heinsohn's) b. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Rachel by Whalebone, 4 yrs.....		2	2
J. S. Brien's (Chas. M'Laren's) br. m. <i>Clara Boardman</i> , by Imp. Consol, out of Sally Bell by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		4	3
H. M. Clay's gr. m. <i>Nancy Campbell</i> , by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir William, 5 yrs ..		3	4
Col. Geo. Elliott's (Jas. Murrell's) ro. c. by John Richards, dam by Whip, 4 yrs... dist.			
John Kirkman's (O. Towles') ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Molly Long, 4 yrs.. dist.			

First Heat.

Time of 1st mile	1:54
" " 2d "	1:56
" " 3d "	1:59
" " 4th "	2:01

Second Heat.

Time of 1st mile	2:02
" " 2d "	1:54
" " 3d "	1:56
" " 4th "	1:55

Time of First Heat.....	7:50
Time of Second Heat	7:47

Cracovienne went off with the lead, Joe Chalmers keeping her company, the others upwards of fifty yards in the rear. On finishing the first mile, the two were locked, Cracovienne being on the inside; Barney, her rider, was unable to brace or control her, in consequence of his having lost his outside stirrup, which gave way. She, however, continued to lead, Joe pressing her all he could, but he was never able to head her. She won the heat in handsome style, making the best time that has ever been made, by five seconds, on this course. The John Richards and Leviathan colts were distanced.

In the second heat Nancy Campbell took the lead at her best speed, and was allowed to remain in front to the finish of the third mile; Cracovienne then challenged, and passed her with perfect ease, and was never afterwards headed. Joe Chalmers placed himself 2d on the third turn, Clara Boardman also took the 3d position on the last quarter stretch home. The race was won by about two lengths very handily, Joe Chalmers, running a good 2d, proving himself to be not only a game, but a horse of first rate speed.

SAME DAY—Second Race—The Tennessee Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Thirteen subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

R. C. Whitesides' b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.....	2	1	1
Willet & Parker's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Charles.....	1	2	2
Time, 1:53½—1:55—2:00			

SAME DAY—Third Race—Proprietor's Purse \$100, ent. \$25 added, for 3 yr. olds not winners at this meeting, weights as before. Mile heats.

J. B. Carter's (J. H. French's) b. f. <i>Ann Hayes</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Pacific.....	2	1	1
A. M. Hamlin's b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.....	4	2	2
Hugh & John Kirkman's b. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Florestine.....	3	3	3
Capt. N. Davis' ch. f. <i>Sally Fearn</i> , by Imp. Glencoe—Peony by Count Badger....	1	4	dr
Time, 1:49½—1:51½—1:55.			

With this race as fine a race-week as ever was known concluded, the company being much more numerous than on any former occasion; in fact, a more brilliant meeting has never been witnessed.

P.S. The Proprietors of the course determined, after the regular meeting was concluded, to give two small purses for "the wall flowers." The results are subjoined:—

MONDAY, Oct. 16—Proprietor's Purse \$100, for beaten 3 yr. olds, added to a subscription of \$25 each, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

M. Kelly's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Richard.....	4	1	1
A. M. Harrison's b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.....	3	4	2
Murrell & Lamless' ch. c. <i>Red Luke</i> , by John Richards, dam by Waxy.....	2	3	3
Capt. N. Davis' ch. c. <i>Capt. Symmes</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover....	1	2	4
Time, 1:53—1:53—1:55.			

TUESDAY, Oct. 17—Proprietor's Purse \$100, added to a subscription of \$25 each weights as before. Mile heats.

Maj. Samuel Ragland's b. f. by Othello, out of Imp. Urganda, 3 yrs.....	2	3	1	1
J. D. Gordon's ch. c. by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pulaski, 3 yrs.....	1	4	4	2
Hugh Kirkman's (Hon. Baile Peyton's) b. c. <i>Burkhardt</i> , by Pacific, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.....	3	1	2	3
Henry M. Clay's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Phillis, 4 yrs.....	4	2	3	r. o.
Time, 1:52—1:54—1:54—1:56.				

LOUISVILLE, KY., OAKLAND COURSE.

FROM A SPECTATOR.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Frederick Herr's b. f. <i>Kate Anderson</i> , by Columbus, dam by Imp. Eagle, 3 yrs.....	<i>Wild Bill</i> .	6	1	1
D. Heinsohn's b. f. <i>Mary Churchill</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs....		5	3	2
R. S. Wooding's ch. c. <i>Count D'Orsay</i> , by Medoc—Martinett by Sumpter, 3 yrs....		2	3	3
Jas. L. Bradley's gr. c. <i>Croton</i> , by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs.....		1	2	dr
J. R. Ward's (R. Burbridge's) br. c. by Woodpecker, out of Sarah Miller by Whipster, 3 yrs.....		3	5	dr
Heman Woods' b. c. <i>Bill Miller</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sumpter, 4 yrs.....		4	dist.	
Time not reported.				

The time is slow, owing to the track being heavy, from ploughing rather late to get in prime order, but still it is very safe.

Croton was the favorite against the field, and won the first heat handily. In the second heat he wrenched his hip in the first quarter, and the heat was won by Kate Anderson, Croton gallantly contesting it to the stand. Croton was

now withdrawn, and Kate Anderson won the 3d heat and race. She was trained for Mr. HERR by J. B. PRYOR, Col. BINGAMAN's trainer.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Proprietor's Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Jas. Shy's ch. f. <i>Calanthe</i> by Medoc, dam by Sumpter, 3 yrs	<i>J. Minor.</i>	2	1	1
F. Herr's (J. B. Pryor's) ch. c. <i>Red Oak</i> , by Birmingham, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs ..		1	2	2
E. V. Godwin's (R. S. Wooding's) ch. m. <i>Geneva</i> , by Medoc, 5 yrs		3	3	3

Time, 3:53½—3:52—4:01.

This was a very exciting race, although not made in the forties;—it was first rate for the track. Red Oak won the 1st heat with ease, his rider not being able to hold him; betting now 3 to 1 on him. The 2d heat was won by Calanthe, after a splendid brush with her opponents, so that a blanket would have covered them for a quarter of a mile. Third heat:—Geneva led for the 1st mile, Red Oak 2d, and the first quarter of the 2d Calanthe made a brush again, and the thing was out. Red Oak was the favorite, although I heard Mr. Pryor tell his friends not to bet on his horse, as he had been complaining for some time.

We copy the result of the 3d day's racing, and the entries for the 4th day, from the Louisville "Journal:"—

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Proprietor's Purse \$400, conditions as before. Three mile heats

J. R. Ward's b. c. <i>Alex. Churchill</i> , by Imp. Zingabee, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	1	1
Jas. L. Bradley's (Dr. E. Warfield's) b. f. <i>Isola</i> , by Bertrand, d. by Aratus, 4 yrs ..	4	2
F. G. Murphy's b. m. <i>Tranbyana</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 5 y ..	2	3
Wm. S. Buford's (Henry Clay, Jr.'s) br. c. by Imp. Glencoe—Imp. Goldwire, 4 ys ..	3	dist.

Time, 5:55—5:49.

The following are the entries for the Club Purse of \$600, Four mile heats:

F. G. Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. *Motto*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs.
 James L. Bradley's b. c. *Grey Head*, by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 4 yrs.
 F. Herr's (J. B. Pryor's) ch. m. *Araline*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 5 yrs.

It rained incessantly on the day in which this race was to come off, and from a remark made by our friend, J. BIRNEY MARSHALL, in his "Daily Kentuckian," we are led to suppose that of the three entries, two were for postponing the race, while one insisted on its being run. Col. O., it seems, "made every effort to bring on the race." Col. O. wrote us from Cincinnati, under date of the 11th inst., that he closed his meeting after the Three-mile-day, as he found he should lose an amount he could not pay promptly in cash. As far as the races had come off he paid, and he publicly announced that being a loser thus far on the meeting, he hoped gentlemen would not insist on his putting up a purse for Four mile heats, as it rained in torrents on Friday, (when it was to have been run for) and also throughout Saturday, so that no one would have attended. In this determination Col. O. remarks "I am glad to say every one acquiesced." MARSHALL improved the opportunity here presented of paying Col. O. the following compliment:—

We take this occasion to repeat what we have often remarked, that Col. Y. N. Oliver has done more to elevate the Turf in Kentucky, than all the breeders, trainers, and runners in it. He has procured name and fame for the Oakland Course second to none in America, and has contributed as much as any citizen to bring active and productive capital into Louisville. We regret that he is made the sufferer by the turn the sports of the week have taken; but it is in the purse only—he maintains his position as a prince of Turfmen, and a polite, accomplished, true-hearted man.

Extraordinary Race.—In the English "Racing Calendar," of 1770, page 56, we find the following match recorded:—

Uppingham, Rutlandshire, June 29, 1770; Match for £50. Twenty miles.
 Mr. Lenton's br. h. *Gift*, 11st., (154 lbs.) 1
 Mr. Hubbard's bl. h., 154 lbs. 2

Odds 6 to 4 on the black horse; after going seven times round, the odds ran to 2 to 1 on him; the last round severe running.

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1843.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF CAMEL;

Engraved on Steel by DICK after one by HACKER, from a Painting by ALKEN.

ENGRAVED TITLE PAGE:

On Steel by DICK, after a Drawing by LANDSEER.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

COLUMBIA, S. C. - Jockey Club Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Dec.

MONTGOMERY, Ala. Bertrand Course, Jockey Club Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 26th Dec.

NEW ORLEANS - - - Metairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Dec.

“ “ - - - Louisiana Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Wednesday, 27th Dec.

PEDIGREE OF MADELIEE.

In compliance with the request of “An old subscriber,” we herewith subjoin the pedigree of this fine filly—the property, we believe, of R. SUTTON, Esq., of Charleston, S. C., and Mr. HAMMOND, the trainer:—

Madeline a b. f., was foaled in 1840, and was nominated in a 3 yr. old sweepstakes to come off at Hayneville, Ala., last spring. She was got by Tarquin (by Henry out of Ostrich by Eclipse, and she out of Garland, the dam of Post Boy,) out of Imp. Sarah by Sarpedon. Sarah was imported into Charleston by Mr. Fryer, in Oct. 1838, and came out in the ship “Ganges,” in company with Delphine (the dam of Monarch, The Queen, Herald, etc.) and other stock of Col. HAMPTON’s, of which we published a list at the time, that was sent us by Fryer from Liverpool. Sarah (Madeline’s dam) was got by Sarpedon (himself since imported,) out of Frolicsome by Stamford—Alexina by King Fergus—Lardella by Young Marske—Cade—Beaufremont’s dam by Brother to Fearnought—Miss Wyndham by Wyndham—Belgrade Turk—Makeless—Brimmer, etc. The pedigrees of Madeline’s ancestry is to be found at length in Skinner’s “English and American Stud Book,” and in this paper and the “Am. Turf Register.” She is as well bred as anything in the country.



C A M E L.

New York. Engraved for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

C A M E L ;

SIRE OF TOUCHSTONE, COTHERSTONE, &c. &c., THE PROPERTY
OF MR. THEOBALD.

ENGRAVED BY DICK, AFTER ONE BY HACKER, FROM A PAINTING BY ALKEN.

THE Editor of the London "Sporting Review," in introducing the portrait of Camel to his readers, remarks that he "knows of no greater treat for a man fond of the thorough-bred horse than a visit to perhaps the most complete breeding establishment of the day, viz., that of Mr. Theobald, at Stockwell, Surrey; more particularly if the time chosen be the spring of the year, when, in addition to the fine collection of stud-horses, some of the picked mares of the kingdom may be seen, which annually form the seraglio of one or the other of these high-bred chiefs. Another feature well worthy of attention is the stabling and loose boxes, which we are informed cost £10,000 in building, and are allowed to be very near perfection. It may be, and indeed we have very frequently heard it remarked, that Mr. Theobald might make more money of his horses by stationing them in different parts of the country, and varying their circuits every season, than he does at present with them all in one spot, though certainly that is by no means a bad situation. To this we can only repeat an answer we once heard Mr. Theobald make to an observation of this kind, 'that he did not keep his horses solely for profit, but rather for amusement;' we think, however, we may venture to add, that from the judicious selection of them, Mr. Theobald does not suffer much from his hobby-horses. or, in the language of Franklin, 'pay too dear for his whistle.'

The following is a list of the stallions now at Stockwell:—

Camel,	Exquisite,
Muley Moloch,	Bay horse by Mulatto or Starch,
Laurel,	out of Young Petuariá,
Calmuck,	Young Isaac,
Cydnus,	The Norfolk Phenomenon.

The star of the lot, we need scarcely observe, is the fine animal whose portrait we have chosen as one of the embellishments of the present number—Camel, the sire of Touchstone, and grand-sire of Cotherstone, deservedly one of the most popular stallions of the day; an official account of whose pedigree and performances we now proceed to give:—

Camel, a dark brown horse, was bred by the late Lord Egremont, in 1822, and is by Whalebone, dam by Selim, her dam, Maiden by Sir Peter—Phenomenon—Matran by Florizel—Maiden by Matchem.

In 1825, then three years old, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Camel ran second to the Duke of Grafton's Crockery, for the Newmarket Stakes, Duke of Portland's Mortgage, Duke of Grafton's Cramer, Duke of Grafton's Bolero, Mr. Pettit's Retreat, Mr. Rogers's Flounder, Mr. Dilly's Sentiment, and Lord G. H. Caven-

dish's c. by Selim, out of Sister to Remembrancer—also started, but were not placed. 3 to 1 agst. Camel. In the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, ridden by Arnall, he won £50, for three-year-olds, beating Duke of Rutland's Adeliza, Duke of Grafton's Pigmy, Lord Jersey's Ariel, Mr. Thornhill's Surprise, Mr. Goddard's Pretension, Mr. Wortley's Scandal, Lord Warwick's Mephistophiles, Mr. Udney's c. by Muley, dam by Scud or Sorcerer, Mr. Vansittart's Darioletta, and Mr. Payne's c. by Octavius, dam by Gohanna. 5 to 4 agst. Camel. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting, ridden by Arnall, he won a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, beating H. R. H. Duke of York's Dahlia, Duke of Portland's Mortgage, and Duke of Grafton's Tontine. 6 to 4 on Camel. In the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, ridden by Arnall, carrying 8st. 3lb., he beat Mr. Udney's Tarandus, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb., in a Match for £200. 5 to 4 on Tarandus. In the same meeting, he was beaten by Mr. Wortley's Scandal in a Match for £200, 8st. 5lb. each. 6 to 4 on Scandal.

In 1829, Camel only started once, when ridden by Arnall. He won the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, Newmarket Craven Meeting, beating Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet, H. R. H. Duke of York's Lionel Lincoln, Mr. Dilly's Hougoumont, and Mr. T. Scaith's Whipcord. 7 to 4 agst. Camel.

In 1827, Camel's third and last season on the turf, he only ran once, when, ridden by Arnall, he beat Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet in a Match for £200, 8st. 7lb. each, Newmarket Houghton Meeting.

In 1828, Camel served mares at Newmarket at 10 gs. each. In 1829, at the same price, at Lord Westminster's seat, Eaton Hall, Chester. In 1830 he came to Stockwell, where, in 1832, his price was raised to 15 gs. In 1835, in consequence of the performances of Touchstone, to a subscription of forty mares, at 20 gs., and for the last two seasons, thirty mares, at 25 gs.

The following are the principal winners by Camel:—

Abbas Mirza,	Cameleon,	Regatta,
Argos,	Camille,	Reel,
Archy,	Cecil,	Revoke,
Antelope,	Dromedary,	Roderick,
Abracadabra,	Elizondo,	Sheik,
Alice,	Grand Cairo,	Sir William (after-
Burden,	The Glama,	wards called Spider),
Black Bess,	Hester,	Swallow,
Brown Duchess,	Lady Anna,	Simoom,
Caliban,	Loutherbourg,	Sea-horse,
Camlet,	Launcelot,	Sweet-meat,
Constantia,	Lampoon,	Touchstone,
Crocodile,	Lartington,	Vicuna,
Cyrus,	Misdeal,	Wapiti,
Callisto,	Mule,	Wintonian,
Caravan,	Pickwick,	Westonian,
Camelino,	Prism,	Winton,
Camarella,	Pickpocket,	Wilderness,
Clematis,	Pelopia,	Zara,
Cambyzes,	Queen of Gipsies,	Zerlina.

As well as the stallions now at Stockwell, Mr. Theobald has had at different periods the following :—Mameluke, Tarrare, Rockingham, Loutherbrough (all sold and gone abroad), Smolensko (who died in his possession), Strymon, Flibbertigibbet, and Caccia Piatti. He has also generally a horse or two in training, hitherto under the care of Mr. Brown, of Lewes, though it is reported that he now intends trying the home system. He won the Goodwood Cup in 1835, with Rockingham, and the Goodwood Stakes in 1838, with Loutherbrough. Though up in neither of these races, his regular jockey from his poney-racing days to the present time has, we believe, been Macdonald.

One word more as to the appearance of Camel : a casual observer might be almost led to imagine that instead of being used as a stud-horse, he was in running order. The days, however, when fat was considered about the grand mark of good condition are gone by, and it is now seldom to be found in abundance, except upon horses for sale, as, like charity, it covers a multitude of faults ; or on travelling cart-stallions, which their attendants generally seem to fancy ought to rival either the sheep or oxen in garbage, as they waddle up and down the market-place. With the John Bull farmer, who delights to see everything, like himself, in "prime order," this plan of cramming horses may tell, but an immense accumulation of flesh is always to be avoided in thoroughbred stock, no matter for what purpose they may be intended, as not only utterly useless, but exceedingly detrimental.

GROUSE, BLACK COCK, AND RED DEER SHOOTING, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

NEVER in the memory of that veteran functionary "the oldest man" have we had such a splendid season, both as regards weather and a succession of grand and glorious sport, as we may say every one has experienced since our "opening day" on the dark brown mountains of our fatherland. One week's shooting on Scotia's heather is worth a whole season among the Southern stubble. From the 10th of August to this present writing (10th of October), scarcely a drop of rain has fallen ; but to-day is a regular drencher, and being thereby confined *for the first time* since the commencement of the season to our shooting-bothy, we embrace the opportunity of referring to our notes to "report progress," as promised in our last communication, on the slaughter committed on the Grampians.

At the head of the list stands Lord Panmure's party. The Noble Lord commenced on "the 'Twelfth" in Glen Esk, and never did His Lordship's friends have such sport. During the first three weeks *three thousand four hundred* brace of grouse fell to their guns,

the first eight days averaging from 30 to 50 brace to each. The most successful of the party were, Sir Thomas Moncrieff, Sir Charles Hopkinson; General Hare; Colonels Dalgairns, Moore, and Swinburne: Captains Brandling, Douglas, and Wemyss, M.P.; Mr. Hastie and Mr. Price, M.P.'s; Mr. Aynsforth, Mr. Balfour of Balburnie, Mr. Gillon, Mr. Guthrie, and Mr. Webster.—Sir Thomas Moncrieff, however, topped them all. He is one of our crack shots, and no less proficient in the pig-skin: he is passionately fond of all the sports and pastimes of his native land, and gives earnest of being at the top of the tree in the Sportsman's pedigree: indeed the young Baronet merits that honor already, and is not many years out of his teens.

T. P. Wickham, Esq., had excellent sport at Culna Kyle. His most regularly-kept journal gives the returns of the first twenty days as follow: 1037 grouse, 6 ptarmigan, 18 snipes, and 23 blue hares. At the same shooting quarters, Richard Winsloe, Esq., bagged by his own gun 857 brace of grouse, and stalked six fine red harts and a hind.

Lord Glenlyon had superb sport at Blair Castle both among the wild red deer of the Tilt, part of his magnificent deer-forest, and the red-feathered denizens of the mountains. His Lordship "drove" the Tilt to give Lord Prudhoe a day's shooting, when upwards of nine thousand head passed in rapid succession, and his Noble Friend was lucky enough to arrest the progress of seven gallant harts ere the herd found its long line of march to the wilds of Ben-y-Ghlo. What a glorious sight! We have ourself had the gratification of looking over about nine *hundred*, and a most noble spectacle they formed; but to have been in the presence of as many *thousands* of these splendid Knights of the Forest must have been most exciting to the Noble Sportsman, and baffles our powers of description. It is not, however, an every-day occurrence to "drive the Tilt," and it may not again take place unless the Illustrious Consort of our Most Gracious Queen shall find his way into the sacred precincts of this far-famed Forest. Lord Glenlyon remained at the Castle till the end of September, and had excellent sport among the grouse. On one day he killed 18 brace, which may be reckoned first-rate at this advanced period of the season, as, being strong on the wing and very wild, he is not a bad shot that can bring six or seven brace to bag.

Lord Willoughby D'Eresby did not pay his annual visit to Scotland this season, having gone to the Continent, but gave permission to a few friends to sport over his extensive moors in the county of Perth, including the Barons Rothschild, the Earls of Chesterfield and Sefton, and Colonel Anson, all of whom had excellent sport both among the grouse and red deer. Lord Sefton and party of five guns had a week's sport in the extensive coverts around Drummond Castle, and killed 1600 head of game, a correct list of which will be given from the gamebook at the close of the season.

Lord Sefton and the Hon. Mr. Craven had great sport at His Lordship's shooting-quarters at Meggernie, having killed 800 brace of grouse; and have since killed ten fine stags in the Forest of

Glenartney. The Noble Earl left the Drummond Arms Inn, Crieff, on the 8th, for the South, and the Hon. Mr. Craven was to follow yesterday (the 9th) after another day in the Forest of Glenartney.

Major Moray Stirling, at Abercairney and Ardoch, has had a strong party since the commencement of the season, who killed a vast quantity of game, the "tottle of the whole" of which shall be forthcoming anon.

Mr. Grahame Stirling, of Strowan, killed 300 brace of grouse to the end of September on the moors rented from Sir W. Murray, in Glenturrit.

Lord Mexborough, at Auchnafree, bagged 900 brace the first fourteen days of their season, when His Lordship felt satisfied, and left for the South.

Colonel Patterson, at Logie Almond Lodge, enjoyed himself "rights merrilie," having to the end of September brought to bag 1000 head of game to his own gun; besides giving many days to his friends in that neighborhood, including Mr. Smythe of Methven Castle, Major Mercer of Fulchan Cottage, Mr. Peddie of Pitcullen Bank, &c., all of whom enjoyed the good old Sportsman's hospitality, and had excellent sport on his extensive moors.—*Vale!*

The Grampians, Oct. 10, 1843.

HAWTHORN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for November, 1843.

ENGLISH SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Her Majesty's Staghounds.—The royal hunt commences the season on the 1st of November, and the turn-out is fixed to take place at Salt Hill. Mr. Davis lately turned out a deer on Ascot Heath, for the purpose of training the young hounds, which are in fine condition. The kennel consists at present of 36 couple of hunting hounds, and 17 couple of young, making a total of 52 couple. Mr. C. Davis and the whips are all in good tune, and anticipate a glorious season.

Death of Little Wonder.—This well-known horse, the property of David Robertson, Esq., of Lady Kirk, died at Dawson's stables, Middleham, Yordshire, of inflammation. He was the winner of the Derby in 1840, and was in training for the Kelso meeting.

Goodwood Cup, 1843.—The Stewards of the Jockey Club (to whom the question was referred by the Stewards of the Goodwood Races) have decided that no third horse having been placed by the Judge, the 50 sovs. which the owner of the third horse was to have received out of the stakes, must be paid to the winner of the race.

Lord Waterford has purchased *Milo* from the Hon. B. Woodehouse, for 550 gs. He is intended for Cahir Steeple-chase, and we believe will be ridden by G. H. Moore, Esq.

Trotting Match against Time.—Extraordinary Performance.—Mr. Andrews, of Great Marlow, a short time since purchased a condemned horse, with a couple of broken knees and but one eye (and that not of the best) of Mr. Creswell, for thirty-nine shillings! The horse, however, having shown, although nearly twenty years of age, that he had still got some "stuff" left in him, he was backed by his owner for £20 to trot fourteen miles within the hour in harness. The match came off upon the Bath road, the distance being from the Dumb Bell Inn, near Maidenhead-bridge, to the mile-stone at Langley Broom, near Colnbrook, seven miles out and in. The "old condemned," driven by his owner, started off beautifully from the Dumb Bell, and performed the fourteen miles in fifty-seven minutes fifty-three seconds. The old 'un was as fresh the last mile as at starting, and had scarcely turned a hair. During the distance the horse broke four times, and this caused a delay of between three and four minutes. His owner has offered to back him to trot, in harness, fifteen miles in the hour.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia in Oxfordshire.—On the 28th ult., the Grand Duke Michael and suite, paid a visit to Ditchley Park, the seat of Viscount Dillon. A most numerous and brilliant field of sportsmen welcomed the illustrious visitor on the following morning to the pleasures of the chase, on which occasion the Heythorp hounds met in Ditchley Park. Jem Hill, the huntsman, with his new suit of livery, was not a little admired; he did his best to ensure a good day's sport, but on account of the state of the weather, that seemed very doubtful, as the scent was anything but good. The hounds were put in cover, and Reynard was soon dislodged, and after a short run, the hounds were into him. The foxes in this neighborhood are very numerous, for no sooner were the hounds put into the wood, than another fox was uncovered, the sly 'un soon made his way to the gardens, where he was run aground. The illustrious visitor, after expressing his sense of the polite attention to himself and suite, shown by Lord and Lady Dillon, left for the Steventon Station. The noble owner of Ditchley, after the departure of his princely visitor, caused the festive board to be spread, and threw his doors open to all that chose to partake of the good cheer.

Thames Fishing.—A very fine jack, weighing 12lb., was taken while spinning in the Hampton preserve on Monday last, by Mr. Henry Farnell, the honorary secretary of the Thames Angling Preservation Society. The fish was in excellent condition and afforded first-rate sport, and was admitted, by the spectators of it at the Bell Inn, Hampton, to be the largest taken in the Thames by rod and line for some years. The fishing in the Richmond Preserve has been of late exceedingly good. On the 22d October one party alone took 50lb. of fine roach, varying from a half to one-and-a-half pounds, and on the following day the same party took 35lb. of the like good fish. The weight of fish taken in the Preserve on the first-mentioned day was calculated by the puntmen at between three and four cwt.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the November Number of the "Turf Register," page 642.

ON THE FORMATION OF THE RACE-HORSE.

SOME authors have been of opinion that the just proportions of a horse may be ascertained by measurements, as that of multiplying and dividing of different parts ; how far such measurements may be correct I cannot pretend to say. The method I shall take of describing the shape and make of the animal is from practical observation. Nor is it my intention to explain this matter by a greater variety of anatomical phrases than is absolutely necessary, as this would not perhaps be of much advantage to those of my readers whose principal object is to obtain a knowledge of the shape and make of horses that are intended for the purpose of racing ; suffice it therefore to say, that the bones of the horse, like those of almost all other animals, are of a white hard substance ; they form and support the animal's frame, and protect in a great measure such of his organs as are important to life ; they consist of many joints which are connected together by strong substances, called ligaments ; and the whole is termed the skeleton, to which are attached the muscles and tendons ; of which such as are under the will of the mind are the organs of motion.

I now commence to describe what I consider a well-formed race-horse ; and I will here remark, that it is this description of horse to which my observations are principally confined. With regard to the height of such a horse, I confess I am not partial to a tall, overgrown one. I prefer one moderately low, as *fifteen hands*, or *fifteen and an inch* at most, having length with good substance. If there is a standard of perfection for the height of a race-horse, for general purposes, perhaps, his height may be fifteen hands two inches. Yet I do not presume to dictate to my readers the precise height such a horse should be. A horse of either of the above-mentioned heights, but particularly of the first, if well formed and having good action, will be very likely to become what may be termed a good fair runner, that is, when his speed as a young one, in the running of short lengths, may in some degree have left him, he afterwards becomes stout, and will, most likely, be capable of running under high weights, as twelve stone for example, for any of His Majesty's plates, at long racing lengths, as from two to four miles ; which weights and lengths are still in use at some of our country racing meetings. Tall horses are those from sixteen hands to sixteen and a half, or seventeen hands high, most of which are bred in the south.

Of course, such horses are bred so over-sized for no other purpose than to go into those great stakes run for at Newmarket, as the two thousand guineas, the Riddlesworth, and other valuable stakes and matches, almost all of which are run for over straight courses at short lengths, as across the Flat at Newmarket; the very high state of condition into which such horses are brought to post at two and three years old, enables them to run for those valuable prizes at the above-named place; and from hence to Epsom, to run for the Derby and Oaks; again from Epsom to Ascot—which latter place has now become, from the very liberal patronage of His late Majesty, one of the most pleasing and respectable racing meetings we have in England. At each of the above-mentioned meetings are those fine, large, long-striding horses found to be running; yet such horses, generally speaking, are seldom heard much of after running at the above-named places; they are therefore afterwards frequently turned to the stud.

Now, the low lengthy horse of substance, although, as I have already observed, that his speed as a young one, at two or three years old, may in some degree have left him, yet afterwards becomes stout and capable of running on under high weights, at long lengths, over any sort of course, whether hilly or otherwise, and being, as he mostly is, a round goer, he is tolerably handy at his turns; and whenever such a horse is running in the company of long-striding horses on a small cock-pit or whip-top sort of course, he is almost certain to be a winner. Indeed, as far as my own observations have gone on this subject, I think there is no comparison to be made as to which of the two horses are of the most general utility. I certainly prefer the low lengthy horse of substance to the tall, oversized, leggy, long striding one.

I now come to describe, in as clear a manner as I am capable of, how I think a horse should be formed to race. His head should be small and lean; his ears small and picked; his eyes brilliantly large; his forehead broad and flat—we mean by this he should have a deer-like sort of face; and from the lower part of the forehead down to a certain portion of the nostrils, there should be, for a small space or length, a gradual curve or slight concavity; from this point downwards, the nose should be somewhat raised, and the nostrils should be so large, as, when the horse's respiration has, by exertion, been increased, the red membrane lining them should be easily seen during the time of his blowing hard. His muzzle, or mouth, should be proportionably small, and his lips thin, appearing, as it were, by their muscular contraction in covering the gums and teeth, as if they were closely attached to them. His throat should be clean and fine from the butt of the ear down to its centre, with a good wide space between the jaw bones, which latter should be thin. The throat and the hollow space between the jaws, if well formed, bears a strong resemblance, in point of shape, to those parts in a game-cock: and a man who is a good judge, on looking at a horse and seeing him well formed about his throat, would be apt to say (using a very common expression), I like him in this part, for he has a cock's throttle.

The neck should be moderate in length. I prefer its being wide; I mean its width should be formed by the substance of muscles which pass along each side of the top part of it; from the withers to the head it may gradually rise a little in its centre, but by no means to any extreme, as I have a great aversion to a high-crested race-horse. Indeed, I would prefer that his neck should be as I have described his face, rather of the ewe or deer-like shape, than that it should be loaded on top, which I will by-and-bye explain. As to the lower part of the neck, I have no very particular remarks to make, further than that the trachea, or windpipe, should be spacious and loosely attached to the neck on its way to the lungs.

The withers may be moderately high, and, if the reader like, they may also be moderately thin; but, with respect to this latter point, I am not so very particular, provided the shoulders lay well back. From the withers the back commences. I confess, that appearances may be in favor of a horse that has his back a little low or hollow, and for a saddle-horse this may be very well; but for a race-horse, to have strength and liberty of stride, his back should be straight and *moderately* long, with the shoulders and loins running well in at each end. The loins should have great breadth and muscular substance, so much so as for them to have the appearance of being raised as it were on their surface; and those muscles posterior to the loins should fill up level the top part of the quarters to the setting on of the tail, which latter should be set on pretty high up, and in its commencement should extend a little out from the quarters, hanging straight down to near the hocks. At Newmarket, in my time, such tails were called the "Bunbury switches." By-the-bye, there is a part under the tail, of which, as I am now so near it, and as it is a point of some importance, it may not be out of place to give a short description: the anus, or fundament, should contract into a small compass, nor should there appear much, or, indeed, scarcely any space round its surrounding sides: for this is a part that should be small, close, and well formed in all descriptions of horses. The muscles by which it is surrounded should be contracted into small folds; nor can the main sphincter muscle act too powerfully in contracting the anus, not only after the calls of nature are performed, but it should, I again repeat, at all times be invariably small, close, and tight, and rather projecting than otherwise, as it is one of the best or as good a constitutional point as any I am acquainted with belonging to the horse. If the fundament of a horse is as we have here described, and he has a great width between his hips, with a good broad surface of loins, as also a spacious chest, his having those four constitutional points will make up well for any apparent deficiency of the want of carcass; and, further, a horse thus formed, as regards the whole of the points mentioned, is at all times a good feeder, and with little trouble he is soon got ready to run, as he is invariably a good winded horse.

I now come to speak of the body, or what is by some people commonly called the "middle-piece" of the horse, and which is

divided, internally, into two cavities, by a muscular substance called the "diaphragm." The anterior cavity, the chest, contains the lungs, the heart, &c. The posterior one, the abdomen, contains the stomach, intestines, liver, kidneys, &c. Now, with respect to the external form of the body, which contains and protects all those numerous organs so important to life, I shall first make my observations on the chest. To use a common phrase, and somewhat of an expressive one, a horse in this part should be what is called "well over the heart," that is, he should be deep in his girth, round or well arched in his ribs. I mean by this, that a rider on the back of a race-horse (as they are generally better about the chest than horses in common use) should feel he has some breadth or substance between his legs; and there should be a good swell of muscle before his knees, or the centre of the flaps of the saddle. The chest, thus spaciouly formed, gives room for respiration, so that, in training, the horse's wind can be brought to the greatest perfection, which enables him to run on in long lengths.

The next part to be treated of is the abdomen, or belly, or what is usually called the carcass. It may, perhaps, appear a little strange, but I have a great aversion to what is commonly called a good carcassed horse, nor am I particularly partial to a large sheathed one. I like both these parts to be in the medium, as I do, also, that of his being well ribbed up. It is true that a horse's being well ribbed up denotes strength, and a short, close-made race-horse is, in running, handy at his turns, and, as I have already noticed, he is generally a pretty good one under high weights over a small round cock-pit course; but this description of course and sort of running is not now so much practised as formerly, or rather it is a sort of racing that does not exactly suit long-striding horses, as most of those are that run at Newmarket. Another thing is, that horses with large carcasses are mostly great gluttons; they put up flesh very rapidly, and are very difficult and troublesome to train, in consequence of their constitutions being too strong, or proportionably too much for their feet and legs. Such horses not only seldom remain long in training, but they cannot be kept long in condition, without their becoming stale in themselves, as also on their legs, and those are my reasons for objecting to very large carcassed horses; yet I do not wish horses to be what is termed "tucked up," or waspish in their carcasses. I like a horse's carcass to be in the medium, that is, it should be straight and handsome from behind the girths of his saddle; and what will make up sufficiently well, and give him sufficient strength of constitution, is the well formation of the parts already noticed, as the chest, the loins, and the fundament.

To return to the fore-extremities. The shoulders commence from a little below the withers; they should lie most particularly well back; should be deep, broad, and muscularly strong; yet those muscular parts should appear to the eye as being moderately so, that is, not unproportionably loaded; these muscles should be distinctly seen, there should be no appearance of fat, or, as it is

technically termed, "adipose membrane." The shoulders cannot well be too oblique in their descent to the front of the chest; here, on each side, a joint is formed by the lower part of the scapula or shoulder-blade being united with the upper part of the humerus or arm-bone. Those joints, thus formed, are usually called the points of the shoulders; which points should appear straight or level. There should be no coarse, projecting, or heavy appearance about the points of the shoulders of such horses as are intended to race; nor indeed does this often occur, unless where it happens that the chest or counter of the horse is unproportionably wide. In taking a front view of the chest, it should appear moderate as to breadth; and if its prominency is at all to the extreme, it should be in consequence of the fullness or substance of those muscles covering the breast, which muscles should be lengthy, and their divisions distinctly to be observed.

The fore-arm should be broad and long, and most particularly well furnished with muscles on its top parts, inside as well as out; I mean by this, that the muscles on the top and inside of the arm should here be so large as to leave but a moderate space between the fore-legs, immediately under the chest; and which muscles should appear, as those in front of the chest, distinctly divided. The posterior part of the top of the arm is called the "elbow;" this should appear (the horse in condition) somewhat on a level with the body; if it at all deviates from this appearance, I would prefer its standing in, to that of its standing unproportionably out. The knee-joint should be large, broad, and flat in front; generally speaking, the larger and broader all joints are in reason the better and stronger they are; and the longer, coarser, and rougher their projecting points or *processes* are, the greater and more secure will be the *lever* for the muscles or tendons to act upon, provided such projecting parts or joints (as the hocks and pasterns) do not amount to disease, as that of producing spavins and ringbones. The leg, from the knee to the fetlock, cannot well be too short, neither can they well be too flat, nor their flexor tendon scarcely be too large, or appearing too distinctly divided, as it were, from the leg. The fetlock joint should also be large, and the pastern proportionably strong, but its length and obliquity should be in the medium.

The wall or crust of the feet should also be moderately oblique, with the heels open, and frogs sound; this, indeed, is generally the state of racing colts on first leaving their paddocks, if their feet have been paid proper attention to during the time they may have remained there. Yet the feet of such of them as have been some time in work, will occasionally get out of order; they grow upright and strong; the horn gets hard and brittle, and the heels more or less contracted—almost all of which defects are too often occasioned from the want of proper attention being paid to them at the time of shoeing, and of proper applications being applied to them in the stables. With regard to the structure of such horses' feet, and the diseases of them, as also the method of shoeing and plating them, a description will be found in previous chapters.

Before concluding my remarks on the fore-extremities, it may not be amiss to observe to the reader, that, supposing him to stand opposite to these parts of the horse, if the animal is formed in them as I have already described, the centre of the top part of the fore-arm, to be well placed, ought to be nearly or quite in a parallel line with the top or front part of the horse's withers; and again, from the top part of the fore-arm down to the foot, for the horse to stand firm and well, and have the power of using his fore legs well, he should stand perfectly straight on them; I mean by this, they are not to appear too much under him, or too much out or away from him. Suppose again, for example, a man standing in front of the horse, and here taking a view of the foot, the centre part of the wall or crust should be in or on a parallel line with that lower part or joint of the shoulder, commonly termed its point. A horse's feet, thus placed, will neither be too much out or too much in; but should his feet deviate from what I have here observed, by amounting to a fault, in turning too much out or too much in, I should prefer their being a little out to that of the other extreme, of turning in, and being what is called "pigeon-toed."

I shall now proceed to describe the hind-quarters, or posterior extremities. As may be supposed, the well-formation of those parts is of the utmost importance to a race-horse in his running; it is, therefore, necessary that they should be, in breadth, substance, and length, of very superior dimensions. The hips should have a great breadth between them; and if they are a little coarse or projecting, so much the better, provided such coarse projections are not in the extreme, or appear vulgar or unsightly. From the centre and posterior part of the loins to the top of the tail is called the "croup," and should be of great length, and, if it deviates from that of a straight line, it may be somewhat arched in the centre; the croup being thus formed gives great breadth to the top of the quarters, the length of which, from the croup down to the hock, cannot scarcely be of too great an extent, in order that there may be sufficient room here for the attachment of those broad, powerful, lengthy, and distinctly divided muscles on the outside of the quarters and thighs; and there should also be a similar portion of such muscles on the inside of the quarters and thighs; so that a man who is a good judge, taking a posterior view, may observe how the horse is made. In this position he should be, as it were, struck by the appearance of the great breadth and length of the back part of the quarters; and as he moves his head to the right or left, the centre and outside of the quarters and thighs, and the swell of the muscles, should appear beyond a level with the hips. The upper part of the muscles on the inside of the quarters should appear quite close to each other, so that no vacant space should be visible between them, as that of an appearance of the horse being (if I may thus express myself) chucked up in the fork. Such should be the lengthy and muscular quarters of a well-made race-horse.

The stifle-joint should be in a direct line under the hip, and the length from this joint to that of the hock cannot reasonably be too

long, and the farther out of the angular or oblique position of the thigh bone the better, so as to admit of the back part or projecting point of the hock appearing some distance out beyond the top of the hind quarters; those parts being thus formed, admit of a very considerable lever for the main tendon here to act upon the tendon Achilles, which, like the flexor one of the leg, can scarcely be too large or too distinctly seen in its commencement from the lower part of the quarter to its insertion into the posterior or projecting point of the hock—the os calcis. The hock should be broad and wide, with a clean, lean appearance, and those soft parts, which are occasionally the seat of thoroughpins and bog spavins, in a sound, well-formed hock, should appear more as cavities than as having the above-mentioned projections, and which are sometimes the cause of lameness. The hind-leg, like the fore one, should be short, broad, flat, and straight, the trifling angle formed by the hock should, together with the moderate obliquity of the pastern, bring the extremity of the toe nearly under the stifle-joint.

I now conclude my remarks on the formation or shape and make of the race-horse; how far my description of the animal may meet the approbation of my readers is another matter. I have merely given my opinion as far as my own practical observation authorizes me, in the pointing out of such parts of the horse as require to be of capacious dimensions, and such other parts as require to be of substance and length; the former giving strength to his constitution, and the latter giving to the mechanism of his form force of power; both of which are very well known to be requisite to all race-horses in the running of long lengths under high weights.

As it would be difficult, I expect, to find a race-horse as I have here described he should be, allowances ought therefore to be made in the engaging of any race-horse to run, according to the powers he may possess, and similar allowances should also be made in the purchasing of this or any other description of horse. The way I have always made such allowances, in the purchasing of horses, is, after having examined him thoroughly as to his constitutional and other points, if I find the good points he has overbalance his bad ones, and that he has action (particularly in his walk), and is sound, I buy him, unless indeed the price asked for him should be very considerably above his value.

Before I conclude this chapter, with due submission to my readers, I will here remark, that I think if breeders were to be more cautious in selecting the horses and the mares they intend to breed from, as to how they were bred, and the running properties they may have possessed, and if they were to be more attentive as to how they cross their mares, they would arrive much nearer at perfection than they do with regard to their produce. But as this is a subject I intend treating on at some future period, nothing more need be said of it here.

FOX-HUNTING IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

Continued from the November Number, page 664.

HAVING in our last adverted to the point of the increased luxury of the times, with the diminished inclination to support fox-hunting in comparison with the spirit that formerly existed, we will resume our observations with an inquiry into that point.

No one with any experience of life, we think, will deny that there has been a very great extension of wealth among the middle classes of society within the last quarter of a century, coupled with a very great change of life and very increased expenditure on their part. We might even reduce the field of observation, and say that the last dozen years have produced a great change in the habits of the people. Formerly a man who kept a carriage was looked up to as a sort of independent person : now, or latterly at least, the wonder has been to find a person without a carriage. What was a Squire in the last century would be little better than a topping farmer in this. The metropolis shows this quite as strongly as the country. Twenty years ago, half a dozen Clubs comprised all that existed ; now, as we have them in lines on each side of St. James's Street, along Pall Mall, Cockspur Street, and scattered about St. James's Square, up Waterloo Place, Albemarle Street, Oxford Street, Bond Street, and we know not where else. It is not to be supposed that landowners fill all these ; not at all : they are supported by gentlemen in the country, who pay as much for belonging to them as their fathers paid towards the support of hounds. But the Club fee is a mere drop in the ocean compared to the expense of the annual trip to London—that approved modern mode of spending six months' income in as many weeks.

Railroads were denounced as detrimental to hunting ; but they do far more harm by drawing the superfluous cash into London than by any impediments they present to the chase. "They've ruined the country!" exclaimed a politician in the hearing of Lord Althorpe's huntsman, in reference to some great question of the day. "They did *that* when they made the Junction Canal," observed the huntsman. "They've ruined fox-hunting by the railroads," exclaims some gentleman glad to be done with the thing, "So they have," respond we, "but it is by sucking all the money into London."

But, joking apart, railroads have brought temptations in the way of many who can neither afford to go to London nor resist it. People hear of "time being money," which it undoubtedly is to active business-men ; but every idler adopts the idea, and because he gets to London much quicker and easier than he used to do, flatters himself with the notion that he is therefore economising. What has he to do, when, with all the puffing pace the best-built engine can raise, he reaches London ? Nothing, most likely ;

but then he gets up in half a day, instead of a day and a half as formerly. If it hadn't been for the railway he would never have thought of London. However, there he is, and it is notorious that there is no class of men so worked as these same "flying Squires," who cram a fortnight's work into a week, go and see everything, wear gloves, strap their trousers under their Wellington boots, and blister their feet with strolling on the hot pavement. From Epsom over Ascot is generally the advent of their coming, whereby they have the additional opportunity of being *done* on the races or in a gambling booth, or both. The result generally is, that though our Squire gets "up and down" very quick and very cheap, he still spends a great deal more money than he anticipated, and which he would never have thought of doing if it hadn't been for the confounded railway running near his house and making the journey so easy. This is a bachelor's progress, and bachelors are generally supposed to be the principal supporters of hounds; but when the family subscriber, with his bachelor sons and train of marriageable daughters, is seized with the London mania, the consequences are truly disastrous. To be sure the gentleman is seldom to blame; it is generally *Madame's* doing; but the consequences are the same. All this arises from the diffusion of wealth among the middle orders, and a willingness to go a little in advance, instead of a little in the rear of what they have been. Men in the same class in the last century thought they did uncommonly well if they endured the misery of a couple of assize balls and a race one during the year, and get their daughters suitably married to neighbors' sons. Now, like breeders of hounds, they are all for going from home for fresh blood. To be sure, in enumerating country festivities, we have forgotten to mention the Hunt balls, of which our worthy man would be a ready promoter and attendant, and we really question whether there was not more *real* business done at these hearty, few-and-far-between festivals, than at all the Almack's, operas, *fêtes*, and fiddlements that bring people together in daily and nightly contact in a London season.

Hounds, we maintain, have always been great conductors to country society, conviviality, and consequently matrimony. They are a comprehensive attraction, enlisting all ages and classes.

The Atherstone Hunt never flourished so vigorously as during the occupation of Mr. Osbaldeston, aided by his mother's balls and parties. The Stratford-on-Avon balls given by the Warwickshire Hunt, too, may be instanced as a favorable example; and what, we may ask, would Cheltenham be in winter without Lord Segrave and his hounds, with their concomitant attractions? Hunt balls, to be sure, are given in a very different style now to what they were formerly—bands from London—Weippert or Collinet—bouquets from Covent Garden—cakes from Gunter's, everything expensive. We had almost forgotten to mention the chief expense—Champagne. Nothing perfect now-a-days without Champagne—where it all comes from is the wonder—Champagne breakfasts, Champagne luncheons, Champagne dinners, and Champagne suppers. We read in the papers not long ago of a "Derby

Sweep" among *grooms*, where the winner had to give a couple of dozen of Champagne to the Club! Fine times indeed! We remember when Champagne was thought such a rarity that the giver was generally looked upon as on the high road to ruin. Now the wonder, or *scandal*, is to dine without it. No wonder the consumption of Port wine has decreased! But, as we said before, where *does* all the Champagne come from?

But to our subject—Hunting in past and present times. When men turned out at daybreak, or perhaps a little before, in bottle-green coats, drab breeches, and mahogany-colored tops, to find their fox by the drag, hunting for fashion was quite out of the question. During the war, the army accommodated all young gentlemen smitten with the *scarletina*, who have since had to be accommodated in the ranks of the fox-hunter. We wish Hume, or Williams, or some other bothering motion-moving Member, would get a return from all the Hunts in the kingdom of the number of men who really hunt for the sake of the sport, allowing the huntsman to be the judge in the case and make the return. We fear they would be few. We like to hear the honest confession of a once-fashionable fox-hunter tired of "fencing alarms," when he lays aside the red coat, candidly admitting that he never had any taste for the sport—or punishment rather. We find no fault with men for not liking fox-hunting, but we pity those who punish themselves and annoy the Field by pretending to do so, when their every act bespeaks the contrary. One great consolation is, that it is a piece of deceit that carries its own punishment along with it; and a very severe punishment it is—harder than the treadmill or oakum-picking—for the victim is obliged to appear delighted, whereas in reality he can hardly support himself under the infliction. What a blessing to him is a blank day!

However, there is soon an end to fashionable fox-hunting, or fox-hunting for fashion, for where neither sympathy nor credulity exists, it is well to retire and try the hand at something else. But the annual spawn of spurious sportsmen in some countries seems to keep a perpetual blister on the back of fox-hunting, and maintains expense and extravagance in the land. These youths are generally high-bred, high-couraged fellows, just starting into life—real life at least, in contradistinction to College life, which, being a wonderful improvement on school life, is oftentimes mistaken for real life, until our hero is launched on the grand arena, and finds the difference. These youths, we say, start with a tremendous dash, as if the season could never come early enough or last long enough for them, and they go it at best pace in the way of expense, leading many of that fine independent breed of sportsmen called "Tuft-hunters" a weary and most unprofitable dance, and are the admiration of grooms and stable-men, until the novelty is exhausted—the bubble bursts—and their places are supplied by a fresh influx of the same green sort. These youths may deceive themselves, or deceive people like themselves, but they can never deceive the real fox-hunter. There are certain signs that there is no mistaking.

Some men say that fox-hunting does not possess sufficient excitement for them—meaning thereby that there is no money to be made of it. This is a purpose our forefathers never thought of applying it to. They looked upon fox-hunting as the grand enjoyment of life, the neutral field in which cares and contention were banished, and where all met in the common bond of brotherly union; and if they indulged in a bet on the finding a fox, it was the extent of the extra excitement they indulged in. The man who thinks fox-hunting does not possess sufficient excitement can have no real liking for the chase. How different was Beckford's idea! Hear him. "Hark! he is found. Now where are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls! or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones! One halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and Echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face!"

That is the most healthy description of a find we ever read. There is life and wildness in it! The wood, the echoing rocks, and the general suspension of labor to witness the fox break, are all in the truest spirit of vigorous sporting enthusiasm. We too must see the fox away as described by Beckford. Hear him. "Mark how he runs the covert's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth: the hounds are still too near! That check is lucky! Now, if our friends head him not, he will soon be off.—Hark! they halloo! By G—d, he's gone!"

Talk of excitement! The man who cannot enjoy the reality of descriptions such as that can have no taste for country life, and had better nail himself to his desk than expose his deficiency by such observations.

It was, however, that feeling—the want of excitement in hunting—that introduced the unsportsmanlike steeple-chase among us. In calling them unsportsmanlike, we perhaps may offend some who adopted them for the mere purpose of the amusement and excitement they afford, divested of all mercenary feeling in the matter; but very few steeple-chases are got up on the principle of mere amusement; and it is converting the generous hunter into a money-making machine, and the unfairness of such heavy taxes upon the exertions of the animals themselves, that we regard as the chief condemnations of steeple-chasing. Confound it! but in these days of science and improved machinery, the greediest among us may spare our hunters from the general occupation of money-making.

That the steeple-chases could long stand their ground, even with fair play, was out of the question, being at best but an hermaphrodite sort of amusement, half hunting, half racing; but the bevy of scamps and vagabonds they brought into play were enough to drive all respectable competitors out of the field, and leave the sharks to eat up each other. The consequence is that every year

we see them getting fewer and fewer. Steeple-chases and hurdle-racing were a grievous nuisance to Masters of Hounds in many countries, bringing a lot of lane-riding, skirting, nicking riders into the field, "qualifying," as they called it, who were always getting before him at critical times with a grin, as much as to say, "Here I am, mind—entitled to my ticket."

As an off-shoot from these may be mentioned horse-dealing hunters. These men too are often terrible nuisances. If they have nerve enough, they are sure to go ramming and cramming at the start, regardless of hounds, horses, or men, to show off over some tremendous fence, and so lay five or ten pounds on to their horse's price.

If they are short of nerve themselves, they generally have some stable-man in their friendship and strict confidence, who shows off for them, while they go skirting about, pointing out the performance, recommending the animal, coining a pedigree, heading the fox, and making all sorts of bother and confusion. Some men are never happy unless they are selling horses, changing, or dealing in some way or other. It is an unworthy occupation, and no one with any regard for character will ever take it up. We remember a good story in circulation at Cheltenham some years ago respecting a very smart worthy of this sort—a gentleman, whose various and curious apparel might admit of his being taken either for a tailor's son or a horse-dealer's man: still he was a "would-be" very great man, one that you would think would hardly condescend to speak to his groom, let alone fraternise with him. However, he did, and uncommonly thick they were behind the scenes, until, as is often the case in such partnerships, the groom proved rather the *cuter* of the two, and they quarrelled and parted. The groom was very indignant indeed at his master, and blabbed all sorts of horse-dealing stories about the place, showing what assistance he had been to his master in selling his screws, and how he had served him generally, always winding up with an exclamation at his smart master's ingratitude, adding "the idea of his using *me* so! *I* who have always treated him as a *brother*!"

After horse-dealing fox-hunters, but lower in the scale of sporting gravitation, comes your small would-be-horse-dealing sportsmen, fellows in duck hunters, carrying short sticks, which are generally acting the part of chin-props or tooth-picks, or straddling with their thumbs stuck in a certain part of their white cord trousers. Every country town has its man or two of this sort—men always on the look out for a fifteen or twenty pound horse at half-price, or *with* one that they are ready to exchange for a good buggy, a couple of pointers, or a certain quantity of Port wine. It is not that these men *want* a horse, or are *fond* of a horse, but they think there is something important in being connected with a horse, and they lug him in on all occasions, just as others lug in their cock acquaintance or great relations, if they happen to have any. If three or four of them happen to get together with an unfortunate wight of a stranger among them, they talk of their brown horses by Flash, out of Flam by Fancy, out of Flit (for they are

devils of fellows for pedigrees), or their chesnut mares by Slang, out of Booby's dam by Blockhead, her dam by Thickhead, out of Numskull by Noodle, until a stranger would think they were the greatest stud-owners in the world, instead of mere talkers—generally without a horse at all during three quarters of the year, or always getting rid of them as fast as ever they can. Weary times the poor horses have of it while in their hands, weary as a newly-joined Ensign's, which is always either on the "go," or getting blistered.

But we have not limned our friends fully out yet. These fellows generally infest corners of streets, or if they do walk, or roll rather—for they have a distinguishing gait of their own—they halt suddenly at every passing horse, and stand scrutinizing his shape and action until he is out of sight or another one comes in the way. To watch them, you'd fancy they had their "eye" on every horse in the country, and might expect to see them leave the town followed by whole strings tied head and tail according to the usual approved mode, instead of being men that "funk" the very idea of being closed with for a twenty-pounder, and who are never happy until they get him off their hands again. When in possession of one, their usual salute is, "Fine day! do you know anybody wanting a good horse?" or "I'll sell you a horse" thrust in at every interval in conversation. A naturalist arranging mankind would certainly establish a "I'll-sell-you-a-horse" class of men. The title would be very distinguishing.

The country race-course is the small man's paradise. How they spurt, and scuttle, and bustle about, and persecute stray dogs crossing the course, and look at their watches to see the saddling-bell is rung at the exact moment, and jump off their steeds in breathless haste as the horses have started, and rush, book in hand, up the rickety stand, to lay out another half-crown in defence of the first, in consequence of *later* intelligence, all of which is booked with metallic pencil in orthodox betting-book, still held open as though he were thinking of more. The horses now come in view; it's a glorious race; he bites his lips, and rises on tiptoe. Now he shouts, and works an imaginary horse with his arms, as if his energy would lend impetus to the favorite; and as pink-jacket is proclaimed the winner, he throws his shaved hat in the air and assumes all the gestures of a "made man." Should green, however, win, his brow lowers, curses long and deep are shadowed forth, he slouches his hat over his forehead, and stalks forth hands in breeches pockets, vowing he must sell his horses and give up all idea of hunting that season. Another favorite occupation of these men is buying horses and hiring servants for friends. The greatest compliment you can pay them is requesting their advice or assistance on such occasions, and wo betide the character of the horse that is bought without their approbation: they are cheesy, soft, buttery, numb, clumsy, awkward, cross-grained, good-for-nothing brutes; or bought far too high; could have got him for ten pounds less; and some men of this description do not

hesitate to stand in as middle man, and get a fee from either buyer or seller, or both if they can, for their good word or opinion.

Let us now look at our friend on the coach-box, that fast-departing eminence of a flash-man's ambition. How intimate, how confidential he is with the coachman! He squares his toes exactly as his friend does, and gives his coat the same orthodox fold over his legs, but speaks not till they are off the stones. Then he opens out—talks over the horses—how each stands his work—how one has worsen'd, another improved—what they gave for one—what they got for another. The open country attracts his notice—he talks of fences—tells how he would take such a one, or negotiate such another—points out the line the fox took on New Year's Day, when he led the Field on old Barebones, and devil a man could touch him for seven miles and three quarters over the stiffest-fenced country in the world. (These great feats are generally performed on New Year's Day.) But though he may talk thus largely to his friend on the "box," whose love of baccy and brandy makes him too complaisant to doubt or contradict, our hero knows full well he's far more of a man for the muggers or long dogs. A great jack hare is a far finer sight in his eyes than ruddy-coated reynard. With what exultation he holds puss up by the hind legs, and with what delicate care he performs the last rites of the chase lest she should be injured for the spit.

These men are nobody at the covert side: indeed *when there* they have no wish to be thought anybody, lest they should be asked to subscribe. They have generally just taken the meet in their way to some other place—a pigeon-match, or a tithe-commutation meeting—for some humbugs are always commuting their tithes—and will just stay to see the hounds find. If they find and go away—which those sorts of gentlemen generally do their best to prevent—why then their pigeon-match or tithe-commutation meeting generally lies in the same direction, and by road-riding and an accurate knowledge of the country, they generally manage to scramble up there or thereabouts, and of course glean rare materials for a story against the next time they mount the coach-box. These men were quite unknown in our forefathers' time. We should think they were post-boys in those days, or perhaps rode mules with the village letter-bags.

There is another race of sportsmen, or rather fox-hunters, still less contemplated by our forefathers—viz., health-hunting fox-hunters. It is no uncommon thing for medical men to recommend the chase just as they would recommend Cheltenham or Harrogate waters—or more perhaps in lieu of their nauseous draughts, labelled "when taken to be well shaken," for uncommonly well shaken these gentlemen get when they go out. Survey a watering-place Field, and see how many pallid cheeks attest the truth of this assertion. The bright eye and clear complexion, those indices of a healthy frame of the real sportsman, are not less the offspring of a delighted mind than of a vigorous body. We can tell a fox-hunter almost at a glance—a real one we mean. There is a nice neat quiet easy manner about them; they are properly

shaved, and wear neither beards nor chin-wigs (those shop-lad sort of appendages); their linen is virgin white and well got up; their white cravats are tied without ostentatious bows or flourishing ends; their waistcoats are always high-collared; their coats of dark grey, black, or deep olive, sometimes single-breasted; while their drab trousers sit neatly to the leg, and meet the instep of a well-made, well-polished Wellington boot, fastened under the foot with equally well-polished leather straps. You never see a fox-hunter ostentatious in jewellery, or turned up with velvet, or in polished boots; they always look for something that will stand weather. Neither do they convert the boot of the morning into the costume of the evening, they are all for shoes and stockings then. Since Lord Westmoreland died, and Sir Charles Knightley and Mr. Byng have doffed theirs, we have lost the last of the old leather-breeches breed of gentlemen off the streets of London; indeed we scarcely see a top-boot since Lord Euston put his away. We remember old Lord Scarbrough with his pig-tail, and pepper-and-salt coat, drab unmentionables, and tops, with his neat ponies, riding up and down the Park; also the late Colonel Jolliffe, next to John Warde, one of the most perfect dressed men of the Old School—George the Third's School—of blue coats and leather breeches. The late Duke of Dorset, and his *double* the late Mr. Delme Radcliffe, were also particularly neat in their lower appointments, favoring kerseymeres more than leather if we remember rightly, with the little bunches of ribbon dangling at the knees.

Take John Warde though, both for morning and evening, and we think he was the most perfect specimen of the old English Gentleman we remember. There was a fine substantial patriarchal air about him that arrested the eye and extracted the "Who's that?" inquiry that in London betokens the inquirer's conviction of the object being *somebody*. We have him in our mind's eye driving through the Park of a summer's afternoon in his old yellow mail phaeton, jingling like a tamborine, drawn by a couple of under-bred horses, with a couple of equally under-bred lads in broad-brimmed woolley eight-and-sixpenny looking hats, dark brown coats turned up with blue and white-worsted carriage-lining sort of binding, in the rumble. We say we have him in our mind's eye, poking down the Park, bowing to Duchesses and nodding to Dukes, and pulling up at the end of Rotten Row to indulge in his jokes and stories with the quickly assembling crowd. But we have forgotten the man in our description of his vehicle. In these his latter days John Warde would give little change out of eighteen stone, therefore the reader may imagine he was tolerably substantial: his hair was white as the driven snow, and his finely-shaped head was surmounted by an important looking broad-brimmed low-crowned hat. There is something respectable in these old-fashioned shallows, and few but characters wear them. John Warde's ample back was generally clad in blue, with bright buttons: a capacious shirt-frill protruded through his acre of buff waistcoat, generally matching in hue the color of his leathers, which, with a little interregnum to exhibit the texture of his stocking, were met by a

pair of not over thick, but very well cleaned, rather mahogany-colored top-boots: his cravat was white, and he retained the old-fashioned ruffle at the cuff instead of the modern wristband. In an evening, his lower man was encased in shorts and stockings, with shoes and buckles—the now almost discarded nankin breeches being his favorite costume for the summer. No wonder John Warde was popular, for he had a bright, cheerful, intelligent, friendly countenance, that, while it bespoke mirth and good humor, set every one at ease around him. Had we the pen of Washington Irving, we would make old Warde do duty for a thorough-bred sample of an old-fashioned English Gentleman.—Peace to his manes!

To return to the antipodes of what he was—the invalid list. The health-hunting fox-hunter is perhaps the least offensive of all the illegitimate off-shoots from the great sporting tree, being generally quiet timid men, always munching biscuits or looking at their watches to see if it is not time to go home to take their medicine. Moreover they are generally large subscribers, and good payers too, having no other use for their money than to buy physic, which perhaps they consider hunting saves them. The great Spas abound in men of this description, particularly Cheltenham, where the liverless Indians try to bump themselves flesh-color.

The coffee-house-ing fox-hunter is also pretty harmless, generally expending his jabber and nonsense before the hounds throw off. We knew a man of this description, who, either by chance or design, had located himself in the centre of a country abounding with hounds—generally having two, but sometimes three packs out on a day. He used to send a horse to one pack, and ride another to a second, and having “How-do-ye-do’d” that Field, would gallop off to see who there was out with the other, change his horse, and if he didn’t like his partners in the chase, he would proceed in quest of a third pack, or else try to rejoin the first. Strange to say, this man passed for a sportsman for half a season!

The dress fox-hunter is a terrible bore. These affect watering-places chiefly, though every Hunt has one or more such cattle. They are noisy, rattling, jabbering, rapid blockheads, always on the blab, or showing off before women. They are generally great swells—everything of the newest and most approved pattern, from the button at their hats to the spur at their heels. They mostly come up at the last moment, just as the Master has exhausted his patience in waiting, and are generally cased in some new-fangled contrivance for keeping that clean which was put on to be dirtied—at least such is the presumption; but the fact is, unless these men get dirtied in coming to covert, there is little chance of their getting so after, for if they stay the “find,” they are off at the first check, vowing that all chance of sport is over, and venting anathemas at a pig, a post, or a ploughman. Then see them on the *pavé* among the ladies—how they strut, how they swagger, how they ring their bright spurs upon the flags, and what lies they tell

about leaping ! Magistrates ought to have jurisdiction over these fellows.

An imaginary fox-hunter is a man who becomes desperately smitten towards the end of a season, or when he is half drunk, and makes all sorts of declarations as to how he will commence the next one. The former case is generally pure humbug, resorted to for the purpose of lady-catching, dinner-getting, or "soft-sawdering" somebody, as Sam Slick would say. We knew an old Cavalry Colonel who was desperately given that way; and regiments being moved in the spring of the year afforded him great opportunities for practising it. If there happened to be a woodland or late country that carried hounds on in the spring, our hero would appear the first opportunity after his arrival in an old mulberry lapped red coat that looked like business, and having introduced himself, or got somebody to introduce him, to the Master of the Hounds, would forthwith give him such a basting of butter as no mortal man could withstand—Horses splendid ! hounds perfection ! master unrivalled ! nothing could be better ! could never be sufficiently grateful to the Commander-in-Chief for sending him into that district—might he be allowed to take so great a liberty as to ask to see the hounds in kennel ?—(What Master could withstand such adulation ! such ardor !)—"Pray, my dear Sir, come over on Wednesday next, and dine and stay all night, and let us have a regular day of it in the kennel."—Thus the Colonel established a house for himself for the summer. As autumn drew on, his keenness increased : he was always riding over to see how the harvest got on—or to *dine*—and beseeching to be informed the very first day there was any possibility of their cub-hunting ;—"Any time ! day break ! middle of the night ! all was alike to him—he could not sleep a wink if there was any hunting going on." When it did begin, he took himself off to town.

There are many men who have made hunting a stepping-stone to society, and Nimrod we think it was who said that there is no better introduction for a young man of fortune than at the covert-side—an opinion we are inclined to concur in, provided the young man has gumption enough to keep himself in society when he gets there ; but if he merely goes in to get kicked out again, perhaps he may be better away altogether.

The "mahogany" fox-hunter, if we may christen those so who are eager only in their drink, are generally men who have some latent passion for the chase, repressed perhaps by circumstances or bodily infirmity. There are a good many of them, and it is amusing to hear how the proposed stud increases with the increased confidence produced by each succeeding bottle of wine. They generally get out of the difficulty next morning by pretending to be a little drunker than they were, and to have forgotten all about it.

The political fox-hunter is another class of sportsmen totally unthought of by our ancestors. Counties were not so liable to be disturbed in their days, and the Boroughs carried off the effervescence of party strife. Politics now have become as popular as

fox-hunting; every fellow talks of his political opinions, as if they were one of the necessities of life. We wish Peel would tax them.

We have thus in a rambling sort of way glanced at the various additions fox-hunting has received in modern times, and we think it will be admitted that if subscriptions had kept pace with the influx of followers, the Chase would be in a better condition than it is at present. On the "per contra" account, as the merchants would say, we are sorry to have to "write off" the once somewhat numerous and very respectable class of ecclesiastical sportsmen. The sporting parson of former days was invariably a good fellow—a good fellow in the field, a good companion in the evening, and a good man in his parish. We wish we could say as much for the new-fangled Jim-Crow-jumping set. Whenever we see one of these over-righteous men that "will not hunt, nor shoot, nor lute, nor flute, nor dine with the Squire on Sundays," we always wish for the good old days of bottle-noses and black boots. Agreeing perhaps with the Bishop who had no objection to his clergy hunting "provided they didn't tally-ho!" we would ask what harm it can do a parson to enjoy the exhilarating exercise and spirit-giving excitement of hunting? Will he not return to his parish a healthier, a happier, a more contented man? and will this communion with the works of his Creator render him less sensible of the duties he owes to the Most High? We think not. We have known many sporting parsons—we have many in our mind's eye at this moment; but we can safely aver we never knew a bad man or an insincere friend among them. Nay more; we will add, we never knew one but what was exemplary in the duties of his parish; and though they might not be quite so flash in the pulpit as some of the cushion-thumpers of the present day, their exemplary lives and their christian charities did far more towards promoting real religion and happiness among the people than all the cant, the mock humility, pretended abstinence, and humbug that characterises the rising generation of ecclesiastics of the present day.

Here, however, we are rather off our line, and will "whip off" altogether till another month.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for October, 1843.

THE CHOICE OF A HUNTER.

BY NIMROD.

DIFFICULT as it is for the pen to fulfil the task of the pencil, it is no less so, to express clearly, or to represent faithfully, the various points of an animal in common discourse.

In statuary, symmetry and completeness form a perfect figure, and if any of the component parts exceed or fall short of their due proportions, they are considered deformities. Again—in logic, what is beautiful is good. Such exactness, however, is not required in the horse, either to race or to hunt. In fact some of the best of each kind have been the ugliest of their day ; and one of the most perfect and stoutest hunters that ever I was master of, was the plainest I ever had in my stables. Nevertheless, there are certain indispensable requisites to goodness—especially so to carry such a weight as mine—and I will enumerate them ; and, afterwards, point out defects which are, in my opinion, fatal to horses required for the chase.

I will commence with the head, which it is not necessary should be handsome, provided it be well set on—that is, well hung on to the neck, with wide jaw-bones, and open vives. Indeed, in a hunter, I do not dislike seeing rather a long head, which is the reverse of a handsome one. The former denotes stoutness and good temper ; the latter, softness and irritability. That organ of organs, the eye, should be full and bright, but not of a fiery cast ; and I like rather a large ear. The eye of a horse is said to be a barometer of vigor ; how far this is strictly true, I will not undertake to pronounce, but certainly horses got by very old sires have the eye more sunken than others, and with a hollowness over it which is remarkable. Next is the neck, which is a most material point in a hunter. As they say in the schools—at least, as Seneca says —“ Non potest artifex mutare materiem,” and thus it is with a horse, who can never be made to carry his head in a good place—a *sine qua non* in a hunter—if his neck be loose and thin, appearing as if it had a joint in it, as the stag seems to have. The muscle called the splenius muscle, which passes along each side of the upper part of it, from the withers to the head, in fact, should be well developed and powerful, causing the neck to rise a little in the centre ; but not to too great an extent, or it would make the crest appear too high, and consequently heavy. A strong, and, if I may be allowed so to term it, a steady, neck in a hunter, is a fine point, and especially so as regards the comfort and safety of his rider, when in the act of leaping, as well as galloping over rough ground and grips. Then the shoulders are points that require to be perfect in a hunter. No horse, how good soever he may be in his nature, is fit to carry a gentleman over a country unless his shoul-

ders lie well back and are lengthy. I mean by this, that if they run into the neck instead of into the body, they come under the denomination of short shoulders, and the rider sits over the fore legs, instead of behind them. This not only gives him an unpleasant seat at all times, but on landing from a high fence, especially if the ground be deep, he feels as if his horse were about to fall on his head, and in truth he is in danger of so doing, from the centre of gravity being thrown forward beyond its proper base.

The fore legs of a hunter are not so material as the hinder ones—inasmuch as all jumping animals, beginning with the flea and the grasshopper, spring by means of their hinder legs—still it is desirable to have them perfect if we can get them so, and their proper form is this:—The arm, or fore thigh, should come well out of the shoulder, not inclining inwards, or the horse will be what is called “pinned in at his elbows,” which causes the leg to fall powerless behind the shoulders; and a horse so formed is always a bad horse in deep ground. The knee is a great point in a hunter; it should be flat and broad, and if appearing somewhat prominent, the better. The cannon, or shank, from the knee to the fetlock, should be of moderate length—perhaps the shorter the better—and the leg should be flat, not round, with sinews and bone distinct, the former appearing very firmly braced. It is not necessary that the bone should be large; on the contrary, moderately-sized bone, supported by broad and well-braced sinews and tendons, is found to constitute the firmest legs under high weights. In fact it is only those who are ignorant of the anatomical structure of animals, that fix the basis of strength in the bony substances alone, not considering the muscular appendages which constitute the main-spring of strength and action. In the purchase of a hunter, a keen eye should be directed to the state of his legs—the fore-legs especially—inasmuch as the age and probable services of a hunter may be said to be estimated by his legs. If the flexor tendons have been sprained so as to produce considerable thickening of the cellular substance in which their sheaths are enveloped, they will long afterwards be liable to sprains from causes by which they would otherwise be scarcely affected. Then, again, a considerable thickness around the sheaths of the tendons indicates previous sprains. All this is more easily detected in the legs of well bred horses, than in those which are low bred, and consequently comparatively fleshy, or “gummy,” as they are called by grooms. Neither must we overlook the fetlock, which is a great point in a hunter. It should be strong, and oblique, but certainly not short, as old writers on the horse recommend. Short fetlocks not only render horses slow in deep ground, but they produce foot lameness by not being a preventive of concussion necessarily produced by leaping and galloping. The hunter's foot should be wide at the heels, and generally of good diameter, as small feet sink into soft ground deeper than those which are large and broad: but an eye to moderation must be had to this point, as an over-large foot is an impediment to speed.

As I have already said, horses leap from their hinder legs, and

as galloping over any ground, in particular, is little less than a succession of leaps, well placed and powerful hind legs are essential. The hocks should be large and lean, the points of them projecting behind the body; the thigh muscular, and bent after the form of the ostrich's. Horses with straight hind legs can race, but they are seldom clever over a country, and are commonly hard pullers. Indeed a good judge in my neighborhood—rather fastidious, I admit—declared, he had never seen a horse that had straight hind legs with a good mouth, and fit to carry a gentleman. It is true that they do not pull together, as the term is, in their gallop, and are for the most part hard pullers, a great fault, for a hunter in his gallop should bend under his rider as though he were all over elastic, and his hinder legs should be thrown nearly under his fore quarters, in his gallop, to render him pleasant and safe to ride. A stiff-necked, stiff-shouldered, straight-backed, straight-hind-legged horse, cannot make either a pleasant or a safe hunter; it is in vain to attempt making him one.

With regard to standing over, as it is called, it is the true position of the limbs that causes one horse to stand over more ground in his stall than another which is otherwise formed, although possessing even a more extended frame. One of these essential points is, as I have already observed, the setting on of, and length in, the fore-arm, or part from the shoulder to the knee in the fore leg; and another in the declension of the haunch to the hock in the hind leg, which is termed "well let down in the thigh." It is, in fact, the having those points in excess, that enables the hare to describe a far greater circle, and cover more ground at one stroke, than any other animal of nearly double her size.

I have seen excellent hunters, with bodies of nearly all forms, although one is essential to excellence. This is, depth of brisket, or girth, as grooms call it, to afford room for the lungs to execute their function. Although I prefer horses for my weight that are thick through—that is to say, those which feel thick between your legs, as you sit upon them; still I have been very well carried by a horse narrow in this part of his frame, but very deep in his chest: and many of my hard-riding and heavy brother-sportmen, have experienced a similar fact; but how thick soever a horse may be between the legs of his rider, if he be not deep as well, he cannot carry a high weight to hounds. When the organs of respiration are fatigued, all animals are nearly powerless; and the want of wind makes the war-horse rebel in the manège, the draught-horse fall as if he were shot, the racer bolt out of the course, and the hunter run into his fences, not having the power to rise at them. Action, however, has much to do with good wind, as these organs are more or less fatigued according to the nature of those constituent and component parts by which smooth and easy action is produced. But as regards the body of a hunter, one precaution should be observed in the purchase of him. Never choose what is called an over-topped horse—that is, a horse whose body appears disproportionately large to his limbs. Horses of this description are not only given to tire, but, according to the stable proverb, that "light bodies

save legs," they scarcely ever stand many seasons' work. Of course a due proportion in this respect, as in most others, is desirable; but if it be departed from at all, a light body on strong legs is preferable, and many light-bodied horses, when good feeders, carry men to hounds for many successive years; they are indeed, generally, the most brilliant horses in a burst, if not in a long run.

As regards the size of horses, there is no precise rule to be laid down. In most animals, the point of perfection for strength and activity, lies at a middle distance between two extremes, and such appears to be the case with the horse. Nevertheless, it being a certain axiom in animal creation, that the parts which add to strength diminish swiftness; in other words, that strength and lightness are properties not often combined; the difficulty of finding horses to carry weight in a superior manner, will always exist, and although they are formed of various sizes as to *height*, they must have *substance*; and, generally speaking, some coarse points. Look for example at my Hudibras. He had wide hips, and they were ragged withal: but like broad shoulders in a man, they added to his strength. His height was fifteen hands, three inches, which I consider to be very good, although I should not object to another inch! Hunters of sixteen hands, and very good ones, are *rara aves*, but I confess I like the command their height gives you over the fences. I rode a horse called Wonder eight seasons, and never tired him, although he measured barely fifteen hands in height; but I am free to confess, that the fences appeared much higher, from his back, than they did from that of any other in my stud. Then again, weight in a hunter, tells against fences. If he cannot clear them, he breaks through them, without falling, which is not the case with those weeds we see ridden by light men, which are turned keel-upwards by almost every thing they touch.

As regards the weight of the rider, of the two extremes, of course the light man would have the pull; but my experience has convinced me that a good man, not exceeding fourteen stone with his saddle, will make a better fight over most countries, very close ones, certainly—than your good man of nine stone or ten stone will do. He will meet with fewer mishaps, and fewer obstacles, and if mounted as he should be, will live quite as long with hounds, let the pace be what it may. On Brighton downs, however, or over any light and hilly country, the light man would, of course, take the lead and keep it.

It signifies nothing, how well bred soever a horse intended for a hunter may be; unless he have that sort of action fitted for his work, it is in vain to expect that he should make one. In the first place, he must have energy in all his paces, but be entirely free from that exuberance of action which is admired in the war-horse, or the parade horse. In short, the old huntsman's metaphor of his mare carrying him like oil, is the best illustration of what I intend to convey respecting the action of a hunter. He should glide over his ground, without appearing to labor, and not be checked in his speed by deep or soft ground, or he will never see the beginning and end of a long and good run. His stride must not be too long

or he will be unsafe, and yet it must not be short ; but on his quickness in repeating it, will depend the speed he makes on all sorts of ground. All good natural properties are to be improved by art, if not perfected by practice ; and, as is the case in the human frame, when nature has finished her work, the dancing master is necessary to put it into motion, so the action of a horse is greatly to be improved by the aid of a judicious rider. I have found great benefit, for example, from having a horse, whose action did not please me, and especially when the fault lay in the shoulders—walked frequently down steep hills, and trotted over very rough fallows. The action of a horse's shoulder is best shown in his walk, which, though, perhaps some will smile when I say so, should somewhat resemble that of a woman. For example, the toe should be a little turned out, and there should be a graceful nod of the head, which is the best and surest criterion of sufficient liberty in the shoulders, as well as of the hinder legs coming well forward under the body. Nevertheless, you must not depend entirely upon any of these outward and visible signs. Although he may exhibit himself entirely to your satisfaction, on sound and hard ground, there may be some invisible cause which will render him a valueless brute, when ridden in a deep country. I was once completely taken in myself, in a purchase I made, and at a great price too, of a hunter which I had seen do a good day's work over the Cotswold hills, in the month of March, which proved not worth twenty pounds to carry my weight in the vale of Bicester. Let me then advise my readers never to purchase a hunter, without having a taste of him in soft ground, and the following is the best method of obtaining it. Take him into a field of which part is ploughed and part in stubble or grass, the latter quite sound and the former soft and tender. Let him gallop under you from the sound ground to the deep, and if he flinches much under you in the deep, do not have anything to say to him. The power to "go well in dirt," as the term is, as well as over ridge and furrow, is absolutely necessary in a hunter.

Again, as to the form in which a hunter should go over a country, there are, as may be supposed, various opinions amongst sportsmen. Some contend that he cannot carry his head too high, provided he be obedient to the hand, but I like a horse to carry his head low,—and for these reasons. First, he goes more easily to himself, as going in his natural state : secondly, he sees grips, and holes, and ant-hills, and all other uneven surfaces in the ground over which he passes, as also blind ditches, as they are called, and all others as well : thirdly, he is generally a high timber leaper, and for this plain reason : a plank, placed in equilibrio, cannot rise at one end, unless it sinks at the other, neither can a horse, who leaps at a high fence with his head very high, throw up his hinder parts so high, as when his head is lower.

I will now describe what I consider the principal defects in a hunter. I never buy a horse with a loose neck, slack loins, pinned elbows or straight hind legs. I never buy one with doubtful eyes, nor with only one eye, however good he may be in all other re-

spects ; the worst fall I ever had was from a one-eyed horse, and it was thus occasioned. He received a scratch in the good eye, by a thorn in a strong fence, which occasioned it to fill with water, and, consequently, having only an imperfect sight, he fell headlong over a strong oaken stile.

I never buy a horse who makes any noise in his throat, or his nose, either of which brings him under the denomination of a whistler, and is the first step to a roarer. Such a defect cannot be got rid of, and although I have seen many good hunters, whistlers, and even roarers, I am always apprehensive of the defect increasing, knowing that it cannot decrease. If I try a horse out of a dealer's stables, I always make allowance for his condition, in reference to his wind ; and do not condemn him as a bad-winded horse, because he may soon appear to be blown, when put to quick work, but I like to hear him snort strongly when pulled up, and recover himself quickly. When a horse exerts himself powerfully, a more ample supply of blood is required to sustain the energies of life, and the action of the muscles forces the blood more rapidly through the veins. Hence the quick and deep breathing of a horse at full speed ; hence the necessity of a capacious chest, in order to yield an adequate supply, and the connection of this capacity of the chest with the speed and endurance of the horse ; hence the wonderful relief which the mere loosening of the girth affords to a blown horse, enabling the chest to expand, and to contract to a greater extent, in order to yield more purified blood ; and hence the relief afforded by even a short period of rest—a mere “pull up” as we call it, for even a few minutes—during which this expenditure is not required, and the almost exhausted energies of these organs have time to recover. Here, then, appears the *necessity* of an ample chest for the accumulation of much flesh and fat ; for, if a considerable portion of the blood be thus rapidly changed, there must be provision for its rapid purification ; and that can only be effected by the increased bulk of the lungs, and the corresponding largeness of the chest, to contain them. I have gone, perhaps, somewhat at length, and technically, into this particular point, but it is a most material one as regards the hunter, or indeed any other description of horse from which great speed is required.

I likewise avoid hard pullers, they not only harass their rider but fatigue themselves ; and I am very careful in ascertaining that both sides of a horse's mouth are equally alive to the bit. The Italian proverb should always be borne in mind—namely, “He hath a good judgment, who doth not rely on his own,” and I should recommend my readers to take the opinion of some experienced sportsman, previous to giving high prices for hunters. I say “sportsman,” because I am convinced, that not more than one man in a hundred knows well what hunters should be, unless he has ridden them to hounds, many a day and oft. Let this, however, be a maxim. Buy them fresh on their legs, or you will surely repent of your bargain ; and when once you have got them into good condition, take care to keep them so.

NIMROD.

ON TRAINING THE RACE-HORSE.

BY COTHERSTONE.

Resumed from our last Number, page 655.

SWEATING.

This is an operation so essential in the art of training, that however unacquainted with the object, every tyro is conversant with the term, and even the most ignorant talk profoundly of the process. There are two principal motives for subjecting a horse that is to race, or any other animal destined to endure great exertion and perform feats of agility, to this ordeal; the one to unload the internal parts of the frame of all superfluous fat; and the other to free the body generally from the superabundance which is deposited among the muscles and the cellular membranes more immediately in contact with the external coat:—the first to give freedom to the respiratory organs, and set free the circulation; the second to increase the power and promote the enduring faculty of the muscles. All the superfluous internal fat which loads the parts surrounding the lungs and the heart must be carried off, in order to accomplish the first object; and nearly the same process will have a similar effect on the second point.

A horse may appear full of flesh without being muscular, that is, without the muscles possessing their full force of action and development, which cannot exist without exercise and that taken to a considerable extent. Fat may be described as the superfluous and oily portions of the blood, or perhaps more correctly termed an excess of certain properties which the blood is composed of, destined to produce the substance, and is found to be deposited in certain cells or reservoirs, being carried there by vessels adapted to that purpose, from the extremities of the arteries; thus the condition of the blood is so thoroughly identified with the animal, that whatever happens to disarrange or injure its quality must be attended with equivalent indisposition.

It is evident that the fatty particles are constantly being renewed by a deposit in the vessels which are ordained for its reception; they appear to afford some degree of support to the constitution, because long fasting is found to decrease the quantity very considerably.

Fat is found in the region of the stomach, about the kidneys, at the basis of the heart, and in the interstices of the muscles; in all which places it has the effect of impeding the function of those particular organs, when deposited in excessive quantities. The ordinary purpose of this oily humour appears to be for supplying moisture to all the parts with which it is surrounded. In moderate quantities, it facilitates the action of the muscles; besides which, it defends them from attrition, or, more familiarly expressing the

action, from friction. Thus it is clear that, whilst it is desirable to reduce its quantity within the bounds of moderation, it would be injurious to carry that process to an unlimited extent. That certain ordinations of nature will not suffer to be interfered with, is a principle which must be acknowledged on this occasion; and, when it is known that the substance in question is constantly being renewed, by its own power of absorption and peculiar faculty of depositing itself in such situations where it is required, it is very evident that constant propensity to renewal would not have been established unless its presence to a certain extent was essentially necessary.

It is on such occasions as these that the reason of man can be brought advantageously into co-operation with the faculties of nature, to increase the powers of animals and appropriate them to his use. So much of the superiority of the horse is dependent upon the muscular system, that it cannot be too minutely enquired into. The muscles are the means by which all the movements of the body are performed; anything, therefore, which tends to disarrange any of their functions must of necessity produce an equivalent difficulty of action, and thereby operate most powerfully on the speed of the animal.

The fibres of which muscles are composed are said to be placed in different directions, as, for example, some are parallel with the tendons, others run in an oblique direction, and some have the fibres running across or intersecting each other. That substance which we call flesh may be denominated the body of the muscle, the extremities of which, contracting into a more dense and a firmer substance, are distinguished by the name of tendon. These muscles are supplied with an immense number of blood-vessels and nerves. That peculiarity and delicacy of structure, combined with the circumstance of all motion being dependent upon the action of the muscles, is another reason for paying the utmost attention to the state of the circulation, as being productive of muscular power.

The origin of muscular action is a phenomenon which man has not yet been permitted to ascertain. Muscles possess a striking, a wonderful, and an unaccountable difference in their means of action. With some it is voluntary; as, for example, a man in health can move his arm or his leg, and by a succession of motions accomplish various evolutions, according to his desires; but how our desire to move any particular limb is effected, that is, from whence it takes place, remains a mystery. Nature in this, as she has done in many other instances, seems to have drawn a boundary to our investigation, beyond which, in all probability, human penetration will never be permitted to extend.

The heart, which is a muscular body, is not, however, subject to voluntary action; it continues its office night and day, so long as the blessing of life is allowed. Neither men or animals have any control over the action of their hearts, and if any violent measures are resorted to to operate upon its functions, fatal consequences must arise. The lungs, however, appear to be endowed with a twofold property; they may be said to possess a mixed power of

motion, as they are in some measure influenced by the will, because a man may hold his breath, during which period their action is restrained, but that can only be for a short time, and if violently constrained for a lengthened term, will produce the same consequences as any event might which had the effect of stopping the muscular action of the heart, and likewise produce death.

Increase of bulk does not always indicate increase of power; if it arises from an accumulation of fat it has an opposite effect, because it does not contribute to augment the volume of the muscles of which the limbs are composed, but by filling up the interstices may deceive an unpractised eye. At the same time, the muscles by constant work become more perfectly developed as they are liberated from the accumulated deposit. A healthy man or horse who is least disposed to be fat is generally muscular, and is usually endowed with muscle of a strong, fine, and firm texture.

According to the opinion of anatomists, when the action of the arteries is increased by active labor, the blood becomes more fluid. This is a reasonable proposition to imagine, because if it were not so, animals would be in danger of bursting the vessels whenever they were put to accelerated motion. Thus the economy of the system is preserved throughout, and arranged for the accommodation of each function; so that danger is not readily at hand unless courted by the indiscretion of man, or created by some unavoidable accident.

It is advisable with most horses to prepare them on the day previously to sweating in much the same way as if they were intended to run. If of a good average constitution, and quite well, a good steady gallop may with propriety be exacted at the usual time for exercise; the length and pace must be regulated by the judgment of the trainer or person who directs such matters, but on general occasions from one mile and a half to a mile and three-quarters may be taken as the standard, commencing at a steady pace nearly or quite half-way, and augmented by degrees to three-parts speed to the end. The stomach and bowels must not be overloaded, or the consequences will not be exempt from danger. The quantity of water which is to be given at the time of going to stable in the evening must not exceed thirty or thirty-five go-downs, and the allowance of hay must be restricted to a single or double handful at the utmost; after that is eaten, if a gluttonous feeder and in the habit of eating the litter, the muzzle must be put on, but if it can be dispensed with, so much the better, as it is very apt to make horses whose tempers are readily excited very nervous, and the reminiscences frequently produce effects when the preparation for a race renders the use of the muzzle more imperative, which are difficult to contend with.

The process of sweating is carried on by galloping the horse in a quantity of clothing, the proportion of which must be guided by the state of the weather, the condition of the animal, and, as connected with that, the degree of reduction sought for. The peculiar characteristics of the horse, such as the points where he is most loaded, will determine how the sweaters are to be adapted.

Thus, if he be heavy about his neck and shoulders, a breast sweater will be required ; this is usually made by dividing a common rug down the middle, and sewing two ends together. Whatever clothing the horse is to sweat in, in putting it on, the rug or rugs are to be put on the body first ; one end of the breast-sweater is then placed transversely on the horse's back, over the clothing on the near side, just behind the shoulders, so that it may be secured by the saddle ; it is then brought forward across the chest, turned over the neck, passed again forward across the chest, and carried to the off side, so that the end may fall into precisely the same place on that side as the other commenced with. The saddle is then adjusted, great attention being observed that all the rugs or sweaters lie perfectly smooth. The bridle is then put on ; over that the required number of hoods. Such other appointments, as bandages or boots, as the horse is accustomed to in his ordinary exercise must not be forgotten. Dry clothing is to be taken to the scene of action, unless it be so near to the stables that the horse returns to them to be scraped ; in either case it must be prepared so as to be in readiness when the ceremony of scraping has been performed. The usual mode of proceeding is to fold up the quarter-piece once, lay it in a stall or other convenient place ; the hood and breast-cloth are then laid upon it, and some dry hay-bands. They are to be all rolled up in the quarter-piece, and two rubbers tied around it ; the things are thus conveniently carried without any apprehension of their being lost. A bottle full of water, a scraper, and a sponge, complete the paraphernalia, all of which must be carried either on a hook or by a boy in attendance, or upon occasion may be taken on the horse about to be sweated ; that is, if he be tolerably quiet, because as the lad who rides him must take the bundle of clothing before him, it is obvious that any difficulty he may have to contend against in managing the horse will be increased by the attention requisite in supporting the burden which he has in charge. Three persons ought to be at hand whenever a horse is scraped after sweating, one to hold his head, and the other two to rub him dry ; the trainer or head lad usually occupies the first post, and when two or more horses sweat together, divides his time between each, assisting and directing as he may see fit.

Before starting to sweat, a horse should walk at least half an hour, when he takes a steady canter, about half a mile, to prepare him for the ordeal which he is about to undergo ; after which, having walked again for a short time, he is in a fit state to proceed to the place of starting and go over the sweat, the distance of which must be varied according to circumstances. The judgment shown on this point will very materially determine whether the individual who has the management is competent to the task of training a race-horse. Many there are who sweat horses at stated periods, whether they want it or not ; and others there are who neglect it when necessary, because they fancy the usual time has not elapsed since the last event took place ; and thus they make a practice of working by rule that which is constantly subject to

various casualties, and which ought to convince them that no such principles can act equally, even with the same horse, under different circumstances, more especially with several of opposite constitutions. From three to five miles are the distances assigned to this purpose, and the former is quite far enough for any horse to go at first. As he gets into higher condition, if he happens to be a strong-constituted horse, five miles will on some occasions be necessary; but great caution should always be observed never to require more from him than his constitution, temper, and courage can safely endure. It is far better that he be sweated more frequently than that he ever be over-worked on one day; an event which he will perhaps not overcome in constitution for a considerable length of time, and perhaps will not forget as long as he lives.

The first mile of the distance ought to be gone over at a very moderate pace, gradually increasing it to the conclusion, when it may be carried on to a little more than half speed, during the last half or perhaps three-quarters of a mile. The objects in sweating horses are to reduce their bulk, or, with light-fleshed horses, which are generally sweated stripped, to send them a distance for the sake of rendering their lasting powers effectual. Some horses sweat much more readily than others, a circumstance which must not be forgotten; others there are that appear very difficult to sweat, that will be found to be considerably reduced in their bulk on the following day. These phenomena are identified with the constitution; therefore the treatment must be regulated accordingly. When the horse has gone the distance required, and is pulled up, his mouth should be washed with water from the bottle, as it will greatly refresh him, at the same time that it will induce him to break out more copiously. When two or more horses sweat together (and it is desirable that they should, if it can be so arranged), the lad who is most experienced as to pace should ride the one that is to cut out the work; and if there be any difference in the disposition of the animals, the one which is the freest goer will be put to lead; if he be of an impetuous disposition, that arrangement is imperative. Other horses there are which require some excitement to induce them to go at the necessary pace; that may be accomplished by another horse going up to them at a certain distance from home, challenging them, and running on to the end with them, by way of encouragement. Sometimes this is done with the horses which are going together over the sweat, but whether that be desirable or not depends upon circumstances. If one be a very free horse, his powers will be sacrificed to the interest of his companion, which is not fair; and it is much more commendable to let some other horse which may not be sweating fall in at whatever distance he is intended to gallop, and thus he will be doing his own regular work, at the same time that he is assisting as a schoolmaster to the other. It is at all times an experiment which should be cautiously encountered; nothing tends more to the destruction of a horse's courage than the impolitic system of hustling him when he is in difficulty. If he really be

distressed by the pace and distance which he may have been required to perform, and another horse comes up and runs with him whilst he is in distress, it will very probably sour his temper, and be the cause of his shutting up when running a race. If men would on all occasions assign to horses that degree of sagacity which they merit, this and similar errors would be avoided. There cannot be a greater error in this operation than that of suffering horses to go over-fast, especially at the commencement. If a horse becomes blown, he will never sweat half so freely as he ought to do; and consequently, if subjected to such treatment, comes to the post stale on his legs and heavy in his body.

London Sporting Review for October, 1843.

Notes of the Month.

D E C E M B E R .

Sales of Stock at the Fairs of the American Institute.—Our respected neighbor of the "American Agriculturist," gives, in his last number, a review of the late annual Fair of the Institute, in which after dwelling at some length upon the character and appearance of the Stock exhibited, he proceeds to remark as follows:—

After the Show was over, a considerable number of sales were made at fair prices, and more would have been effected, had it not been announced by Mr. Miller, that a sale at auction would take place the next day. With this the American Institute had nothing to do, and their officers publicly disavowed any sanction whatever of it; but as their contract for the Gardens ended on the evening of the *second* day of the Show, of course they had no control in the matter, and if parties chose to sell on the *third* day, they could not help it. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by those who did not wish to sell their stock at auction, and we are authorized by the officers of the Institute to say thus much to free them from any blame in the matter. We look upon the auction system of sales upon an occasion like this as *decidedly bad*, and the stockmen ought to put their faces against it. Fair sales we believe never have been made under the hammer at the show-yard, and we are free to say that they never will be; the moment animals are thus put up, gentlemen at once become shy to purchase, and will not bid with half the confidence and liberality as at a private sale. It is much better for the contracting parties to meet each other face to face, and make their own bargains; and it is the intention of the Institute to engage their grounds for three days another year, so as to give those time enough, bringing stock here, to conduct their sales in a private way. In attending the different agricultural shows this season, many things have occurred to us which, if adopted, we are satisfied would be a great improvement. We shall revert to this subject hereafter.

We regret that our contemporary should have taken this view of the subject of auction sales, as do several of his best friends among the breeders of this section. One of the prominent objects of an annual Fair—as we understand it—is to bring together a great variety of the best stock of the country, which of itself is inducement sufficient to attract the attention and command the attendance of a great number of breeders, and agriculturists generally. Instead of disposing of the stock at private sale, at long prices, it has hitherto been the

boast of the friends of the Institute that not only was the best stock offered for sale but that it was sold at public auction, so that small breeders and farmers had an opportunity of making purchases at prices within their means. It has been understood that, prompted by the most praiseworthy and patriotic impulses, several of the most distinguished breeders in this section have cheerfully parted with drafts of their herds, by sales at auction, which would have commanded three times the amount at private sale. One gentleman, in particular, who is anxious to improve the stock of the country, and to give eclat to the Institute, annually orders his surplus stock to be sold at auction at whatever price it will fetch, so that small farmers may have an opportunity of purchasing cheap. He does not shut out, to be sure, any one, from the competition, but it would hardly be deemed fair or honorable for gentlemen of large means to be seen bidding and running up the price of the animals, when aware that their owner was selling at a sacrifice, from the purest and best motives. At the late Fair, the gentleman referred to, sold at auction for \$42,50, a Durham calf, about six months old, which, at private sale, would have commanded \$200, and to which was awarded the Gold Medal, as the best of its class exhibited. An application, within our knowledge, was made for its purchase at private sale. "Not for five thousand dollars," was the reply; "it will be sold at auction for what it will bring." Last year the same circumstance occurred, with the same eminent and public spirited individual, who sold a yearling Durham bull for \$50 at auction, which would have sold at private sale for four or five times as much. We should like to have the opinion of our correspondents on this subject.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK AT NASHVILLE.

Our special correspondent at Nashville, Tenn., furnishes the following report of the sale of the valuable Blood Stock of Lucius J. Polk, Esq., and the late Rufus K. Polk, at that place, during the late races:—

<i>Fop</i> , grey stallion, imported in 1836; by Stumps, dam by Fitzjames, out of Imp. Leviathan's dam by Windle, &c.—Sold to Gen. W. T. HARDING.....	\$2000
<i>Ambassador</i> , ch. c., the winner of the "Alabama Stakes," by Plenipotentiary, out of Imp. Jenny Mills by Whisker, 4 yrs—JOHN R. BRANCH, Esq.....	3950
<i>Trinket</i> , brood mare, imported in 1838, by Godolphin, out of Filagree, with a filly at her foot by Imp. Ainderby, and in foal to Imp. Priam—Maj. J. M. HUGER, of Mobile, Ala.....	800
<i>Vaga</i> , ch. m. imported; by Lismahago, out of Lady Byron by Sir Ulric, and in foal to Imp. Fop—JAMES PORTER, Esq., of La.....	100
<i>Rosalind</i> , b. m., imported; by Paulowitz, out of Isadora by Blucher; stunted to Imp. Fop—Maj. J. M. HUGER, of Ala.....	210
<i>Defence</i> , ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Rosalind—Judge MILLER.....	155
<i>Cypress</i> , ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Jenny Mills by Whisker—L. BRIEN, Esq.....	510
<i>Vagabond</i> , ch. c. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Vaga—L. BRIEN, Esq.....	155
<i>Raleigh</i> , br. g. 3 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby—Imp. Tunica—J. H. WILSON, Esq.....	230
<i>Miss Garforth</i> , ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby—Famine by Arab—H. CLARKSON, Esq.....	205
<i>Cutlass</i> , gr. i. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe—Imp. Venetia—THOS. KIRKMAN, Esq.....	290
<i>Gr. f. 3 yrs. old</i> , by Imp. Ainderby, out of Lelia Burns—V. K. STEVENSON, Esq.....	210
<i>Bauble</i> , ch. f. 2 yrs. old, by Eclipse, out of Imp. Trinket—R. R. MORSE, Esq., of Miss Ch. f., yearling, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Trinket—Geo. W. CHEATHAM, Esq.....	255
<i>Purity</i> , br. f. 2 yrs. old, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Betsey Martin by Giles Scroggins—BE*J. JOHNSON.....	301
<i>The Colonel's Daughter</i> , b. f. 4 yrs. old, by The Colonel, out of Imp. Variella, sister to Voltaire—JAS. H. WILSON.....	525
<i>Vagrant</i> , ch. c. 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga—Geo. W. MARTIN, of Miss.....	610

Our Nashville correspondent furnishes a report of the following sales of Stock the property of E. H. BOARDMAN, Esq., of Huntsville, Ala.

<i>Adana</i> , ch. m., imported in 1837; by Sultan, out of Rachel—Sold to Hon. M. P. GENTRY.	
<i>Amina</i> , b. m., imported in 1837; by Gaberlunzie—Luna—Col. ROBT. ELLIOTT, of Ala.	
<i>B. m.</i> , bred by Mr. Burgess, imported in 1836; by Woful, out of Allegretta—Col. B. JOHNSON, of Tenn.	
<i>The Nun's Daughter</i> , br. m., imported in 1837; by Filho da Puta, dam by Rubens—Col. P. M. BUTLER, of S. C.	
<i>Hope</i> , ch. m., imported in 1837; by Rubens, dam by Haphazard—Dr. D. T. MCGAVOCK.	
<i>Vamp</i> , br. m., imported in 1835; by Langar—Wire (sister to Whisker)—G. W. POLK, of Tenn.	
<i>B. f.</i> by Imp. Consul, by Wotul, out of Allegretta, 4 yrs.—M. R. COCKERILL.	
<i>Br. f.</i> by Imp. Consul, out of b. m. by Olympus, 4 yrs.—Col. B. JOHNSON.	

"*Cavalry Movements*" at Nashville.—Our correspondent writes that *Liatuna*, by Imp. Ainderby, out of Imp. Jenny Mills, has gone into the stable of THOMAS KIRKMAN, Esq.

The b. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Exotic, 3 yrs., was sold at auction, and bought by Gen. W. G. HARDING, for \$161.

Ambassador, the winner of the Alabama Stake, has gone into the stable of Capt. HENRY M. CLAY, of Nashville, under the charge of JOHN NICHOLLS, his trainer.

Trinket, the 4 yr. old filly by Andrew, out of Wagner's dam, has been disposed of to Gov. BUTLER, who will take her to Louisiana.

Mr. Kirkman's Stable.—We hear that Van Leer has left Nashville with Mr. Kirkman's stable, for Plaquemine, Louisiana; it comprises Peytona, Cracovienne, Saartin, *Liatuna*, and several others. He will take up his quarters there until the 1st of Dec., and then go down to New Orleans.

SHERIDAN vs. ANDREWS.—The long anticipated Foot Race of 100 Yards, between Sheridan, of the Gymnasium, and Geo. H. Andrews, late of the Tremont Theatre, came off lately at the East Boston Cricket and Archery Grounds. The race was won by Sheridan by "about a feet," in 9½ seconds. Andrews lately carried off the prize of a silver cup, given by the "Robin Hood Archers" for the best shot. We are glad to hear that "George" has got so good "a shot in his locker."

Stopping Runaway Horses.—It appears that at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a communication was made respecting a new, and, as it is stated, perfectly efficacious mode of preventing horses from taking flight and running away when in harness. Hitherto, several means, all of them imperfect, have been devised to prevent accidents of this nature. One of them most in favor is a mechanism for detaching horses from the traces, and setting them suddenly free, but the mechanism is not always certain in its action: and it can be easily comprehended that, if the horse take fright on a descent, the sudden detaching of the carriage may be attended with very great danger. The author of the paper before the Academy proposes a very simple remedy. Having remarked that horses rarely take fright at night (the paper says never, but this is a mistake, for there have been instances of the kind), the author imagined that all that was necessary, in order to check a horse when running away, was to cause him to be visited with temporary blindness; and in order to do this, he contrived, by means of a spring connected with the reins, to cover the eyes suddenly. This was done when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, he says, without seeing their way, than would a man afflicted with blindness. The theory of the invention is so reasonable that we are strongly disposed to believe in the practicable utility of it, and we sincerely trust that we may not be disappointed.

Fanny Wyatt.—This fine performer, so well known throughout the country, from her great race with Lady Clifden, Picton, and Mingu, on Long Island, recently died in Virginia. She has left two colts of the highest promise.

Mr. YOUATT, the principal editor of the London "Veterinarian," and author of the standard work on "The Horse"—two or three editions of which have been published in this country—is said to be engaged on a work intended to be a history of "The Dog." As the "friend" of man, dogs stand eminently conspicuous, from the time that they were sculptured at the feet of the Lares, protecting with them the domestic threshold, down to Byron's, whose epitaph, though framed in misanthropy was based on truth. In our sports he is the "fidus Achates;" in the northern regions he is the animal of draught, harnessed to the sledge; and in all countries he is the preserver of our life in one of the most magnificent developments of his species. Mr. Youatt tells us that "he has seen a Newfoundland dog who, on five distinct occasions, preserved the life of a human being: and it is said of the noble quadruped, whose remains constitute one of the most interesting specimens in the museum of Berne, that forty persons were rescued by him from impending destruction."

The Racing Calendar.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

After all the announcements and advertisements, and paragraphs, upon the subject of Fashion's meeting Register and Regent, at the Mount Vernon Course, the whole thing has fallen through! After teasing and badgering, and challenging, the Northern Champion to come within sight of the Old Dominion, she is ingloriously allowed to *walk over* when she accepts of the invitation! Yes, to walk over for the Jockey Club Purse with Register, Blue Dick, and other cracks, within one hour's travel of the course! With many others in this city, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, we thank our lucky stars we were not of the number who were humbugged into making the journey by the "gammon and spinnach" of Colonel Mershon's handbills and advertisements. His repeated announcements, through the local papers and in handbills, up to the very day before the race, that "Register *certain*, and probably others," would meet Fashion, are scandalous to the last degree. On the 5th instant, the day before the race was to have come off, he published the following "Card," in large type, in the Alexandria "Gazette:"—

The anxiety of some men to attend more minutely to the business of others than to their own, has induced them, *very* kindly, to imagine that there would be no competitor to start against Fashion on Friday next. I have no time to thank those gentlemen for their most charitable speculations, but simply to inform the Public (through the Gazette) that Register *certain*, and probably others, will meet her ladyship on that day, animated by a laudable ambition, and cherishing a hope that he is second to none.

WM. MERSHON,

Alexandria, Oct. 5.

Proprietor Race Course.

We suspect that Mershon's advertisement of an *Inside Stake* of \$500 each between Fashion, Register, and Regent, was also entirely unauthorized by the parties, yet he published it in several papers.

The annexed particulars of the meeting are all that have reached us:—

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$100 each. h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. John M. McCarty's c. *Grasshopper*, by Imp. Emancipation 1 1
Competitors unknown. Time, 2:02—2:03.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Ed. J. Wilson's br. c. *Gosport*, by Imp. Margrave, dam by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs.... 1 1
Competitors unknown. Time, 1:54—1:54½.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats. Samuel Laird's (J. Longstreet's) ch. h. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, aged..... Jos. Laird. 1 1

Mr. Brooke's *Mountaineer* * *

T. R. S. Boyce's b. m. *Modesty* * *

Time. 3:59½—3:53½.

Here is Mershon's advertisement of Thursday's sport:—

THIRD DAY, Thursday—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, two mile heats, sub. \$200 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. This stake closed the 15th Sept. with only two subs., therefore it will be kept open for further entries until Monday, the 2d day of Oct., by consent of parties. The Proprietor will pay a forfeit sooner than miss the race, though I am satisfied there will be two more entries.

No race took place!

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$1000, conditions as before, and, according to the Proprietor's advertisements and handbills, "an *Inside Stake* of \$500 each between Fashion, Register, and Regent." Four mile heats.

S. Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. m. *Fashion*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs walked over,

We have already expressed our belief that the inside stake was "a bounce!" As to the purse of \$1000, however, we understand the payment of it was guaranteed.

ranteed should Fashion win it, and we add, in all sincerity, we *wish she may get it!*

The "National Intelligencer," speaking of this matter, remarks that

The Mount Vernon Course on Friday last was covered with an immense company of visitors, some of whom had travelled sixty miles, in the hope and expectation of witnessing the great race between Fashion and Register; but the company was destined to undergo a severe disappointment, as no competitor of that celebrated and fortunate racer appeared on the course. Lady Fashion was, however, exhibited to the view of the numerous company, and was galloped round the course merely for the amusement of the spectators, who followed her around the circle with eager curiosity.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for all ages, weights as before. Three subs. at \$100 each, P. P., and \$100 added by the proprietor. Two mile heats.

James M. P. Newby's ch. c. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, dam by Contention, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Col. Wm. Duval's br. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky, dam by La'ayette, 6 yrs.....	2	2
G. W. Williams' b. m. <i>Duchess</i> , by Coronet, dam by Tariff, 5 yrs.....	pd.	ft.

Time, 3:51—3:55.

The "National Intelligencer" says of this race that

It was a well contested race, both horses running neck to neck for some length of time. After the race, the members of the Jockey Club, and a number of other gentlemen, amounting to nearly one hundred persons, sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared in handsome style by Mr. Walker of the National Refectory, and Mr. Lafon, of this city. The day being very fine and the course being in good order, the company seemed highly to enjoy themselves, notwithstanding the great disappointment occasioned by a failure of the great race between Fashion and Register, as publicly announced in the newspapers of the District.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Purse \$250, ent. 10 per cent. added, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

B. G. Harris' (Dr. Neal's) b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat, out of Peggy White by Diomed, 7 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. —'s ch. h. <i>Tom Walker</i> , by Marylander, dam by Rattler, aged.....	2	*

Time not stated. * Sulked, and was stopped.

A correspondent of the Alexandria "Gazette," the editor of which, Mr. SNOWDEN, is the mayor of the city, remarks in the course of a communication on the subject, "the incidents of the last week connected with the announcements of the race with Fashion would, it is presumed, destroy any race course," and the writer congratulates his fellow citizens that the one there, under Mer-shon's management, is effectually used up.

RICHMOND, VA., BROAD ROCK COURSE.

We are indebted to the courteous attention of a friend for the annexed report of the Broad Rock meeting, which we have not seen alluded to in the Richmond papers.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Purse \$100, ent. \$10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Director, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Walden's ch. c. <i>Alexander</i> , by Bucanier, dam by Contention, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Col. Wm R. Johnson's gr. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Ironette by Contention, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 1:53—1:54.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Isham Puckett's b. f. <i>Fanny Robertson</i> , by Imp. Priam—Arietta by Virginian, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Kennon's b. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Canary by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.....	2	3
John Cheatham's b. h. by Imp. Priam, out of Mischief by Virginian, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:53—3:57.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$300, ent. \$20, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. D. Watson's ch. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberose by Arab, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Geo. Walden's bl. h. <i>Black Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Pamunky, 4 yrs.....	3	2
Isham Puckett's b. f. by Andrew, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs.....	2	3

Time, 5:52—5:56.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$1000, P. P. Two mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus by Virginian, 3 yrs.....	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Multiflora by Director, 3 yrs.....	2	2

Time, 3:53—3:59.

A good week's sport. The races were well contested, and the weather fine. T. P.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

We are indebted to the "National Intelligencer" for the substance of the annexed report.

TUESDAY, Oct. 10, 1843—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs	1	1	1
A. S. Grigsby's bl. h. <i>St. Pierre</i> , by Pamunky, dam by Lafayette, 6 yrs	4	3	2
W. Mershon's (Wm. H. Noland's) b. f. <i>Gulnare</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of own sister to Sarah Washington, 4 yrs	3	4	3
H. Linthicum's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliath, 3 yrs	2	2	dist.
Col. Forbes' ch. c. <i>Gwinn</i> , by Hampton, dam by Rob Roy, 3 yrs	5	5	dist.
Time, 1:54—1:54½—1:57.			

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 11—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.			
Samuel Laird's (J. Longstreet's) ch. h. <i>Clarion</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, aged	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	3	1 1
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kate Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 4 yrs		1	2 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs		2	3 3
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Medora by John Richards, 3 yrs		4	dist.
Time, 3:49½—3:47—3d heat not reported.			

This is said to have been an unusually fine race, affording high diversion to all the votaries of the turf who were present. The contest lay between the three first named horses, Clarion being the favourite; bets were made largely upon him against the field. When the horses, however, appeared on the course, Senator became the favourite, and odds were given in his favor against any named horse. To the astonishment, however, of the knowing ones, Kate Harris won the first heat in three minutes and forty-nine and a half seconds, Senator pushing her to the winning post, Clarion being third, and the bay colt just saving his distance. Bets now ran largely on Kate Harris against the field. At the second heat the horses came up in fine style, Kate Harris taking the lead and retaining her position to the back stretch of the second mile; Clarion then made a brush at her and passed her, winning the heat by about a length and a half, in the unusually short time of three minutes and forty seven seconds. Kate Harris, the second in this heat, Senator third, the Bay colt distanced. Betting again changed, and Clarion was the favourite against the field. He took the lead and kept it to the end, Kate Harris second, and Senator third. The race course was more numerously attended to-day, and those sportsmen who were present had a most gratifying day of it.

THURSDAY, Oct. 12—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.			
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs		1	1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs		2	2
Time, 5:52—5:57.			

Blue Dick, it seems, dodged Fashion, after all the hue and cry made about his "catching her away from home!" He beat Pryor with ease.

FRIDAY, Oct. 13—Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.			
Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner and Yamacraw's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	<i>Jos. Laird.</i>	1	1
J. M. P. Newby's ch. h. <i>Winchester</i> , by Clifton, dam by Contention, 5 yrs		3	2
Col. Duvall's (Dr. Neal's) b. h. <i>Rienzi</i> , by Imp. Autocrat—Peggy White, 7 yrs		2	dr
Time, 8:10—8:07.			

Of this race (!) the "National Intelligencer" speaks as follows:—

There were probably not less than three thousand persons on the Washington Course yesterday to witness the race between the celebrated mare Fashion, Winchester, and Rienzi. The ladies attended in great number—their stand being crowded. We also noticed several ladies in private carriages. The President of the United States and family, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney General, honored the course with their presence. The course and stands presented altogether a more lively and animated spectacle than has been witnessed here since the days of Eclipse and Sir Charles. The race came off at the appointed hour, 2 o'clock. The contending racers started handsomely, Fashion taking the lead, followed closely by Rienzi, Winchester running within his distance. In this position they remained during the first heat.—Time, 8:10. The second heat was contested by Fashion and Winchester, Rienzi being lame, was withdrawn. During this heat, for nearly a mile, the running caused consid

derable excitement, Winchester making great exertions, and running neck and neck with his gallant competitor. But this did not last long, Fashion again taking the lead and retaining it to the end.

BALTIMORE, MD., KENDALL COURSE

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1843—The Ladies' Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.

Nine subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.	
Otway P. Hare's ch. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Canary by Sir Charles	1 1
S. C. Reese's (Dr. Thos. Payne's) ch. f. by Imp. Priam—Agnes by Mons. Tonson ..	2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, out of Erarte by Eclipse	3 3
Thos. D. Watson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Tuberose	p.ft.
Townes & Wilhamson's by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Eubanks	p.ft.
Col. Francis Thompson's gr. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Laura by Rob Roy	p.ft.
Col. Wm. L. White's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Cossut by Sir Charles	p.ft.
P. A. Prindle's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles	p.ft.
Henry K. Toler's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Gipsev	p.ft.

Time, 3:56—4:00.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, carrying 3 yr. olds' weights. Five subs. at \$25 each, h. ft. One mile.

John Goodwin's (J. Campbell's) nomination by Critic	0 1
T. R. S. Boyce's nomination	0 2
George Loudenslager's nomination	0 0

Time, 1:58—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Three mile heats

E. J. Wilson's b. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine, by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs	2 1 1
Otway P. Hare's (Thos. D. Watson's) b. m. <i>Yellow Rose</i> , by Andrew, out of Tuberose by Arab, 5 yrs	1 2 2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone—Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 y dist.	
S. J. Logwood's bl. h. <i>Black Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Pamunky, 5 yrs. ...	dist.

Time, 5:54—5:51—5:59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's dam) by Comus, 3 yrs	rec. ft.
F. R. S. Boyce's c.	pd. ft.
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. c.	pd. ft.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Gohanna, 4 yrs ...	2 2
Otway P. Hare's (J. Goodwin's) b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Virginia, 3 yrs	3 3
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	4 dist
H. Linthicum's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliath, 3 yrs	5 dr
J. Goodwin's b. c. <i>Walter</i> , by Mazeppa, out of Josephine, h yrs	6 dr
J. W. McPherson's c. <i>Christmas George</i> , by Pamunky, 4 yrs	dist.

Time, 3:47—3:48.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$800, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs	Jos. Laird. 1 1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs	Craig 2 dr
Time of first mile	1:55
" " second mile	1:53½
" " third mile	1:52
" " fourth mile	1:55

Time of the Heat - - - - - 7:35½

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's b. g. by Imp. Emancipation, 3 yrs	2 1 1
H. Linthicum's b. c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Goliath, 3 yrs	1 2 2
T. W. McPherson's b. m., 6 yrs	dist.

Time, 1:50—1:53—1:57.

NATCHITOCHEs, LOUISIANA.

The annual Fall Meeting of the N. J. Club commenced on Monday, the 23d October. The turn-out was splendid and no track in the Union ever exhibited a greater display of beauty, wealth, and fashion, than the N. J. Club Course at this place. Too much credit cannot be given to Col. Blanchard, the President, and Mr. A. Leconte, the Vice President, for their untiring exertions to render it a point of sufficient attraction for the concourse of persons, who were in daily attendance. The arrangement of the stands, the beauty of the track, and the decorum observed by all the visitors cannot be too highly laud-

ed; gayety, sociability, and a determination to enjoy this rational sport was apparent in all. The course was crowded at an early hour, and we counted 180 ladies in the stand at 12 o'clock. The beauty of the day, the flying of our national flags, the inspiring music of the Italian Band, which was stationed in the Judges stand, together with the blaze of beauty arrayed opposite to us, was splendid and imposing in the extreme. In fact we believe that the history of *Old Nackitosh*, should commence from the 23d Oct. Such a week's sport was never seen by the oldest inhabitants of our village, and it was well it did not last longer, for *Horse Mania* was epidemic—some were violently affected, all partially; neither sex nor age was exempt, but with the termination of the Races, the disease was arrested, and we are now settling down to ordinary rationality.

MONDAY, Oct. 23, 1843—Purse \$150, ent. \$10, for 3 yr. olds that have been in the Parish one year, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

Lecomte & Co.'s br. c. <i>Picolo</i> , by Lord Byron, out of Nick Biddle's dam.....	2	1	1
Wm. Hunter's b. f. <i>Huntress</i> , by Grey Eagle, dam by Constitution.....	3	dist.	
T. B. Linnard's (J. G. Campbell's) b. f. <i>Cutty Sark</i> , by Lord Byron, out of Kitty Clover by Eclipse.....	1	dr	

Time, 2:07—2:06.

Picolo was the favorite against the field. He shewed point and condition, and is really a very fine colt. *Cutty Sark* had some backers that she would take the Purse, but it was known that she had been taken up but a short time before the Race, and there was a want of confidence in her capacity for endurance among the betters. She is a beautiful animal of fine size and blood, and will certainly at some future time make a reputation for herself. The Grey Eagle filly was entered merely for the purpose of producing sport, her condition was notoriously bad—and her position in the race did not disappoint any one. Her enterprising owner has evinced a fondness for the turf, which promises a closer contest for the Colt Race at the next annual meeting.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Match for \$100, put up and put up. One mile.

Henry Hertzog's <i>Wild Cat Jr</i>	1
B. V. Cortes' <i>Old Sorrel</i>	2

Time, 2:02.

This was a well contested race, *Wild Cat* winning by about three feet.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

A. Carnell's (J. Chambers') Imp bl. f. <i>Queen Ann</i> , by Camel, dam by Langar, 3 yrs	1	1
Lecomte & Co.'s b. m. <i>Fortune</i> , by Imp. Tranby, out of Ann Page, 6 yrs.....	3	2
B. Davidson & Co.'s br. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , by Imp. Tranby—Diomed by Florizel, 4 y	2	3
Thos. J. Wells' ch. g. <i>Hugh Carlan</i> , by Imp. Glencoe—Aronetta by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	4	4
R. Totin & Co.'s ch. h. <i>Zimma</i> , by Ulysses, dam by Stockholder, 7 yrs.....	dist.	

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:01	Time of first mile.....	2:04
" " 2d ".....	2:03	" " 2d ".....	2:00

Second Heat.

Time of first heat.....	4:04	Time of second heat.....	4:04
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Track heavy.

Queen Ann's reputation for size, beauty, and blood, had reached here long before her majesty arrived, and none were disappointed—she is a perfect *wax figure*, and all believed that she would rake down the *socks*. *Fortune* was known to be as game a piece of horse flesh as was ever wrapped in hide; her weight killed her—the poor little thing did not disappoint us—she was always close along side, but it was no go—*Queen Ann's* stride cut her down and the little favorite was as cross and as ungovernable after the second heat as she was at the start. *Little Trick* was a stranger to us all—but too much praise cannot be given to the gentleman who made the entry for his department throughout the races. He did not speak of winning, but he promised to make the winner run, which pledge he kept. His horse was beautiful, but the same objection can be made to him as to *Fortune*, he is too small for a deep track. Mr. Well's *Hugh Carlan* was forth in the race—we predict that he will make himself known to the sporting world before March "45" To the astonishment of all *Zimma* was distanced. He is certainly a fine horse, and covered himself with imperishable glory in his race with *Grey Medoc*, 3 years ago.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Jockey Club Purse \$175, ent. \$17 50, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. m. *Torchlight*, by Imp. Glencoe, out of Waxlight by Imp.

Leviathan, 5 yrs.....	1	1	1
Davidson & Co.'s br. c. <i>Little Trick</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.....	4	2	2
Lecomte & Co.'s b. m. <i>Rosabella</i> , by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Timoleon, 6 ys	2	3	3
S. McLean's br. g. <i>Wild Cat</i> , by Nicholas, out of Black Fanny, 7 yrs.....	3	4	dist

Time, 1:57—1:56½—1:56½. Track heavy.

Torchlight was the favorite against the field; she has great size and power, and her stride told the news. *Rosabella* had been an invincible at the best 3 in 5, but she could not stand the racket in a deep track, her condition was fine, and there was great confidence felt by many that she would beat *Torchlight*, but she could not come it. *Little Trick* shewed heels and indubitable bottom, as his position in the race will show. *Wild Cat* was well known here as a speedy horse, he had given us much sport on former occasions, and there was not one person, but was sorry to see the red flag catch him. He did not run up to his usual time by some seconds in each heat.

FRIDAY, Oct. 27—Jockey Club Purse \$275, ent. \$27 50, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. h. <i>Stanley</i> , by Imp. Leviathan—Aronetta by Bertrand, 5 yrs ...	1	1
Lecomte & Co.'s b. m. <i>Fortune</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs	2	2
T. Kellogg's gr. h. <i>Pilot</i> , by Wild Bill—out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 6 yrs.....	3	dr

First Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:03
" " 2d "	2:07
" " 3d "	2:0½

Second Heat.

Time of first mile.....	2:04
" " 2d "	2:05
" " 3d "	2:05

Time of first heat	6:10½
Time of second heat.....	6:14

Stanley was the favorite against the field, and nobly did he bear himself that day. He took the purse in two straight heats with great apparent ease, although *Fortune* kept him running all the time. She displayed the same game in this race as is usual with her. The track was very deep, from an incessant rain of about 16 hours, and she travelled along without the slightest distress or making the slightest jostle, but she was obliged to "lay down the spools" to Wells. *Pilot* disappointed us all. He is a fine looking horse, and was in the hands of Mr. Hammond, who had been the trainer of John Bascombe for years. His condition may have been bad, we do not know for we are not a judge. It may be necessary to add, that the sudden indisposition of the jockey of *Fortune*, compelled the owners to substitute another for the second heat, but we presume that the result would have been the same.

SATURDAY, Oct. 28—A Silver Pitcher, value \$100, given by M. Colgan, proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel, ent. \$10, added, for horses that have never won a purse; weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. J. Wells' ch. g. <i>Hugh Carlin</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs.....	1	1	1
B. Davidson & Co.'s b. f. <i>Garter</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs.....	2	2	2
Lecomte & Co.'s (Gen. B. Scott's) b. c. <i>Sir Mark Wood</i> , by Pacific, out of an imported mare, 3 yrs.....	3	3	3
T. Kellogg's gr. h. <i>Pilot</i> , pedigree above, 6 yrs.....	4	dist.	
B. S. Hart's ch. m. <i>Texana</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs.	5	dist	

Time, 1:59—1:57—2:01.

Note—By some accident the trainer of *Pilot* did not hear the tap of the drum, consequently did not let his horse start. By the Rules of the Club, the judges were forced reluctantly to declare a distance against him.

The Pitcher presented by Mr. Colgan, Esq., was a neat affair, and regarded as an additional proof of the taste and liberality for which that gentleman is remarkable.—Hopes were entertained that we could keep it in our parish, but those hopes were dissipated early on Saturday morning. The betting opened with "*Hugh Carlin*" against any named entry, and by 11 o'clock, *Garter* was freely offered against the field, all that was known of her was that she was a splendid creature, could make her mile with ease in the forties, and could repeat all the time. It was not surprising then to find the young, the middle aged and even the old going it high on *Garter*. But her backers were doomed to disappointment. *Hugh* won it in 3 straight heats with ease, and the Pitcher was delivered to his rider from the Judge's stand. He was then led to the Ladies stand, when a most splendid wreath of flowers, prepared by the Lady of one of the officers of the Club, was let down, placed upon *Hugh's* head, and amidst the waving of handkerchiefs, the clapping of hands, and a perfect shower of bouquets, he passed and repassed the Ladies stand. The success-

ful turfites, Messrs. Carnell & Wells from Rapides, left here on Saturday, for home, they carried with them the *substantial* testimonies of our *real* worth, and with these testimonies, they also carry, what we are sure they prize tenfold—the kind wishes and regards of the ladies and gentlemen of Natchitoches, and if they are as much pleased with us, as we flatter ourselves they should be, we feel certain of meeting them again on the N. J. Club Course, on the 3d Monday of October, 1844. It may be necessary to inform them, however, that from the *indications* already exhibited here since the races, they may expect to meet some very *tight papers*.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Jockey Club Purse \$25, ent. \$5 added, for saddle horses. One mile.

J. Hauruts' *Jim Fletcher* 1
Time, 1:58½.

There were six entries for the above purse, but of their names, or how many run, we are not informed.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Prize, a Saddle and Silver Spurs, free for any horse that never won a purse; first horse to take choice. One mile.

Mr. Blanchard's b. f. *Timoka* 1
Mr. Beckum's ch. g. *Frank* 2
Time, 2:00.

All the purses run for were paid in gold and silver, enclosed in purses worked by the fair hands of the ladies of Natchitoches.

And thus ended the Fall Meeting. We predict for the ensuing one finer stables, better time, and as general an attendance.

Natchitoches Democratic Herald.

PHILADELPHIA AND CAMDEN RACES.

CAMDEN COURSE, N. J.

TUESDAY, Oct. 24, 1843—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards 126lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Senator</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Gohanna, 4 y	<i>George</i>	5	1	1
Jas. K. Van Mater's b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Dr. Syntax, out of Imp. Diana by				
Catton, 5 yrs		4	3	2
Samuel Laird's ch. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Richards, 4 yrs		1	2	3
W. Baxter's ch. f. by Imp. Trustee, 4 yrs		2	dist.	
David Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs		3	dist.	
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Orson</i> , by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda (African's d.)				
by Marshal Bertrand, 5 yrs		6	dist.	

Time, 4:07½—4:01—4:05. Course heavy.

A pretty good race; in the 1st heat *Diana Syntax* led off, but after going three quarters of a mile *Delaware* went in front and won cleverly. *Senator* won the 2d heat "on" a brush, as he did the 3d.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats. Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. *Niagara*, by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsey (own sister to

Medoc) by Eclipse, 3 yrs				
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. g. by Imp. Emancipation, 3 yrs		1	2	1
F. Mervin's b. c. <i>Daniel Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fairy, 4 yrs		2	1	2
		3	dist.	

Time, 1:57—2:00½—2:09.

A good race—the 1st heat being the best mile run during the meeting; the course throughout the week was very heavy and slippery.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 25—Purse \$350, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

E. J. Wilson's br. c. <i>Gosport</i> , by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs		1	1
Henry A. Conover's gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee—Dove by Duroc, 5 yrs		2	2

Time, 6:07—6:09. Course heavy.

Gosport let from end to end in both heats, the grey mare being amiss.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse \$50, free for all ages. Catch weights. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's ch. f. by Drone, 3 yrs		1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs		2	2
D. Tom's b. c. <i>Fiddler</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, 4 yrs		3	3
J. Lester's m. <i>Blue Sally</i> , by Imp. Expedition, 6 yrs		4	4

Time, 1:53—2:00½.

THURSDAY, Oct. 26—Jockey Club Purse \$700, conditions as on Tuesday. Four mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (William Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue (Mariner's dam) by Sir Charles, 6 yrs				
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs		1	1	
Peyton R. Johnston's ch. c. <i>The Colonel</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady, 3 yrs		3	2	

Time, 8:08—8:08.

The course being very heavy, and Blue Dick no "mud horse," the attraction of the race was materially lessened; yet quite a throng of spectators were in attendance. The race was no race at all for *Fashion*, and the odds on her were 100 to 25. In the 1st heat she went off with the lead and was never lapped. In the 2d heat, *Fashion* gave up the lead to Blue Dick, who led for about three miles and three quarters, when, without an effort, or without any one's being aware of it, it was found when the horses reached the draw-gate, that *Fashion* was *several lengths ahead!* She won like open and shut, with JOE LAIRD black in the face from pulling her back all the way. We doubt if her measure could be taken by any horse that ever made a track on the American Turf.

PITTSYLVANIA, VA., OAKLAND COURSE.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$250 each. Mile heats.

Philip G. Williams' b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Midas 1 1
Robert Townes' gr. c. by Imp. Sarpedon 2 2

Time, 2:00—2:00.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Purse \$115, free for all ages. 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110 6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James Williamson's ch. f. by Imp. Rowton, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs 1 1
C. B. Barksdale's ch. f. by Imp. Skylark, dam by Midas, 5 yrs 2 dist.

Time, 5:16—4:02.

The first heat was a common gallop, each waiting on the other.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

James Williamson's ch. f. *Taglioni*, by Imp. Priam, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 1 1 1
John L. White's b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Imp. Fyde, 3 yrs 2 2 2

Time, 2:00—1:57½—2:02.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Purse \$250, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

James Williamson's br. h. *Brown Stout*, by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Mons. Tonson, 5 y 1 1
John L. White's ch. g. *Lehigh*, by Imp. Skylark, dam by Industry, 5 yrs 2 2

Time, 5:59—6:06.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI.

TUESDAY, Sept. 26, 1843—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, colts 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Five subs. at \$50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. T. Harrison's ch. c. *Camanche*, by Grey Eagle, dam by Rattler 1 1
Sashel Bynum's b. c. by Duke Sumner, dam by Marmon 2 2

A. W. Morrison's ch. f. by Collier, dam by Whip dist.*
Time, 2:03—2:10. * Distanced for foul riding.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 27—Proprietor's Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

M. Morrison's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Langham*, by Medoc, d. by Cumberland, 5 ys 1 1

R. L. Coleman's b. f. by Imp. Priam, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs 2 2

W. D. Barkley's b. f. *Isabella*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs 3 dist.

Elijah Snell's ch. h. *Tom Tunstall*, by Uncas, 5 yrs 4 dist.

Thos. Jackson's b. g. *Howard*, by Charles Bingley, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs 5 dist.

W. E. Wright's b. c. by Collier, dam by Patrick Henry, 3 yrs dist.

Time, 1:53—1:50. Track good.

THURSDAY, Sept. 28—Jockey Club Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats

Thos. G. Sanders' gr. h. *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 5 yrs 1 1

Thos. Jackson's ch. c. *Simon Girty*, by Mark Moore, dam by Tiger, 4 yrs 2 2

Time, 3:52—3:58.

FRIDAY, Sept. 29—J. C. Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Thos. Stevenson's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, out of Rodolph's dam by Moses, 5 yrs 1 1

R. L. Coleman's b. m. *Margaret Blunt*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, 7 yrs 2 2

Time, 6:02—6:00. Track heavy.

This was the most interesting race of the week. The splendid performances of the mare last year made her the favorite with the betting men, while the friends of the horse were equally sanguine of success; and nothing but the scarcity of cash prevented a heavy "removal of deposits." The race proved the horse to have both the speed and game, taking the lead at the stand, and maintaining it gallantly throughout both heats. A fall of rain a few hours before starting rendered the track heavy, but for which, the race would have been run low down in the "fifties," and in the opinion of many, in the "forties."

SATURDAY, Sept. 30—J. C. Purse \$150, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. G. Sanders' ch. m. *Ann Stewart*, by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs 2 2 1 1

M. Morrison's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Langham*, pedigree above, 5 yrs 1 1 2 dist.

R. L. Coleman's ch. f. *Quakeress*, by Imp. Rowton, dam by Hotspur, 3 yrs 3 3 3 dist.

Time, 2:01—1:59—2:02—2:05. Track heavy.

Langham was able to have won this race by sixty yards in every heat would he have run kindly. In the 3d heat he sulked and refused to run, until each of the others were 150 yards ahead, and then came within a length of winning the heat, the mares having the whip and spur applied freely throughout. In the 4th heat he also sulked, and was distanced.

DAVID KUNKLE, Sec'y.

LONG ISLAND RACES, UNION COURSE.

The Fall Campaign on the Northern Turf commenced on the 3d Oct., with a Trial Meeting; of the five races which came off on that day, one was of the highest interest. In every instance the favorite was backed at extraordinary odds, and in each case he was as badly beaten. The course was heavy, and there were two light showers during the day. The attendance was very shy, few members, and but a single officer of the club being present.

The ball opened with a stake for 3 yr. olds; of four nominations, two only came to the post. Both were by Imp. Trustee, one of them Mr. LIVINGSTON'S Dunvegan, being out of Job's dam, and Mr. TOLER'S Niagara being out of Gypsey, a sister of the renowned Medoc. Dunvegan promises to attain a more prominent place on the Turf than his distinguished half brother; he is a bay, with a star and one white hindfoot, 15 3 in height, and very bloodlike. Niagara is a chesnut, about 15-1, and resembling his dam in many respects. Dunvegan was very sore, and indeed was lame in his hind leg, when first started, but he continued to improve after getting warm, and won the 2d and 3d heats very cleverly. Niagara was the favorite at 3 to 1 before the 1st heat, and 10 to 1 after winning it.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at \$300 each, \$100 ft. Two mile heats.

Walter Livingston's b. c. <i>Dunvegan</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of <i>Jemima</i> (Job's dam) by Rattler	<i>Abram Remsen</i> .	2	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's (Henry K. Toler's) ch. c. <i>Niagara</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Gypsey (own sister to Medoc) by Eclipse		1	2	2

Time, 4:03—4:01—4:30. Course heavy.

SECOND RACE.—Next in order came off a Stake for 3 yr. olds, for which a Trustree filly and a Tormentor colt were nominated. The latter had been fired and blistered for curbs on both legs, while the filly had taken only four week's work. Moreover in a false start she went about a mile and a half before she could be stopped, a circumstance not calculated to "set her forward any." The odds were against her, but she made all the play and won as easy as falling off a log. The winner is very pretty, and being out of the dam of Cadmus, ought to train on. Summary:—

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Two subs. at \$200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

W. J. Shaw's (Col. John H. Coster's) b. f. <i>America</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Die Vernon (Cadmus' dam) by Florizel	<i>Sam</i> .	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Monmouth Eclipse		2	2

Time, 1:56—2:07. Course heavy.

THIRD RACE.—The purse for Two mile heats brought four to the post; Stanley Eclipse, a Busiris colt, from New Jersey, was eagerly backed at odds against the field, which included Young Dove, Princess, and a horse by Valentine. Princess led at her ease for about a mile and a half, and could have won the heat with a good jockey on her back; not being supported in the least she failed, and the favorite took her place; he won cleverly as Young Dove, with Gil. Patrick on her, did not make a stroke for it. The odds were now "right smart" on the Jersey crack, the public having unaccountably taken up a notion that he was "one of 'em," and no mistake! Several gentlemen put their foot in it. On commencing the 2d heat Gil Patrick went off at score on Young Dove, and hustled the favorite for nearly a mile "putting him up to all he knew." Gil. then took a pull at the mare's head for 500 yards when he tried it on again and this time he "fetched him!" He ran neck and neck with the favorite from the quarter to the half mile post, when Stanley Eclipse cried *peccavi* and the thing was out; the grey mare won at her ease. It is a long time since we have seen a prettier heat or a better specimen of jockeyship than that exhibited by Gil. Patrick, who attended the races with no intention of giving the public a taste of his quality. But at the earnest request of his friends he consented to oblige Maj. JONES, while the different jockies volunteered the loan of a jacket, cap, spurs, etc. In the 3d heat the grey mare cut out all the work and won

"like open and shut," giving a "high fall" to several of the "Jersey Blues."
Summary :—

SAME DAY—Third Race—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs, allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Maj. Wm. Jones' gr. m. <i>Young Dove</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Dove				
by Duroc, 2 yrs.....				
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. h. by Imp. Valentine, dam by Monmouth Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	<i>Gil. Patrick.</i>	3	1	1
David Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley Eclipse</i> , by Busiris, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs.....		2	3	2
F. T. Porter enters ch. f. <i>Princess</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir		1	2	dr
Archy, 4 yrs.....		4	dr	
Time, 3:58—3:59—4:05.				

FOURTH RACE.—The "best 3 in 5—mile heats," is one of the most difficult races to win in the calendar. On the present occasion four horses started in it, Orson, an own brother to Mr. STEVENS' African, now in Missouri, Livingston and Mazeppa by Imp. Trustee, and Fanny Dawson, by Mr. BOTTS' Veto, out of the dam of Mr. BUSH's Tom Branch, a horse of great celebrity on the Western Turf formerly. The namesake of Harkaway's dam was the favorite at 20 to 12 vs. the field. She had Sam, a smart little ball of very black india-rubber, on her back, who had not more than strength enough to hold a rocking-horse. Fanny run away from him, and won the 1st heat by a neck only, in 1:53. Mazeppa was distanced as he ought to have been, being ridden by a yokel weighing 103 lbs., without hat, coat, boots, or saddle! After the 1st heat the brother to African had it all his own way. Summary :—

SAME DAY—Fourth Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.					
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Orson</i> , by Imp. Valentine, out of Ethelinda (African's dam) by Marshal Bertrand, 5 yrs.....	<i>John Spurling.</i>	3	1	1	1
W. J. Shaw's ch. f. <i>Fanny Dawson</i> , by Veto, out of Tom Branch's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.....		1	2	3	2
David W. Jones' b. c. <i>Livingston</i> , by Imp. Trustee, dam by Henry, 3 yrs.....		2	3	2	dr
Samuel Whitson's ch. c. <i>Mazeppa</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Jane, 3 yrs.....		dist.*			
Time, 1:53—1:58—1:59—2:02. * Carried 13lbs. extra.					

FIFTH RACE.—Ere this race commenced it was nearly dark, and as the conductors of the railroad cars would wait no longer, most of the spectators left. In the meantime ELWORTH walked around the course—a mile in 8:16. The race was for a purse of \$50, with \$10 entrance, added. It was won cleverly by a Mingo colt, the first that has ever started on Long Island. Summary :—

SAME DAY—Fifth Race—Purse \$50, with \$10 entrance added, conditions as before. Mile heats.				
C. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs. <i>Peter Couvert.</i>	1	1		
N. Seaman's ch. h. <i>Croton</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Jane, 5 yrs.....	2	2		
Time, 1:57—2:03. Course heavy.				

Thus ended the First Fall Meeting on Long Island, and "pretty small meats" it was, as the two strongest Jersey stables were not in attendance. The get of Trustee especially distinguished itself, and we are led to anticipate a brilliant career for Mr. LIVINGSTON's Dunvegan.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

We are indebted to Messrs. CHAMBERS & KNAPP, of the "Missouri Republican," for the interesting report annexed of the races near the beautiful city of St. Louis. Previous to the commencement of the meeting the prospecta of sport were announced to be as follows :—

FALL RACES.—On Saturday we rode out to look at the Course, and see the horses in training. This week's sport promises to be better than any of the previous meetings. The track is in as fine condition as it could be made, and if quick time—at least quick in comparison with former running—is not made, it might be given up. We do not believe it ever can be very quick whilst the turns are so short. Mr. SHACKLETT, however, has done all in his power both to better the track and accommodate the public. His preparations for the week are ample, and made in a spirit that deserves encouragement. The following is a list of the stables at the course, and the horses. Some of them are not unknown to fame and have done it up in good time. From the number and reputation of the horses, we would suppose that every purse during the week will be well contested :—

TUNSTALL & SAFFORD's stable, from Arkansas, consists of Notorious, by Tom Fletcher, 5 yrs. old; Sally Carr, by Stockholder, 5 yrs. old; Elizabeth

Jones, by Pacific, 4 yrs. old ; John Ringgold, by Imp. Leviathan, 4 yrs. old, and Freshet, by Tom Fletcher, 3 yrs. old.

Mr. FROST, from Illinois, has Statesman, 5 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse ; Dick Turpin, 5 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse ; Rosanna Eldert, by Jerseyman, 4 yrs. old ; and Lady Plymouth, 3 yrs. old, by Flagellator.

Mr. DRANE, from Kentucky, has in his string, Simon Kenton, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse ; Sally Cressap, 4 yrs. old, by Eclipse ; Little Snag, 3 yrs. old, by Medoc ; and Ahira, 3 yrs. old, by Medoc. All winners at other races.

Mr. BRADLEY, from Kentucky, has Greyhead, 4 yrs. old, by Chorister ; Lavolta, 5 yrs. old, by Medoc ; Geneva, 5 yrs. old ; Gold French, 4 yrs. old, by Imp. Glencoe ; and a 4 yr. old filly by Medoc, sister to Minstrel.

Mr. COLEMAN, from Virginia, has Margaret Blount, 7 yrs. old, by Eclipse ; and a 3 yr. old filly by Imp. Rowton.

Mr. SANDERS has in his string, Ann Stewart, by Eclipse ; Tom Marshall, by Imp. Leviathan, and Ring dove, by Imp. Merman.

Col. JOHN P. WHITE, of Missouri, has Ben Barkley, Nancy Buford, Black Morocco, and a Trustee colt.

Mr. MORRISON, of Missouri, has Ecliptic, by Eclipse.

Mr. HUNGATE, of Indiana, has ch. g. Andrew, by Andrew, 5 yrs. old, a winner of two jockey club purses, and several matches.

MONDAY, Oct. 16, 1843—Purse \$100, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

James L. Bradley's ch. m. <i>Geneva</i> , by Medoc, dam by Arab, 5 yrs.	7	0	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's b. m. <i>Sally Carr</i> , by Stockholder, dam unknown, 5 yrs	1	0	2	2
B. H. McCarty's b. f. by Imp. Merman, dam by Sir Richard, 4 yrs.	4	5	3	r. o.
Col. J. P. White's m. <i>Black Morocco</i> , by John Richards, d. by Sumpter, 5 ys	6	3	4	r. o.
Elis & Drane's ch. f. <i>Sally Cressap</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs.	5	4	dist.	
James C. Frost's gr. f. <i>Rosanna Eldert</i> , by Jerseyman, d. by Royalist, 4 yrs.	3	6	dist.	
John Hungate's ch. g. <i>Andrew</i> , by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs.	2	7	dist.	

Time, 1:54—1:52—1:54—1:56.

At the tap they all got off in good order, Geneva having the lead. On the back stretch, Andrew and Rosanna Eldert made a push for it, but it was "no go ;" Sally Carr, who to the third turn appeared to be indifferent, now made a show, and on coming into the home stretch took the lead, which she maintained until the end ; the heat having been won in 1:54.

At the second announcement, Geneva took the lead, the rest up in a bundle. It was now anybody's race, and so the crowd seemed to think it, for the betting was (to use a western expression) *mighty slim*. In going round the back stretch, and doubling the third turn, a pause came over the crowd. Geneva, who had the lead at the start had not maintained it, but as she doubled into the *home stretch* she seemed to make play, and down the last quarter they came at a thundering pace. The judges, who stood by the line, were unanimous that it was a *dead heat*, and it was so announced. Time, 1:52. This heat was the more extraordinary that no horse was distanced. Yet bets were offered freely in the morning that certain horses would be distanced.

Upon the third tap the start was fair, Sally Carr having, if anything, the advantage, which she most stoutly maintained round into the home stretch. On the turn into the home run, Geneva made play, and from the turn down to less than one hundred yards of the line, it was anybody's race ; but on the score Geneva showed her blood, and in less than a hundred yards placed herself full a length ahead of her competitor, winning the heat in 1:54.

Upon the fourth call, only two nags had the right to start. At the tap Geneva took the track, and during the round maintained her position. On the back stretch there was a pretty struggle, but it was but short ; on the third turn Geneva bid her antagonist good-bye, and came in a great way ahead in 1:56.

Upon the whole we have never seen a more exciting and brilliant day's sport. Every inch of the ground was contested, and there was nothing in the day to mar its pleasures, save a very cold, raw wind.

In the last heat, by the rules of the Club, all were drawn but Geneva and Sally Carr.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17—Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sixteen subs. at \$— each. — heats.

Capt. Thos. T. Tunstall's ch. f. <i>Freshet</i> , by Tom Fletcher—Charline by Pacific.	1	1
Dr. Thos. Payne's ch. c. by Imp. Trustee.	2	2

Time not given.

The day's sport on the *produce stake* was not equal to what we anticipated in 1840, when this race was got up. It was a clear "open and shut" affair from the start. *Freshet* was not put to her utmost at any time. By the way, we are told that *Freshet* was foaled by a mare which was caught in a rise of the Arkansas river. The dam in attempting to gain the main land was caught in a thicket of grape vines where she hung until she expired. In her agonies this colt, *Freshet*, was foaled, and she now bears the marks on her skin of every vine which contributed to strangle her dam.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

B. H. McCarty's ch. m. <i>Ann Stewart</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs.....	3	3	1	1
Col. John P. White's b. h. <i>Ben Barclay</i> , by Pushpin, dam by St. Hal, 6 yrs....	4	1	3	2
Francis S. Smith's b. h. <i>Jerome</i> , by Imp. Luzborough, d. by Sir Charles, 2 yrs.....	2	2	2	dr
Ellis & Drane's b. c. <i>Ahira</i> , by Medoc, dam by Tiger, 3 yrs	5	4	dr	
J. L. Bradley's br. c. <i>Gold Fringe</i> , by Imp Glencoe—Imp. Gold Wire, 4 yrs...	1	dist.		

Time, 5:56—5:55—6:05—6:09.

As was anticipated, the sport was capital. We have never seen over the track better running. Better time may have been made, but at no time has there been better sport. All the nags came to the stand, and betting was just "so so." The favorite, if there was a favorite, was *Ann*; but the others were not without friends. Although no large sums were laid out, the "small change" was freely bet upon one or two against the field.

Upon the judge's call there was a false start, but at the *tap* they all got off in good order: *Jerome* taking the lead. *Ann*, for a little time, held him in play, but fell back and gave place to *Ben Barclay*, who contended round the first two miles. A portion of the running, especially that on the back stretch of the second mile, was beautiful. They all run up in a heap, and it was then anybody's race. On opening out into the home stretch, and round again into the back stretch, *Gold Fringe* made a push, and having placed herself next *Jerome*, held her position until coming into the last quarter, when she made her final brush; winning the heat in 5:56.

At the second tap, all got off in a pile, *Gold Fringe* having the lead until coming into the back stretch, when she gave it up to *Jerome* and *Ben Barclay*. In this order they went into the second mile; *Ann Stewart* apparently running under a hard pull, but on the back stretch her saddle slipped and her rider jumped behind it—in this way she run out the heat. On the turn into the back stretch of the third mile of this heat, *Ben Barclay* was far ahead, but in doubling the third turn, *Gold Fringe* made her struggle. As they swept into the home stretch, *Ben Barclay* was ahead; but coming down the mare got the lead.

This heat was contested on the ground of foul reading; in this, that *Gold Fringe*, after coming into the home stretch, on the last mile, swerved from the track she had taken. The rule upon the subject, and which was given in charge to the riders is—"That no horse shall be permitted to change its position or track, selected by the rider, in the last quarter stretch, under penalty of being distanced." Under this rule, the judges decided *Gold Fringe* distanced. The fact of having swerved from her track was undeniable and no cause being shown to believe it was unavoidable, the heat was awarded to *Ben Barclay*. This was run in 5:55. *Ahira* was drawn.

At the word go, all got off in a pile. *Ann Stewart*, however, took the lead. There were several good brushes between her and the other two; but at no place could they pass—she ran out the three miles in 6:05, evidently hard in hand. *Ben Barclay* all the time making a good show.

Upon the fourth call, only *Ann Stewart* and *Ben Barclay* started; (*Jerome* not having won a heat in three). *Ben* made play for it for a time, but it was no show, the mare had the heels and bottom, and came in, winning with ease; in fact, coming up the last stretch she was held in, and actually walked under the line. Time—6:09. However, *Ben Barclay* showed himself full of bottom, and came out at the end of the 12th mile apparently ready to run twelve more. He is a tough horse, but lacks the foot.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

James L. Bradley's b. f. <i>Mirth</i> , by Medoc, out of Minstrel's dam by Ruford's Alexander, 4 yrs.....	1	1
Tunstall & Safford's ch. f. <i>Ortharine Rector</i> , by Pacific, dam by Mons. Tonson, 4 y.....	2	2
Ellis & Drane's c. <i>Simon Kenton</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	3	3
James C. Frost's ch. h. <i>Dick Turpin</i> , by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Dashed, 5 yrs.....	dist.	

Time, 3:51—3:52.

The track was in excellent order, save the dust ; but the Kentucky nag was decidedly the favorite ; she was freely taken against the field ; and with the exception of the Arkansas mare, there seemed to be no doubt about it. Of course bets ran low. At the tap they all got off in excellent style, Catharine Rector taking the lead, Simon Kenton pushing her hard, Dick running at his ease, and Mirth lying back. In this position they run the first mile ; on leading round the second turn into the back stretch, Mirth began for the first time to shake the kinks out of her, and in less than a hundred yards she took the lead, which she maintained, Catharine Rector closely contesting every inch of the way, and after coming into the main stretch, especially from the draw-gate down, it was a beautifully contested struggle. As jumps were, so was the race ; but Mirth had the heels, and took it—Dick Turpin distanced.

Upon the second call, Catharine Rector again took the lead, Kenton running her up to the score, Mirth again laying back. On going down the back stretch, and coming into the stand, so far was Mirth behind, that many thought she did not intend running for the heat ; but on coming into the back stretch, and down it, she made play, and before reaching the third turn she was again ahead. The running down the back stretch was as interesting as any ever witnessed upon the course ; a good deal of the time a blanket would have covered them all. Mirth, however, won with ease in 3:52. It is due to Catharine Rector to say she ran well, and contested every inch of the ground.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse \$400, conditions as before. Four mile heats.
 James L. Bradley's b. c. *Greyhead*, by Chorister, dam by Mucklejohn, 3 yrs. 1 1
 Col. R. L. Coleman's b. m. *Margaret Blount*, by Eclipse, dam by Contention, aged 2 2
 M. Morrison's (W. C. Boon's) ch. h. *Ecliptic*, by Eclipse, out of Rudolph's dam by Moses, 5 yrs 3 3
 Time, 8:13—8:00.

The best field of the week was out to-day ; but there seemed to be great unanimity of opinion as to the result. All seemed to think the Kentucky mare had it, and but few would take the field against her. The track was in excellent order ; but the dust and high wind rendered it impossible to make good time. Both horse and rider suffered from it. The track is on the north side of the main road, and a strong south-west wind kept the field full of dust, besides the dust created by the running horses.

In the first heat *Ecliptic* took the track, and kept it round for the three first miles. The running being chiefly between *Margaret Blount* and *Greyhead*—*Ecliptic* run at his ease, and it was evident that the race lay in the last brush. The time of the two first miles was exceedingly slow, although the second was an improvement on the first. *Greyhead* took the lead of *Margaret Blount* on the third mile, and felt *Ecliptic*, apparently as if to keep him at his hardest work. On swinging into the back stretch, on the fourth mile, *Greyhead* made his brush, and in a few strides took the lead. *Margaret Blount* also seemed to let out, and made the contest animated round to the distance stand, when she gave it up. *Ecliptic*, when his distance was saved, held up.

Every one now regarded it as an "open and shut" affair. At the tap, for the third start, *Margaret Blount* took the lead, which she maintained round for the first three miles, leaving a wide gap between her and the other two. On the third mile *Greyhead* made several shows as if he wished to pass, but in each case fell back to his former position. These three miles were as pretty running as we have seen on the track. The first was run in 1:59 : the second in 1:55, and the third in 1:58. On the turn into the back stretch *Greyhead* made his struggle, and in a hundred yards or so placed himself full a length ahead—this difference *Margaret* could not overcome, and the Kentucky horse came in a winner in 8:00. *Ecliptic's* leg failed him, and he was pronounced by some to be dead lame. The winner and *Margaret* were well ridden, and Mr. Bradley has as much to brag of in his rider as his horses.

SATURDAY, Oct 21—Citizens' Purse \$150, conditions as before. Two mile heats.
 James L. Bradley's ch. c. *Gold Fringe*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 2 1 1
 Tunstall & Safford's ch. f. *Catharine Rector*, pedigree above, 4 yrs 3 2 2
 B. H. McCarty's gr. h. *Tom Marshall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mercury, 5 ys 1 dist.
 Time, 3:51—3:54.

To-day's racing was not largely attended, but the sport as long as it lasted was good ; in fact, more animated than on any previous occasion. Only three of the four entered came up. A good deal of trouble was experienced in the start ; but they all got off well up in a heap. *Tom Marshall* having

the lead, Gold Fringe second, laying close up, and Catharine Rector not far off. In this order the first mile was run in 1:55. On turning into the back stretch Gold Fringe made his brush, and the running down that was highly interesting. For the greater part of the way they locked. On turning the third corner, Gold Fringe took the lead full a length, but as they swung into the home run Tom Marshall made a push, and soon was alongside. Now the excitement was intense, for the stretch was run locked. Tom, however, got it, coming in a neck ahead, making the whole time 3:51.

Neither of the horses cooled off very well. Tom had been the favorite in the morning, and bets had been taken on him against the field; but he was evidently too high in flesh. At the call the three again started, Gold Fringe having the lead, Catharine second. A short distance below the draw gate, Tom Marshall ran against the railing or fence, injuring himself in the body and hind leg very seriously. He was withdrawn. Gold Fringe kept the lead and won the heat in 3:54.

The fun was now considered as over, every one believing Gold Fringe could win the third heat with ease. He did win it, but it required his best exertions, for, on the last mile, Catharine Rector took up the running, and coming down the last stretch for a time was ahead, but Gold Fringe came in about half a neck ahead, winning in 3:54. Thus ended the week's sport.

In the evening several sweepstakes were started to come off at future meetings, some of which were filled upon the spot.

We learn that Mirth, the winner of the proprietor's purse on Thursday, has been purchased by some gentlemen of this county, and has gone into Col. J. P. White's stable.

Oliver, the rider for Col. J. P. White, goes to other fields to seek new laurels. We commend him to the kindness of the gentlemen of the turf. He is a good rider, and withal a most deserving young man.

SHAWNEETOWN, ILLINOIS.

The subjoined report is from the Shawneetown "Republican," of the 7th October. The editor has omitted to furnish the pedigrees of the horses, and as we have no means of supplying them, the Secretary of the Jockey Club will oblige the gentlemen interested by forwarding an official report:—

We know of nothing more amusing to present to our readers, than a synopsis of the present week's racing. In doing so, we shall commence with the two first days, being match races, before the regular Jockey Club races commenced.

The first was a match race between Mr. Stoops's *Crazy Jane*, and Mr. Jones's *Alex. Drake*, a single dash of one mile—won with great ease by *Crazy Jane*, in 2 minutes 8 seconds. This race attracted some attention, but nothing like so much as the second day's race, between Col. H. Wilson's *Duke of York*, and Mr. Frake's *Wolf*. Before the nags were started, the Duke had many friends. Knowing what he had done on former occasions, and believing he never would wear out, his friends "piled up," considering the times. But, alas, "how the mighty have fallen." Even *Wolf* had the audacity to contest the field with this noble animal, and beat him two straight heats with little trouble. After the first heat many of the Duke's friends forsook him. Others, knowing his bottom on former occasions, believed he would yet be able to throw dirt in *Wolf's* face; but "the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong." His race was run, and he should have retired on his former laurels, instead of jeopardizing his well earned reputation.

On the next day (Wednesday) the *Jockey Club Races* commenced with three entries—Maj. Stout's *Sarah Jane*, Dan Field's *Leviathan*, and Mr. McNairy's *Bay colt*. At 12 o'clock the horses were brought to the stand—every one anticipating victory, all in fine condition, and sleek as wolves. At the tap of the drum they were all off; Field's *Leviathan* taking the lead, chased by the *Bay Colt*, and in the rear *Sarah Jane*, who, it was soon discovered, had waked up the wrong passenger, or was in bad condition, and could not contest the race, as had been anticipated. The *Bay Colt* being decidedly the favorite, many were anxious to get bets that was not taken. The first heat being over, the *Leviathan* was declared the victor—making it in 1:58; *Sarah Jane* distanced, leaving

but the two. Bets now became more even, as many of the colt's friends began to "flicker" after they found the labor necessary to be performed to beat the mare, and began to "hedge" their bets. The second heat was won by the mare with great ease—the colt not being able to push her over any part of the ground.

There was considerable dissatisfaction felt, by many of the backers of the colt, believing, from the slow time made, that he had not been pushed. This was, perhaps, erroneous, as the Colt would have won if he could; but believing he could not, he was permitted to "take his time, Miss Lucy," and run it in 1 minute and 59 seconds. He is a good colt, and shows game, but too slow in finding the place where the *Judges* stand, ever to do anything on the track, unless it is to deceive those that may bet upon him.

The next was two miles and repeat—three entries: Field's *Nancy Mack*, McNairy's *Claret*, and White's *Nancy Buford*. Before the horses were brought to the stand *Claret* was decidedly the favorite against the field, but when the beautiful figure of *Buford* was seen, many bets were taken against him; *Nancy Mack* being "no where" in the race. Indeed, bets were taken that she could not win a heat. At the tap of the drum they were off in fine style, *Nancy Mack* leading, and *Claret* in hot haste to keep with her. It was soon understood that *Buford* would not run for the heat, but to save her distance, believing, from the disposition shown by *Nancy Mack*, she would hold *Claret* uneasy enough, as the sequel proved; beating him and showing by her strides that she was no mean adversary. This, however, was thought by some to be accidental, she being hardly thought to be in the race, and it being discovered that *Claret* was cramping, the race was looked upon as being *Buford's*. But the knowing ones had something yet to learn.

On the second heat *Nancy Mack* led off most beautiful, chased by *Buford*—*Claret* running to save his distance. Every one was in momentary expectancy of seeing *Buford* pass her, but on making the brush, *Nancy Mack* kept her position. Finding there was some doubt of *Buford's* making the heat, *Claret* came to the rescue, and, in the last struggle, *Nancy Mack* ran away from them both, and proved that she was only funning with them; neither of them being able to make her stretch her neck—running the race in two straight heats, without being put up over any portion of the ground; making the last heat in 3 minutes 57 seconds.

In this race we find the truth of the adage that "unassuming merit is often overlooked." The nag that was thought to be "no where" in the beginning, proved to be more than a match for both favorites in the end.

The next was three entries, Three miles and repeat. Won by White's horse, in one heat—distancing the field. The day being very rainy, little interest was manifested.

THE SPRING RACES AT LEXINGTON, KY.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 14, 1843.

Dear Sir.—Your repeated calls in the "Spirit of the Times" for a report of the races at Lexington this Spring have not yet been answered. I do not know who is to blame, but certainly the President or Secretary of the Association ought to take interest enough in our races to note them down, or get some one to make out a report for record in your paper or magazine, as they are the only ones in which such records are kept. Having noticed the Three mile race particularly, and having a list of the entries, &c. I here send you a short account of it, and hope some one will send you an account of the others as they were all excellent races. There was no four mile race.

For the 3 mile purse on Friday, the 26th of May, 1843, the entries were *Motto*, *Tiberius*, *Letcher*, *Sally Hardin*, *Ann Innis*, *Rapides*, and *Camilla*. The betting was principally on *Motto*, *Tiberius* and *Camilla* versus the rest, or the South of the State vs. the North. *Motto* was first favorite.

First heat: *Motto* and *Rapides* started with the lead, followed closely by *Ann Innis*, the others lying back. They continued in this way with slight variation for a mile and a half, when *Motto* drew clear of them, and keeping up a good racing stride, won the heat handily; *Rapides* a good second—all the rest in the distance, except *Sally Hardin*, who was badly out of condition; Time—5:52.

Second heat. But little change in the betting. They got off well, and most of them struck out boldly for the heat, Tiberius having the lead a little; but after getting into the back stretch, Tiberius, by his quick pace and long steady stroke, soon showed that he was after getting that heat and nothing less, if possible. The others all dropped back except Motto, who, proud of her strength and confident in her powers, pushed boldly on after him, keeping him up to the top of his bent for two miles and a half; here she made an effort to pass, got nearly a length ahead, but suddenly and singularly faltered, by which means the horse gained a length or two and led her up the hill round the last turn and into the last stretch. Here the mare rallied again, both doing all they could. She gained a little on him, and at the drawgate she showed her head in front three feet, but John Ford on the horse took a double pull at his head, struck the spurs into him and by a last desperate effort made a dead heat of it—Letcher an easy third, Camilla fourth, Rapides and Ann Innis distanced. Time—5:46.

Third heat.—Motto looked somewhat worsted, Tiberius a good deal, Letcher not much hurt. The friends of Letcher now rallied, and the betting commenced in a right serious manner on him even vs. Motto—2 to 1 vs. Tiberius, and 2 to 1 vs. Camilla. They started off well together, and continued in this way for near half a mile. Here Letcher was ordered to take the track, which he did easily, and led around the turn into the front stretch; here they all came up and brushed at him for about 100 yards. This roused him, and he kept a-going until he got about 80 yards ahead, when he was taken in hand, and cantered the rest of the heat, the rider looking back frequently to see that all was right. Camilla 2d, Tiberius 3d, Motto 4th. Time—6:12.

Fourth heat. Tiberius was now considered as out of the race. The betting was now 2 to 1 on Letcher vs. Motto; in some instances even betting between them, the friends of Motto still having faith in her powers. They both looked well—as the last heat was not fast enough to tire them—and a bruising heat was looked for. The excitement was intense, and expectation on tiptoe. The drum is tapped—they are off—Letcher gets off best, and makes a gap of thirty or forty yards between them. This he seems determined to keep; there is no waiting, but “it’s go along, keep moving”—she doing her prettiest to overtake him. After going two miles in this unsociable way, they get together—they stay together—first she has him, then he has her—he has the most in hand—they swing around into the last stretch side by side. The mare gains a little—at the draw-gate she has him a few feet and looks like winning; but the horse being loudly called on here, responds nobly and quickly, and wins the heat by two open lengths. It was a beautiful race and very gratifying to the North side. Time—5:51.

FRIDAY, May 26, 1843—Association Purse \$400, ent. \$40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Wm. S. Buford's b. h. <i>Bob Letcher</i> , by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	5	3	1	1
Murphy & Co.'s ch. f. <i>Motto</i> , by Imp. Barefoot, out of Lady Tompkins by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	0	4	2
F. G. Brengman's b. c. <i>Tiberius</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam by Silverheels, 4 yrs	4	0	3	dist.
Ben. Jenkins' br. f. <i>Camilla</i> , by Imp. Hedgford, out of Picayune's dam, 4 yrs	6	4	2	r. o.
Joseph Clinton's bl. m. <i>Ann Innis</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs	3	dist.		
B. Davidson's ch. c. <i>Rapides</i> , by Imp. Skylark, out of Earl of Margrave's dam by Pacific, 4 yrs	2	dist.*		
Capt. Willa Viley's b. m. <i>Sally Hardin</i> , by Bertrand, out of Mary Bedford by Duke of Bedford, 5 yrs		dist.		

Time, 5:52—5:46—6:12—5:51. * Broke down.

Yours, &c.

SCOTT.

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